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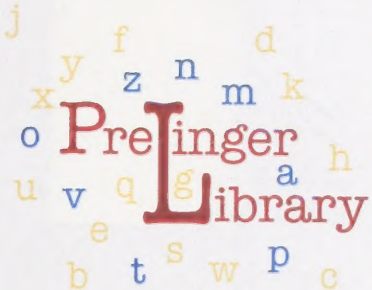


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# THE CENTURY

## ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

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Federigo Gonzaga

PAINTING BY FRANCIA

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

THE CENTURY

Vol. 95 NOVEMBER, 1917 No. 1

# The Happiest Time of Their Lives

By ALICE DUER MILLER

Author of "Come Out of the Kitchen," etc.

Illustrations by Paul Meylan

## CHAPTER I

LITTLE Miss Severance sat with her hands as cold as ice. The stage of her coming adventure was beautifully set —the conventional stage for the adventure of a young girl, her mother's drawing-room. Her mother had the art of setting stages. The room was not large,—a New York brownstone front in the upper Sixties, even though altered as to entrance, and allowed to sprawl backward over yards not originally intended for its use, is not a palace,—but it was a room and not a corridor; you had the comfortable sense of four walls about you when its one small door was once shut. It was filled, perhaps a little too much filled, with objects which seemed to have nothing in common except beauty; but propinquity, propinquity of older date than the house in which they now were, had given them harmony. Nothing in the room was modern except some uncommonly comfortable sofas and chairs, and the pink and yellow roses that stood about in Chinese bowls.

Miss Severance herself was hardly aware of the charm of the room. On the third floor she had her own room, which she liked much better. There was a great deal of bright chintz in it, and maple furniture of a late colonial date, inherited from her mother's family, the Lanleys, and discarded by her mother, who described the taste of that time as "pure, but provincial." Crystal and ivories and carved wood and Italian embroideries did not please Miss Severance half so well as the austere lines of those work-tables and high-boys.

It was after five, almost half-past, and he had said "about five." Miss Severance, impatient to begin the delicious experience of anticipation, had allowed herself to be ready at a quarter before the hour. Not that she had been entirely without some form of anticipation since she woke up; not, perhaps, since she had parted from him under the windy awning the night before. They had held up a long line of restless motors as she stood huddled in her fur-trimmed cloak, and he stamped and jigged to keep warm, bareheaded, in his thin pumps and shining shirt-front, with his shoulders drawn up and his hands in his pockets, while they almost awkwardly arranged this meeting for the next day.

Several times during the preceding eve-

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ning she had thought he was going to say something of the kind, for they had danced together a great deal; but they had always danced in silence. At the time, with his arm about her, silence had seemed enough; but in separation there is something wonderfully solid and comforting in the memory of a spoken word; it is like coin in the pocket. And after Miss Severance had bidden him good night at the long glass door of the paneled ballroom without his saying anything of a future meeting, she had gone up-stairs with a heavy heart to find her maid and her wrap. She knew as soon as she reached the dressing-room that she had actually hurried her departure for the sake of the parting, for the hope, as their time together grew short, of having some certainty to look forward to. But he had said nothing, and she had been ashamed to find that she was waiting, leaving her hand in his too long; so that at last she snatched it away, and was gone up-stairs in an instant, fearing he might have guessed what was going on in her mind.

She had thought it just an accident that he was in the hall when she came down again, and he had n't much choice, she said to herself, about helping her into her motor. Then at the very last moment he had asked if he might n't come and see her the next afternoon. Miss Severance, who was usually sensitive to inconveniencing other people, had not cared at all about the motor behind hers that was tooting its horn or for the elderly lady in feathers and diamonds who was waiting to get into it. She had cared only about arranging the hour and impressing the address upon him. He had given her back the pleasure of her whole evening like a parting gift.

As she drove home she could n't bring herself to doubt, though she tried to be rational about the whole experience, that it had meant as much to him as it had to her, perhaps more. Her lips curved a little at the thought, and she glanced quickly at her maid to see if the smile had been visible in the glare of the tall, double lamps of Fifth Avenue.

To say she had not slept would be untrue, but she had slept close to the surface of consciousness, as if a bright light were shining somewhere near, and she had waked with the definite knowledge that this light was the certainty of seeing him that very day. The morning had gone very well; she had even forgotten once or twice for a few seconds, and then remembered with a start of joy that was almost painful: but, after lunch, time had begun to drag like the last day of a long sea-voyage.

About three she had gone out with her mother in the motor, with the understanding that she was to be left at home at four; her mother was going on to tea with an elderly relative. Fifth Avenue had seemed unusually crowded even for Fifth Avenue, and the girl had fretted and wondered at the perversity of the police, who held them up just at the moment most promising for slipping through; and why Andrews, the chauffeur, could not see that he would do better by going to Madison Avenue. She did not speak these thoughts aloud, for she had not told her mother, not from any natural love of concealment, but because any announcement of her plans for the afternoon would have made them seem less certain of fulfilment. Perhaps, too, she had felt an unacknowledged fear of certain of her mother's phrases that could delicately puncture delight.

She had been dropped at the house by ten minutes after four, and exactly at a quarter before five she had been in the drawing-room, in her favorite dress, with her best slippers, her hands cold, but her heart warm with the knowledge that he would soon be there.

Only after forty-five minutes of waiting did that faith begin to grow dim. She was too inexperienced in such matters to know that this was the inevitable consequence of being ready too early. She had had time to run through the whole cycle of certainty, eagerness, doubt, and she was now rapidly approaching despair. He was not coming. Perhaps he had never meant to come. Possibly he had merely yielded

"'I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR FIRST NAME'"

to a polite impulse; possibly her manner had betrayed her wishes so plainly that a clever, older person, two or three years out of college, had only too clearly read her in the moment when she had detained his hand at the door of the ball-room.

There was a ring at the bell. Her heart stood perfectly still, and then began beating with a terrible force, as if it gathered itself into a hard, weighty lump again and again. Several minutes went by, too long for a man to give to taking off his coat. At last she got up and cautiously opened the door; a servant was carrying a striped cardboard box to her mother's room. Miss Severance went back and sat

down. She took a long breath; her heart returned to its normal movement.

Yet, for some unexplained reason, the fact that the door-bell had rung once made it more possible that it would ring again, and she began to feel a slight return of confidence.

A servant opened the door, and in the instant before she turned her head she had time to debate the possibility of a visitor having come in without ringing while the messenger with the striped box was going out. But, no; Pringle was alone.

Pringle had been with the family since her mother was a girl, but, like many red-haired men, he retained an appearance of youth. He wanted to know if he should take away the tea.

She knew perfectly why he asked. He liked to have the tea-things put away before he had his own supper and began his arrangements for the family dinner. She felt that the crisis had come.

If she said yes, she knew that her visitor would come just as tea had disappeared. If she said no, she would sit there alone, waiting for another half-hour, and when she finally did ring and tell Pringle he could take away the tea-things, he would look wise and reproachful. Nevertheless, she did say no, and Pringle, with admirable self-control, withdrew.

The afternoon seemed very quiet. Miss Severance became aware of all sorts of bells that she had never heard before—other door-bells, telephone-bells in the adjacent houses, loud, hideous bells on motor delivery-wagons, but not her own front door-bell.

Her heart felt like lead. Things would never be the same now. Probably there was some explanation of his not coming, but it could never be really atoned for. The wild romance and confidence in this first visit could never be regained.

And then there was a loud, quick ring at the bell, and at once he was in the room, breathing rapidly, as if he had run upstairs or even from the corner. She could do nothing but stare at him. She had tried in the last ten minutes to remember what he looked like, and now she was astonished to find how exactly he looked as she remembered him.

To her horror, the change between her late despair and her present joy was so extreme that she wanted to cry. The best she knew how to do was to pucker her face into a smile and to offer him those chilly finger-tips.

He hardly took them, but said, as if announcing a black, but incontrovertible, fact:

"You 're not a bit glad to see me."

"Oh, yes, I am," she returned, with an attempt at an easy social manner. "Will you have some tea?"

"But why are n't you glad?"

Miss Severance clasped her hands on the edge of the tea-tray and looked down. She pressed her palms together; she set her teeth, but the muscles in her throat went on contracting; and the heroic struggle was lost.

"I thought you were n't coming," she said, and making no further effort to conceal the fact that her eyes were full of tears she looked straight up at him.

He sat down beside her on the small, low sofa and put his hand on hers.

"But I was perfectly certain to come," he said very gently, "because, you see, I think I love you."

"Do you think I love you?" she asked, seeking information.

"I can't tell," he answered. "Your being sorry I did not come does n't prove anything. We 'll see. You 're so wonderfully young, my dear!"

"I don't think eighteen is so young. My mother was married before she was twenty."

He sat silent for a few seconds, and she felt his hand shut more firmly on hers. Then he got up, and, pulling a chair to the opposite side of the table, said briskly:

"And now give me some tea. I have n't had any lunch."

"Oh, why not?" She blew her nose, tucked away her handkerchief, and began her operations on the tea-tray.

"I work very hard," he returned. "You don't know what at, do you? I 'm a statistician."

"What 's that?"

"I make reports on properties, on financial ventures, for the firm I 'm with, Benson & Honaton. They 're brokers. When they are asked to underwrite a scheme—"

"Underwrite? I never heard that word."

The boy laughed.

"You 'll hear it a good many times if our acquaintance continues." Then more gravely, but quite parenthetically, he added: "If a firm puts up money for a business, they want to know all about it, of course. I tell them. I 've just been doing a report this afternoon, a wonder; it 's what made me late. Shall I tell you about it?"

She nodded with the same eagerness with which ten years before she might have answered an inquiry as to whether he should tell her a fairy-story.

"Well, it was on a coal-mine in Pennsylvania. I 'm afraid my report is going to be a disappointment to the firm. The mine 's good, a sound, rich vein, and the labor conditions are n't bad; but there 's one fatal defect—a car shortage on the only railroad that reaches it. They can't make a penny on their old mine until that 's met, and that can't be straightened out for a year, anyhow; and so I shall report against it."

"Car shortage," said Miss Severance. "I never should have thought of that. I think you must be wonderful."

He laughed.

"I wish the firm thought so," he said. "In a way they do; they pay attention to what I say, but they give me an awfully small salary. In fact," he added briskly, "I have almost no money at all." There was a pause, and he went on, "I suppose you know that when I was sitting beside you just now I wanted most terribly to kiss you."

"Oh, no!"

"Oh, no? Oh, yes. I wanted to, but I did n't. Don't worry. I won't for a long time, perhaps never."

"Never?" said Miss Severance, and she smiled.

"I said *perhaps* never. You can't tell. Life turns up some awfully queer tricks now and then. Last night, for example. I walked into that ball-room thinking of nothing, and there you were—all the rest of the room like a sort of shrine for you. I said to a man I was with, 'I want to meet the girl who looks like cream in a gold saucer,' and he introduced us. What could be stranger than that? Not, as a matter of fact, that I ever thought love at first sight impossible, as so many people do."

"But if you don't know the very first thing about a person—" Miss Severance began, but he interrupted:

"You have to begin some time. Every pair of lovers have to have a first meeting, and those who fall in love at once are just that much further ahead." He smiled. "I don't even know your first name."

It seemed miraculous good fortune to have a first name.

"Mathilde."

"Mathilde," he repeated in a lower tone, and his eyes shone extraordinarily.

Both of them took some time to recover from the intensity of this moment. She wanted to ask him his, but foreseeing that she would immediately be required to use it, and feeling unequal to such an adventure, she decided it would be wiser to wait. It was he who presently went on:

"Is n't it strange to know so little about each other? I rather like it. It 's so mad —like opening a chest of buried treasure. You don't know what 's going to be in it, but you know it 's certain to be rare and desirable. What do you do, Mathilde? Live here with your father and mother?"

She sat looking at him. The truth was that she found everything he said so unexpected and thrilling that now and then she lost all sense of being expected to answer.

"Oh, yes," she said, suddenly remembering. "I live here with my mother and stepfather. My mother has married again. She is Mrs. Vincent Farron."

"Did n't I tell you life played strange tricks?" he exclaimed. He sprang up, and took a position on the hearth-rug. "I

know all about him. I once reported on the Electric Equipment Company. That 's the same Farron, is n't it? I believe that that company is the most efficient for its size in this country, in the world, perhaps. And Farron is your stepfather! He must be a wonder."

"Yes, I think he is."

"You don't like him?"

"I like him very much. I don't *love* him."

"The poor devil!"

"I don't believe he wants people to love him. It would bore him. No, that 's not quite just. He 's kind, wonderfully kind, but he has no little pleasantnesses. He says things in a very quiet way that make you feel he 's laughing at you, though he never does laugh. He said to me this morning at breakfast, 'Well, Mathilde, was it a marvelous party?' That made me feel as if I used the word 'marvelous' all the time, not a bit as if he really wanted to know whether I had enjoyed myself last night."

"And did you?"

She gave him a rapid smile and went on:

"Now, my grandfather, my mother's father—his name is Lanley—[Mr. Lanley evidently was not in active business, for it was plain that Wayne, searching his memory, found nothing]—my grandfather often scolds me terribly for my English,—says I talk like a barmaid, although I tell him he ought not to know how barmaids talk,—but he never makes me feel small. Sometimes Mr. Farron repeats, weeks afterward, something I 've said, word for word, the way I said it. It makes it sound so foolish. I 'd rather he said straight out that he thought I was a goose."

"Perhaps you would n't if he did."

"I like people to be human. Mr. Farron 's not human."

"Does n't your mother think so?"

"Mama thinks he 's perfect."

"How long have they been married?"

"Ages! Five years!"

"And they 're just as much in love?"

Miss Severance looked at him.

"In love?' she said. "At their age?" He laughed at her, and she added: "I don't mean they are not fond of each other, but Mr. Farron must be forty-five. What I mean by love—" she hesitated.

"Don't stop."

But she did stop, for her quick ears told her that some one was coming, and, Pringle opening the door, Mrs. Farron came in.

She was a very beautiful person. In her hat and veil, lit by the friendly light of her own drawing-room, she seemed so young as to be actually girlish, except that she was too stately and finished for such a word. Mathilde did not inherit her blondness from her mother. Mrs. Farron's hair was a dark brown, with a shade of red in it where it curved behind her ears. She had the white skin that often goes with such hair, and a high, delicate color in her cheeks. Her eyebrows were fine and excessively dark—penciled, many people thought.

"Mama, this is Mr. Wayne," said Mathilde. Here was another tremendous moment crowding upon her—the introduction of her beautiful mother to this new friend, but even more, the introduction to her mother of this wonderful new friend, whose flavor of romance and interest no one, she supposed, could miss. Yet Mrs. Farron seemed to be taking it all very calmly, greeting him, taking his chair as being a trifle more comfortable than the others, trying to cover the doubt in her own mind whether she ought to recognize him as an old acquaintance. Was he new or one of the ones she had seen a dozen times before?

There was nothing exactly artificial in Mrs. Farron's manner, but, like a great singer who has learned perfect enunciation even in the most trivial sentences of every-day matters, she, as a great beauty, had learned the perfection of self-presentation, which probably did not wholly desert her even in the dentist's chair.

She drew off her long, pale, spotless gloves.

"No tea, my dear," she said. "I 've just had it," she added to Wayne,

"with an old aunt of mine. Aunt Alberta," she threw over her shoulder to Mathilde. "I am very unfortunate, Mr. Wayne; this town is full of my relatives, tucked away in forgotten oases, and I 'm their only connection with the vulgar, modern world. My aunt's favorite excitement is disapproving of me. She was particularly trying to-day." Mrs. Farron seemed to debate whether or not it would be tiresome to go thoroughly into the problem of Aunt Alberta, and to decide that it would; for she said, with an abrupt change, "Were you at this party last night that Mathilde enjoyed so much?"

"Yes, said Wayne. "Why were n't you?"

"I was n't asked. It is n't the fashion to ask mothers and daughters to the same parties any more. We dance so much better than they do." She leaned over, and rang the little enamel bell that dangled at the arm of her daughter's sofa. "You can't imagine, Mr. Wayne, how much better I dance than Mathilde."

"I hope it need n't be left to the imagination."

"Oh, I 'm not sure. That was the subject of Aunt Alberta's talk this afternoon—my still dancing. She says she put on caps at thirty-five." Mrs. Farron ran her eyebrows whimsically together and looked up at her daughter's visitor.

Mathilde was immensely grateful to her mother for taking so much trouble to be charming; only now she rather spoiled it by interrupting Wayne in the midst of sentences, as if she had never been as much interested as she had seemed. Pringle had appeared in answer to her ring, and she asked him sharply:

"Is Mr. Farron in?"

"Mr. Farron 's in his room, Madam."

At this she appeared to give her attention wholly back to Wayne, but Mathilde knew that she was really busy composing an escape. She seemed to settle back, to encourage her visitor to talk indefinitely; but when the moment came for her to answer, she rose to her feet in the midst of her sentence, and, still talking, wandered to the door and disappeared.

As the door shut firmly behind her Wayne said, as if there had been no interruption:

"It was love you were speaking of, you know."

"But don't you think my mother is marvelous?" she asked, not content to take up even the absorbing topic until this other matter had received due attention.

"I should say so! But one is n't, of course, overwhelmed to find that your mother is beautiful."

"And she 's so good!" Mathilde went on. "She 's always thinking of things to do for me and my grandfather and Mr. Farron and all these old relatives. She went away just now only because she knows that as soon as Mr. Farron comes in he asks for her. She 's perfect to every one."

He came and sat down beside her again.

"It 's going to be much easier for her daughter," he said: "you have to be perfect only to one person. Now, what was it you were going to say about love?"

Again they looked at each other; again Miss Severance had the sensation of drowning, of being submerged in some strange elixir.

She was rescued by Pringle's opening the door and announcing:

"Mr. Lanley."

Wayne stood up.

"I suppose I must go," he said.

"No, no," she returned a little wildly, and added, as if this were the reason why she opposed his departure: "This is my grandfather. You must see him."

Wayne sat down again, in the chair on the other side of the tea-table.

## CHAPTER II

MATHILDE had been wrong in telling Wayne that her mother had gone upstairs in obedience to an impulse of kindness. She had gone to quiet a small, gnawing anxiety that had been with her all the day, a haunting, elusive, persistent impression that something was wrong between her and her husband.

All the day, as she had gone about from

one thing to another, her mind had been diligently seeking in some event of the outside world an explanation of a slight obscuration of his spirit; but her heart, more egotistical, had stoutly insisted that the cause must lie in her. Did he love her less? Was she losing her charm for him? Were five years the limit of a human relation like theirs? Was she to watch the dying down of his flame, and try to shelter and fan it back to life as she had seen so many other women do?

Or was the trouble only that she had done something to wound his aloof and sensitive spirit, seldom aloof to her? Their intimate life had never been a calm one. Farron's interests were concentrated, and his temperament was jealous. A woman could n't, as Adelaide sometimes had occasion to say to herself, keep men from making love to her; she did not always want to. Farron could be relentless, and she was not without a certain contemptuous obstinacy. Yet such conflicts as these she had learned not to dread, but sometimes deliberately to precipitate, for they ended always in a deeper sense of unity, and, on her part, in a fresh sense of his supremacy.

If he had been like most of the men she knew, she would have assumed that something had gone wrong in business. With her first husband she had always been able to read in his face as he entered the house the full history of his business day. Sometimes she had felt that there was something insulting in the promptness of her inquiry, "Has anything gone wrong, Joe?" But Severance had never appeared to feel the insult; only as time went on, had grown more and more ready, as her interest became more and more lackadaisical, to pour out the troubles and, much more rarely, the joys of his day. One of the things she secretly admired most about Farron was his independence of her in such matters. No half-contemptuous question would elicit confidence from him, so that she had come to think it a great honor if by any chance he did drop her a hint as to the mood that his day's work had occasioned. But for the most part he was unaffected by such matters. Newspaper attacks and business successes did not seem to reach the area where he suffered or rejoiced. They were to be dealt with or ignored, but they could neither shadow or elate him.

So that not only egotism, but experience, bade her look to her own conduct for some explanation of the chilly little mist that had been between them for twenty-four hours.

As soon as the drawing-room door closed behind her she ran up-stairs like a girl. There was no light in his study, and she went on into his bedroom. He was lying on the sofa; he had taken off his coat, and his arms were clasped under his head; he was smoking a long cigar. To find him idle was unusual. His was not a contemplative nature; a trade journal or a detective novel were the customary solace of odd moments like this.

He did not move as she entered, but he turned his eyes slowly and seriously upon her. His eyes were black. He was a very dark man, with a smooth, brown skin and thick, fine hair, which clung closely to his broad, rather massive head. He was clean shaven, so that, as Adelaide loved to remember a friend of his had once suggested, his business competitors might take note of the stern lines of his mouth and chin.

She came in quickly, and shut the door behind her, and then dropping on her knees beside him, she laid her head against his heart. He put out his hand, touched her face, and said:

"Take off this veil."

The taking off of Adelaide's veil was not a process to be accomplished ill-advisedly or lightly. Lucie, her maid, had put it on, with much gathering together and looking into the glass over her mistress's shoulder, and it was held in place with shining pins and hair-pins. She lifted her head, sank back upon her heels, and raised her arms to the offending cobweb of black meshes, while her husband went on in a tone not absolutely denuded of reproach:

"You 've been in some time."

"'MAMA,' SHE SAID SUDDENLY, 'I SUPPOSE I 'M WHAT YOU 'D CALL ENGAGED'"

"Yes,"—she stuck the first pin into the upholstery of the sofa,—"but Pringle told me Mathilde had a visitor, and I thought it was my duty to stop and be a little parental."

"A young man?"

"Yes. I forget his name—just like all these young men nowadays, alert and a little too much at his ease, but amusing in his way. He said, among other things—"

But Farron, it appeared, was not exclusively interested in the words of Mathilde's visitor; for at this instant, perceiving that his wife had disengaged herself from her veil, he sat up, caught her to him, and pressed his lips to hers.

"O Adelaide!" he said, and it seemed to her that he spoke with a sort of agony.

She held him away from her.

"Vincent, what is it?" she asked.

"What is what?"

"Is anything wrong?"

"Between us?"

Oh, she knew that method of his, to lead her on to make definite statements about impressions of which nothing definite could be accurately said.

"No, I won't be pinned down," she said; "but I feel it, the way a rheumatic feels it, when the wind goes into the east."

He continued to look at her gravely; she thought he was going to speak when a knock came at the door. It was Pringle announcing the visit of Mr. Lanley.

Adelaide rose slowly to her feet, and, walking to her husband's dressing-table, repinned her hat, and caught up the little stray locks which grew in deep, sharp points at the back of her head.

"You 'll come down, too?" she said.

Farron was looking about for his coat, and as he put it on he observed dryly:

"The young man is seeing all the family."

"Oh, he won't mind," she answered. "He probably has n't the slightest wish to see Mathilde alone. They both struck me as sorry when I left them; they were running down. You can't imagine, Vin, how little romance there is among all these young people."

"They leave it to us," he answered. This was exactly in his accustomed manner, and as they went down-stairs together her heart felt lighter, though the long, black, shiny pin stuck harmlessly into the upholstery of the sofa was like a mile-stone, for afterward she remembered that her questions had gone unanswered.

Wayne was still in the drawing-room, and Mathilde, who loved her grandfather, was making a gentle fuss over him, a process which consisted largely in saying: "O Grandfather! Oh, you did n't! O *Grandfather!*"

Mr. Lanley, though a small man and now over sixty, had a distinct presence. He wore excellent gray clothes of the same shade as his hair, and out of this neutrality of tint his bright, brown eyes sparkled piercingly.

He had begun life with the assumption that to be a New York Lanley was in itself enough, a comfortable creed in which many of his relatives had obscurely lived and died. But before he was graduated from Columbia College he began to doubt whether the profession of being an aristocrat in a democracy was a man's job. At no time in his life did he deny the value of birth and breeding; but he came to regard them as a responsibility solemn and often irritating to those who did not possess them, though he was no longer content with the current views of his family that they were a sufficient attainment in themselves.

He was graduated from college in 1873, and after a summer at the family place on the Hudson, hot, fertile, and inaccessible, which his sister Alberta was at that time occupying, he had arranged a trip round the world. September of that year brought the great panic, and swept away many larger and solider fortunes than the Lanley. Mr. Lanley decided that he must go to work, though he abandoned his traditions no further than to study law. His ancestors, like many of the aristocrats of the early days, had allowed their opinions of fashion to influence too much their selection of real estate. All through the late seventies, while his

brothers and sisters were clinging sentimentally to brownstone fronts in Stuyvesant Square or red-brick façades in Great Jones Street, Mr. Lanley himself, unaffected by recollections of Uncle Joel's death or grandma's marriage, had been parting with his share in such properties, and investing along the east side of the park.

By the time he was forty he was once more a fairly rich man. He had left the practice of law to become the president of the Peter Stuyvesant Trust Company, for which he had been counsel. After fifteen years he had retired from this, too, and had become, what he insisted nature had always intended him to be, a gentleman of leisure. He retained a directorship in the trust company, was a trustee of his university, and was a thorny and inquiring member of many charitable boards.

He prided himself on having emancipated himself from the idea of his own generation. It bored him to listen to his cousins lamenting the vulgarities of modern life, the lack of elegance in present-day English, or to hear them explain as they borrowed money from him the sort of thing a gentleman could or could not do for a living. But on the subject of what a lady might do he still held fixed and unalterable notions; nor did he ever find it tiresome to hear his own daughter expound the axioms of this subject with a finality he had taught her in her youth. Having freed himself from fine-gentlemanism, he had quite unconsciously fallen the more easily a prey to fine-ladyism; all his conservatism had gone into that, as a man, forced to give up his garden, might cherish one lovely potted plant.

At a time when private schools were beginning to flourish once more he had been careful to educate Adelaide entirely at home with governesses. Every summer he took her abroad, and showed her, and talked with her about, books, pictures, and buildings; he inoculated her with such fundamentals as that a lady never wears imitation lace on her underclothes, and the past of the verb to "eat" is pronounced to rhyme with "bet." She spoke French and German fluently, and could read Italian. He considered her a perfectly educated woman. She knew nothing of business, political economy, politics, or science. He himself had never been deeply interested in American politics, though very familiar with the lives of English statesmen. He was a great reader of memoirs and of the novels of Disraeli and Trollope. Of late he had taken to motoring.

He kissed his daughter and nodded—a real New York nod—to his son-in-law.

"I 've come to tell you, Adelaide," he began.

"Such a thing!" murmured Mathilde, shaking her golden head above the cup of tea she was making for him, making in just the way he liked; for she was a little person who remembered people's tastes.

"I thought you 'd rather hear it than read it in the papers."

"Goodness, Papa, you talk as if you had been getting married!"

"No." Mr. Lanley hesitated, and looked up at her brightly. "No; but I think I did have a proposal the other day."

"From Mrs. Baxter?" asked Adelaide. This was almost war. Mrs. Baxter was a regal and possessive widow from Baltimore whose long and regular visits to Mr. Lanley had once occasioned his family some alarm, though time had now given them a certain institutional safety.

Her father was not flurried by the reference.

"No," he said; "though she writes me, I 'm glad to say, that she is coming soon."

"You don't tell me!" said Adelaide. The cream of the winter season was usually the time Mrs. Baxter selected for her visit.

Her father did not notice her.

"If Mrs. Baxter should ever propose to me," he went on thoughtfully, "I should n't refuse. I don't think I should have the—"

"The chance?" said his daughter.

"I was going to say the fortitude. But this," he went on, "was an elderly cousin,

who expressed a wish to come and be my housekeeper. Perhaps matrimony was not intended. Mathilde, my dear, how does one tell nowadays whether one is being proposed to or not?"

In this poignant and unexpected crisis Mathilde turned slowly and painfully crimson. How *did* one tell? It was a question which at the moment was anything but clear to her.

"I should always assume it in doubtful cases, sir," said Wayne, very distinctly. He and Mathilde did not even glance at each other.

"It was n't your proposal that you came to announce to us, though, was it, Papa?" said Adelaide.

"No," answered Mr. Lanley. "The fact is, I 've been arrested."

"Again?"

"Yes; most unjustly, most unjustly." His brows contracted, and then relaxed at a happy memory. "It 's the long, low build of the car. It looks so powerful that the police won't give you a chance. I was nosing through the park—"

"At about thirty miles an hour," said Farron.

"Well, not a bit over thirty-five. A lovely morning, no one in sight, I may have let her out a little. All of a sudden one of these mounted fellows jumped out from the bushes along the bridle-path. They 're a fine-looking lot, Vincent."

Farron asked who the judge was, and Mr. Lanley named him—named him slightly wrong, and Farron corrected him.

"I 'll get you off," he said.

Adelaide looked up at her husband admiringly. This was the aspect of him that she loved best. It seemed to her like magic what Vincent could do. Her father, she thought, took it very calmly. What would have happened to him if she had not brought Farron into the family to rescue and protect? The visiting boy, she noticed, was properly impressed. She saw him give Farron quite a dog-like look as he took his departure. To Mathilde he only bowed. No arrangements had been made for a future meeting. Mathilde tried to convey to him in a prolonged look that if he would wait only five minutes all would be well, that her grandfather never paid long visits; but the door closed behind him. She became immediately overwhelmed by the fear, which had an element of desire in it, too, that her family would fall to discussing him, would question her as to how long she had known him, and why she liked him, and what they talked about, and whether she had been expecting a visit, sitting there in her best dress. Then slowly she took in the fact that they were going to talk about nothing but Mr. Lanley's arrest. She marveled at the obtuseness of older people—to have stood at the red-hot center of youth and love and not even to know it! She drew her shoulders together, feeling very lonely and strong. As they talked, she allowed her eyes to rest first on one speaker and then on the other, as if she were following each word of the discussion. As a matter of fact she was rehearsing with an inner voice the tone of Wayne's voice when he had said that he loved her.

Then suddenly she decided that she would be much happier alone in her own room. She rose, patted her grandfather on the shoulder, and prepared to escape. He, not wishing to be interrupted at the moment, patted her hand in return.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "Hands are cold, my dear."

She caught Farron's cool, black eyes, and surprised herself by answering:

"Yes; but, then, they always are." This was quite untrue, but every one was perfectly satisfied with it.

As she left the room Mr. Lanley was saying:

"Yes, I don't want to go to Blackwell's Island. Lovely spot, of course. My grandfather used to tell me he remembered it when the Blackwell family still lived there. But I should n't care to wear stripes—except for the pleasure of telling Alberta about it. It would give her a year's occupation, her suffering over my disgrace, would n't it, Adelaide?"

"She 'd scold me," said Adelaide, looking beautifully martyred. Then turning

to her husband, she asked. "Will it be very difficult, Vincent, getting papa off?" She wanted it to be difficult, she wanted him to give her material out of which she could form a picture of him as a savior; but he only shook his head and said:

"That young man is in love with Mathilde."

"O Vin! Those children?"

Mr. Lanley pricked up his ears like a terrier.

"In love?" he exclaimed. "And who is he? Not one of the East Sussex Waynes, I hope. Vulgar people. They always were; began life as auctioneers in my father's time. Is he one of those, Adelaide?"

"I have no idea who he is, if any one," said Adelaide. "I never saw or heard of him before this afternoon."

"And may I ask," said her father, "if you intend to let your daughter become engaged to a young man of whom you know nothing whatsoever?"

Adelaide looked extremely languid, one of her methods of showing annoyance.

"Really, Papa," she said, "the fact that he has come once to pay an afternoon visit to Mathilde does not, it seems to me, make an engagement inevitable. My child is not absolutely repellent, you know, and a good many young men come to the house." Then suddenly remembering that her oracle had already spoken on this subject, she asked more humbly, "What was it made you say he was in love, Vin?"

"Just an impression," said Farron.

Mr. Lanley had been thinking it over.

"It was not the custom in my day," he began, and then remembering that this was one of his sister Alberta's favorite openings, he changed the form of his sentence. "I never allowed you to see stray young men—"

His daughter interrupted him.

"But I always saw them, Papa. I used to let them come early in the afternoon before you came in."

In his heart Mr. Lanley doubted that this had been a regular custom, but he knew it would be unwise to argue the point; so he started fresh.

"When a young man is attentive to a girl like Mathilde—"

"But he is n't," said Adelaide. "At least not what I should have called attentive when I was a girl."

"Your experience was not long, my dear. You were married at Mathilde's age.

"You may be sure of one thing, Papa, that I don't desire an early marriage for my daughter."

"Very likely," returned her father, getting up, and buttoning the last button of his coat; "but you may have noticed that we can't always get just what we most desire for our children."

When he had gone, Vincent looked at his wife and smiled, but smiled without approval. She twisted her shoulders.

"Oh, I suppose so," she said; "but I do so hate to be scolded about the way I bring up Mathilde."

"Or about anything else, my dear."

"I don't hate to be scolded by you," she returned. "In fact, I sometimes get a sort of servile enjoyment from it. Besides," she went on, "as a matter of fact, I bring Mathilde up particularly well, quite unlike these wild young women I see everywhere else. She tells me everything, and I have perfectly the power of making her hate any one I disapprove of. But you 'll try and find out something about this young man, won't you, Vin?"

"We 'll have a full report on him tomorrow. Do you know what his first name is?"

"At the moment I don't recall his last. Oh, yes—Wayne. I 'll ask Mathilde when we go up-stairs."

From her own bedroom door she called up.

"Mathilde, what is the name of your young friend?"

There was a little pause before Mathilde answered that she was sorry, but she did n't know.

Mrs. Farron turned to her husband, who was standing beside her, and made a little gesture to indicate that this ignorance on the girl's part did not bear out his theory; but she saw that he did not

admit it, that he clung still to his impression. "And Vincent's impressions—" she said to herself as she went in to dress.

## CHAPTER III

Mr. Lanley was ruffled as he left his daughter's drawing-room.

"As if I had wanted her to marry at eighteen," he said to himself; and he took his hat crossly from Pringle and set it hard on his head at the slight angle which he preferred. Then reflecting that Pringle was not in any way involved, he unbent slightly, and said something that sounded like:

"Haryer, Pringle?"

Pringle, despite his stalwart masculine appearance, had in speaking a surprisingly high, squeaky voice.

"I keep my health, thank you, sir," he said. "Anna has been somewhat ailing." Anna was his wife, to whom he usually referred as "Mrs. Pringle"; but he made an exception in speaking to Mr. Lanley, for she had once been the Lanleys' kitchen-maid. "Your car, sir?"

No, Mr. Lanley was walking—walking, indeed, more quickly than usual under the stimulus of annoyance.

Nothing had ever happened that made him suffer as he had suffered through his daughter's divorce. Divorce was one of the modern ideas which he had imagined he had accepted. As a lawyer he had expressed himself as willing always to take the lady's side; but in the cases which he actually took he liked to believe that the wife was perfect and the husband inexcusable. He could not comfort himself with any such belief in his daughter's case.

Adelaide's conduct had been, as far as he could see, irreproachable; but, then, so had Severance's. This was what had made the gossip, almost the scandal, of the thing. Even his sister Alberta had whispered to him that if Severance had been unfaithful to Adelaide— But poor Severance had not been unfaithful; he had not even become indifferent. He loved his wife, he said, as much as on the day he married her. He was extremely unhappy. Mr. Lanley grew to dread the visits of his huge, blond son-in-law, who used actually to sob in the library, and ask for explanations of something which Mr. Lanley had never been able to understand.

And how obstinate Adelaide had been! She, who had been such a docile girl, and then for many years so completely under the thumb of her splendid-looking husband, had suddenly become utterly intractable. She would listen to no reason and brook no delay. She had been willing enough to explain; she had explained repeatedly, but the trouble was he could not understand the explanation. She did not love her husband any more, she said. Mr. Lanley pointed out to her that this was no legal grounds for a divorce.

"Yes, but I look down upon him," she went on.

"On poor Joe?" her father had asked innocently, and had then discovered that this was the wrong thing to say. She had burst out, "Poor Joe! poor Joe!" That was the way every one considered him. Was it her fault if he excited pity and contempt instead of love and respect? Her love, she intimated, had been of a peculiarly eternal sort; Severance himself was to blame for its extinction. Mr. Lanley discovered that in some way she considered the intemperance of Severance's habits to be involved. But this was absurd. It was true that for a year or two Severance had taken to drinking rather more than was wise, but, Mr. Lanley had thought at the time, the poor young man had not needed any artificial stimulant in the days when Adelaide had fully and constantly admired him. He had seen Severance come home several times not exactly drunk, but rather more boyishly boastful and hilarious than usual. Even Mr. Lanley, a naturally temperate man, had not found Joe repellent in the circumstances. Afterward he had been thankful for this weakness: it gave him the only foundation on which he could build a case not for the courts, of course, but for the world. Unfortunately, how-

ever, Severance had pulled up before there was any question of divorce.

That was another confusing fact. Adelaide had managed him so beautifully. Her father had not known her wonderful powers until he saw the skill and patience with which she had dealt with Joe Severance's drinking. Joe himself was eager to own that he owed his cure entirely to her. Mr. Lanley had been proud of her; she had turned out, he thought, just what a woman ought to be; and then, on top of it, she had come to him one day and announced that she would never live with Joe again.

"But why not?" he had asked.

"Because I don't love him," she had said.

Then Mr. Lanley knew how little his acceptance of the idea of divorce in general had reconciled him to the idea of the divorce of his own daughter—a Lanley—Mrs. Adelaide Lanley, Mrs. Adelaide Severance. His sense of fitness was shocked, though he pleaded with her first on the ground of duty, and then under the threat of scandal. With her beauty and Severance's popularity, for from his college days he had been extremely popular with men, the divorce excited uncommon interest. Severance's unconcealed grief, a rather large circle of devoted friends in whom he confided, and the fact that Adelaide had to go to Nevada to get her divorce, led most people to believe that she had simply found some one she liked better. Mr. Lanley would have believed it himself, but he could n't. Farron had not appeared until she had been divorced for several years.

Lanley still cherished an affection for Severance, who had very soon married again, a local belle in the Massachusetts manufacturing town where he now lived. She was said to resemble Adelaide.

No, Mr. Lanley could not see that he had had anything to reproach himself with in regard to his daughter's first marriage. They had been young, of course; all the better. He had known the Severances for years; and Joe was handsome, hard working, had rowed on his crew, and every one spoke well of him. Certainly they had been in love—more in love than he liked to see two people, at least when one of them was his own daughter. He had suggested their waiting a year or two, but no one had backed him up. The Severances had been eager for the marriage, naturally. Mr. Lanley could still see the young couple as they turned from the altar, young, beautiful, and confident.

He had missed his daughter terribly, not only her physical presence in the house, but the exercise of his influence over her, which in old times had been perhaps a trifle autocratic. He had hated being told what Joe thought and said; yet he could hardly object to her docility. That was the way he had brought her up. He did not reckon pliancy in a woman as a weakness; or if he had had any temptation to do so, it had vanished in the period when Joe Severance had taken to drink. In that crisis Adelaide had been anything but weak. Every one had been so grateful to her,—he and Joe and the Severances,—and then immediately afterward the crash came.

Women! Mr. Lanley shook his head, still moving briskly northward with that quick jaunty walk of his. And this second marriage—what about that? They seemed happy. Farron was a fine fellow, but not, it seemed to him, so attractive to a woman as Severance. Could he hold a woman like Adelaide? He was n't a man to stand any nonsense, though, and Mr. Lanley nodded; then, as it were, withdrew the nod on remembering that poor Joe had not wanted to stand any nonsense either. What in similar circumstances could Farron do? Adelaide always resented his asking how things were going, but how could he help being anxious? How could any one rest content on a hillside who had once been blown up by a volcano?

He might not have been any more content if he had stayed to dinner at his son-in-law's, as he had been asked to do. The Farrons were alone. Mathilde was going to a dinner, with a dance after. She came into the dining-room to say good night and

to promise to be home early, not to stay and dance. She was not allowed two parties on successive nights, not because her health was anything but robust, but rather because her mother considered her too young for such vulgar excess.

When she had gone, Farron observed:

"That child has a will of iron."

"Vincent!" said his wife. "She does everything I suggest to her."

"Her will just now is to please you in everything. Wait until she rebels."

"But women don't rebel against the people they love. I don't have to tell you that, do I? I never have to manœuver the child, never have to coax or charm her to do what I want."

He smiled at her across the table.

"You have great faith in those methods, have n't you?"

"They work, Vin."

He nodded as if no one knew that better than he.

Soon after dinner he went up-stairs to write some letters. She followed him about ten o'clock. She came and leaned one hand on his shoulder and one on his desk.

"Still working?" she said. She had been aware of no desire to see what he was writing, but she was instantly aware that his blotting-paper had fallen across the sheet, that the sheet was not a piece of note-paper, but one of a large pad on which he had been apparently making notes.

Her diamond bracelet had slipped down her wrist and lay upon the blotting-paper; he slowly and carefully pushed it up her slim, round arm until it once more clung in place.

"I 've nearly finished," he said; and to her ears there was some under sound of pain or of constraint in his tone.

A little later he strolled, still dressed, into her room. She was already in bed, and he came and sat on the foot of the bed, with one foot tucked under him and his arms folded.

Her mind during the interval had been exclusively occupied with the position of that piece of blotting-paper. Could it be there was some other woman whose ghost-like presence she was just beginning to feel haunting their relation? The impersonality of Vincent's manner was an armor against such attacks, but this armor, as Adelaide knew, was more apparent than real. If one could get beyond that, one was at the very heart of the man. If some fortuitous circumstance had brought a sudden accidental intimacy between him and another woman—What woman loving strength and power could resist the sight of Vincent in action, Vincent as she saw him?

Yet with a good capacity for believing the worst of her fellow-creatures, Adelaide did not really believe in the other woman. That, she knew, would bring a change in the fundamentals of her relationship with her husband. This was only a barrier that left the relation itself untouched.

Before very long she began to think the situation was all in her own imagination. He was so amused, so eager to talk. Silent as he was apt to be with the rest of the world, with her he sometimes showed a love of gossip that enchanted her. And now it seemed to her that he was leading her on from subject to subject through a childish dislike to going to bed. They were actually giggling over Mr. Lanley's adventure when a motor-brake squeaked in the silence of the night, a motor-door slammed. For the first time Adelaide remembered her daughter. It was after twelve o'clock. A knock came at her door. She wrapped her swan's-down garment about her and went to the door.

"O Mama, have you been worried?" the girl asked. She was standing in the narrow corridor, with her arms full of shining favors; there could be no question whatever that she had stayed for the dance. "Are you angry? Have I been keeping you awake?"

"I thought you would have been home an hour ago."

"I know. I want to tell you about it. Mama, how lovely you look in that blue thing! Won't you come up-stairs with me while I undress?"

Adelaide shook her head.

"Not to-night," she answered.

"You are angry with me," the girl went on. "But if you will come, I will explain. I have something to tell you, Mama."

Mrs. Farron's heart stood still. The phrase could mean only one thing. She went up-stairs with her daughter, sent the maid away, and herself began to undo the soft, pink silk.

"It needs an extra hook," she murmured. "I told her it did."

Mathilde craned her neck over her shoulder, as if she had ever been able to see the middle of her back.

"But it does n't show, does it?" she asked.

"It perfectly well might."

Mathilde stepped out of her dress, and flung it over a chair. In her short petticoat, with her ankles showing and her arms bare, she looked like a very young girl, and when she put up her hands and took the pins out of her hair, so that it fell over her shoulders, she might have been a child.

The silence began to grow awkward. Mathilde put on her dressing-gown; it was perfectly straight, and made her look like a little white column. A glass of milk and some biscuits were waiting for her. She pushed a chair near her fire for her mother, and herself remained standing, with her glass of milk in her hand.

"Mama," she said suddenly, "I suppose I 'm what you 'd call engaged."

"O Mathilde! not to that boy who was here to-day?"

"Why not to him?"

"I know nothing about him."

"I don't know very much myself. Yes, it 's Pete Wayne. Pierson his name is, but every one calls him Pete. How strange it was that I did not even know his first name when you asked me!"

A single ray pierced Mrs. Farron's depression: Vincent had known, Vincent's infallibility was confirmed. She did not know what to say. She sat looking sadly, obliquely at the floor like a person who has been aggrieved. She was wondering whether she should be to her daughter a comrade or a ruler, a confederate or a policeman. Of course in all probability the thing would be better stopped. But could this be accomplished by immediate action, or could she invite confidences and yet commit herself to nothing?

She raised her eyes.

"I do not approve of youthful marriages," she said.

"O Mama! And you were only eighteen yourself."

"That is why."

Mathilde was frightened not only by the intense bitterness of her mother's tone, but also by the obvious fact that she was face to face with the explanation of the separation of her parents. She had been only nine years old at the time. She had loved her father, had found him a better play-fellow than her mother, had wept bitterly at parting with him, and had missed him. And then gradually her mother, who had before seemed like a beautiful, but remote, princess, had begun to make of her an intimate and grown-up friend, to consult her and read with her and arrange happinesses in her life, to win, to, if the truth must be told, reconquer her. Perhaps even Adelaide would not have succeeded so easily in effacing Severance's image had not he himself so quickly remarried. Mathilde went several times to stay with the new household after Adelaide in secret, tearful conference with her father had been forced to consent.

To Mathilde these visits had been an unacknowledged torture. She never knew quite what to mention and what to leave untouched. There was always a constraint between the three of them. Her father, when alone with her, would question her, with strange, eager pauses, as to how her mother looked. Her mother's successor, whom she could not really like, would question her more searchingly, more embarrassingly, with an ill-concealed note of jealousy in every word. Even at twelve years Mathilde was shocked by the strain of hatred in her father's new wife, who seemed to reproach her for fashion and fineness and fastidiousness, qualities

of which the girl was utterly unaware. She could have loved her little half-brother when he appeared upon the scene, but Mrs. Severance did not encourage the bond, and gradually Mathilde's visits to her father ceased.

As a child she had been curious about the reasons for the parting, but as she grew older it had seemed mere loyalty to accept the fact without asking why; she had perhaps not wanted to know why. But now, she saw, she was to hear.

"Mathilde, do you still love your father?"

"I think I do, Mama. I feel very sorry for him."

"Why?"

"I don't know why. I dare say he is happy."

"I dare say he is, poor Joe." Adelaide paused. "Well, my dear, that was the reason of our parting. One can pity a son or a brother, but not a husband. Weakness kills love. A woman cannot be the leader, the guide, and keep any romance. O Mathilde, I never want you to feel the humiliation of finding yourself stronger than the man you love. That is why I left your father, and my justification is his present happiness. This inferior little person he has married, she does as well. Any one would have done as well."

Mathilde was puzzled by her mother's evident conviction that the explanation was complete. She asked after a moment:

"But what was it that made you think at first that you did love him, Mama?"

"Just what makes you think you love this boy—youth, flattery, desire to love. He was magnificently handsome, your father. I saw him admired by other men, apparently a master; I was too young to judge, my dear. You sha'n't be allowed to make that mistake; you shall have time to consider."

Mathilde smiled.

"I don't want time," she said.

"I did not know I did."

"I don't think I feel about love as you do," said the girl, slowly.

"Every woman does."

Mathilde shook her head.

"It 's just Pete as he is that I love. I don't care which of us leads."

"But you will."

The girl had not yet reached a point where she could describe the very essence of her passion; she had to let this go. After a moment she said:

"I see now why you chose Mr. Farron."

"You mean you have never seen before?"

"Not so clearly."

Mrs. Farron bit her lip. To have missed understanding this seemed a sufficient proof of immaturity. She rose.

"Well, my darling," she said in a tone of extreme reasonableness, "we shall decide nothing to-night. I know nothing against Mr. Wayne. He may be just the right person. We must see more of him. Do you know anything about his family?"

Mathilde shook her head. "He lives alone with his mother. His father is dead. She 's very good and interested in drunkards."

"In *drunkards?*" Mrs. Farron just shut her eyes a second.

"She has a mission that reforms them."

"Is that his profession, too?"

"Oh, no. He 's in Wall Street—quite a good firm. O Mama, don't sigh like that! We know we can't be married at once. We are reasonable. You think not, because this has all happened so suddenly; but great things do happen suddenly. We love each other. That 's all I wanted to tell you."

"Love!" Adelaide looked at the little person before her, tried to recall the fading image of the young man, and then thought of the dominating figure in her own life. "My dear, you have no idea what love is."

She took no notice of the queer, steady look the girl gave her in return. She went down-stairs. She had been gone more than an hour, and she knew that Vincent would have been long since asleep. He had, and prided himself on having, a great capacity for sleep. She tiptoed past his door, stole into her own room, and then, glancing in the direction of his, was startled to see that a light was burning. She went in; he was reading, and once

again, as his eyes turned toward her, she thought she saw the same tragic appeal that she had felt that afternoon in his kiss. Trembling, she threw herself down beside him, clasping him to her.

"O Vincent! oh, my dear!" she whispered, and began to cry. He did not ask her why she was crying; she wished that he would; his silence admitted that he knew of some adequate reason.

"I feel that there is something wrong," she sobbed, "something terribly wrong."

"Nothing could go wrong between you and me, my darling," he answered. His tone comforted, his touch was a comfort. Perhaps she was a coward, she said to herself, but she questioned him no further.

## CHAPTER IV

WAYNE was not so prompt as Mathilde in making the announcement of their engagement. He and his mother breakfasted together rather hastily, for she was going to court that morning to testify in favor of one of her backsliding inebriates, and Wayne had not found the moment to introduce his own affairs.

That afternoon he came home earlier than usual; it was not five o'clock. He passed Dr. Parret's flat on the first floor—Dr. Lily MacComb Parret. She was a great friend of his, and he felt a decided temptation to go in and tell her the news first; but reflecting that no one ought to hear it before his mother, he went on up-stairs. He lived on the fifth floor.

He opened the door of the flat and went into the sitting-room. It was empty. He lighted the gas, which flared up, squeaking like a bagpipe. The room was square and crowded. Shelves ran all the way round it, tightly filled with books. In the center was a large writing-table, littered with papers, and on each side of the fireplace stood two worn, but comfortable, arm-chairs, each with a reading-lamp at its side. There was nothing beautiful in the furniture, and yet the room had its own charm. The house was a corner house and had once been a single dwelling. The shape of the room, its woodwork, its doors, its flat, white marble mantlepiece, belonged to an era of simple taste and good workmanship; but the greatest charm of the room was the view from the windows, of which it had four, two that looked east and two south, and gave a glimpse of the East River and its bridges.

Wayne was not sorry his mother was out. He had begun to dread the announcement he had to make. At first he had thought only of her keen interest in his affairs, but later he had come to consider what this particular piece of news would mean to her. Say what you will, he thought, to tell your mother of your engagement is a little like casting off an old love.

Ever since he could remember, he and his mother had lived in the happiest comradeship. His father, a promising young doctor, had died within a few years of his marriage. Pete had been brought up by his mother, but he had very little remembrance of any process of molding. It seemed to him as if they had lived in a sort of partnership since he had been able to walk and talk. It had been as natural for him to spend his hours after school in stamping and sealing her large correspondence as it had been for her to pinch and arrange for years so as to send him to the university from which his father had been graduated. She would have been glad, he knew, if he had decided to follow his father in the study of medicine, but he recoiled from so long a period of dependence; he liked to think that he brought to his financial reports something of a scientific inheritance.

She had, he thought, every virtue that a mother could have, and she combined them with a gaiety of spirit that made her take her virtues as if they were the most delightful amusements. It was of this gaiety that he had first thought until Mathilde had pointed out to him that there was tragedy in the situation. "What will your mother do without you?" the girl kept saying. There was indeed nothing in his mother's life that could fill the vacancy he would leave. She had few intimate

relationships. For all her devotion to her drunkards, he was the only personal happiness in her life.

He went into the kitchen in search of her. This was evidently one of their servant's uncounted hours. While he was making himself some tea he heard his mother's key in the door. He called to her, and she appeared.

"Why my hat, Mother dear?" he asked gently as he kissed her.

Mrs. Wayne smiled absently, and put up her hand to the soft felt hat she was wearing.

"I just went out to post some letters," she said, as if this were a complete explanation; then she removed a mackintosh that she happened to have on, though the day was fine. She was then seen to be wearing a dark skirt and a neat plain shirt that was open at the throat. Though no longer young, she somehow suggested a boy—a boy rather overtrained; she was far more boyish than Wayne. She had a certain queer beauty, too; not beauty of Adelaide's type, of structure and coloring and elegance, but beauty of expression. Life itself had written some fine lines of humor and resolve upon her face, and her blue-gray eyes seemed actually to flare with hope and intention. Her hair was of that light-brown shade in which plentiful gray made little change of shade; it was wound in a knot at the back of her head and gave her trouble. She was always pushing it up and repinning it into place, as if it were too heavy for her small head.

"I wonder if there 's anything to eat in the house," her son said.

"I wonder." They moved together toward the ice-box.

"Mother," said Pete, "that piece of pie has been in the ice-box at least three days. Let 's throw it away."

She took the saucer thoughtfully.

"I like it so much," she said.

"Then why don't you eat it?"

"It 's not good for me." She let Wayne take the saucer. "What do you know?" she asked. She had adopted slang as she adopted most labor-saving devices.

"Well, I do know something new," said Wayne. He sat down on the kitchen table and poured out his tea. "New as the garden of Eden. I 'm in love."

"O Pete!" his mother cried, and the purest, most conventional maternal agony was in the tone. For an instant, crushed and terrified, she looked at him; and then something gay and impish appeared in her eyes, and she asked with a grin:

"Is it some one perfectly awful?"

"I 'm afraid you 'll think so. She 's a sheltered, young, luxurious child, with birth, breeding, and money, everything you hate most."

"O Pete!" she said again, but this time with a sort of sad resignation. Then shaking her head as if to say that she was n't, after all, as narrow as he thought, she hitched her chair nearer the table and said eagerly, "Well, tell me all about it."

Wayne looked down at his mother as she sat opposite him, with her elbows on the table, as keen as a child and as lively as a cricket. He asked himself if he had not drifted into a needlessly sentimental state of mind about her. He even asked himself, as he had done once or twice before in his life, whether her love for him implied the slightest dependence upon his society. Was n't it perfectly possible that his going would free her life, would make it easier instead of harder? Every man, he knew, felt the element of freedom beneath the despair of breaking even the tenderest of ties. Some women, he supposed, might feel the same way about their love-affairs. But could they feel the same about their maternal relations? Could it be that his mother, that pure, heroic, self-sacrificing soul, was now thinking more about her liberty than her loss? Had not their relation always been peculiarly free? he found himself thinking reproachfully. Once, he remembered, when he had been working unusually hard he had welcomed her absence at one of her conferences on inebriety. Never before had he imagined that she could feel anything but regret at his absences. "Everybody is just alike," he found himself rather bitterly thinking.

"What do you want to know about it?" he said aloud.

"Why, everything," she returned.

"I met her," he said, "two evenings ago at a dance. I never expected to fall in love at a dance."

"Is n't it funny? No one ever really expects to fall in love at all, and everybody does."

He glanced at her. He had been prepared to explain to her about love; and now it occurred to him for the first time that she knew all about it. He decided to ask her the great question which had been occupying his mind as a lover of a scientific habit of thought.

"Mother," he said, "how much dependence is to be placed on love—one's own, I mean?"

"Goodness, Pete! What a question to ask!"

"Well, you might take a chance and tell me what you think. I have no doubts. My whole nature goes out to this girl; but I can't help knowing that if we go on feeling like this till we die, we shall be the exception. Love 's a miracle. How much can one trust to it?"

The moment he had spoken he knew that he was asking a great deal. It was torture to his mother to express an opinion on an abstract question. She did not lack decision of conduct. She could resolve in an instant to send a drunkard to an institution or take a trip round the world; but on a matter of philosophy of life it was as difficult to get her to commit herself as if she had been upon the witness-stand. Yet it was just in this realm that he particularly valued her opinion.

"Oh," she said at last, "I don't believe that it 's possible to play safe in love. It 's a risk, but it 's one of those risks you have n't much choice about taking. Life and death are like that, too. I don't think it pays to be always thinking about avoiding risks. Nothing, you know," she added, as if she were letting him in to rather a horrid little secret, "is really safe." And evidently glad to change the subject, she went on, "What will her family say?"

"I can't think they will be pleased."

"I suppose not. Who are they?"

Wayne explained the family connections, but woke no associations in his mother's mind until he mentioned the name of Farron. Then he was astonished at the violence of her interest. She sprang to her feet; her eyes lighted up.

"Why," she cried, "that 's the man, that 's the company, that Marty Burke works for! O Pete, don't you think you could get Mr. Farron to use his influence over Marty about Anita?"

"Dear mother, do you think you can get him to use his influence over Mrs. Farron for me?"

Marty Burke was the leader of the district and was reckoned a bad man. He and Mrs. Wayne had been waging a bitter war for some time over a young inebriate who had seduced a girl of the neighborhood. Mrs. Wayne was sternly trying to prosecute the inebriate; Burke was determined to protect him, first, by smirching the girl's name, and, next, by getting the girl's family to consent to a marriage, a solution that Mrs. Wayne considered most undesirable in view of the character of the prospective husband.

Pete felt her interest sweep away from his affairs, and it had not returned when the telephone rang. He came back from answering it to tell his mother that Mr. Lanley, the grandfather of his love, was asking if she would see him for a few minutes that afternoon or evening. A visit was arranged for nine o'clock.

"What 's he like?" asked Mrs. Wayne, wrinkling her nose and looking very impish.

"He seemed like a nice old boy; has n't had a new idea, I should say, since 1880. And, Mother dear, you 're going to dress, are n't you?"

She resented the implication.

"I shall be wonderful," she answered with emphasis. "And while he 's here, I think you might go down and tell this news to Lily, yourself. Oh, I don't say she 's in love with you—"

"Lily," said Pete, "is leading far too exciting a life to be in love with any one."

Punctually at nine, Mr. Lanley rang the bell of the flat. He had paused a few minutes before doing so, not wishing to weaken the effect of his mission by arriving out of breath. Adelaide had come to see him just before lunch. She pretended to minimize the importance of her news, but he knew she did so to evade reproach for the culpable irresponsibility of her attitude toward the young man's first visit.

"And do you know anything more about him than you did yesterday?" he asked.

She did. It appeared that Vincent had telephoned her from down town just before she came out.

"Tiresome young man," she said, twisting her shoulders. "It seems there 's nothing against him. His father was a doctor, his mother comes of decent people and is a respected reformer, the young man works for an ambitious new firm of brokers, who speak highly of him and give him a salary of $5000 a year."

"The whole thing must be put a stop to," said Mr. Lanley.

"Of course, of course," said his daughter. "But how? I can't forbid him the house because he 's just an average young man."

"I don't see why not, or at least on the ground that he 's not the husband you would choose for her."

"I think the best way will be to let him come to the house,"—she spoke with a sort of imperishable sweetness,—"but to turn Mathilde gradually against him."

"But how can you turn her against him?"

Adelaide looked very wistful.

"You don't trust me," she moaned.

"I only ask you how it can be done."

"Oh, there are ways. I made her perfectly hate one of them because he always said, 'if you know what I mean.' 'It 's a very fine day, Mrs. Farron, if you know what I mean.' This young man must have some horrid trick like that, only I have n't studied him yet. Give me time."

"It 's risky."

Adelaide shook her head.

"Not really," she said. "These young fancies go as quickly as they come. Do you remember the time you took me to West Point. I had a passion for the adjutant. I forgot him in a week."

"You were only fifteen."

"Mathilde is immature for her age."

It was agreed between them, however, that Mr. Lanley, without authority, should go and look the situation over. He had been trying to get the Wayne's telephone since one o'clock. He had been told at intervals of fifteen minutes by a resolutely cheerful central that their number did not answer. Mr. Lanley hated people who did not answer their telephone. Nor was he agreeably impressed by the four flights of stairs, or by the appearance of the servant who answered his ring.

"Won't do, won't do," he kept repeating in his own mind.

He was shown into the sitting-room. It was in shadow, for only a shaded reading-lamp was lighted, and his first impression was of four windows; they appeared like four square panels of dark blue, patterned with stars. Then a figure rose to meet him—a figure in blue draperies, with heavy braids wound around the head, and a low, resonant voice said, "I am Mrs. Wayne."

As soon as he could he walked to the windows and looked out to the river and the long, lighted curves of the bridges, and beyond to Long Island, to just the ground where the Battle of Long Island had been fought—a battle in which an ancestor of his had particularly distinguished himself. He said something polite about the view.

"Let us sit here where we can look out," she said, and sank down on a low sofa drawn under the windows. As she did so she came within the circle of light from the lamp. She sat with her head leaned back against the window-frame, and he saw the fine line of her jaw, the hollows in her cheek, the delicate modeling about her brows, not obscured by much eyebrow, and her long, stretched throat. She was not quite maternal

enough to look like a Madonna, but she did look like a saint, he thought.

He knelt with one knee on the couch and peered out.

"Dear me," he said, "I fancy I used to skate as a boy on a pond just about where that factory is now."

He found she knew very little about the history of New York. She had been brought up abroad, she said; her father had been a consul in France. It was a subject which he liked to expound. He loved his native city, which he with his own eyes had seen once as hardly more than a village. He and his ancestors—and Mr. Lanley's sense of identification with his ancestors was almost Chinese—had watched and had a little shaped the growth.

"I suppose you had Dutch ancestry, then," she said, trying to take an interest.

"Dutch." Mr. Lanley shut his eyes, resolving, since he had no idea what her own descent might be, that he would not explain to her the superior attitude of the English settlers of the eighteenth century toward their Dutch predecessors. However, perhaps he did not entirely conceal his feeling, for he said: "No, I have no Dutch blood—not a drop. Very good people in their way, industrious—peasants." He hurried on to the great fire of 1835. "Swept between Wall Street and Coenties Slip," he said, with a splendid gesture, and then discovered that she had never heard of "Quenches Slip," or worse, she had pronounced it as it was spelled. He gently set her right there. His father had often told him that he had seen with his own eyes a note of hand which had been blown, during the course of the conflagration, as far as Flatbush. And the second fire of 1845. His father had been a man then, married, a prominent citizen, old enough, as Mr. Lanley said, with a faint smile, to have lost heavily. He could himself remember the New York of the Civil War, the bitter family quarrels, the forced resignations from clubs, the duels, the draft riots.

But, oddly enough, when it came to contemporary New York, it was Mrs. Wayne who turned out to be most at home. Had he ever walked across the Blackwell's Island Bridge? (This was in the days before it bore the elevated trains.) No, he had driven. Ah, she said, that was wholly different. Above, where one walked, there was nothing to shut out the view of the river. Just to show that he was not a feeble old antiquarian, he suggested their taking a walk there at once. She held out her trailing garments and thin, blue slippers. And then she went on:

"There 's another beautiful place I don't believe you know, for all you 're such an old New-Yorker—a pier at the foot of East Eighty-something Street, where you can almost touch great seagoing vessels as they pass."

"Well, there at least we can go," said Mr. Lanley, and he stood up. "I have a car here, but it 's open. Is it too cold? Have you a fur coat? I 'll send back to the house for an extra one." He paused, brisk as he was; the thought of those four flights a second time dismayed him. The servant had gone out, and Pete was still absent, presumably breaking the news of his engagement to Dr. Parret.

Mrs. Wayne had an idea. She went to a window on the south side of the room, opened it, and looked out. If he had good lungs, she told him, he could make his man hear.

Mr. Lanley did not visibly recoil. He leaned out and shouted. The chauffeur looked up, made a motion to jump out, fearing that his employer was being murdered in these unfamiliar surroundings; then he caught the order to go home for an extra coat.

Lanley drew his shoulder back into the room and shut the window; as he did so he saw a trace of something impish in the smile of his hostess.

"Why do you smile?" he asked quickly.

She did not make the mistake of trying to arrest her smile; she let it broaden.

"I don't suppose you have ever done such a thing before."

"Now, that does annoy me."

"Calling down five stories?"

"No; your thinking I minded."

"Well, I did think so."

"You were mistaken, utterly mistaken."

"I 'm glad. If you mind doing such things, you give so much time to arranging not to do them."

Mr. Lanley was silent. He was deciding that he should rearrange some of the details of his life. Not that he contemplated giving all his orders from the fifth story, but he saw he had always devoted too much attention to preventing unimportant catastrophes.

Under her direction he was presently driving north; then he turned sharply east down a little hill, and came out on a low, flat pier. He put out the motor's lights. They were only a few feet above the water, which was as black as liquid jet, with flat silver and gold patches on it from white and yellow lights. Opposite to them the lighthouse at the north end of Blackwell's Island glowed like a hot coal. Then a great steamer obscured it.

"Is n't this nice?" Mrs. Wayne asked, and he saw that she wanted her discovery praised. He never lost the impression that she enjoyed being praised.

Such a spot, within sight of half a dozen historic cities, was a temptation to Mr. Lanley, and he would have unresistingly yielded to it if Mrs. Wayne had not said:

"But we have n't said a word yet about our children."

"True," answered Mr. Lanley. His heart sank. It is not easy, he thought, to explain to a person for whom you have just conceived a liking that her son had aspired above his station. He tapped his long, middle finger on the steering-wheel, just as at directors' meetings he tapped the table before he spoke, and began, "In a society somewhat artificially formed as ours is, Mrs. Wayne, it has always been my experience that—" Do what he would, it kept turning into a speech, and the essence of the speech was that while democracy did very well for men, a strictly aristocratic system was the only thing possible for girls—one's own girls, of course. In the dim light he could see that she had pushed all her hair back from her brows. She was trying to follow him exactly, so exactly that she confused him a little. He became more general. "In many ways," he concluded, "the advantages of character and experience are with the lower classes." He had not meant to use the word, but when it slipped out, he did not regret it.

"In all ways," she answered.

He was not sure he had heard.

"All the advantages?" he said.

"All the advantages of character."

He had to ask her to explain. One reason, perhaps, why Mrs. Wayne habitually avoided a direct question was that, when once started, her candor had no bounds. Now she began to speak. She spoke more eagerly and more fluently than he, and it took him several minutes to see that quite unconsciously she was making him a strange, distorted complement to his speech, that in her mouth such words as "the leisure classes, your sheltered girls," were terms of the deepest reproach. He must understand, she said, that as she did not know Miss Severance, there was nothing personal, nothing at all personal, in her feeling,—she was as careful not to hurt his feelings as he had tried to be not to hurt hers,—but she did own to a prejudice —at least Pete told her it was a prejudice—

Against what, in Heaven's name, Lanley at first wondered; and then it came to him.

"Oh, you have a prejudice against divorce?" he said.

Mrs. Wayne looked at him reproachfully.

"Oh, no," she answered. "How could you think that? But what has divorce to do with it? Your granddaughter has n't been divorced."

A sound of disgust at the mere suggestion escaped him, and he said coldly:

"My daughter divorced her first husband."

"Oh, I did not know."

"Against what, then, is this unconquerable prejudice of yours?"

"Against the daughters of the leisure class."

He was still quite at sea.

"You dislike them?"

"I fear them."

If she had said that she considered roses a menace, he could not have been more puzzled. He repeated her words aloud, as if he hoped that they might have some meaning for him if he heard his own lips pronouncing them:

"You fear them."

"Yes," she went on, now interested only in expressing her belief, "I fear their ignorance and idleness and irresponsibility and self-indulgence, and, all the more because it is so delicate and attractive and unconscious; and their belief that the world owes them luxury and happiness without their lifting a finger. I fear their cowardice and lack of character—"

"Cowardice!" he cried, catching at the first word he could. "My dear Mrs. Wayne, the aristocrats in the French Revolution, the British officer—"

"Oh, yes, they know how to die," she answered; "but do they know how to live when the horrible, sordid little strain of every-day life begins to make demands upon them, their futile education, the moral feebleness that comes with perfect safety? I know something can be made of such girls, but I don't want my son sacrificed in the process."

There was a long, dark silence; then Mr. Lanley said with a particularly careful and exact enunciation:

"I think, my dear madam, that you cannot have known very many of the young women you are describing. It may be that there are some like that—daughters of our mushroom finance; but I can assure you that the children of ladies and gentlemen are not at all as you seem to imagine."

It was characteristic of Mrs. Wayne that, still absorbed by her own convictions, she did not notice the insult of hearing ladies and gentlemen described to her as if they were beings wholly alien to her experience; but the tone of his speech startled her, and she woke, like a person coming out of a trance, to all the harm she had done.

"I may be old-fashioned—" he began, and then threw the phrase from him; it was thus that Alberta, his sister, began her most offensive pronouncements. "It has always appeared to me that we shelter our more favored women as we shelter our planted trees, so that they may attain a stronger maturity."

"But do they, are they—are sheltered women the strongest in a crisis?"

Fiend in human shape, he thought, she was making him question his bringing up of Adelaide. He would not bear that. His foot stole out to the self-starter.

For the few minutes that remained of the interview she tried to undo her work, but the injury was too deep. His life was too near its end for criticism to be anything but destructive; having no time to collect new treasure, he simply could not listen to her suggestion that those he most valued were imitation. He hated her for holding such opinion. Her soft tones, her eager concessions, her flattering sentences, could now make no impression upon a man whom half an hour before they would have completely won.

He bade her a cold good night, hardly more than bent his head, the chauffeur took the heavy coat from her, and the car had wheeled away before she was well inside her own doorway.

Pete's brown head was visible over the banisters.

"Hello, Mother!" he said. "Did the old boy kidnap you?"

Mrs. Wayne came up slowly, stumbling over her long, blue draperies in her weariness and depression.

"Oh, Pete, my darling," she said, "I think I 've spoiled everything."

His heart stood still. He knew better than most people that his mother could either make or mar.

"They won't hear of it?"

She nodded distractedly.

"I do make such a mess of things sometimes!"

He put his arm about her.

"So you do, Mother," he said; "but then think how magnificently you sometimes pull them out again."

(To be continued)

# Absorbing the Alien

By M. E. RAVAGE

Author of "The Loyalty of the Foreign-Born," etc.

MANY years ago, when America and the ways and doings of her people were to my alien mind one interminable chain of capricious inconsequences, there was, among myriads of others, one great question that kept puzzling me profoundly. Of a Sunday afternoon, the sweat-shop being closed, after dinner had been finished and before the three-thirty lecture had begun, I used to take an odd pleasure in wandering up and down the newly planted Delancey Street park; and as I watched the big motor-cars bowling off the Manhattan terminus of the Williamburg Bridge, I would ponder curiously. What do these well-groomed Americans think of us? Not that it mattered greatly. To begin with, I held with the rest of the intelligentsia of the quarter that a thinking man has only to live in peace with his revolutionary conscience and give no heed to the world's opinion of him. Moreover, when it came to opinions, we of the fellowship entertained not a few concerning the American himself. He was a crass materialist, devoted to business and baseball, to empty show, and the vain delights of the senses. Why, therefore, should the chosen of God care about the regard of the heathen? Yet idle curiosity urged, and I continued to wonder. Curiosity? No, it was not that, or at least not that alone. It was principally a fine pride in the knowledge that, whatever this self-satisfied worshiper of Mammon thought of us, he could judge only by surface appearances, because he did not know the things that I knew. And as the cars sped by, with their raucous trumpets impatiently shrieking, and the ladies smiling and the children pointing, I would take in the scene with a sweeping glance, and say to myself with a kind of exultation: "Ah, my friends, no doubt you think that this is the Ghetto, this vast, teeming human ant-hill, with its monstrous dungeons and bediamonded fishwomen, its sordid dickerings and anemic children, its rows of push-carts and repellent merchandise, its second-hand silk hats and third-rate imitation Americanism; and if you do, you have a good right to despise us. But if you would only come out of your cushioned vehicles and let me take you about a bit and give you a glimpse of the splendid things that lie beneath this crude exterior, I promise you you would come away with a very much changed impression of us."

And even after all these years, though in the meantime I myself have become an American and have arrived at a more charitable view of my adoptive fellow-countrymen, I can hardly say that my questionings have received a complete and satisfying answer. In a sense, indeed, I am now more puzzled than ever. In my association with natives of the older stocks I am frequently made to prick up my ears by some kindly reference to my old home. The East Side, I find, is not at all looked down upon by Americans of the more-penetrating sort. They have discovered no end of things that in their generosity they can admire about us—our adaptability, our intelligence, our self-reliance, our keenness at a bargain, our readiness to make use of the libraries and opportunities of this best of all countries, our good citizenship. Sometimes, too, I hear them unaffectedly praise us in a vague sort of way for our idealism; and when, with my interest excited, I ask them for concrete illustrations, they point to our charitable institutions, our strong men in public

office who have risen from lowly beginnings, our numerous neighborhood undertakings, established by our own enterprise. Somehow, strange as it may seem, it does not satisfy me, and I am not flattered. In my boldest moments I ask them openly:

"But what of socialism and anarchism, the genuine, vital religious idealism of the Ghetto?" Whereupon I am told, in effect:

"Bah! Sansculottism, the ravings of underbred, irreconcilable trouble-makers. Thank God, it is gone! The Ghetto has found itself."

Is it any wonder that I become more and more confirmed in my opinion that the American is congenitally incapable of understanding the alien within his gates?

Unhappily, it is only too true that it is gone, the radicalism of the East Side; but my native critic's analysis is wide of the mark. It is gone not because the Ghetto has found itself, but because the Ghetto is dead. Why do I say this? Is it because I am suffering from a depression of spirits or from a species of nostalgia? Or am I merely a victim of the familiar tendency of aging men to sigh for their vanished youth and to scent decay in the progress of a generation with which they have lost touch? I wish I could think so, but the facts will not let me. I have not lost touch with either East Side people or East Side institutions, but I am aware of a melancholy change. America, the great leveler, has had her fling with my old home, as she has done with all of us aliens; and it is the young of the Ghetto themselves who are most keenly alive to the transformation. Never is the disappearance of the old vitality and the old idealism brought home to me more poignantly than when, in my meanderings among the haunts and byways of former days, I fall in with some recent youthful immigrant from Russia.

"I am going home," he invariably tells me, and looks about him with a strange despair. "There is no haven for the spirit of man in this country of yours. We others back yonder still have our revolution to make. There is something to live and fight for in Russia. Your revolution is behind you, and in a sorry plight it has left you. Not that there is nothing more for you to do; but your fires are out. You are all old men here. You seem to feel as if your goal were attained, and you vegetate and rot, with your failing vision fixed on a noble past, which in your dotage you do not even begin to understand. In Russia, in the movements, is life and youth."

As for me, I can say frankly that it is not the movements that I regret. I am not so sure now as I once was that anarchism, even the philosophic anarchism of Spencer and Kropotkin and Elisée Reclus, would cure society of all the ills that fester in its old bones; and I have a suspicion that socialism, if it were ever to come, would bring with it worse things than those it aims to destroy. Even my theology, thanks in part to the bourgeois education imparted to me in an American college, has undergone some radical modifications, so that I shy ignobly at any classification of me as an atheist. But the movement,—in the clear, bold, inclusive singular,—with its fine enthusiasms, its deep, stirring faith, its martyrdoms and sacrifices, its tragic conflicts, yes, even its bigotry and intolerance and childish exaggerations—how can I but look back to it with a kind of filial devotion and regret? It was the one thing that relieved the drabness of existence in the Ghetto and made living there tolerable. It was the soul of the quarter, and not to belong to it was tantamount to confessing that one was spiritually dead.

That was why, at meetings, in a restaurant, in the sweat-shop, the only information that people wanted about you was just that: Were you in the movement? If so, then nothing else mattered, at least for the time being, because one knew at once all that it was essential to know about you. Later on, to be sure, it might develop that you were, say, an orthodox Marxian or a revolutionary socialist or an opportunist or any one of the half dozen or more shades of anar-

chist, which began at the moderate end of the spectrum with communism, and finished at the invisible infra-red extreme with the propaganda of the deed. All this, however, was of but secondary importance. To be in the movement was the positive, vital thing. For it proclaimed without delay that you were a modern human being, emancipated from all the outworn creeds in religion, politics and economy. It amounted to a detailed account of just how you spent your evenings, what public places you frequented, where you bought your books, and precisely what publications you read and supported. It meant, in a word, that you were a thinking person, and in the Ghetto it was taken for granted that all thinking people were right-thinking people.

I vividly recall my own initiation into the radical movement, and it is altogether characteristic that it came simultaneously with the beginnings of my literary education. I had been in the quarter for nearly a year and in the sweat-shop for two or three months. But whether it was because of my middle-class ancestry and rearing, or my preoccupations with getting a foothold in this new country, or my determination to acquire a formal education, during all that time I had been completely unaware of the spiritual realities about me. I was rather sympathizing with myself for being an operative, and regarding my fellow-workers somewhat superiorly because they were not, as I was, taking the sojourn in the shop as a temporary imprisonment and disgrace, until—until one Friday night, when I went to the play.

For weeks the entire quarter had been placarded with announcements of a new play by one Jacob Gordin entitled "The Kreutzer Sonata," and the newspapers had been hailing it as a forthcoming event. The probabilities are that I should have avoided the Thalia theater, where the masterpiece was to make its first appearance on that night, if for no other reason than because it was expected so impatiently by the less desirable people and taken by them so seriously. Among my own conservative compatriots it was regarded as highly questionable good taste to take one's amusements seriously, and no respectable Rumanian ever patronized any other theater than the Windsor, "the home of music and fun." But it chanced that on my way home from the shop my attention was attracted by a paper-bound book on a pushcart bearing the same title as Gordin's play. I bought and read it, and found it so interesting that my curiosity got the better of me, and I thought I would go to see how such a tale would be produced on the stage. With my idea of a play derived from the *café chantant,* I could picture some very entertaining matter in a performance that contained a railroad train, a disloyal wife, a jealous husband, and a murder. It never, of course, entered my head to look a little below the title, or I should have learned in time that the novel was by one named Tolstoy, and in all likelihood had nothin time that the novel was by one named sake.

Fortunately, my literary education had not yet gone far enough to make me interested in such subtleties as the authorship of books, and the result was that I did go to the Thalia that night. When I arrived at the theater the performance seemed to have no thought of beginning. In the gallery, where the seats were not reserved, there was a scramble for places, with loud threats of battle, while the attendants did the honors at the rate of ten cents per seat in the first row and five cents apiece in the more distant rows.

Shortly after nine the wild clapping and stamping and whistling suddenly ceased, the foot-lights were flashed on, the overhead lights died softly away. In the gloom that supervened the expectant stillness was only occasionally broken by a whisper from the pit below as an attendant conducted some belated patron to his seat. When the decorative curtain had glided up and revealed, instead of performers, a stereopticon screen, with the picture of a package of Russian tea standing on its head, the thunder broke forth

anew; and as the advertisements kept succeeding one another interminably, the violence of protest from the galleries rose to savage fury. The girl on my right murmured that it was an outrage, and the man in the seat behind agreed with her emphatically, adding with a sneer, "And this is an *advanced* playhouse!"

In the end the performance did begin, and was followed with a breathless attention that to me was a revelation, except when Mrs. Kalish, as the fascinating, unhappy *Etty Friedlander,* appeared for the first time, and was greeted with a wild ovation that lasted for several minutes, and except, also, at the end of the play, when the applause and the shouts for the author were so prolonged and insistent that the management was forced to send around the corner to Canal Street, and have Mr. Gordin snatched away from his chess and his coffee, while the throng stood on the chairs and clapped away as at an appointed task, only with a vastly greater enthusiasm.

During the entr'acts, as soon as the inevitable curtain-calls had subsided, the entire audience apparently broke out into animated discussion. Strangers accosted their neighbors, men spoke up to women they had never seen, women even addressed remarks to men they did not know. Every one was in a flutter of excitement about something, I could not quite see what. "Problem," "emancipation," "parental tyranny," "dual morality"—a whole series of unfamiliar words and phrases floated out of the din and reached my ears. I could make neither head nor tail out of it all. And why, I kept wondering, did all these debaters say nothing about the humorous character in the play, the young gentleman who had amused me much with his odd habit of falling asleep at all times and places, except, as I had overheard some one behind me remark, that "Gordin *will* have his horse-play"? And why did they laugh when there was nothing to laugh at, as when the old union man, having been admonished by the young radical to think for himself, exclaimed, "What is the use of thinking when you have a constitution?"

On the whole, then, I had not been greatly stirred by the long-awaited masterpiece. In fact, I was a little disappointed. There had been neither disloyal wife nor jealous husband, although the dramatist had made some amends for his omissions by ending his play with a double murder as against the beggarly single one in the novel. I presume that I should have come away as unregenerate as ever if the man on the seat behind me had not seen fit to enter into conversation with me as we were leaving the theater.

"Another Gordin triumph," he said enthusiastically as he fell into step with me. "It is amazing how much food for thought that man can cram into a two hours' performance. And just notice how much further than the rest of us he sees. He is not just a philosopher; he is an artist with a philosophy. I know exactly how Gordin stands on the feminist question, but his preferences and his sense of abstract justice do not prevent him from facing the obstacles to progress once he comes to deal with the realities of life.

"You will see," he went on, as I made no move to answer, "the orthodox in the movement will take exception and carp. They resent any disturbing of their cherished notions. Some of our self-styled intellectuals are as bad as the clodpates. If facts are against them, so much the worse for the facts, and they will hear nothing of them. You remember when Gordin tackled the problem of capital in 'God, Man, and Devil,' a tragedy almost as fine as 'Faust' in my estimation,—there was a bitter howl from that quarter, because the dramatist had failed to live up to their pet fancies, and had made the capitalist a human being instead of painting him as black as they like to paint him in the anarchist liturgy. And Gordin's sallies on the stupidity of the working-man, although it is as plain as the nose on your face and is the theme of all our radical lamentations, was almost regarded as treason by the factional press."

We swung into East Broadway and

stopped in front of the "Forward" office.

"Where do you live?" he asked suddenly.

"Eleventh Street," I told him, "near Avenue A."

"A little far," he admitted, "but the night is long, and it is rather balmy." He pointed to the newly laid out Seward Park, on the opposite side of the street. "Let us sit down on a bench. If it gets too late, you can come and sleep with me. My bed is big enough, and I live with my parents, so there won't be any difficulty. What was I saying? Yes; I am looking forward to a play on religion from Gordin's hand. I understand he is planning one."

I was getting interested. At last my friend had touched on a subject that I could talk about. But he did not stay there long. He kept hopping back and forth from literature to radicalism and from Gordin to atheism. He was the most restless person I had ever come in contact with.

"I 'll tell you what we 'll do," he exclaimed in the middle of a sentence. "Let us go over to Warschauer's on Gouverneur Street. There 'll be folks there, and we 'll get the news. I am anxious to know about that *Tageblatt* purity humbug." Before I had time to make up my mind he already had me under the arm, and we were striding along across lawns and over flower-beds in the direction of the Educational Alliance.

"A fine arsenal of reaction that," he remarked lightly as we passed the structure. "If I am lucky enough to be alive when the revolution comes, I hope they 'll let me attend to it with an ax and a torch."

I could not forbear a glance at him on hearing those violent words. Revolution and sabotage, with those mild, brown eyes, that rabbinical stoop in the shoulders, and that sallow, idealistic face—what a queer medley, and what a curious version of the Messianic hope!

It was just one by the clock on the Hoe Building, which towered over the squatting tenements from Grand Street beyond, as we descended half a dozen steps and entered Warschauer's Russian tea-house. With its counter piled high with edibles, its huge nickel-plated coffee-urns, its bare marble-topped tables, it was a familiar enough sight. The pictures on the walls, however, added a strange touch, and the vivacity of the guests over their tables was altogether novel. Here was an almost life-size lithograph of Tolstoy in peasant dress following a plow. Adjacent to the framed sign announcing that the management was not responsible for hats, coats, and umbrellas, hung a somewhat smaller picture of a group, entitled "Our Dead." I glanced down at the numbered names, and for the first time heard of Marx, Engels, Lassalle, Bakounine, and a variety of others—names that were destined to mean a great deal to me in the near future. A variety of posters gave notice of the coming anniversary of the Commune, of a solemn celebration in honor of the five anarchists martyred at Chicago, the Forward ball, an address by Baboushka, and the like. Photographs of authors of all nations covered the remaining wall space.

We had hardly entered when my companion was hailed with shouts of "comrade" and a spirited waving of hands from nearly every corner of the room, and then I learned that his name was Elkin. A middle-aged woman, a girl, and a squat, red-haired young man, seated at the far end of the establishment, called to him to join them. More tea was ordered, which came in double-decker tea-pots, was poured by the waiter into glasses, and was drunk out of deep saucers. Then followed the news for which Elkin—Sasha his friends called him—had brought me here. The red-haired young man immediately launched into it.

"Have you seen the 'Tageblatt'?" he asked Elkin as soon as we had seated ourselves. "The pigs have somehow got hold of advance information about Gordin's new play, and they are out with a pasquinade in their characteristic style."

"But what is it they want?" the young woman inquired in Russian.

At this our informant smiled.

"You innocent!" he exclaimed. "This is America. Wait awhile; you 'll learn. But the logic is this: There is some excuse for a realistic, vital literature in Russia. It is a subtle vehicle of propaganda which has been invented for the express purpose of defeating the censor. But here where the good God has blessed us with everything that reasonable people can expect we ought to be entirely satisfied with Hurwitch's operettas and the Sunday supplement. Where the world is perfect, only churls and fanatics can demand that literature should be a criticism of life. So reasons the 'Tageblatt,' and if you accept its premises, you will have to admit that it is right in attacking Gordin for undermining morals and casting reflections on the purity of the family. Moreover——"

But here the middle-aged woman interrupted him.

"Bother my head about such rubbish! What is the use of wasting your precious irony on a beaten foe? Reaction is cornered and gasping its last; so of course it is clawing the air. Leave it alone. You ought to have been with me at Moskowitz's lecture on Oscar Wilde."

"Moskowitz thinks himself a radical," interposed Elkin. "You should know better, Sonya, than to go and listen to his ravings. Why don't you read Wilde for yourself? And if you must have commentaries, investigate Shaw."

"I know both," cried Sonya. "Where is your memory? Only during last year's strike you and I went over 'The Picture of Dorian Gray' and 'Salome' and 'The Duchess of Padua,' you in English and I in Russian, and we compared the translation with the original. But Moskowitz is not a fool. I used to know him quite well on the other side. In fact, he and I were in the same load of hay crossing the frontier into Germany. Well, he is getting Americanized. I had not the slightest idea what he was going to talk about. The announced title was 'A Study in Decadence,' and I can tell you it was a thoroughly masterly exposition of bourgeois morality applied to art. It reminded me of poor Gorky's adventure in New York. You know he never quite got it through his head how the American mind coupled his domestic affairs with his literary achievements."

"I am still reading his last volume—I mean 'Mother'," said the young woman. "Have you read it, Sonya? I wonder whether it was Baboushka who furnished him the inspiration? Have *you* read it, Herman?"

The squat young man with the red hair nodded affirmatively.

"But I don't know anything about Baboushka's early history. *Did* she come from the peasantry? Anyhow, if you want to see the difference between factual journalism and genius, compare Stepniak's 'Career of a Nihilist' with 'Mother.'

I was making a mental note of all these authors and titles when Sasha Elkin changed the subject.

"I understand," he said, "that the 'Freie Arbeiter Stimme' is preparing for a daily edition, and Yanoffsky has refused a raise in his salary. That 's devotion gone to seed. The fellow is everlastingly hard up. What is more, he has donated a week of his wages toward the new fund. I wish it were not slack at caps, so I could make a decent contribution. Fanny," he said, turning to the young woman, "I know you don't read Yiddish, but you have brought some money with you from home. You ought to do your share. It is the best paper in the movement, I don't care what your politics are."

"I am *going* to read Yiddish," said Fanny. "I am ashamed of myself to have to learn about my own literature in translation. I wonder whether you know here how our men are taking hold. When I stopped in Vienna 'Ost und West' was bringing out Gordin's 'Das Geld.' What is the original title?"

" 'God, Man, and Devil,' " volunteered Sonya.

"That is it. And in Berlin I went to the Hoftheater and saw Sholom Asch's 'God of Revenge.' "

"I know, I know," interrupted Herman, with enthusiasm. "Our Maamè Loshen [mother tongue] will soon take rank among the world's literary languages. Of course we have not any Ibsens or Chekhovs or Hauptmanns, but it would not surprise me in the least if the Reclam publishers would in the near future bring out Peretz and Frug and Hirschbein, to say nothing of the older fellows. It is too bad that Abramovitch and Sholem Aleichem are so—what shall I call it?—local in their background, or we should long ago have been heard from."

Sonya burst out laughing at this.

"Oh, you incorrigible nationalists! Working for the social revolution with your right hand and plotting against it with your left. Herman, you poor hankering, dreamerish soul, will you tell me what good your dotard Abramovitch is going to do the cause of exploited labor?"

"Sonya, you make me tired with your notions. Honestly, you are as narrow as a Dukhobor. Yes, I will tell you what good Abramovitch can do, not to 'exploited labor,' but to the greater cause of world emancipation. It will do just what the rest of the literary masterpieces in the Reclam series will do. It will contribute to the mutual understanding of races. If there is any people that needs to be understood and that is suffering from prejudice it is our own poor race. You have eyes for the sorrows of the Chinese coolie, but you can't see what is in front of your own nose."

"Oh, that is it," retorted Sonya. "My dear boy, you don't belong in the movement at all. You are a full-fledged Zionist. Why don't you look into the platform of the territorialists?"

"Be still, both of you!" said Elkin, putting his hand on Sonya's mouth. "If you fellows are going to get into a personal quarrel, I 'll clear out and go to bed. Good heavens! Look at the time! Why, we are left all alone. Let us be off. Comrade,"—this to me,—"you stay with me to-night."

And so I found myself in the movement. Within the ensuing week I revisited Warschauer's several times, and it was seldom I did not run into Sasha. For the most part, he and I wandered about together. I used to ask myself frequently what he found in me to interest him, but months later, at a little party in Sonya's flat on Henry Street, where the program began with chopped herring and boiled potatoes with sour cream and ended with "the Marseillaise," he enlightened me. He had at once realized, he said, what were my antecedents and my associations, largely from the way I behaved at the play; but he had made up his mind that my visit to the Thalia was a good omen and should not go to waste. So he had tackled me on all sorts of subjects, and had found me wanting until he touched on religion and discovered that I was promising material. "One good convert in these times of preparation," he concluded, "is worth a whole army after the revolution arrives. Go and do likewise, old fellow. There is lots of opportunity among your countrymen."

Sasha and his relations to his parents were to me a source of never-failing wonder. Right on the morning after my night in his house I observed that his was not the kind of family I had been used to seeing on the East Side. His father, for instance, though he retained his orthodox beard, sat down to breakfast without going through the ceremonial ablutions and without putting on his skull-cap. It was Saturday, but I noticed that old Mrs. Elkin lighted the gas herself, and made no pretense of keeping the Sabbath. After the meal both father and son smoked cigarettes, Russian things, with long, stiff-paper mouthpieces, and the older man asked the younger to tell him what the play had been about. Even his short-skirted little sister listened attentively, and made numerous comments of a kind that would have been considered highly shocking in my family. The Elkin clan were all in the movement.

One of the things that puzzled me about Sasha was that although he read English

fluently and professed admiration for a great number of English and even American authors,—Shakspere, Shelley, Huxley, Whitman, Shaw, Ruskin,—he seldom looked at English newspapers and never went to the English theater. Once he and I spent an entire afternoon standing in line in front of the Metropolitan Opera House in an effort to obtain tickets to a performance of "Aïda," and another time (and that in the midst of a prolonged slack season) we paid an extortionate price for seats at the New Theater, where we listened to something or other by Pinero. But these occurrences were the exception rather than the rule.

"Let us go and see the new play at the Republic," I said to him on one occasion. To which he answered:

"Oh, rubbish! Did you ever see an American play?" I had not. "There is no such thing as a theater in this country," he added, "not in the sense that we have a theater, or that Germany and Russia have it. I used to go to them, and I still look through the reviews in the papers now and then. It is water. It will kill a man's soul. It is just an expensive Atlantic Garden."

"But we went to the opera and to the New Theater?"

"Oh, yes; but the opera is not American, and Pinero is a dilution of Ibsen. I tell you there is no thought life in America. What do you think of an institution that has a panicky dread of tragedy, finds Ibsen immoral, and plays Shakspere for the sole benefit of its children, as if 'Hamlet' and 'Othello' were text-books in grammar? And the press. Outside of the what-do-you-call-it, which has brains, but no soul, there is not a newspaper in New York an intelligent man can read. You know the 'Tageblatt.' How would you like twenty-four pages of that for one cent? My God! I am not an orthodox Marxian, you know. I can see the point of view of the devil when he has a point of view. But the American is a clodpate who thinks he is a philosopher."

I thought Sasha was exaggerating. At the book-shop in the basement of the Manhattan School on East Broadway I frequently saw men and women who were unmistakably Americans and who were very far removed from the category of the clodpate. Some of them, I had learned, were editors, others were lecturers, artists, lawyers. They appeared to be in the movement. They knew the things of the Ghetto and unaffectedly admired them. They talked seriously of books and modern social problems. Some even went to our theaters, where, with the help of a little German they had learned in college, they managed to follow the thread of the play. I knew of one who had laboriously acquired enough Yiddish to read some of our books. How did all this tally with Sasha's ungenerous criticism? I kept wondering until one day I heard one of these strangers within our gates say something that gave me a clue.

"What are you doing down here?" the bookseller's wife asked him.

"The usual thing, Mrs. Rabinow. I got lonesome for a bit of good talk, and I needed some books." And then, with a jovial twinkle in his eye, he added: "I reside in Prussia. This is my monthly excursion to Weimar."

We got more flattery, I am afraid, than was good for our heads. These exceptional, intellectual Americans were not the only ones who fled to the East Side as to a Mecca of their souls. Hardly a European of note ever came to America but he devoted the better part of his visit and his energies to the quarter, and shared his ideas with us, and told us what fine fellows we were. This was true not only of Gorky, who in a way was dependent on us, because he could speak only in Russian, but also of Kropotkin and of scores of others who were lionized by Fifth Avenue. They seemed to feel spiritually at home with us. Orlieneff took up his headquarters in the Ghetto, and let the rest of America come to Grand Street if they wished to see his Russian actors. And Sonnenthal not only covered the East Side with his posters in Yiddish, but gave several performances in our own theaters.

Not all of us were as fortunate as

Sasha Elkin. What most of our admiring friends from without the Pale failed altogether to see is the price that the rank and file of the East Side youth must pay for their ideals. Between the Sashas whose families were heart and soul with them in their strivings and aspirations and the unattached, unshackled converts who, like myself, had been fortunate enough to have come to America without their elders, there lay the great majority of the new generation who were in constant tragic conflict with the traditions and the sensibilities of their unhappy, outraged fathers and mothers. I don't know what Louis Gurevitch was thinking about, but surely his missionary zeal was running away with him when he imagined that he could convince his poor old parents of the futility of their faith by smoking cigarettes at their table on Saturdays and challenging their god to strike him dead on the spot. It only resulted in his father's driving him out of the house despite the fact that he was the family's chief support. The foolish chap repented of his nonsense soon enough, and kept coming to his mother and offering her his wages; but she would have none of his help.

"Apostate," she would cry bitterly, "why did you not die in my womb? You have broken my heart. Lord of the world, how have I sinned that you have given me such a *kaddish?*"

And there was Sam Menkin, who got himself arrested in the course of one of those never-ending cloak strikes. When his aged father and mother got wind of the affair they came rushing to the magistrate's court, Mr. Menkin, a former rabbi and still a pillar of the synagogue, with his patriarchal white beard, and his wrinkled wife with her peruque and long earrings, the day being a Saturday. Sam saw an opportunity in his discomfiture, and proceeded to address the court on the hypocrisy of the law and the essential un-Christian spirit of all government, and the court rewarded him with a sentence to the workhouse. Whereupon Mrs. Menkin flung herself at the feet of the magistrate, and in a medley of sobs and broken English implored that her boy be given a "show," because he was a good boy, only a little weak-minded, and that he had never been a criminal before, and would never offend again. Sam, however, seemed to resent his mother's defense of him, and was about to arise for another lecture, when his mother turned upon him with a storm of Yiddish invective, and threatened to denounce him as an old hand at the game and as the author of all her woes, because, if he had behaved himself, she could have remained in Russia all her life.

The Menkins' predicament was only a sample of the state of affairs throughout the Ghetto. The quarter was one huge battle-field, where the ancient war between the old conservative generation and the radical youth was continually being fought out. A chasm of misunderstanding yawned between fathers and children. Nearly every home had its little soul tragedy, and the grief of the elders was heightened by its undercurrent of disappointment. They had hoped that in America their faith would see an intense revival at the hands of their offspring. Freed from the hampering interference of a hostile world, Judaism would once again come into its ancient glory. That was why they had often referred to the United States as the new Jerusalem. Moreover, they had prepared to make sacrifices, so that the opportunities which had been denied to themselves in the old countries might come to their children. Here where education was free their sons would become doctors, teachers, and engineers, and be the pride and the joy of their families and the leaders of their communities. And instead of all this they found themselves helpless and ridiculous in a strange world, their young men and women drifting away from them in a manner which was far worse than apostasy to the dreaded creed of the Gentile.

If we were not all as fortunate as the Elkins, neither were we all as sincere. The worm at the core of East Side radicalism and intellectualism was its fatal attraction for the weak, the light-headed,

the neurotic, and the immoral. Every true and genuine faith will have its destructive side. In an old civilization like ours, littered with the wrecks of established creeds, there must be tearing down before there can be any building up; only too many of our comrades seemed to be unaware that revolution is preëminently a positive, constructive philosophy. Sometimes it was selfishness and more frequently it was obtuseness that kept them from seeing that the ethical obligations demanded by the new faith were more exacting than those of the old. It was not the idealism and the aspiration of the thing that had converted them, but the liberation it afforded them from the irksome practices and restraints of the synagogue. There was my fellow-countryman Marcus Hersch, who religiously attended all the radical entertainments and excursions and called himself a Nietzschean because he believed in free love, and prided himself on his free-thinking because he did not fast on the Day of Atonement. And there, to illustrate the opposite tendency, was the neurasthenic Joe Siegel, with his melancholy eyes and hanging head, who went about moping over the sordidness of this capitalistic world, the stupidity of the mass of mankind, and the remoteness of the social revolution as if they were personal sorrows. To see these two, and the scores of others like them, often made me wish that they could be persuaded back into the ancient fold. If they could only return to the solid ground of the old despotic religion and the preoccupations of some exacting business of the kind they had been brought up in, I thought, they would become sane people again.

These, however, are only the dark poles of a world that was otherwise full of light and hope and courage. The majority of us took life bravely as we found it, and, moved by a divine discontent, strove untiringly to make it better and to improve ourselves by way of preparation for it. All our lives long we had dreamed of emancipation and democracy and a nobler personal life, and here under the freedom of American skies we eagerly set about to put our ideals into practice. It was essentially an Old-World dream which had not yet been dispelled by the rude realities of the New World. East Side radicalism was only the flowering of a deep-seated racial culture which had not yet been wrecked by collision with the sober practicalism of America. The disintegration of this culture and this idealism was to follow only later, when the Ghetto entered upon the process of welding itself to the broader life of the country in which it was flourishing, when the Old World and the New World began to react upon each other and to remold each other.

This, if I view the complexion of things in my old beloved society aright is the stage through which the Ghetto, and in a minor degree the lesser foreign colonies, is passing. It is the period of transition and denationalization, when the alien has ceased to be his ancient self and has not yet become his new self. It is a period of chaos, of the decay of ideals and racial temper, when a man's whole spiritual constitution breaks up into its separate atoms, to be regrouped and rebuilt toward a new life. It is "Americanization," the liquid state in which the immigrant is no longer a foreigner and not yet an American.

To me, who have lived the life of the Ghetto in its sturdiest days, this degeneration comes with the poignancy of tragic death. As I wander through its streets and mingle with its people I feel like a lone survivor in some devastated world. A new generation unknown to me is in possession. The revolutionary socialist has shrunk into the politician, and clamors for votes from the tail-end of a motor-car as he once angled for souls from the top of a soap-box. The fine, idealistic youth has awakened to the realization that idealism in a competitive world brings nothing but starvation, and with characteristic energy has flung himself into the money scramble, determined to convince his neighbor the clodpate that when it comes to a game of grab and grow great, he can beat him at his own tricks. He has never lacked the supposedly rare talents for this sort of thing. The difficulty was to per-

suade him that it was worth losing his immortal soul for. Now that life has somehow brought him around to it, watch him, I pray you, making headway in the race for success. He is rapidly transforming the firm names on the avenue, and taking his seat on boards of education and mayor's committees and in the Houses of Congress, and thinking every now and then, when business is not pressing, of his fiery youth, which is cinders and dust.

The institutions have gone with their makers. That excellent socialist newspaper, which we used to maintain by our savings and our enthusiasm, and which in the old days ran a quotation from Marx for its motto, the burden of which was, "Workers of all lands, unite!" now announces in red ink that it has the largest foreign-language circulation in America and that its books are open for inspection. While another member of the old radical press invites its readers (in ink of identical shade) to contemplate the soul-stirring fact that it carries more high-class advertising than any other newspaper in the quarter, and that it addresses itself to a public of intelligence and high-purchasing power. As for the "Zukunft," I have not the heart to investigate its present condition. If it is still on the news-stands, it certainly does not dominate them as it once did. It appears to be completely overshadowed by a veritable bumper crop of "comic" weeklies and ten-cent monthlies, with pretty-girl covers. The evening school where I acquired the rudiments of a cultural education is now plastered up with monster signs which inform me that the institution guaranties to turn out a successful bookkeeper in one month and a first-class stenographer in three. Ibsen and Gordin and the Russian dramatists have virtually relinquished the stage to the "adapted revue" and Mr. Chaplin, and the tired business man shrieks with delight where the sweat-shop intelligentsia of a decade ago would have hooted with indignation. The poets are still there, stationed at police headquarters to spread the under-world scandal to a decadent public. And the lecture platform creaks to the tread of the perfunctory hireling who spouts of efficiency and advertising methods at ten dollars an evening.

There, as my prejudiced eyes see it, is your profoundest tragedy of America—this inevitable annihilation of imported civilizations. It is a tragedy, however, lightened by a vast, rollicking farce and a broad beam of hope. For into the melting-pot leaps not only the alien immigrant, but also his neighbor, the first citizen; and when the ingredients have interacted and blended, there is, I like to believe, only a temporary loss and an ultimate great gain. The East Side has been inoculated with "Americanism," and is dying of the effect. But its splendid vitality, its youthful enthusiasm, its fine aspiration toward genuine democracy, are things that cannot die. They are only spreading abroad and passing into other hands. The insurgent from Russia and Poland and Lithuania has raced to America to deliver his message of trust and hope for a better world, and now he is fainting from exhaustion. But America has laid hold of his message. I look about me in this great country, and everywhere I am struck with a fresh note of faith and idealism. The old complacency, the old conservatism, the old pig-headedness, is visibly giving way to a broader, keener outlook upon life. I see a determined groping toward a new, meaningful literature, a significant, self-conscious sincerity, a militant democracy, a revaluation of accepted values. I observe that intelligent Americans are no longer disposed to speak flippantly of spiritual things, that college men are no longer eager to break strikes, that thoughtful men and women of the more fortunate classes regard themselves no longer as a superior race of beings, but as the sharers of common burdens and responsibilities with the rest of mankind, that earnest American statesmen are coming to look upon the solution of social problems as the primary business of government. No, the spirit of the old Ghetto is emphatically not dead. It has contributed to the revitalization of America.

# Square Edge and Sound

By ERLE JOHNSTON

Illustrations by George E. Giguère

"THE Jenkinses? Close-grained, square edge, and sound? Me? Naw, sirree! I 'm a lumber inspector. I ain't no prize-fighter."

Mr. Phil Chester, grizzled veteran of the yellow-pine belt, faced the general manager of the Pine-Tree Lumber Company, wholesalers, and spoke his mind. Due to his more or less explosive temperament, his much-used nickname was "Pop-gun."

"Well, what 's all that got to do with your inspecting the Jenkins car of rough timbers?" asked Mr. Blake, the manager.

"That there order specifies close-grained short-leaf. Them Jenkinses ain't got no such timber."

Mr. Blake's thin, firm-lipped face showed an impatient frown.

"They accepted my order for one carload of square edge, sound, close-grained pine. They are to be given ramp inspection and be paid accordingly." He added coldly, "I expect to get what I bought, and pay them for what I get."

"I tell you their short-leaf timber is so doggone short you can't see no grain in it. It 'u'd take three prize-fighters to make that inspection 'stid o' one. They 's three of 'em—ole Billygoat Alf an' two buck sons, Gabe an' Caleb. They 're reg'lar desperadoes."

"I fail to see what the personal reputation of the Jenkins family should have to do with your taking up this car of lumber for order A-722."

Old Pop-gun snorted like a shying horse.

"You don't, hey? Maybe you did n't hear how they beat up Pete Markey and chased Bill Sullivan half-way to town. They was inspectin' for the Yellow Pine Corporation. Them Jenkinses have got a way o' shovin' bad stock past inspectors, an' there 're three to one. I got all due respect for you, Mr. Blake, an' I can't fergit the Pine-Tree Lumber Company pays me my seventy-five a month an' traveling expenses; but I also got a perfectly natural likin' for my own hide to stay where it belongs. Naw, sir; if you don't want to lose money or to lose a good inspector, I suggest you put a younger man on this here job. I ain't equipped in the laigs to do it."

"Go get Norman," Mr. Blake ordered. As Pop-gun started out, the manager asked, "What do you think of Norman?"

"Bob?" The old inspector's weather-beaten face wrinkled into a smile. "He 's absolutely square edge and sound." It was one timberjack's highest form of compliment to another. Mr. Blake's look of annoyance left his face.

"Go get him." The old inspector went.

Robert Norman was slightly larger and heavier than the average man, slow of speech, but alert-eyed, erect, compact, muscular. His hair and eyes were black. It was rumored about the general offices of the company that Norman, who had been added to the inspection force only a few months previous, was a college man and an athlete. His work to date had shown that he knew perfectly well how to grade and tally yellow pine.

He came in with Uncle Pop-gun, bowed to the girl stenographer, entered the railed-off section of the office, and stood quietly before Mr. Blake, awaiting orders. The manager abruptly asked:

"Did you ever take up stock from the Jenkins mill, near Wessing?"

"Yes, sir."

The eyes of Uncle Pop-gun widened. Every other inspector who had been to

that mill had a thrilling tale to spin when he got back to report. Norman had never before mentioned his trip to Wessing.

Mr. Blake's eyes had a twinkle in them as he studied the new inspector. The girl stenographer, at her desk near the doorway, had stopped writing; she seemed tremendously interested. Robert Norman alone appeared unconcerned.

"Did you have any trouble?"

"None to speak of."

"Goddlemighty!" burst out Uncle Pop-gun.

Mr. Blake took up a sheet of paper from his flat desk-top. He handed it to Norman.

"That is copy of our order A-722, placed with Alf Jenkins & Sons, Wessing. The railroad has placed a car for its loading, and Jenkins has asked for an inspector. By the terms of the order we are to give them ramp inspection and pay them according to our inspector's report."

Norman looked over the order. The written specifications and figures showing sizes do not register as mere words and figures in the mind of an inspector: he sees mentally the size, grade, and grain of each item listed. As he read, Norman's brain registered mental pictures of the lumber itself.

The grizzled inspector, the manager, and the girl stenographer watched Norman's face and waited for him to speak. The young inspector's shaven face was expressionless. He placed the copy of the order inside his tally-book, thrust the little book back into his right hip pocket, bowed to Mr. Blake, and turned to go.

Uncle Pop-gun caught his arm.

"Bob," he counseled earnestly, "I been at this game a long time. You take my advice an' stick a gun in your jeans."

Norman's dark eyes glimmered; his firm lips were slightly curved as he answered:

"I did n't need a gun when I went there before."

Miss O'Hara looked scared. She was amazingly pretty to be a competent secretary. Norman liked the way she smiled; the dimples at her lip-corners were interesting.

"Mr. Norman," she said, with a sort of stammering eagerness, "you had better listen to Uncle Pop. Those Jenkins men are really bad, and—and—"

Norman said:

"They interest me, Miss O'Hara." He was looking at her dimples.

The young man passed quietly out through the auditing department and down into the street below.

He looked at his watch, touched the pockets containing foot-rule and tape-measure, then drew out his cigar-case. He rarely smoked himself, but cigars are more or less necessary in the business of a lumber inspector. He went into a store and refilled the case.

It was only a fifteen-mile run to Wessing Station. He swung down from the train, which had merely paused to let him off, and looked about.

It was a typical sawmill village. On the other side of a railroad siding, which he faced, east of the main line, was a long row of lumber ramps, burdened with freshly cut pine.

Now and then an ox-team appeared, driven by a negro as slow-motioned as the oxen, drawing in an eight-wheeled wagon loaded high with long sticks of timber. Each wagon-load was removed by waiting negroes, the scented yellow sticks being shoved up on the ramps, which were built sloping from the ground up to a point overhanging the siding slightly higher than the tops of gondola cars. After the unloading, each ox-team was headed back into the far woods for another load. The few white people Norman saw were lazily loafing about, seeking shelter from the hot sun's rays. They seemed interested not at all in the affairs of others and very little interested in any affairs of their own. It was a hot, dusty, isolated, sleepy little village.

The young inspector spoke to no one. He moved along beside the ramps until he found a section bearing stock cut to the various sizes and lengths as shown on order A-722. A "gon" was placed in front of the ramps, awaiting its load. He jotted down its number and initial in his tally-

"THE GRIZZLED INSPECTOR, THE MANAGER, AND THE GIRL STENOGRAPHER WATCHED NORMAN'S FACE AND WAITED FOR HIM TO SPEAK"

book: IC 100,002. Then he climbed up on the lumber pile.

As he glanced over the pieces of yellow timber on top of the pile, a little smile turned down the corners of his lips. The very appearance of the stock, before careful piece-by-piece inspection, boded trouble. He turned, and carefully measured with his eyes the jumping distance from high ramps to car and ground. Then, for some odd reason, he chose to tighten his belt.

A bearded giant of nicotine aroma emerged from the little box of a railway station, put his fingers to his hairy lips, and whistled. Two hulking mill hands, raw-boned, powerful-looking, came out of a little store across the track and ambled toward the pile of timbers. Four somnolent negroes materialized from a shack down the railroad and shuffled through the hot dust to the railway siding.

When the men assembled for work there was no exchange of greetings, no friendly comments about the weather. Inspectors, to the mill men, were necessary evils, who always tried to cheat somebody by low-grading stock. Inspectors are the mill men's natural enemies.

Norman knew every day the joyless job of inspecting lumber. He knew that the average mill man knows next to nothing about association grading rules and refuses to learn them; he also knew that when a man owned a stick of timber, no matter if he knew the grading rules by heart, he would disagree with an inspector as to its disqualification "for the purpose intended" by some defect. In every inspection some new and different problem arises; the grading rules cannot cover all points. Much of the inspection must be left to the individual judgment of the inspector himself. Consequently, lumber inspectors, as a class, are as popular as baseball umpires.

"Git up here and git busy!" ordered the giant with the beard. "Fix your skids! Put in your stakes!"

Two negroes lazily inserted stakes in the car in order to hold lumber piled higher up than the car-side reached; two others deliberately set about fixing sturdy pieces of oak to reach from the top edge of the ramps to the car. Over these smooth oak timbers the long sticks of yellow pine were to be skidded into the car as fast as accepted and tallied by the inspector. Rejected timbers were usually thrown off the ramps, out of the way, at the inspector's nod, or motion of his hand.

Norman stood up straight in the sunshine, his tally-book held in his left hand, recording pencil in his right. His clean soft shirt, belted khaki trousers, light canvas leggings, and tan shoes contrasted sharply with the soiled, sweaty clothes, nail-hitched suspenders, unpressed jeans, and heavy boots of the sawmill men. The negroes all wore trousers that were more or less patched and abbreviated; two of them had on shirts; all four were barefooted.

Mosquitos from the near-by swamp sang irritatingly about the white men and now and then jabbed them cruelly. However, owing to a wise provision of nature for natives of more or less tropical climates, the full-blooded Ethiopian is never bitten by mosquitos.

The younger Jenkins men reminded Norman of dank, noisome weeds. It was hard for him to believe such types could exist only fifteen miles from a thriving little city. Their homes, however, were back in the piny woods, off the line of the railroad. They were taller than Norman, gangling and lanky; but their muscles were easily discernible underneath the thin clothing they wore. Their eyes were craftily narrow, their noses large and coarse; their visible skin was the color of their ragged teeth, and their teeth were colored by tobacco.

The negroes were gripping a big stick of timber with their loading-hooks, moving it toward the skids. Norman's quick glance told him it was an 8″ x 8″-16′ piece; but his pencil was not pressed down opposite that size and length as noted in his tally-book. His right hand made the umpire's quick gesture of "out." The harsh voice of old Alf Jenkins grated in concert with the protests of his sons.

"What 's matter 'ith that stick? Hey?"

"Scant in the middle," Norman answered. "Would n't dress clean."

"Hell it is!" growled Alf. "Besides, you got to take stock when it 's just a little scant. It 's in the rules."

"Off the ramps!" Norman ordered.

"Don't you throw that stick off!" Gabe Jenkins loudly commanded the negroes. "Anybody c'n tell it ain't scant enough to hurt."

"It is half an inch scant one way, for two feet in the middle of the piece, where your carriage wobbled in sawing or the saw snaked."

"I say it ain't scant," Gabe vociferated.

"It ain't scant a-tall," affirmed Caleb Jenkins.

"Course it ain't," growled old Alf.

"Measure it!" invited Norman, calmly. He had faith in his own eyes; he had no need to measure it himself. "Put your rule on it."

"I ain't got no rule," answered Alf. "I don't need none."

Caleb spoke up: "See here, Mister, we want to know right now if you come out here to take up lumber or to reject it."

Gabe said ominously:

"I ain't standin' no durn monkey-business f'm no ign'unt cuss what thinks he 's a lumber inspector."

"Sit down," advised Norman, unruffled.

He took a folded carpenter's rule from his pocket and tossed it straight into old Alf's whiskers. Alf swore, fumbled at the rule, but caught it, and passed it to Gabe. Slowly, surlily, Gabe went to the stick held on the skids, stooped down, and placed the rule on it. The rule showed it was full eight inches.

Satisfied chuckles came from Alf and Caleb. Gabe looked craftily over his shoulder and moved aside so the inspector could see. Norman smiled again.

"Correct," he said. "Now put the rule on the bottom or top of the stick."

Gabe made a clumsy effort to conceal a portion of the rule, so as to make the stick appear eight inches square; Norman laughed at him. The stick was exactly half an inch scant on two opposite sides for a fraction more than two feet along its center.

"A little scant place like that don't hurt nothin'," Caleb said, with a threatening step forward. "Load it—shoot it down the skids!"

Grinning, the negroes started to load it on the car. Norman's tallying hand fell to his side.

"All right," he said. "I thank you for it in the name of the Pine-Tree Lumber Company. It is probably worth its freight to town. Since I 'm not tallying it, you won't be paid for it, you know."

Three separate and distinctly different oaths, uttered by the Jenkinses, blackened the atmosphere. The negroes understood that the bluff had been called. They rolled the stick off to the ground and grappled another timber with crowbar and hooks. Old Alf was almost foaming at the whiskers.

"If you reject any more good lumber," he shouted, though there was no need of raising his voice, "I 'll cut your heart out an' spit in the hole!"

Norman seemed smilingly unconcerned. He was watching Gabe Jenkins. Instead of returning the rule, Gabe was squatting down on top of the lumber, applying the rule to first one stick, then another. He handled it with awkward carelessness, working backward to the lower end of the sloping ramps. Norman guessed Gabe's intention: he meant to lose or break the rule, and claim it was done accidentally. It is an old trick of ignorant sawmill men. A rule is the court of last resort when dispute arises over measurements.

The next dozen or so pieces were tallied without comment or rejection. They were classed by Norman as "line" sticks, barely good enough to get by.

The sun was sizzling hot. Perspiration rolled from Norman's face; now and then a drop spattered on his tally-book. The swamp mosquitos, twice as large as the city variety, were noisily and viciously hungry. He stood at his post; it would not do to cease for a moment his vigilant gaze at the stick after stick of timber going over the skids. Each piece had to be decided upon

as to grade, dimension, and length; each had to be accurately recorded. Sweat streamed from the grunting negroes; such clothes as they wore were wringing wet. They worked, as usual, with a half-grunting chant, or syllable-rhythm, timed to their concerted movements of exertion.

An exclamation of pretended disgust came from Gabe Jenkins. He had dropped the rule down under the lower end of the ramps. The only way to recover it would be to tear down a portion of the structure.

"Done lost your rule," he said to Norman, with more defiance than apology in his tone.

"Never mind," Norman said. "I 'll buy a new one when I get to town and have the company deduct the price of it from your check for this car of lumber."

Gabe slunk back to his father and brother, muttering profanity. The negroes chuckled audibly. Gabe had lost a good many rules for a good many inspectors, but this was the first time he was charged with the price of a new rule.

A stick of timber much larger than those loaded, a 10″ x 10″–20′, got stuck on the skids; it was too heavy, and the skids were not smooth enough to allow its easy passage into the car. Norman knew it would not do to stop and work with each heavy piece loaded; it would take longer than a day to load the stock, and car demurrage was too expensive. He knew the remedy, but glanced about to see if any railroad men were in sight.

"Dope the skids," he ordered.

A negro slipped down and robbed a box at the wheels of the gondola of some black, oil-soaked waste. He climbed back along the skids, and greased them thoroughly with the shiny, greasy mixture. The heavy timbers would slip easily over the greased skids into the car. The local railroad agent must have been watching. He came out of the little station and approached with heat-slackened energy.

"Hey, there!" he called. "Where 'd you git the dope on them there skids?"

Norman instantly checked the loading, leaped to the ground, and smilingly faced the irate agent.

"Hello!" he said. "Have a cigar."

The agent took the cigar.

"That stuff costs money," he said, little mollified. "Robbin' our cars gives us hot-boxes—"

"Have a cigar," Norman said, holding out another.

The agent blinked; he accepted the cigar and started again:

"As I was tellin' you, you smart-Alec inspectors got to stop robbin' our cars of dope—"

Norman interrupted.

"Have a cigar." He held it out.

The agent's grim look relaxed. He took the third cigar, stuck it into his pocket with the other two, and gazed meditatively at the blazing sky.

"Hot day, ain't it?" he observed. He slapped at a mosquito buzzing around his ears. "Hope it 'll rain soon." Turning slowly, he ambled back to the station.

Norman clambered back to his post. He gestured rejection of a heavy stick.

"What for?" demanded Alf Jenkins.

"Unsound."

The old man pulled his whiskers nervously and muttered angrily to his surly sons. A short piece came over.

"Scant in length," Norman said, with the rejection gesture.

The negroes paused, doubtfully. The inspector should be obeyed, they knew; but the Jenkins firm paid them for their work.

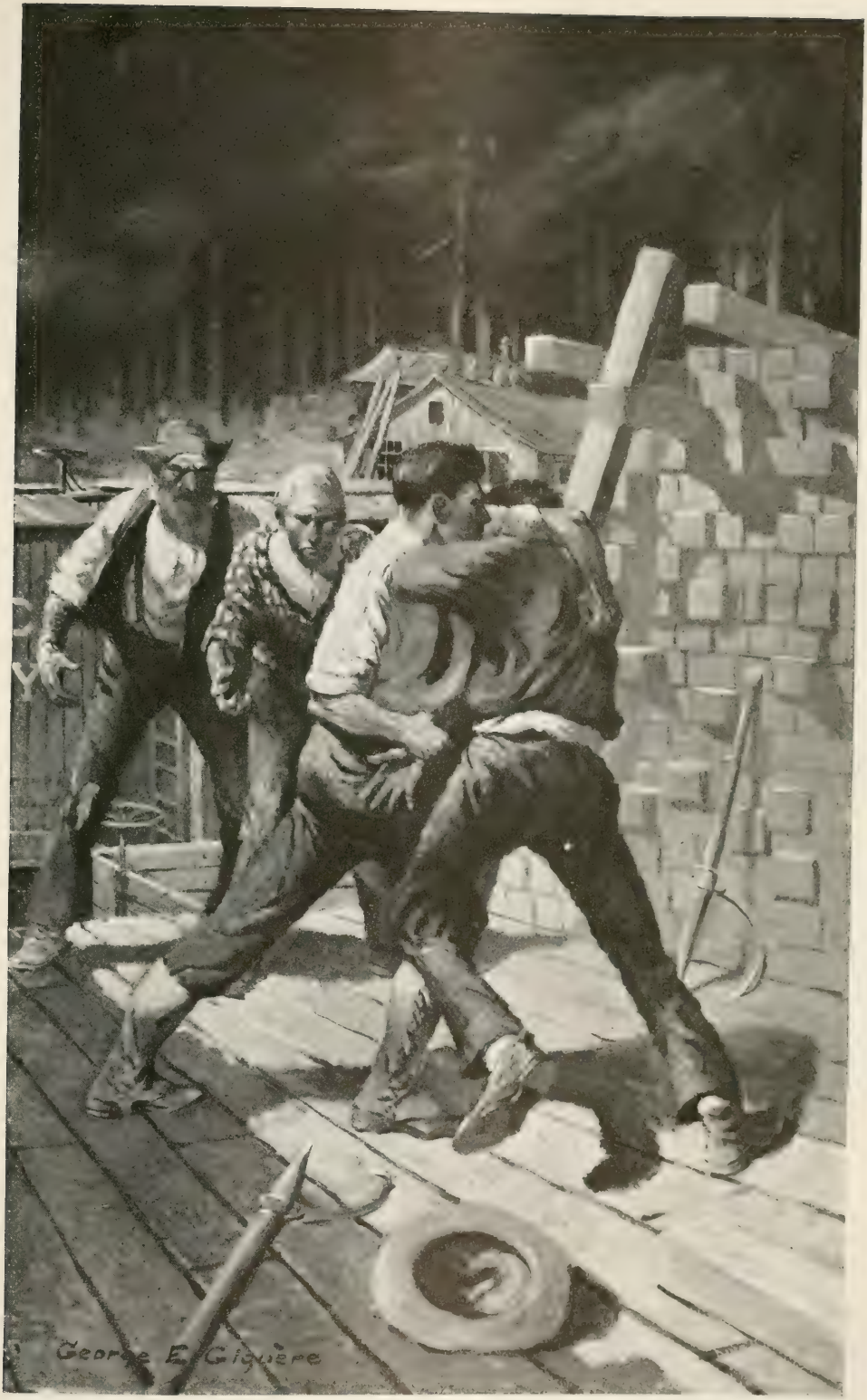
"That there stick is ten foot long, eggzactly," said Caleb Jenkins, fiercely. Gabe had done away with the inspector's rule; the mill men thought they had the advantage.

"Nine feet ten inches only," Norman answered.

Gabe chuckled.

"Put a rule on it," he advised.

Being a good inspector, Norman was prepared. He calmly took the three-foot tape-line from his pocket, measured the short timber slowly and carefully, so that they could all see its exact length. Then he deliberately threw the piece off the ramps and returned to his place for further inspection.




"NORMAN WAS READY. HE DUCKED ABOUT AND CAUGHT THE MILL MAN'S HAIRY WRIST IN AN UNYIELDING GRIP"

Gabe snarled. Two other pieces went the same way. A long, heavy stick had too many knots in it; another, slightly shorter, had too much wane on its corners; another one was rejected because of "through shake"—a split—for more than one third its total length. The pile on the ground was now growing about as rapidly as the load in the car. With every rejection the remarks of the mill men grew more personal and insulting. Norman kept his temper; he was paid for inspecting lumber, not for bickering and fighting with sawmill men.

Then came the trouble Norman had been fearing ever since the inspection began. The closer-grained stock had all been piled in front, to be loaded first; no doubt the mill men had figured that after it was past the inspector, he would not pay strict attention to the grain of the remaining stock. The sticks now coming up to the skids were so coarse-grained that the annular rings were barely visible. There is a special, contemptuous name lumbermen have for pale, dimly grained yellow pine. Norman used it, with his prompt gesture of rejection:

"Loblolly."

The attitude of the Jenkins men grew more violently threatening. They talked together, and made ugly gestures toward Norman. The young inspector's clean lips still held their slight smile, but his eyes were narrowing and glinted hard. He looked at his watch, then up the railroad. A slow freight, headed for town, was a few minutes overdue. Again his eyes carefully measured the distance from ramps to car and ground. There was yet no sign or sound of the freight-train. Norman killed time until his listening ears caught a distant whistle and rumble from far up the track. Then he walked out over the unloaded timbers lying at the back of the ramps.

"Loblolly," he said. "All loblolly."

Alf Jenkins and his two sons ceased palavering. Evidently they had made up some definite plan of action. The negroes, who had been through this sort of thing before, dropped their lumber-hooks and backed cautiously away from the white men. Alf Jenkins asked:

"D' you reject all this here square-edge and sound stock?"

"I do. Your order calls for close-grained pine."

Every man present knew that the lumber in the gondola was not sufficient for a car-load. Norman had as yet said nothing about it. Gabe stepped cautiously toward the inspector. Norman understood. He immediately walked to the middle of the ramps, thus keeping the mill men out toward the edge. Caleb and old Alf stood on the northern edge of the elevated structure, side by side, watchful, and sullen. The freight screamed its warning to the slothful of Wessing Station.

Norman planted his feet squarely on a wide sill, stooped a bit forward, like a wrestler, shoulders up; then, with cutting deliberation, stated what he was reasonably certain would bring the Jenkins men upon him.

"You ordered this car placed. You accepted our order A-722. The car will stay right here, on demurrage, until you cut and bring in the square-edge and sound, close-grained short-leaf yellow pine needed to complete the car-load. Whatever demurrage accrues will be taken out of your check for the completed load." He flung the last words almost in Gabe's sneering face. "Just drop us a line, please, when you have the other material ready and wish me to complete my inspection."

Gabe sprang at Norman's throat.

Norman was ready. He ducked about and caught the mill man's rough, hairy wrist in an unyielding grip. They squirmed and struggled fiercely. Norman twisted about with his back to Gabe, still gripping the mill man's right wrist with painful, cracking power. He faced Alf and Caleb, then did the "flying mare" known to wrestlers.

Gabe was hurled over Norman's left shoulder; he struck both Alf and Caleb across the breast and neck as Norman threw him against them. Yells of fright and oaths mingled with the startled songs of departing mosquitos. The three

Jenkinses were piled in a bruised and kicking heap on top of the pile of rejected lumber thrown off the ramps.

The slow freight was thundering past. It had slowed down for the station, but did not stop. Norman leaped from the ramps into the side-tracked gondola; jumped out on the other side, and was just in time to seize the passing caboose of the freight-train.

"Here, you!" cried the old conductor. "Git off of here! This ain't no passenger-train."

Norman straightened up on the platform and got his breath.

"Have a cigar," he said.

The old man smelled it carefully, chuckled, and reached for a match.

"Just the same, young man, you got to git off at the next station."

"All right," Norman answered. The next station was where he wanted to go.

He leaned against the end of the caboose and summed up his piece-tally of material accepted on IC car 100,002. Then he made a simple notation on the report, stating the car was refused until such time as the mill men required for completing the order. That was all. In his expense-book he jotted down the cost of cigars used and the amount of mileage taken for his trip to Wessing.

Again in town, he slipped off the caboose and went to the office building of the Pine-Tree Lumber Company. Passing quietly in through the auditing department, he entered the office of General Manager Blake. Miss O'Hara saw him and jumped.

"You—Mr. Norman! Back already?" she gasped. "And you are not hurt?"

He gravely removed his hat.

"Not by the Jenkinses," he answered. He was looking at her dimples.

The little report was placed on the manager's desk. Norman turned and started out, to await his next call for inspection.

Uncle Pop-gun hurried in. At sight of Bob Norman his eyes widened and mouth fell agape. He seemed more and more amazed as he saw no evidence of violence on Norman's face or clothing.

"I say, Bob," he began, "how in the name of the devil and Tom Walker did you manage to—"

"Wait a moment, Mr. Norman!" Mr. Blake looked up from the young inspector's meager report. Since he knew all about the Jenkins men, the full meaning of it was perfectly clear to him. He asked abruptly:

"Did you have any trouble to-day?"

Norman deliberated a moment, as if recalling the inspection by an effort.

"None to speak of," he answered.

"Goddlemighty!" exploded Uncle Pop.

## Our Street

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

THE moon was falling into our street
Out of a tree,
And we walked slow, and the night was sweet,
And there were three
Stars huddled together in the space
That is the sky, and in your face
Was a little laughing, a little pain,
And the fear that there could not be again
A night so dear as this night had been.
And we said Good-by, and I went in,
And you walked away, and the church clock spoke,
And the moon fell into our street and broke.

# Fairfield County Mobilizes

By WALLACE THOMPSON

THE war in Europe may be won by the counties of America. It will not be through a military dictatorship that the strength of our democracy will flower in France, but through the proving that the looseness of our government, political, industrial, or social, is not inherent weakness, but fundamental strength. With the counties will rest the laurels of our triumph if in this great test we prove that the chain of individual men in factory and on farm will hold firm behind the battle-line; for upon the power of their union in the counties depends the strength of the chain of counties which make up the chains of States, and hence make the nation.

When war came to us, the cry went out for coöperation. One county in America has answered. It has answered with the voice of roaring machines, with the voice of clicking harvesters, with the voice of rumbling motor-trucks, with the voice of New England men.

Fairfield County, Connecticut, with Bridgeport, Stamford, Danbury, and Norwalk, all great manufacturing centers within a short distance of New York, with a hundred picturesque villages, and with a thousand half-abandoned farms, has already formed itself into a county association more powerful for the industrial, agricultural, and relief mobilization behind the battle-lines than any other non-official organization in the world. The story of movement is the story of the Fairfield County Association for the Mobilization of Resources.

It started in Bridgeport, which munition contracts and the great boom of general trade had changed in a few weeks from a city of 100,000 to one of 165,000. In that brief time the sudden social, housing, industrial, and transportation problems had put to rout a century of New England manufacturing experience. In the beginning of 1916, therefore, a technical city and industrial planning organization was installed. Before six months had passed, a new city spirit had arisen through one of the most remarkable newspaper advertising campaigns ever conducted. A million-dollar housing company had been formed, and was building model cottages and flats; the industrial problems of a hundred great manufacturing plants were being coördinated, and Bridgeport, which had looked forward in dread to the time when war contracts would cease, was facing with complacency a future of profitable peace.

While Bridgeport was solving problems like caring for workmen who rented their beds in eight-hour shifts and stood ten deep on the sidewalks of Main Street in the evenings, like the planning of a city that would give comfort and joy to the thousands of workmen who alone could make the prosperity permanent, like providing, out of the common pot, business for immense factories whose munition contracts were already being wound up, a New England philosopher out in a Fairfield County village was watching the great game. His name was Charles H. Plump, and his native village was Redding.

On hot summer days he would drive into Bridgeport and watch the great plan unfold under the fingers of George Gove, the man Bridgeport had imported from Wisconsin and the Department of the Interior in Washington to handle the job as secretary of the chamber of commerce. Seeing in Mr. Gove the man behind the firing-lines, Mr. Plump watched his work and talked with him, and presently came to understand the situation far more

deeply than perhaps any other person.

Then, with apologies for what might seem impertinence, Mr. Plump began to talk of organizing the county. He believed that what the rocky farms of Connecticut had once done they must and could do again—support the people of their manufacturing towns. The question of holding the supremacy in manufacturing after peace came and wages receded toward normal he believed would never be answered by Bridgeport alone. The farms must produce more food, *all* the county's food except possibly wheat. Younger towns in the West, where food was cheaper, would draw the workers or force their wages in Bridgeport far above those demanded in more favorable living regions. It would be a problem of feeding as much as of housing. With Mr. Gove he planned a county conference of granges, farmers' associations, and representatives of the towns and cities, for the industries would have to support the farmers in their plans to support the industries. The Fairfield County Conference became one of the great future developments of the Bridgeport scheme. A meeting was set for the autumn of 1917.

Then came our entrance into the war. Bridgeport, already beginning to adapt itself to peace, with munitions contracts falling off and the plants switching over, as the plan had provided, to the making of export products of other sorts, saw its whole problem reversed. Instead of conversion to peace, it saw increased demands for munitions, with new factories turning to the service of the vast armies to come. The industrial problem loomed greater than ever, but never once did Bridgeport's organization give up the ideal of ultimate conversion of war plants to peace.

One day when chaos seemed more imminent than ever Mr. Plump drove in from Redding. In the course of a talk, at which sat half a dozen men, the Fairfield County Conference, planned in the beginning as an offshoot of the Bridgeport scheme, became the all-embracing solution, and was called immediately. To it came more than two hundred representative men, the heads of great Connecticut factories, executives of great business in New York who make Connecticut their home, and farmers, citizens, and the villagers.

There the Fairfield County Association for the Mobilization of Resources was organized, and from that day the man who had the vision, and who saw it there applied at last, dropped out of sight. Mr. Plump comes happily to Bridgeport now and then, but the putting of his dream into facts and events he has passed on gladly to other hands. His work is done.

Out of that meeting of two hundred, three men went that day to Washington to offer the work to the Council of National Defense. At their head was the association's president, E. K. Nicholson, a New England lawyer, counsel for great manufacturing concerns, an orator of ability, and a keen, shrewd student of men. Second was Harry E. Harris, a war millionaire, keen for the work he was to do as head of the industrial department, and strong for the great American principle of doing the thing at hand and doing it with all your might. The third was George Gove, the planner, the professional organizer, who had sifted Bridgeport's problems down to their fundamentals. As executive director of the Fairfield County Association he was preparing the great plan of war and peace, which foresaw every detail, scheduled it, and laid out the work so that every part would coördinate.

Washington was cordial, but it was swamped with work; it had not yet learned what Mr. Plump and Fairfield County had seen, that the nation's job was one of pyramided units and organization. Washington was still trying to turn us into a great federalized republic "for the duration of the war." At any rate, the Council of National Defense could only approve, and say from the heart that if every county in the United States would assume and do its part as well, the problems of the war back of the lines would all be solved.

The trio went back to Bridgeport that

night, saw the Governor of Connecticut next day, and within two more days the great plan was on paper. In a week the wheels were moving. The world of business has been slowly learning, as the great world we all live in learned with a terrific shock in August of 1914, the power of a perfected plan. Germany drove her hordes to the very gates of Paris because she had planned every detail of the preparation, every inch of the path, years before. She failed of her goal, and will fail in the end, because she left the personal element out of all those elaborate plans. America will win at last because she will be forced to take the personal element into consideration, and because, building with instead of against the grain of the national instinct, she, too, will plan out to the end, with the personal equation advancing her accomplishment at every step. The plan is now complete, and its backbone, shown on no chart, but felt in every fiber of the structure, is the personal desire of each individual man to serve in the way that he can serve best.

Here is the skeleton. Every business men's organization in the county has sworn its coöperation, and every grange, every charitable and relief body in the county has placed itself voluntarily at the beck of the organization. All avenues of support lead direct to the executive committee, and from it branch five avenues of coördinated activity. Two are fundamental and permanent, the industrial and agricultural departments. Three are vital to the organization chiefly in their support of the two greater and because they are emergency branches. These are the military, the transportation, and the relief and welfare departments. None is to be belittled. Without the magnificent transportation plan, the handling of the great crop of the farmers, a fourfold increase, would be impossible, and the relief plan which will enable this civilian organization to take care of a tremendous disaster without the aid of the military would be unworkable. Without the military department the safety of the great munitions-plants might be jeopardized, and with the relief and welfare department unorganized, wastage would wreck the peace of the community and impair its vast potential usefulness.

When the call to arms came from the Fairfield County Association to the farmers of Connecticut, a plan was ready.

At the head of this was not home gardens, but financing the farmer. This plan went into the hands of the man who was to put the agricultural mobilization through, a hardware merchant, E. F. von Wettberg of Bridgeport, a man possessed of broad executive ability and a grasp of all the details that come to him as the head of a great chain of retail hardware stores. He tackled finance for the farmer. He sat up one evening with a Bridgeport banker, and they worked out a revision of a plan talked of, but never put into successful effect, in New York, by which money was to be loaned to farmers for crop handling entirely on the credit of the farmer, without indorsement of his note and without security. The New York plan comprised endless questions. The Bridgeport banker agreed to a brief statement of assets, and three letters of recommendation as to the farmer's good character. Then they drew up a note which pledged that "the crop may be sold by me [the farmer] in the ordinary course of business, the proceeds to be collected by me, and held in trust for the holder of this note until same is paid."

Twenty leading county banks agreed to the plan. In the first two weeks sixty loans were made. Since then there has been no way of counting them, for every bank in the county adopted the plan without being asked to do so. Agricultural machinery was sold on credit without a farm mortgage, another shocking innovation for New England, and Mr. von Wettberg gathered in the course of a busy week extra seed for five thousand acres and eight hundred tons of fertilizer.

Then the farmers were given a promise which no one then knew could be fulfilled without a financial loss to the association, that when the crops came in they would be moved, and sold at a profit.

The farmers put in their crops, and then wanted to talk. The next item on the written schedule was labor, which, as had been foreseen, was exactly what the farmers wanted to discuss. The farmers were reasonable, and although they balked at the Boy Scouts, they did accept as a temporary relief the help of high-school and college boys. And then was unfolded the plan which economists and farmers long ago agreed is the only possible solution of the farm-labor question. The farmer must somehow be allowed a larger percentage of the price the consumer pays for his product, so that he can pay adequate wages and get adequate help. If he is lucky, the farmer now gets thirty per cent. of the retail price; but he is seldom lucky in Fairfield County, owing to local causes in the New York market. So were the farmers skeptical of any plan to get them, of all the farmers in America, enough return from their crops to allow them to enter the labor market on a par with other employers of labor. For that alone is the solution of the farm-labor problem.

But the Fairfield County Association guaranteed at least a mighty effort toward solving it through the solving of the third problem on the list, marketing. A distribution system is to be worked out on permanent lines, perhaps with broad schedules of consumption statistics, which will allow for agreements among the farmers on planting, forestalling local gluts, and bringing every farmer his full return on all he plants. Central wholesale markets for the county are possible. There all the produce of the country will be sent, sold first at local prices for the full profit of the farmer, and when local needs are filled, the balance will be shipped to New York.

The emergency achievements of the agricultural department started with the asparagus crop, which one bright week in May matured all at once, and seemed destined for the usual fate of the glut, the bottom of New York Bay. But the promise had been given to the farmers, and Mr. von Wettberg put advertisements in newspapers that gave canning receipts and invited housewives to send in their orders. The telephone rang all day long for a week, and the farmers sold their abundant asparagus at the best prices they had known in years, and incidentally the best prices the housewives, from their point of view, had known in a similar period. Meanwhile 225,000 booklets of canning receipts, got out by the association, had been mailed by the county merchants with their May bills, and by these receipts spinach was dried out and put away, berries preserved without sugar, and every other green vegetable and fruit crop saved from wastage.

So the plan works out into emergency measures, and back into the great scheme again. The New England hardware merchant, a Yankee tradesman, is putting his wisdom at the command of the farmer, and with the aid of the farmer is bringing the New England housewife back to her old trade of "putting up" her own fruit and vegetables.

The other great phase of the Fairfield County plan is industrial organization. Two tremendous motives seemed to assure success. One was patriotism, the other a genuine fear of the specter of federalization.

New Englanders in spirit, not a single manufacturer has ever questioned that the entire manufacturing power of Fairfield County would and should be turned to the aid of the Government, no matter what the cost to them individually. As business men they realized that there is a real likelihood that American industries of all sorts will be commandeered, but they also knew that their own control of their factories, working to government specifications, would turn out a better product, in quicker time, at a lower cost. Organization they had seen at work in remaking Bridgeport, solving social problems, laying substantial foundations for industrial permanence. They saw the new Fairfield County Association at work solving its agricultural problems, building a transportation plan, preparing effectively to protect them and their workers in peril

and disaster. They accepted the emergency provisions for the war, and gloried in the organized program back of the emergency. The great plan, which through coöperation seemed to them more splendid than anything conceived in this country before, looked to the distribution of the war load, so that the normal products of all the factories would be maintained in part through the war, and so that when the war ended, the factories of Fairfield County would perhaps be the first in all the world to switch back to the needs and the rewards of peace.

The idea was magnificent, and the plan was a plan that would work. The chart provides for a searching county survey of industries, divided into four heads, raw materials, plants, labor, and products, coördinating into a scheme which may be visualized as a double arrow, pointing first to conversion to war and second to conversion to peace. The double arrow is a single idea, not two. There is in the Fairfield County program no place for mere wasteful conversion to war emergencies, for in the very act of that conversion the change back to peace is provided for. If the ideal is realized, every enlargement of every plant will be made not merely with a view to getting out war orders, but also with a view to converting that increased capacity to some great peace industry predetermined and arranged from the first.

Part of this coöperation now in operation, is a plan of complete standardization of factory measurements. In the few months since we entered the war the association has made available for all factories of the county absolute standards for tools, dies, etc., something unheard of two years ago, when thousands of munitions for the Allies were thrown into the scrap-heap because of errors of hundredths of an inch in the gages. The county manufacturers have even gone so far as to designate one tool manufacturing company to make tools from the standards of any factory for any other factory for war or for peace machinery, and the association has secured the establishment of a federal bureau of standards in that factory for the use of the whole district.

Coöperation rests on the elimination of all competition except that of quality and business organization. In this drawing together of men and industries to form the wall of resources behind the battle-lines America must learn the lesson that the failure of our competitor because of faults of ignorance which we could have corrected is our failure; for this ignorance is the real basis of all our economic waste.

The labor problem is most subject to human frailty of all the problems of industry, since it deals not only with men and women at lathes and benches, but is more affected by human greed and human selfishness in employers. It takes a general strike to make employers admit labor is a collective problem, and coöperation lasts only over the strike. It is taking a great war to bring employers and employees to a realization that their relationships are the communities' very life, and that therefore the community has not only the right to be present at the solution of their problems, but has the inherent power to solve them. The labor problems of the Fairfield County factories, because of that inherent power, are to be solved under the direction of the county association.

Harry E. Harris, in charge of the industrial department, is, for instance, securing a very general adoption of the apprenticeship system, comparatively unknown heretofore. Under the direction of the association, also, the employers outside the munition-factories were able to get recognition in the draft-exemption regulations, and, perhaps greatest of all, the momentous question of the employment of women is being scientifically treated. The experience of Europe and Canada is being collated, and the advice of scientists of every sort called upon to determine what work women can do and cannot do, so that there will be no need for "experimenting" with women's lives before they are fitted into their factory jobs in Fairfield County.

When the organizer's finger ran down

JUDGE E. K. NICHOLSON, PRESIDENT

E. F. VON WETTBERG, CHAIRMAN FOR AGRICULTURE

B. M. BASTALL, ADVISORY EXPERT

GEORGE GOVE, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

EXECUTIVES OF THE FAIRFIELD COUNTY ASSOCIATION FOR THE MOBILIZATION OF RESOURCES.

the list to transportation, the arterial system of the county plan was touched. Transportation includes shipping raw materials in and finished product out; it includes the caring for that farm crop which was promised a market; it means the movement of troops throughout the county; it means the making of civilian relief possible. The work was put into the hands of Herman C. Fleitman, a New York importer. He was not one of the organizers of the association, but a stranger who attended a meeting in Stamford, and offered his services in any capacity. He was the worker found after the job was laid out completely, and his success is in itself a justification of the well-made plan. Mr. Fleitman has set in motion plans for the using of coal-barges for return freights to New York, trolley lines for night freight transportation, and motor-trucks for opening up back-country roads and bringing the farms to the cities.

Motor transportation mobilization took two forms, one the organization of volunteered motor-cars and -trucks into companies of nine and battalions of twenty-seven of the same make, with repair-cars and skilled mechanics for each battalion, and the other the hiring of motor-trucks for transportation overland, to handle the crops, to educate the public, and to create a powerful demand for road improvement that will help the development of the county.

The organization of the motor units was carried out with military thoroughness, and was safeguarded against false alarms by a direct line of responsibility. Owners of motor-cars and -trucks volunteered by hundreds. They are to be called out only for a few hours or a day in case of actual emergency. Another division of cars and trucks are those offered for longer periods at a low rental. With these will be made a test of gathering in the crops of the farmers by motor-truck, over the up-county roads, an experiment which it is hoped will be so successful that private truck routes will be established on regular schedules to carry farmers' supplies and crops from and to the railroads and the cities. The great plan calls for active development of all phases of motor transportation and dovetails transportation into not only the solution of agricultural questions, but those of the military and relief department as well.

In fact, so thoroughly efficient has the organization of the transportation department shown itself that when the sheriff of Fairfield County organized his deputies on a military basis to take the place of the militia, mustered into the Federal service, and of the Home Guard, detailed to the protection of important bridges, power plants, etc., he called in his official capacity for recognition of his force as part of the military division of the Fairfield County Association for the Mobilization of Resources, frankly counting on the transportation department to mobilize his men if needed, and on the association to judge of the emergencies which might call them.

Upon the transportation department depends much of the success of the big emergency relief plan of the relief and welfare department. The organization of this department is in the hands of a New York business executive whose home is in Stamford, Edward Sawyer. The emergency relief plan is worked out according to Red Cross regulations, but it becomes effective through the county organization. A bomb, an explosion, almost any factory disaster or wreck might assume terrible proportions in these Connecticut manufacturing towns. Under the relief plan, the doctors in each town are divided into groups (four, for instance, in Stamford), and nurses into an equal number of groups. Supplies are located and held in readiness, a trunk of surgical materials is in the office of the chief of police. When a call for aid comes, one doctor or health officer designated for each town judges the number of doctors, nurses, and emergency ambulances needed, and advises the head of the telephone company. A girl on the main switchboard is detailed to locate the

head of each unit of doctors and nurses, and then to clear her board for the calls of that doctor or nurse until his orders have reached every member of the unit. The transportation needed for doctors, supplies, and ambulances is assembled by the battalion train-master of the town in the same way, and, if necessary, military forces to control the situation. Every detail has been foreseen, and every contingency provided for, even down to the men and women who will go to halls, church parlors, and clubs, already selected, to lay cots and prepare operating-rooms.

But this is emergency work. Beyond it, in the relief and welfare department, lies a work vaster than that. This is the problem of bringing order out of the chaos of overlapping work of hundreds of patriotic service societies. Some effort toward solving this among national organizations is being made in Washington, but in Fairfield County there are well over a hundred different societies, thirty-nine of them in Bridgeport alone.

Mr. Sawyer and his aids travel over the county, and in every village they are effecting, despite many genuine, if unworthy, difficulties, a coördination of work which will eliminate the overlapping of objectives, and will assign to each patriotic body the work which it alone will do. The local associations are actually submitting themselves to the county organization, strange as that may appear to those who know New England village life, and it seems likely not only that the war emergency work will be done, and thoroughly done, in Fairfield County, but that the welfare work of peace, looking toward fields as broad as the life of the nation itself, will be organized as no such work has ever before been organized.

There are many inspiring moments as one goes from department to department, from results back to the great plan and its vast spaces of achievement, but perhaps none is more thrilling than this very prospect of the coördination of welfare work. Here is a monument that will stand. This Fairfield County plan, with its solid building, month by month, and year by year, will weld this great county, with its farms, its ugly factory cities, and its trim villages, into something yet finer, a community where community problems are solved within itself, where the absorption of hundreds of thousands of foreigners is carried to its logical conclusion of making them into Americans as well as workers for America; where the housing problem is solved as a whole, where no families shall be separated, but where the laboring element shall be actually part and parcel of the community; where, at last, those social barriers which deride the true spirit of our Americanism shall be broken down in great cities and in country towns. All this, and more, is a possibility if the welding of the units of relief organizations into harmonious collaboration under the great plan is possible.

## Rest

By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

AS the spent sea-gull from the storm above
Folds weary wings upon the tossing sea,
So rests my heart on your unstable love,
That is the only rest on earth for me.

PAINTING MADE FOR *THE CENTURY* BY WALTER KING STONE

# The Bald Eagle

By JAMES CHURCH ALVORD

FROM his brood, from his nest,
He comes; from tattered pines which tassel out the crest
Of blue Virginia mountains. Swinging on tilted wings
He blacks the west.

He glides along the glitter of the air,
A white head silvered like an evening star, a glare
Of greedy beak. Remorseless, noiseless, he hangs against the sun,
A splendor, a despair.

Then all the little creatures flock and whimper round their dams.
The ewes stand ringed in woolly phalanx, and the rams
Shake braggart horns up to the sky
Or down across the lambs.

The woodlands hush their chatter and their song.
The robins creep into thick cedars where along
The branches they are lost in shadows and hunched with waxwings, jays,
And cardinals, a shivering throng.

The brown hare huddles on the brown floor of the fallen leaves,
His round eyes tremulous with tears. The squirrel breathes
Only in gulps of pain behind his oak trunk. While the quail
Whir, like spent bullets, to the barley-sheaves.

Even the gaunt rattler on his ledge of clay,
Snoozing away the sultry morning, flats down his dumpy body in dismay,
Until his striped and mottled ugliness fades into rock-tints
Sternly gray.

The wide plantation gasps, a dour, beleaguered town;
The silence aches as, from the crown
Of the glad morning, in narrowing, narrowing circles,
Death swoops down.

THE STARS AND STRIPES FLYING FROM THE NORTH POLE

# Sledge-Traveling

By ROBERT E. PEARY

THE essence of successful arctic exploration may be stated as the transformation of the minimum amount of food into the maximum number of miles. In the struggle for the north pole it means such refinement of methods and equipment as will enable the last stage of the journey over the frozen surface of the polar ocean to be made with the provisions that can be carried upon the sledges when starting from the most northern land.

The sharp difference and antithesis between the north-pole and the south-pole struggles must be borne clearly in mind. In the latter the fixed character of the surface of the antarctic continent permits the establishment of depots en route as often as may be desired, while in the former the movement of the sea ice renders impossible the establishment of depots, and compels the carrying of everything on the sledges continuously.

There are two distinct kinds of sledge-traveling in polar regions, sledging on the surface of the polar sea, and sledging over the inland ice of Greenland and the interior of the antarctic continent, each differing widely from the other. The former has been practised for a hundred years. The latter is of much later origin, and my first experience and training in arctic sledging was in this field. My knowledge of conditions to be encountered in overland sledging was gained on numerous short trips in Greenland and two long journeys of twelve hundred miles each across northern Greenland's ice-cap—the "inland ice."

To the average reader the expression "inland ice" suggests a surface of ice. This idea is erroneous. Greenland is a great glacial country, with an area of 740,000 or 750,000 square miles, fully four fifths of which are covered by the inland ice, the only portion of it that could be called land being a ribbon of mountains, valleys, and deep fiords along the coast. This narrow strip of land is for the most part from five to twenty-five miles wide, but there are several places where it is sixty or eighty.

The interior of Greenland, or the inland ice, is so cold that it gets virtually

no rain, and the snow does not have a chance to melt in the long sunlit day. So the snow has accumulated century after century until it has filled the valleys, and not only leveled them with the tops of the mountains, but the highest of these mountain-tops have been gradually buried hundreds and even thousands of feet in ice and snow. To-day the interior of Greenland, with its fifteen hundred miles in length and its seven hundred miles in maximum width, rising from four thousand to nine thousand feet or more above sea-level, is simply an elevated and unbroken plateau of compacted snow.

On this great frozen Sahara of the North the wind never ceases to blow. It invariably radiates from the center of the ice-cap outward, blowing perpendicularly to the nearest portion of the coast land, except when storms of unusually large proportions sweep across the country. Such a regular thing are the winds of these regions, and so closely do they follow the rule of perpendicularity to the coast, that it is always easy to determine the direction of nearest land. A sudden change in the wind indicates the presence of large fiords, and the crossing of a divide can be detected by the area of calm or by the changeable winds which prevail there, which are followed by winds blowing from the opposite direction.

Sweeping along the most direct path to the coast and with more or less velocity, the wind always carries with it a flying mass of snow, which, on reaching the mountains, settles in the valleys or goes swirling over the cliffs into the sea. When there is only a light breeze the snow is very fine, and flies only a few feet in the air; but the stronger the wind, the coarser the whirling snow becomes, and the greater the depth of its current. In blizzards on this desert of snow this drift surpasses in fury the sand-storms of the Sahara, the snow rising in the air hundreds of feet in hissing, roaring, blinding torrents which make it almost impossible for one to breathe, and which bury anything stationary in a short time. It penetrates like water, and on stepping into the drift, its surface is very nearly as tangible and sharply defined as that of a pool of water of like depth.

The continuous transportation of vast quantities of snow by the wind is a most important factor in retarding the increase in the depth of the ice-cap, and in my opinion is a factor equaling possibly the effects of evaporation, melting, and glacial precipitation combined. Only investigations carried on for a period of years can definitely determine whether this snow deposit is increasing or decreasing as the years pass.

In the interior of this "great ice," as in the center of the antarctic continent, hundreds of miles from the oceans, elevated a mile or two into the frigid polar air, and all appreciable terrestrial warmth cut off by the thickness of the ice-cap, there is, in the midnight of the polar nights probably the greatest degree of natural cold to be found anywhere on the globe.

THE *ROOSEVELT*

During the winter months the whole surface of the inland ice is covered with a layer of fine, dry snow. The noonday sun of the late spring causes the snow

along the edge of the ice to become soft, and the freezing of this at night makes a thin crust. As this layer of crust creeps into the interior with the approach of summer, the snow on the edge of the ice-cap turns to slush and finally melts, forming pools and streams which eat into the ice, opening up old crevasses and new ones as well. This condition likewise extends into the interior in the wake of the crust, and the summer heat and eroding streams working on the border of the cap make it so rough as to be in places quite impassable.

In traveling into the interior the mountains along the coast soon disappear under the landward convexity of the ice-cap, and the surface, which near the coast is composed of many hummocks, gradually changes into long, flat swells, which in turn merge into a gently rising plain and finally into a flat surface.

In my journey across the ice-cap of northern Greenland in 1891 I was continually turned from my course on the upward march by the numerous crevasses and steep slopes which occur along the edge of the inland ice. These crevasses sometimes cover a tract several miles wide, and are usually marked by peculiar ice-mounds several feet in height. Covered with a light crust, the crevasses are difficult to detect, and one must be constantly on the alert to avoid getting into them. At times it is necessary to reconnoiter for hours before safe snow-bridges across these treacherous places can be found, and on several occasions I have nearly lost all our provisions and dogs when the sledges have broken through. Determined to avoid such conditions on the downward trip, I traveled well inland. Here, however, deep, soft snow makes sledge-traveling difficult; so on my second journey across Greenland in 1895 I chose an intermediate route, hoping to avoid crevasses and slopes and slippery ice as well as soft going. This route proved to be by far the best one, the snow being much firmer, and the distance a few miles less than by either of the other two routes.

In addition to the wind, there is another peculiarity of the inland ice which adds to the difficulties to be encountered in this work. That is the extreme intensity of the continuous sunlight, which can be realized only by those who have experienced it. This continuous brilliancy is intensified a hundredfold by the reflection from endless fields of glistening, sparkling snow, unrelieved by a single object. The strongest eyes can stand such a blinding glare only a few hours without protection. We always wore heavy smoked glasses, and when in camp often found it impossible to sleep without still further protecting our eyes by tying a narrow band of fur about them to exclude the light. Only when a storm is brewing does this intense light become subdued. At such times, however, the sky and snow take on a peculiar gray, opaque light which is even more trying than the sunlight.

OVER A PRESSURE RIDGE

To direct a course across unbroken fields of snow with absolutely nothing to guide or fix the eye is a task which requires experience. To force a team of dogs towing a heavy

A HALT ON THE MARCH

sledge-load into blank nothingness is still more difficult. The leader should always be in advance, setting the course and the pace, and encouraging the dogs with his presence, voice, and trail. During dull or foggy weather the work of keeping a direct course becomes particularly arduous. For days I have traveled into gray nothingness, feeling, but unable to see, the snow beneath my snow-shoes, and the long marches, when it was almost impossible to see the length of the sledge, were among the most trying experiences I had on the inland ice.

At times we raised a pennant on a bamboo staff, and used the wind as a guide, taking its compass direction at intervals, keeping the wind-vane at the proper angle, and in this way holding a fair course. The endeavor to keep a direct course for any length of time under such conditions imposes such a strain on mind and body that travel sometimes seems impossible. In addition to this, the feeling of fatigue and heaviness which is the result of the fog and altitude makes traveling still more difficult.

A severe and protracted storm is one of the most disagreeable features of sledge-traveling over ice, and preparations should immediately be made to camp when one is seen approaching. If the equipment does not include a tent, a snow igloo should be built as quickly as possible. If there is not time for this, then a dugout can be made or a snow-wall erected as a shelter from the wind and driving snow. Everything possible should be carried inside the tent or igloo, with the dogs securely fastened outside. Storms on the ice-cap are so severe that, when possible, the dogs should be protected from them by a snow-wall.

I have been confined to tent or igloo for days at a time by these storms, but the most accursed hours I ever spent on the ice-cap were those spent in a small tent, six long days and nights, five thousand feet above sea-level, during a furious storm which I knew was destroying my last chances for finding a ton and a half of supplies, including all my pemmican and alcohol, which I had cached the year before for my spring work in 1895. Any one, seeing our camp at the end of one of these storms, would believe us buried alive,

the only signs of our presence being the snow-mounds covering us and the dogs.

One severe storm will play more havoc with the dogs and their harness than weeks of ordinary traveling. To get the sledges and the dogs and tent dug out, to say nothing of untangling and repairing the dogs' traces, which become twisted and knotted, requires hours. After almost every snowfall we had to help the dogs drag the sledges. For this purpose a long line of walrus hide was tied to the front of the sledge, running out over the dogs, so that one of us could attach it to our shoulders and pull in advance of the team. To the side of the sledge a short line was fastened to enable the other man to drive the dogs and pull at the same time.

Dragging the sledges through soft snow is very disheartening work for dogs, and every expedient that ingenuity can devise or that is known to the Eskimos must be used to urge them forward. Only one thing can make traveling harder on the inland ice, and that is a precipitation of frost, which, covering the surface, renders it so sticky that the sledges drag like so many pounds of lead. Dogs, which in ordinary going can haul two sledges at a fair rate of speed, then require the combined assistance of two men to move one. For this condition of snow even icing the runners seems to do but little, if any, good.

The process of covering sledge-runners with a coating of ice, taught me by the Eskimos, is most interesting, and wonderfully increases the tractive power of a sledge in low temperatures.

A long strip of thick walrus skin, which, when frozen, is the toughest and most unbreakable of substances, the same width as the runner and from which the hair has not been removed, is first applied to the bottom of each runner, being fastened by lashings of rawhide run through slits in the edges of the walrus hide. After this has been allowed to freeze solid, the entire length of each runner is covered with soft snow that has been dipped in warm urine. This is pressed and shaped with the hand until it is three quarters of an inch or an inch thick. When this has been given time to freeze solid, it is chipped smooth with the aid of a knife, and rubbed over with water. As the dogs get tired and the altitude increases the sledges should be iced every day on inland-ice cap-work. The effect of high elevation is very perceptible upon men and dogs, and it is difficult to get more than from two to two and one half miles an hour out of the dogs. At times we iced the sledge-runners twice a day.

The routine on our long marches varied little. The work of caring for the dogs, harnessing them in the morning, unharnessing and tying them to stakes at night, and feeding them at the end of the day's march was my special work. During the march my companion took charge of them while I kept the course except when, to vary the monotony, we exchanged duties. My companion always built the snow-shelter that served as a kitchen, and we took turns acting as cook. The man on duty in the kitchen slept there all night, and stood ready to secure any dogs which might break away during the night.

To catch a loose dog requires more or less time and ingenuity, and frequently results in a few bites. Our usual method of capturing one of these arctic wolves was to coax him within reach by throwing out morsels of meat to him, then throwing ourselves upon him and burying his head in the snow. We soon became expert enough in this to avoid more than a few bites. Some dogs are too wily to be caught in any such way, and have to be lassoed and choked almost senseless before they can be put back into harness.

Until 1895 the basic principle of arctic sledging was that overland traveling was not practicable, that the only highway lay along the sea ice off the coast. Therefore the journey that I mapped out for this year—the crossing of the inland ice-cap of northern Greenland—was an unprecedented one in point of distance to be covered without caches, or supply-depots. The successful carrying out of this plan showed the practicability of the inland ice for a road, and since that time Green-

land has been crossed by Nansen, Koch, and Rasmussen, Spitzbergen by Conway, and the antarctic continent penetrated to its head by Amundsen, Scott, and Shackleton.

the edges of the ice floes where they meet pile up in regular series of ridges. If, however, the winds are not strong during the autumn, the ice of the polar sea may be intersected by lanes and pools of open

SLEDGE PARTY ON THE MARCH. WITH GOOD GOING

Many are under the impression that the ice of the polar sea is as smooth as glass and that explorers simply ride to their destination on dog-sledges. In summer the ice of the polar sea is constantly moving, large fields of ice, ranging from ten or fifteen to over one hundred feet in thickness, drifting under the influence of wind and tide, smashing against other fields, splitting them, crushing up their edges and forming new ridges until the surface, when it again hardens in the winter, is in many places simply a chaos of broken ice. Nine tenths or more of the distance between northern Grant Land and Greenland and the pole is composed of these floes, the rest being ice formed by the sea-water freezing during the autumn and winter months.

Continued northerly winds during the autumn, when the masses of ice are gradually freezing together, will force the ice toward the shore, while farther out water, and on these new ice, fairly smooth, and never over eight or ten feet thick, will form. Such a condition is very favorable for sledge travel.

The difficulties and hardships of travel over ragged pressure ridges must be experienced to be appreciated. A trail oftentimes must be hewed out with pick-axes, and the heavily loaded sledges pushed, pulled, hoisted, and lowered over the hummocks and steep acclivities, and sometimes even unloaded, and the equipment carried over on one's back.

On our return from farthest north in 1906 we encountered a seemingly endless and indescribable chaos of broken and shattered ice in the region where we had been held up by the big lead on our upward march, and it took grim and exhausting work to carry us through it.

Bad as the pressure ridges are for sledge-traveling, however, they are not nearly so dangerous as the leads or lanes

of open water caused by the action of wind and tides on the ice. In some cases these are mere cracks running across the floes in almost straight lines; in other cases they take an irregular course across the ice, and are just wide enough to prevent crossing. Again they will be as large as rivers, a mile or two wide and many miles long. For a polar-sea explorer leads are an omnipresent nightmare. When or where they will occur is impossible to tell. It may be with a loud report directly ahead of a party, cutting off their advance northward or cutting off their return to land on the way back. It may be directly in the midst of camp and through an igloo. With every northward march on my last two sledge-journeys fear of impassable leads increased, and I would find myself hurrying breathlessly forward toward every pressure ridge, fearing it concealed a lead beyond it. Arriving at the summit and finding no lead ahead, I would soon find myself hurrying on in the same way to the next one.

The best way to cross wide leads is learned only by long experience. Sometimes a detour east or west will result in finding a place narrow enough to permit long sledges to be bridged across. In very cold weather it may be found practicable to wait until new ice forms thick enough to allow a sledge to be rushed across; or a lead may show signs of closing, in which case a party can wait until it is quite close together. Occasionally large pieces of floating ice are to be found in a lead, forming a sort of pontoon-bridge across it. One member of the party goes ahead to pick the way, jumping from one cake to another, and making sure the weight of dogs and sledge will not tilt the cake, then encouraging the dogs to go forward, while the driver of the sledge steers it, and at the same time balances the cake of ice to keep it from overturning.

To make dogs leap across a widening crack is work which requires an expert dog-driver. Some can do it without any trouble by use of the whip and voice; others have to go ahead of the dogs and coax them to make the jump by holding their hands low and making a pretense of shaking a morsel of food. Leads which are too wide to jump the dogs and sledges across can be ferried by hacking out a cake of ice large enough to bear the weight of dogs and sledges. It sometimes happens that a narrow lead will open before the entire party has crossed. This occurred on my last trip north, an Eskimo with his sledge and dogs being left on the other side. An impromptu ferry-boat was cut out of the ice on our side of the lead; two coils of rope were fastened to each other and slipped around the cake. Two Eskimos boarded it; a line was thrown across the lead to the other Eskimo, while one on our side held that end. Then the two men on the ice-cake took hold of the rope and pulled the raft across the lead. The dogs and sledge and other Eskimo were taken upon the ice-cake, and we hauled them across to our side. Leads which assume the proportions of rivers, such as the one we encountered on the way north in 1906 and on our way back the same season, are a different matter, and the only thing one can

REBUILDING A SLEDGE

APPROACHING A BIG LEAD THROUGH ROUGH ICE

do is to wait until young ice forms strong enough to afford safe passage.

With low temperatures ranging to sixty degrees below zero, the necessity of having to march all day in the face of a blinding snow-storm, with the wind piercing every opening in the clothes, and then having to build an igloo for shelter at the end of the day, are other hardships.

An ever-present danger in sea-ice work is that of breaking through young ice and getting wet. A mishap of this kind is to be dreaded, for even if a man is able to get out of the water quickly, it means some uncomfortable hours, and sometimes the delay of building an igloo in which he can get dry clothing on.

For a sledge-journey of any length across the polar sea, the method of pioneer and supporting parties has proved the most effective. A pioneer party was introduced for the first time in my work, and while supporting parties had been used in arctic work before, they had never been utilized on such a scale as on my last expedition.

The pioneer party was made up of four experienced and energetic men, with lightly loaded sledges and the best dogs in the pack. This division left Cape Columbia under the leadership of Bartlett twenty-four hours ahead of the main party. In all kinds of weather and regardless of every obstacle except impassable leads, a march was to be made every twenty-four hours. Later, when the sunlight was continuous during the twenty-four hours, the advance party kept only twelve hours ahead of the main division, breaking the way and, in fact, setting the pace for the main party, which, having to waste no time in choosing and breaking a trail, could cover the same distance as the reconnoitering party in less time, even with more heavily loaded sledges. Bartlett traveled ahead of his division, usually on snow-shoes, picking a trail. My main party was large enough to permit the withdrawal of the men from the advance party to the main party as they became exhausted by the hard work and lack of sleep, and the sending out of fresh men to continue the work. This enabled me to conserve the strength of those who were to make the final dash for the pole.

The advantages of supporting parties cannot be too strongly emphasized. It is impossible for a party, either large or small, to drag food and fuel enough to sustain life in themselves and their dogs for a distance of nine hundred miles across

the polar sea. Just as soon as a party consumes the provisions of one or two sledges, the drivers and dogs, being just so many superfluous mouths, should be sent back to headquarters with their empty sledges. When another sledge-load or two of provisions have been depleted, their drivers and dogs should likewise return. In all, four supporting parties were sent back one after another, the last one in command of Captain Bartlett, leaving me near the eighty-eighth parallel. Up to this point I had traveled in the rear of my party in order to see that everything was going smoothly. On sending back Bartlett's division, however, I took my place at the head of the party that was to make the final dash. This was of necessity a small group and most carefully chosen, consisting of Henson and four of my best Eskimos.

The second important duty of the supporting parties is to keep the trail open so that the main party can return rapidly. That this is no slight consideration is shown by the fact that in twenty-four hours, or sometimes in twelve hours, the fierce winds of the North will start the jamming of the ice-floes, throwing up pressure ridges and forming leads. Ordinarily, though, the ice will not change much in eight or ten days, and a party in returning follows the outward trail, patching up any faults or breaks that have occurred in it since it was broken. The next party, returning a few days later from a point still farther north, knits together the broken places in its own trail, and, coming to that of the first returning party, smooths over any breaks which may be found. The next party does the same, and so on until the main party, on its return, has simply to follow the trail of the supporting parties instead of having to reconnoiter for one. With no trail to make and the dogs eager to follow the homeward track, the speed of the main party on my last expedition was greatly increased on its return march, the upward journey having been accomplished in twenty-seven marches, while the return was made in sixteen. In addition to the advantage of having a broken trail to return by, the returning division uses the snow igloos which were built on the way north, thus saving the time and energy which the building of a new igloo at the end of each long march would mean.

As far as the polar dash was concerned, the work of each supporting party was finished as soon as it reached land. Each of these parties, consisting of four men, was entirely independent, having its own provisions and a complete traveling outfit. With the exception of the kitchen box, containing the alcohol-stove and cooking-utensils, each *sledge* was complete. In the event of a mishap and the loss of the cooking outfit, the division losing it would have to double up with another division.

The number of miles covered in each march was first estimated by dead reckoning; that is, by taking the compass course for direction and the mean estimate of Marvin, Bartlett, and myself for distance traveled. At intervals of several marches this was checked by observations for latitude, and proved to be satisfactorily approximate to the results obtained by our astronomical observations.

Thorough preparedness for a sledging-trip is of vital importance, and no time devoted to the study and perfection of the equipment for a long journey can be considered wasted. It must be devised to meet every condition and every extreme, and my sledge-trips have always been preceded by days and weeks and months of careful attention to the slightest details. To the inexperienced the amount of work thus involved, even for a small party, would be surprising.

Every precaution should be taken to render every article of equipment as impervious to the dangers of injury or breakage as possible. This not only saves the extra burden of a repair outfit, but valuable time in the field.

Next in importance comes weight. Everything should be just as light as it can possibly be made; for the number of miles a party can travel depends on the amount of food it can carry, and every pound deducted from the weight of equip-

PARTY LEAVING THE *ROOSEVELT* FOR CAPE COLUMBIA

ment means an extra pound added to the food-supply.

The first item of equipment to be considered is the sledge. Upon it all depends, and no detail of its construction is too small to be of the utmost importance. It must be of as easy traction as possible, and as light in weight as it can be without the sacrifice of strength for lightness. Twenty-three years of arctic sledge-traveling and experience with all types of sledges have given me clear and definite ideas as to essentials and non-essentials in the construction of sledges. Those built for my first expedition were modeled on the same general principles as the McClintock sledge, but weighing about one third as much. Each succeeding expedition has seen some improvement in our sledge designing and building, and the Peary sledge, used for the first time on my last expedition, is, in my opinion, the best type of sledge yet built for polar-sea ice-work. Because of the length and shape of this style of sledge, it proved itself more durable and much more easily drawn than any others I have ever used.

It is two feet wide, from twelve to thirteen feet long, with a height of seven inches. The sides are of solid oak, curving up in back as well as in front. Ash runners two inches wide are attached to the sides. The runners are equipped with steel shoes two inches wide. All fastenings except of the shoes to the runners are of sealskin lashings, making a sledge which is strong enough to support from one thousand to twelve hundred pounds.

I also used on my last expedition the regular type of sledge that has been in use among the Eskimos since the early days when they had to depend on the bones of the walrus and whale and the antlers of the deer for material for building their sledges. This type of sledge has two oak runners seven inches in width and one and a quarter inch in thickness. These are steel shod, but are curved only at the front. To render them better adapted to the special work before us, I increased the length of these Eskimo sledges from six or seven feet to nine and a half feet.

Sledges intended for inland ice-work may differ from those to be used in sea ice-work. Deep, soft snow is generally prevalent in the interior regions, and to keep a sledge from sinking into it, it must be equipped with broad, flat runners. There can also be a decided gain in lightness in the sledges for this class of work, although the strong winds of the ice-cap carve portions of it into sharp, almost marble-like sastrugi, which test the powers of endurance of the best of sledges. None of those used by me in my Greenland inland-ice cap-work weighed over fifty pounds, while those used on my trip to the pole averaged ninety-five pounds.

After the matter of a suitable sledge, come questions of rations, dress, instruments, dogs, and the size of the party required for the work in hand. For any serious sledge-journey in polar regions there are four and only four food essentials, whatever the time of year, the temperature, or the length of the trip. These are pemmican, tea, ship-biscuit, and condensed milk. Long experience with these foods as staples has convinced me that nothing else is necessary either to provide heat for the body or to build muscle. The pemmican for my last expedition was a preparation of lean beef dried until it was friable, then ground fine, and mixed with beef fat, sugar, and a few raisins. No more concentrated or more satisfying meat food can be prepared, and it forms the one absolutely indispensable item of any polar sledge-ration. Our tea also was compressed in order to save bulk.

A daily ration of one pound of pemmican, one pound of biscuits, four ounces of condensed milk, and half an ounce of compressed tea, with six ounces of alcohol or oil for fuel, will keep a man in good working condition for an indefinite period even in the coldest of weather, and this has been the standard ration on all my later polar sledge-trips. I have always tried to keep my dogs as well, if not better, fed than myself, and have found one pound of pemmican per day sufficient to keep a dog healthy and strong, although, if necessary, an Eskimo dog can keep hard at work for a considerable time on very little to eat.

In my expedition of 1891-92 I deliberately planned to use dogs for food for the first time, I believe, in the history of arctic exploration. As the dogs wore out, we fed them to those remaining, or ate them ourselves, thus making our load of provisions last much longer. This has been the principle of all my subsequent trips, and results have fully proved it to be a sound one.

My parties in the field have had two meals a day, one before the march, the other after it. As the days shortened, and it became necessary to utilize every moment of daylight for traveling, our meals were eaten before daylight and after dark, there sometimes being a period of twenty-four hours between meals. On the polar trips the party that went ahead to break a way for the main party was allowed tea and a lunch at noon, so strenuous was the work.

The matter of suitable clothing for a sledge-journey is of the greatest importance to arctic explorers, and there is a wide difference of opinion among various authorities on this subject. I consider the impervious integument of animal skin absolutely essential, and the more fur is substituted for woolen clothing, the more comfortable the traveler will be. The clothing of the Eskimos is made entirely from the furs and skins of the various animals and birds of the North. Their patterns for clothing and the use of certain materials for certain purposes are the results of generations of experience in adapting themselves to the rigors of arctic life.

Believing their dress perfect for conditions under which they wear it, I have adopted it, with slight modifications, for my parties. The costume consists of a *kooletah,* or fur jacket; an *ahteah,* fur shirt; *nannookies,* or fur trousers; hare-skin stockings; *kamiks,* or boots of skin; and fur mittens. A light-weight union suit was worn under our fur clothing to prevent chafing.

With an outfit of this kind it is pos-

sible for a party to undertake the longest of sledge-journeys in very low temperatures, and under all conditions from sleeping in the open to the hard work of lifting and hauling the sledges over difficult places, with the minimum of discomfort.

ONE OF THE PEARY SLEDGES

The instrumental equipment for a sledge-journey of any length over the inland ice should comprise a theodolite, a sextant and artificial horizon, compasses, chronometers, thermometers, good field-glasses, cameras, and aneroids. The same instruments are required for a sledge-journey over the polar sea, and a sounding outfit should be added. Special items for sea ice-work are floats for crossing lanes of water, and coils of walrus lines for various purposes. Of course no equipment is complete which does not include firearms and snow-shoes.

Another important item of equipment on my last sledge-journey was an entirely new alcohol-stove of my own design, on which I spent days in perfecting and trying out during the long winter night. This new device worked splendidly, enabling us to melt ice and make tea in ten minutes, a process which on previous trips, with the old-style stoves, had taken a full hour or more. A saving of something over an hour and a half every day on a long sledge-journey over the sea-ice may mean the difference between success and failure.

A sleeping-bag has always been considered an essential item of equipment for sledge-parties, but I have not used one since my expedition of 1891–92. My parties in the field, on turning in for the night, simply place a musk-oxskin or deer-skin on the floor of the tent or snow igloo, and lie down with their clothes on. I have found this much more practicable than the bags, and much safer. In work on sea ice a man in a sleeping-bag would have virtually no chance to save himself should a lead open through his igloo.

In all winter sledge-traveling, and on my trips from Cape Columbia to farthest north in 1906 and to the pole in 1909, we depended entirely on snow igloos for shelter. Hunting-parties on my last two expeditions and sledge-parties sent out with supplies to the various depots between Cape Sheridan and Cape Columbia used specially made tents.

These tents are absolutely snow-proof, being made of a light weight of canvas, with a floor of canvas stitched to it. The fly of each tent is sewed up, and a small opening large enough for a man to crawl through is cut in the fly. A circular flap sewed round the opening, with a draw-string, make it perfectly tight. The tents are pyramidal in shape, supported by a single pole in the middle. Sledges or snow-shoes may be used to hold the sides down. They were made large enough to accommodate four men.

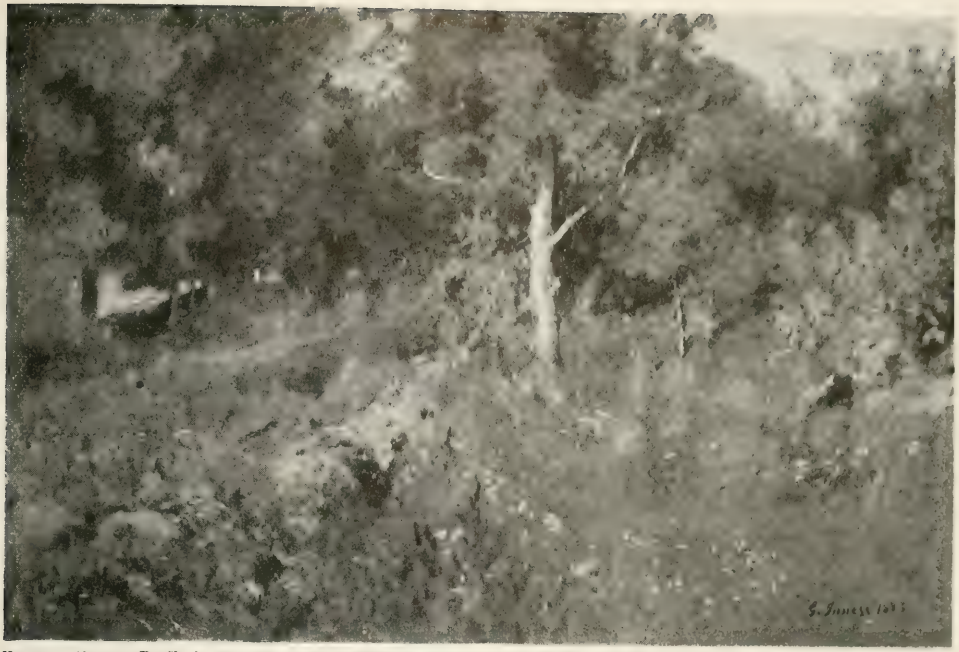
In addition to being snow-proof, they were also rendered water-proof by an application of linseed-oil. The tents were colored brown by soaking in tea grounds and a little hemlock bark, suggested by the custom of Labrador and some other fishermen thus treating the sails of their

boats. It makes the canvas more durable, and is a preventive of mildew. In our case it served a twofold purpose. One was to make the tent distinctly visible at a much greater distance, and the other was to soften the intense glare of the continuous arctic day when we entered it to sleep.

The standard sledge-load consists of supplies for dogs and driver for fifty days. In loading a sledge the main thing is to have the heavier articles as low as possible to prevent the sledge being easily upset. The pemmican for the dogs was put up in red tins, and that for the men in blue tins, the former weighing twelve pounds, the latter six. The length of these tins was exactly the same as the width of the sledge. A layer of dog pemmican covered the whole sledge, forming a floor to it. On this was placed the men's pemmican and two twenty-five-pound tins of biscuits. Next came the alcohol, put up in one gallon tins, and the cans of condensed milk. On top of this were stowed a small musk-ox rug for the driver to sleep on at night, snow-shoes and extra clothing, and a pickax and saw knife for making snow igloos. Extra *kamiks* are a necessity; for a journey of several hundred miles over rough ice and snow soon tells on one's footgear.

For tractive power I have always used the Eskimo dogs, and believe they are the *only* motor for polar work. Eight dogs are required to haul the standard load, but with an extra load or for fast traveling I have sometimes used ten or twelve good dogs. The dogs are attached to the sledges fanwise, the king dog of the team taking the lead, and there is no peace among the dogs of each team until it has been definitely settled among themselves which animal is the best or strongest of the lot. The Eskimos make their harnesses of sealskin; but when the dogs are living on short rations they will eat anything made of this material, and to prevent this, I have used a special webbing, or belting, two and a half inches wide. Instead of making the traces of rawhide, as the Eskimos do, I have substituted braided linen sash-cord for it. My dog harnesses were made on the same pattern as the Eskimos': two loops of belting, through which the dog's fore legs pass, attached by cross strips under the throat and back of the neck. The ends of the loops are tied over the middle of the dog's back, and the trace fastened to it, making a flexible harness which will permit a dog to pull to the full extent of his strength without cramping or chafing him. The art of guiding a team of lively Eskimo dogs by the voice and rawhide whip twelve or eighteen feet in length is something which requires long time and great patience to master.

(This is the last of the three articles on arctic exploration by Admiral Peary.)



From the Thomas B. Clarke Collection sale of 1899

SUMMER FOLIAGE

# George Inness

By ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD

Illustrations from paintings by George Inness

WE do not know what we should have had if George Inness had written his own biography. Eccentric it certainly would have been, with slight attention paid to those externals which are of interest to the general reader; for he was the most impersonal of men. He was never interested in himself as a man, though he was interested in the artistic man. He believed in himself as an artist very profoundly, and his mind, which was most alert, was ever delving into or solving problems connected with what he called "the principles of painting." Of this sort of thing we should have had a great deal, more, indeed, than any of us could have understood, because he was not always coherent. To himself his reasoning was very clear; indeed, he valued the results of these mental debates greatly, many times writing them down. What has become of these writings I do not know, but no doubt they were written in such a vagrant, disjointed way that they could not be pieced together by another.

In speech his vocabulary was rapid, extensive, extreme, not always well chosen as to meaning; but, when supplied with gesture and expression, words took on new meanings, and for the time were understandable. If reported verbatim, they would have failed of meaning. Just how they would have appeared in any biography I do not know, for cold type is ever a cruel critic.

He once expounded to me what he called "the ascent of a fleck of soot to the pure diamond by the vortexical progress," and proved, to himself at least, divinity. Frankly, I could not follow either the thought or the reasoning, though it seemed intensely interesting, and I begged him to write it down. He said that he had spent the night doing so, but I have never

heard of the writing, and inquiry did not reveal it. During the delivery of this exegesis his declamation was flaming, very fierce and assured. His eyes sparkled, his mane-like hair was tossed about, and his hands were as vigorously in motion as possible, the whole manner commanding attention; but once completed, once fully told, the fever passed, and he was silent and very quiet. After such struggles he returned to his painting with new spirit and new insight, and always one could see the growth in power in the work. Who shall say what he saw within himself, what new realms or wide horizons were opened to his vision?

He was a man of great energy, but with no great amount of strength otherwise, and always he drove himself to the utmost. His best work was ever accomplished at white heat and under great emotion. Watching him closely, I many times saw him work with cold calculation, but without exception these pictures endured only for a time, and were repainted when the fever was upon him.

It was this consuming energy which burned up his vitality and brought his end. There was no other reason, no disease or insistent illness sapping away his life, but rather a burning up. Many canvases which have come down to us in their beauty and glowing glory cost him days of exquisite agony, so that we may truly say of them that they were painted with heart's blood.

In his mind there was no particle of that quality which we have come to know as modern art. His own was cast in those channels the canons of which have been written in all ages by those great men whose genius has made their work endure. He knew that fashion in art is a theory and a vain bubble, of no account to those who blow it or those who think its colors of worth. During his working days there were as many *isms* abroad as there are to-day, but he would have none of them, realizing keenly, as most thoughtful men do, that their lure is rather to the man who has no power of thought, of invention, within himself; that it is not, and, in its own nature, cannot be born of sincerity. Here alone is the rock upon which the true artist ever takes his stand.

Our study of the great work of George Inness easily discovers its sincerity. It matters not if we are looking at the careful studies of early days or the more synthetic canvases of the last years, we read in them all knowledge. How like the name of a god the word comes in the midst of work based on crudity! To Inness it was an essential thing, and always behind the consciousness of knowledge was nature.

In those works which express the man's message there is never a servile copying of place or thing; yet both are in place, both fully understood, and the beauty of the nature he wishes us to see is fully revealed—revealed, too, in George Inness's way. And that again is one of the beauties of great landscape art,—any art, for that matter, which claims to be fine art,—it is always plus the man.

There is little gain for art in the exquisite copying of things. Many have tried it, many have spent long hours and days in servile reproduction, and begotten in the end an emptiness, a thing which has the same relation to art that an inanimate has to an animate creature; but in the study which produces understanding, in the loving observation which teaches, in the absorption of idea—in such ways men acquire the knowledge which gives them expression, which permits them, within the silence of four blank walls, to see visions and to give gifts to men. It is through such works that we know and love the great men, and through such works that they uplift humanity and better civilization. They lift for us a curtain, and eyes which have been dull before are illumined. A great work, indeed!

It is because of this great inner vision that George Inness must take rank among the greatest landscape-painters, almost, we might say, himself the greatest of all, but for that American objection to the claims of any man in any walk of life to being acclaimed greatest.

THE GREENWOOD

Yet a measure of his work is being taken by the passing years, and we begin to see what a genius has dwelt among us. No matter the carping voice of critic, no matter the contempt of little painters of painted things, this was his towering gift to us—this power to present the essence of things. Consider, the greatest of his pictures were painted out of what people fondly call his imagination, his memory —painted within the four walls of a room, away from and without reference to any particular nature; for he himself was nature. And it is not alone the beauty of a great elm against a sunlit sky, it is not merely the chase of storm-driven clouds, it is not only the crash and thunder of mighty seas against the rock-ribbed shores of a continent, not morning, noon, or night; not one, but all were his, and all are George Inness.

His versatility was enormous; the glow of it wrapped about him like a flame. His eyes burned like fire when in coal and red-hot; he looked through the blank canvas, through the besmeared paint, through the days and hours of work, to that vision which was within himself, and that alone was his goal, and no likeness of any place or thing tempted him aside. The impetuosity of it as he approached the goal was like a storm, and to any but an understanding eye the process was as devastating as a storm; but high above the trammels of technic, of form, of color, of pigment, his soul, eagle-like, soared to its aerie, and the vision, wide of horizon, perfect in all its parts, was complete. Men do not paint so who have not the immortal spark. Tiresome drones who do their little and delude themselves—how easily are they scorched in such a fire! Fire it was, but not always alight. No man had deeper moods of despondency, no man suffered more deeply under baffled aims, no man more ruthlessly destroyed in order to make new, than this painter; but like a grim warrior, against whose striving the battle has gone badly, he would say, "I 'll do it to-morrow." The splendor of this

courage never left him. To the last he knew and believed in his own gift, and seldom did it fail him. Time alone was needed, and the beautiful thing was sure of birth.

There is no doubt that he died when his powers were at their full; he would not have been content to linger if they had waned, and he would have been keenly aware of it. Elsewhere I have tried to show that there was change: the early, exact, careful analysis; the middle, broader, fuller, more colored period; and the latest, synthetic style, which includes so many of his beautiful works. But always the power was there.

It is perhaps interesting to note the difference in the artist who works in the way that I have here tried to indicate and in that more exact copyist, who, strong only in his eyes, and depending always upon them, grows blind and weak at the last. His is never the glory of departing in flame, like some grand old viking, who seeks his rest in the burning hour of inspiration.

A painter critic has spoken of Mr. Inness's technic as being "empirical." By technic he refers to the method of using his pigment to produce result. Such an opinion is largely the voice of the schoolman, of one who in the schools was taught the precise method of mixing tints and conveying them to the canvas, each tint to represent a certain plane or value in the form. One does not want to quarrel with the schools, for their place and usefulness is clear, but it is quite possible to say that the student who stops with what he gains in a school does not go far. If he does not pursue, investigate, and experiment, he will never discover, and discovery is essential to any personal, technical expression; and such development, when successful, is apt to reveal not only the painter, but the artist. Also, one must be able to control this result of experiment until it becomes a servant, willing, plastic, ready at all times to the guiding will. This was colossally so with George Inness, and his technical power was so superior to what the intellectual schoolmen accomplish that his work burns with the fire of genius and inspiration. He himself believed that his method was intensely scientific. Certainly the proof lies in his work. If there were times when it seemed to fail him, times when change

From the Thomas B. Clarke Collection sale of 1899

NINE O'CLOCK

From the Thomas B. Clarke Collection sale of 1899

GRAY, LOWERY DAY

and repainting were necessary, it may not rest a charge against the clarity of his method. Much goes into the use of pigment other than brush-work. An overstrained nervous system, a stomach out of order, a voice which persists, will untune the finer forces and render a day's work wholly abortive; the humming of a fly or bee has robbed many a sensitive artist of his day's result.

Inness knew truths of color that I have never known any one else even to glimpse. He knew great principles of color application which lesser men could not grasp. He had no interest in details of color or in small, attenuated tints. His was the power of mass, the authority of tone upon tone, the concentration of a tone in its base color, which lured you into consciousness of its presence. In another it would have been inconceivably dull and stagnant. For these reasons and more I believe he not only had a masterly technic, but I believe it more nearly equaled the strength and understanding of the great masters than any of our men have attained. He is certainly not like any one of the great galaxy; you may find kinship of energy and dynamic force in Tintoretto more than another. He was fond of thinking it was Titian he most resembled, and the spiritist mediums, finding this out, were forever telling him that Titian stood at his elbow. The impetuosity of Tintoretto was fully reflected in Inness: his swiftness in composition, his ease of expression with the brush in great masses without previous outlines reflects, also, some of the great Italian's characteristics, and each had the capacity for holding the wild, splendid force in leash until great tenderness was achieved. To say, then, that his technic was anything but suitable is to misstate, and to misunderstand the man.

Among the younger painters of the day it is a habit to speak slightingly of Mr. Inness and his method of work. They say his technic was fumbling, uncertain, glazy, and lacking in directness; that he could not paint frankly or directly; that his effects were rather matters of chance than anything else. Oh, the wisdom of youth —youth whose smallest utterance is axiomatic! Have they ever seriously looked upon the "Gray, Lowery Day," a canvas painted rapidly, with no hint of glaze or

fumble, a canvas in which the goal is reached with the precision of the great master? And such a goal! Here is no simple sketch of uninteresting objects, but a mood of nature so subtle that thought of it even is intangible and enveloped within intricacies of form so elaborate that the rendering of them under most passive conditions would tax the powers of any technician; and yet this envelop of moist, rainy atmosphere is rendered with a direct touch, a transfer of pigment to canvas as direct and exact as a Franz Hals or a John Sargent, both the gods of direct painting, and in the finished result Mr. Inness has produced a work of unity and pure beauty, enough in itself to proclaim him a world master.

Or, again, may I direct the attention of these immature artists to that other well-known work and very noble example of direct painting, the "Summer Foliage," a picture in which the difficulties were enormous and the details most elaborate, involving, also, a control over greens, which is the most trying color to manage, and the brush of George Inness renders this with a sanity and joy that is fair necromancy? No juggler could have handled his material with more alertness and conviction, and there has never for an instant been the loss of the central vision of beauty. This was the creed of George Inness—beauty. Translated into all its forms, loved as spirit, religion, God, this he searched daily, hourly, and worshiped.

Could he have had an early intellectual, even scientific, training he would have reached tremendous heights intellectually, for his mind was that of an investigator. If to-day the things we read of him are incoherent, they are so rather in form than in substance. A careful analysis will discover the true center, the germ truth which he wished to convey, and nearly always it is a vision, a creation of an intense, yearning spirit. Intense, eager, often abandoned in his speech, there was the glow of idea behind all his thought; and however abstruse the theme, he carried it back with unerring persistence to his work. There, he knew, was his chief hope of expression.

Does it matter if untrained minds can not read these things in his works? Does it matter if a large element of the general public, or even the artistic public, shall say these things are purely imaginary, no picture can contain such things, it is merely what it appears to be, and that ends it? The answer is, George Inness did not trouble himself to paint for the public. First and foremost, he, the artist, not the man, was to be satisfied; he must be able to discern in the work that significance he sought to hand on, and when he found it in his picture, that moment the canvas was finished. Finished then for him was expression. Try him by no other laws. Complain not of roughness or smoothness, cavil not at incomplete or imperfectly rendered forms, at blemishes, or scratches, or unexplained spots. These may all be present, but behind all is the man, and his vision freely given and freely expressed. If we cannot see, the fault lies in ourselves.

Just as truly all these things may be said of any of the masters; of Corot less perhaps than of Rousseau, of Dupré more than of Millet; of Velasquez; of Hals; of everybody who has been remembered in the great mill-race flood of painters through the ages. Few, alas! can grapple with the mighty forces underlying a great work; but none surely may be frivolous or contemptuous in its presence, unless, indeed, he be a Post-impressionist or Futurist. But, then, I am speaking of human beings.

Can any sane man, however untrained, go into the presence of the great portrait of Innocent X by Velasquez and remain unmoved? Can any man of even partial culture remain unmoved in the presence of the great "Moonlight" recently shown by George Inness? These are of the essence of greatness, and it is this essence which George Inness distilled in the long years of his labor, until in the end the roll of his great achievements was very long.

He often wished that he might be privi-

Owned by Mr. Victor Harris

MOONRISE

leged to paint only one truly great work. Perhaps, in those halls where gather the great of all times and ages and peoples he has been welcomed with this assurance. That might well be heaven indeed to so striving a soul.

Mr. Inness was most happily fortunate in his marriage. To one of his impetuous, easily ruffled nature the lack of sympathy in his wife would have been a constant irritation and impediment to his progress; but his wife was sensitive to his every mood, careful of his needs, keenly alive to his hopes in his work, and to the last hour of his life his comfort and his friend. That last cry at the Bridge-of-Allan, when he knew the final moment had come, was not to God or man. "Take me to my wife," he said. She was then his refuge and his strength, and we, who have had so much from him, must remember her with fullest gratitude.

You will search far in his work to find an insincere canvas or an irreverent one. If there were times when he painted the uncongenial thing because it was ordered, it was done that he might be free to pursue those beacons which ever burned ahead of him.

No man ever had a more bitter tongue for the thing which was untrue in art—"a sham," as he called it. No man could scold with sterner rebuke, and none was more generous in praise when it was deserved.

If we are to estimate him correctly or fully, we must see clearly and bring together all these qualities, and then only may we discover the true worth of his work. It is not enough to say, "That 's a fine thing," of a work which contains so much. It is not enough to pass it with a slight comment, as we see frequently done by our critics. A great work merits great attention and deep consideration, and it is necessary to bring to such consideration ripe understanding. Also preconceived bias warps judgment. Mr. Inness was not always a good critic; his own thoughts dominated him, forced him to see things in his own way; and to yield to him palette and brushes was to unfold speedily not a criticism, but an Inness. Perhaps this should be so, as a strong personality should not give up its own; but one would look elsewhere for criticism. For such reasons, no doubt, Mr. Inness had no pupils. He had from time to time certain men near him, but with him to teach meant to control.

I have always been glad that he was so violent. It is better to swallow one's spleen and learn than to chew the rag of discontent.

Nowhere in his work will be found any picture with likeness to the art of another; they are his own, warp and woof, and no shred of anybody else creeps in, and this despite his avowed admiration for many others. Time after time I 've heard him say of some finished thing, when his enthusiasm was ripe, "It 's like a Claude, or a Turner," and then slyly, but it 's more like an Inness." For Claude and for Turner he had great admiration, but also ready criticism. He was hostile to any thing that was "niggled." Breadth was essential, and for this quality many of his own works were obliterated; but his relentless courage brought the great work to completion in time.

Much has been written of him as artist and man, much that savors merely of the reporter's comments, and some things so vague and wordy that nothing of an image remains. I, myself, have tried to set down in various places and ways my impressions gained in many years of close association, but I am aware of the futility of re-creation. He has gone, and the wisest and best way to know George Inness is to sit before his works, to search them to their depths, to study each item of composition, its bearing upon the great mass, to find, if one may, the law by which he constructed his proportions and placements, to discover the reasons for color or tone choice, or that deeper significance, the impulse, artistic and religious, which created it. So we will come into closer touch with his great genius, so we will live with his spirit, and presently be able to understand why he should be accorded that high place in landscape art which is second to none,

more dynamic than many, intenser than all, true as the best, and with a musical chord in his color that has never been approached.

Time, inexorable and vast, passes along the way; he reaps here and he reaps there, and the reapings fall and wither, but ever he stops with each passing year to lay a fresh leaf of imperishable laurel upon the calm brow of him who lives forever.

From the Thomas B. Clarke Collection sale of 1899

WINTER IN MONTCLAIR

# The Last of the Czar's Exiles

By FORTIER JONES

Author of "With Serbia into Exile"

THE Siberian silence was about us all the drowsy afternoon. In its monotonous vastness it became physically oppressive, like the endless forest that gave it birth, stretching westward and eastward seven thousand miles from the Baltic to the Okhotsk Sea, southward so far as the windy Kirgheiz Steppe, and northward until the frozen tundras of the Arctic Ocean conquered its matted wilderness. We had come by slow steamboat down the yellow, twisting Ob into the heart of it, had been dumped one hot morning on a muddy bank beside a log cabin, and for two weeks had explored overland the notorious exile places that it held. After a vast number of official difficulties, full investigating powers for the entire Narym district had been obtained, as many things were wont to be obtained from the old Russian régime, seemingly by pure chance. Special envoys, even a minister plenipotentiary, had tried to get something more than mere permission to pass through this region, and had failed. Then one bright day for us a governor nodded, and the road was made easy, which is not to speak of the vile trails we had been following since we left the boat. Nothing short of aëroplanes could have made easy those intangible tracks through the forest, which seemed to have been purposely cut over the roughest ground possible, and bristled with stumps and boulders. Up hill and down dale, through sluggish creeks and abominable steaming marshes, we had traveled dashingly in curious four-wheeled wagons which the Russians call telegas. They are innocent of springs, and the two Mongolian beasts that drag each of them, always at a gallop, lack only stripes and horn to rival untamed unicorns.

On this particular afternoon we had as our Jehu a leathery Ostiak who presided with yelling, demoniacal daring over horses and wagon and was just one degree worse than no coachman at all. His skill was impeccable, his judgment desperately at fault. In a little more than two hours he had carried us over thirty miles of stumps and stones, with only two complete turnovers and one broken tire, and we were coming at sunset to the desolate assemblage of miserable huts called on the gendarmes' official maps the *selo* of Chigara.

I was inspecting the exile district as representative of the American embassy in connection with the care of German and Austro-Hungarian prisoners of war. This tremendous task of alleviating as much as possible the lot of both civilian and military war prisoners had been assumed by the United States at the beginning of the war for the Central powers in Russia, and for England and France in Germany and Austria. From comparatively small beginnings the relief operations spread until the scale on which they were carried forward was stupendous. The minister of a neutral country, while visiting the relief division of our embassy at Petrograd, suddenly exclaimed, "You do not have a chancellery here, but a department of government."

My only companion was Alexander Ivanovich, which is n't his real name at all. Through his fluent English and beautiful Russian the exile villages became articulate for me, and his brown Polish eyes frequently pierced the veil of those inner mysteries of Russian things which otherwise would have brought me only blank amazement.

The unceasing yells of the Ostiak as he

reviled his steeds punctuated, but in no way alleviated, the forest stillness, and as we turned at last into the straggling, grass-grown road of the village, solitude seemed to have worked its spell there also. Perhaps a hundred cabins were in the place. They were all alike, built of large, round logs and appearing as stout as guard-houses, scattered and jumbled in grotesque fashion, as if they might have been a cluster of toadstools sprung up overnight from the rotting earth. On all sides, closely pressing upon them, were the birch and cedar woods, already filled with dark night. Only on their topmost, motionless branches twilight rested in a golden haze. A month earlier here it had been continuous day, but now the swift autumn was approaching, with its almost continuous night.

No herald had come to announce our advent, and we had rushed on from our last stop; but in some inscrutable manner news travels swiftly among the exiles, and the cabins had delivered up their quota to welcome us, or, at any rate, to stare. My mission had to do only with "enemy aliens,"—Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, Bulgars, and Turks,—but here, as at all the other villages, exiles of every class and condition flocked around us.

"You are a free American. Lend me a hundred rubles; perhaps I can escape," "Please tell your President about our sad sort," "Pray present this petition to the ministry in Petrograd"—such petitions deluged me at every stop, although they never came through the proper channel of Alexander Ivanovich, for he smacked of the Government to the petitioners, and in the very best of schools caution had been taught these forest-dwellers.

Carrying a last high stump by assault, Jehu deposited us in front of the peasant hut that served as an inn for the only visitors the village ever had, the inspecting gendarmes and forestry employees of the Government. The exiles thronged about us in a half-circle. There were several hundred Galician Jews, who bowed to the ground and gibbered unintelligible things to us. Alexander Ivanovich went into the hut to inspect accommodations of a sort with which we were already too familiar. As he disappeared, I heard a voice address me from the fringe of the crowd. It was recognizable as a feminine voice, but there was nothing in it but the barest, bleakest, dullest depression.

"I am glad you have come," it said in perfect English, with only a slight accent.

SUMMER NOT FAR FROM THE ARCTIC CIRCLE. THE WRITER IN HIS TELEGA WITH HIS OSTIAK "JEHU," INSPECTING THE NORTHERN VILLAGES OF NARYM

The tone was entirely uniform, as featureless as pouring sand, with no trace of inflection or varying emotion. "I am glad you have come," it repeated, but there was no gladness in the words.

To be addressed in correct English from that strange crowd was surprising enough. I could not see the owner of the voice, but a pathway was opening through the ranks of spectators, and finally I saw a woman approaching. Originally she had been tall, but this only made her more stooped now. She was not old; her face held few of the fine wrinkles that age delicately traces. Instead, across her forehead and around her mouth were deep, harsh lines, for the cruel explanation of which one had only to look into her eyes. They were unmistakably the eyes of a fanatic, a person ruled with terrible tyranny by one idea, but a fanatic who had suffered intensely. As a sort of mist over their feverish gleam her expression showed dazed amazement, as if she were striving desperately, but futilly, to understand her surroundings. As she walked to me she did not lift her feet, but shuffled over the grass inexpressibly weary. Her wasted arms hung limp. At once I recognized her as a typhus convalescent. In the Balkans I had seen numerous cases like her, but with one exception I had never before seen a person convalescing from typhus show intense interest in anything. In this woman's gaze was an uncanny concentration, even a sort of triumphant exultation of which I became acutely aware as she reached me. Her dress was of one piece, which hung to her ankles, and was bound with an old patent-leather girdle. It was of cotton cloth, drab-brown and faded. In the gathering dusk the details of her features and costume were soon lost, and as she told me her story she seemed a shadow-draped statue, motionless before me, only her colorless voice showing life.

"Are you an American?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered; "and I am surprised to hear such perfect English in Chigara. I see you have been terribly ill. Have you been here long?"

"Yes," she said slowly, "I have been ill; but I have been here only one month."

"Then you were ill before you came?"

"I have been a prisoner for eight months now, and I have been ill most of the time."

"And where were you first a prisoner?" This was a safe question, whereas if I had inquired, "Why are you a prisoner?" it would have been an unpardonable *faux pas*. In the tiny villages where these exiles dragged out an existence that seemed to me unendurable, where their interests were restricted to the coming and going of the seasons and terribly familiar doings of one another, I never heard any person speak of the original crime or accident that had brought his neighbor there. The exiles frequently were eager to tell me their own stories, though, or what they wished me to believe were their stories. No one of them ever admitted guilt of any description. Some of them were obviously liars, many one could not but believe. The woman who was talking to me seemed entirely sincere.

"I was arrested in the Crimea," she answered. "I was kept a month in prison there, and then exiled to this place."

"But you arrived here only a month ago. Where were you the other six months?"

She answered with a little word that spells for the exiles of Siberia the thing they dread above all other phases of their punishment.

"Etape," she said. "I was sent here from the Crimea six or seven thousand versts away by etape. It took six months. Many of my companions died." She might have been counting knitting stitches for all the emotion her speech displayed.

"Would you like to tell me about it?"

"Yes; that is why I am glad you have come. Perhaps you may do something for me, for I am entirely innocent of any wrong-doing against the Russian Government."

This told me she must be either a political prisoner or an enemy alien, and I asked her nationality.

"I was born in Berlin, but I have lived

most of my life in Russia. Twelve years ago I went to the Crimea as a missionary for the German —— Church [she named a denomination which is one of the strongest in America]. I had a little school, and on Sundays I held services in the schoolroom. I did so for twelve years before the war. When the war began, a law was passed prohibiting enemy aliens from holding any sort of meeting. They told me this after I was arrested. I lived in a remote district, took no interest in the affairs of the world, and did not know it before. I had authority from my church and my God, and I thought that was enough." A tremor of emotion crept into her voice as she spoke these words. "When there was war I continued to hold meetings every Sunday, and nothing happened for many months. One morning when I went to my school I found two gendarmes there. They said they had come to take me to the police station. I protested that I had done nothing, but they said I must talk to the police master. This man told me he was going to put me into prison, and perhaps later I would be shot as a spy. He said that as I had been holding meetings without permission, I was guilty of trying to stir up a revolution. He would not permit me to return home for extra clothing or to communicate with any one, but locked me up at once."

TWO POLITICAL EXILES IN FRONT OF THEIR NARYM HOME. THE YOUNG MAN IS ONE OF THE WEALTHIEST IN RUSSIA, A MULTIMILLIONAIRE FROM MOSCOW. HE HAD LIVED EIGHTEEN MONTHS IN THE CABIN. THE YOUNG WOMAN IS AN ARTIST FROM RIGA

She paused, moved a step nearer to me, and looked out into the ink-black forest. The other exiles were growing restless; many went away, several came closer, waiting to tell their stories. A red moon bulged over the treetops. From stagnant pools clouds of mosquitos arose.

"He locked me up and for the month I remained there. My cell was filthy and full of vermin. I lived on black bread and cabbage soup. During the whole time I was allowed no opportunity for exercise, and many times was told I might expect to be shot on the morrow. One morning a gendarme came to say I had been exiled to the Narym district at least until the end of the war. I asked when I should go, and he said a party of prisoners was leaving in an hour. The prison had become so horrible to me that for a while I felt glad of any change, but then I had no idea of what the journey would mean. I know now."

Again she stopped, as if the recital were taxing her strength, and then her featureless voice purred on:

"I think about twelve prisoners started with me. Later some of these died, and more joined us. We were always losing some and taking up new recruits. We were marched to a third-class railway-carriage and locked in it during a journey of fifty versts, which lasted nearly the whole day because we spent much time at stations. No food or water was brought, and of course we were not allowed to leave the car. On arriving at a fairly large town, we marched five versts through the streets to a prison and were confined together in a room so small that there was scarcely space for us to lie side by side upon the floor. Many nights later conditions were even worse, but I suffered more at first because I was new to travel by etape. Of course the men and women were together. There was never the least privacy. During the whole journey we were quartered together indiscriminately. Among us were murderers, thieves, and the most debased criminals of all sorts. The walls of the prison were covered with cockroaches, crawling in thick masses over everything, and when we lay down we were covered with more loathsome insects. For six months continually I lived in such surroundings, traveling short distances at intervals until the mere monotony of it was maddening. I soon fell ill with malarial fever, and was delirious for weeks, but I was very strong and recovered, only to contract typhus when we crossed the Ural Mountains."

Above the forest the moon shone full in her face now. Alexander Ivanovich shouted from the cabin door to the exiles that they must come back in the morning.

"Please continue," I said.

"Oh, well, there is no use taking more of your time with what is past. It was all about the same except that as we came north and winter arrived we suffered terribly with the cold. The typhus left me broken in every way. For weeks I lay on a straw bed unconscious. I remember nothing of it, not even the name of the town. As soon as I could stand alone I was forced to continue my journey here. I don't know why God did not let me die. I stayed in one hundred and thirty-five prisons, and saw more than half my companions die. Had not one of them who died left me these clothes I should have nothing to wear now. I have been made to witness and live in intimacy with awful sin and degradation. I am now wrecked in health, without money or friends. No one interested in me seems to know where I am. I suppose I shall be here so long as I live. I know a woman who has been here fifty years."

She had been growing excited throughout the last of her speech, and now suddenly her tone flamed into tense emotion, and she trembled so that I thought she would fall.

"But I do not care, I do not care," she cried so loudly that I heard an echo in the forest. "They shall persecute me, they can kill me; it is nothing. The more I suffer, the greater is my glory, the brighter stars are in my crown." Her trite evangelical phrase took on an amazing vividness and reality in that remote Northern wilderness. It was full of an awful fanatic sincerity that brought a new sense of the exiles' limitless misery and lent an uncanny aspect to the whole gloomy place.

There were other interesting stories in Chigara. Because Brusiloff swept over the Galician plains four thousand miles away, Chigara had its population suddenly increased by nearly a thousand Jews in a state of abject poverty and want, ragged, filthy, starved, utterly bewildered. Means of transportation swifter than the etape had brought them there. At a moment's notice they had been torn from the frontier regions where they lived and as swiftly as possible deposited in the heart of primeval forests not far distant from the arctic circle. They were suspected of espionage, of having aided the enemy, and of revolutionary plots. They were suspects only; had guilt been proved, they would have been shot. The Galician Jews have been crushed and debased as completely as is possible for people possessing any civilization at all. Most of those at Chigara were of the lowest type, ignorant to an unheard-of degree, di-

seased, and weakened by insufficient food. They were dressed in their national costumes, which were intended for a very different world than the Siberian marshes. Where Ostiaks and Siberian peasants wore clothes of skins and leather, these Jews roamed about in long, black smocks like a priest's robe, in tatters, and caked with dirt. The thousand existed aimlessly in the forest, but, curiously, were not hopeless. The Russian Government allowed each of them nine and a half rubles a month to house, clothe, and feed themselves. This amounted to about three dollars in Russia last year. I was assured that all of them saved something each month against the day when they would be allowed to live in the world once more. To do this they lived twenty to a small cabin and subsisted entirely on fish and wild fowl. The forest formed a natural prison from which there was no escape except by way of the river, so that the Government did not watch very closely each village. Thus the Jews of Chigara were left to govern themselves to a large extent. There were cutthroats and crafty rascals among them who preyed on the stupid majority at every opportunity. Yet I found excellent order among them. They were ruled by an under-sized invalid too weak to walk about. It was the clearest sort of case of fearlessness, unselfishness, and a wonderful personality pitted single-handed against brutal, criminal cowardice, with the odds astoundingly in favor of the weak brave man. His name was Zweig, and there was scarcely five feet of him; but he had a fine brow, a dignified and even noble face, and his finely shaped hands twitched incessantly with nervous energy. He was a thorough Hebrew scholar. In Galicia he had been wealthy, and an important man among his people.

A RUSSIAN PEASANT OF THE EXILE COUNTRY DISPLAYING HIS WARES. CRUDE POTTERY HAS GROWN TO BE A CONSIDERABLE INDUSTRY HERE

One thing that I did for him was to forward a bill to the Austro-Hungarian Imperial Government for a hundred and fifty horses which he had sold the army just before Brusiloff invaded his region. He wrote them that he wished the money promptly, "as there was great suffering among his people." In Chigara he was shorn of his wealth, and his hold on his people was purely spiritual. I do not know why the old Russian Government deported him to Siberian torture. Perhaps he was a dangerous enemy. I only know that when I met him in that howling wilderness I met a man, a gentleman, and, I believe, a genius.

When Zweig arrived at Chigara he found the Jewish horde without a shepherd. There were quarrels hourly, resulting in fights and wounded men. The many wretched women were in a terrible situation, and the children, who were fairly numerous, were running wild. Nature, as nature has a habit of doing, was taking her way with these pitiful peo-

ple. Zweig sat down in a tiny hut, with a wooden bench for a bed and fish-bladder window-panes, and created a government out of nothing at all but his own inclination. He called together several of the more intelligent Jews, injected a little of his spirit and courage into them, and formed a governing committee which decreed that lawlessness must stop. Lawlessness stopped, Heaven knows why. A slight tap on the head would have ended Zweig, the forest would bury him, and certainly the Russian Government would hardly have exerted itself to catch the murderer. Zweig appreciated this fact fully, but it apparently made no difference to him. Having fully established his government when I saw him, he was founding a public school for the children, and asked me to send him the proper books. He knew the history and needs of every person under his self-constituted protection, and did wonders with the three thousand dollars I was able to allow him monthly for the relief of the Austrian Jews.

Children in the exile districts seem grotesquely misplaced, yet there were many. Some times the gendarmes' magic would lift a father from his too liberal fireside in Russia, and set him down without the humiliation of a trial in the glorious Narym solitude. Not infrequently his family followed him in order to share the new life, for, as elsewhere, fathers are loved in Russia. Particularly among educated men the continual, unrelieved loneliness tended to bring on insanity. I knew one fine business man, a millionaire of Kieff, and a direct descendent of Rouget de Lisle, whose little daughter came into exile with him to save him from this dreaded loneliness. She was fourteen years old, and they lived in a dreary village by the great river, in a log cabin with pink chintz curtains and a piano. She was a winning little thing, with happy, brown eyes and long curls, and to all appearances was no whit the worse for her exile existence. The fascinating life of the forest was familiar to her, the birds and flowers, and her father cared for her French and history. What a bright spot she was in that wretched place, and what a curious life for a little girl whose illustrious forefather had composed the "Marseillaise"! Her mother, who joined them later when her health would permit and they had gained permission to live in a town on the railway, was a sister of Mme. Curie. The despicable, treason-rotten old régime in Russia respected nothing on earth but

THE WRITER'S COMPANION SEATED IN A ROWBOAT ON THE OB. MUCH TRAVEL IS DONE BY GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES IN THESE BOATS, THE OWNERS OF WHICH RECEIVE SIX COPECKS A VERST

THE "HOTEL" FOR GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES IN AN EXILE VILLAGE

their own inexplicable, worthless, debased wishes.

How plainly one read among the exiles the pleasing tale of czardom's God-given wisdom! In Narym village I found a boy of twelve who had been deported from the Riga front nearly five thousand miles away because he was suspected of espionage. He was just a plain, pug-nosed little peasant boy who did n't know two dozen German words and was wholly ignorant about everything pertaining to the war except that it had robbed him of his home and parents and hurled him to the desolate ends of the earth. Officials had received orders to round up a certain number of "spies" in his village, and he happened to get mixed with the unfortunate wretches. That, at any rate, is as near as I could get to an explanation of his presence there. Evidently he had been caught by accident in the terrible net of official displeasure which never recognized or rectified a mistake. Had not the old Russian world crumbled to dust, that boy would in all likelihood have been forced to spend the rest of his life there, for he had no one to intercede for him.

In the same village was an aged Russian whose lower limbs had been entirely paralyzed for years and who was stone-deaf. He had been exiled in that condition on a charge of fomenting revolutionary plots. I could not get his story, for he was insane when I found him lying helpless and indescribably filthy in the corner of a stable, kept alive by a kind old Russian who brought him food.

Such were the more tragic human driftwood lying in the stagnant back-waters of Narym. But even the jungle has its humor, and exile society afforded some ludicrous, if pathetic, characters. There was the "Baron" of Narym, whose toes and elbows continually got the better of his delinquent costume. His speech and manners made it quite obvious that whatever his pre-exile condition, high life had played only a visionary part in it; but he clung to his false title despite all ridicule. The baron deigned to call on me, and sent a savage, half-naked little scrap of an Ostiak boy ahead to announce his visit. His salient points as he appeared were a rusty Prince Albert coat, a rubber collar, and an elaborate Spanish bow. He addressed me as Excellency and intimated that he came to beg a favor.

"Pray be so kind," he said, "as to purchase this slight list of articles and forward them to me." Presenting a fair sheet of paper, he bowed himself out. He wanted fifty cents' worth of calomel and half a dozen safety-razor blades.

Not all the exiles were Russian subjects or enemy aliens. I found the wife of an American citizen in the remotest of the villages, where she had been kept for two years, for no reason at all, according to her own statement. Also at a horrible little nest of cutthroats called Parabel I found an Italian named Giovanoni. Poor young fellow, he was tall and dark, with Dante's own nose and the eyes of a Sicilian. He was starved and ragged. An old Ruthenian doctor of philosophy, who apparently had no idea why he was there, and Giovanoni were about the only harmless men in the village. The police supervision was most ineffective here, and the day I arrived had witnessed violent street fighting at dawn with knives and axes. The jail was filled, and extra rooms had been requisitioned for the overflow of prisoners. Giovanoni was full of these simple events when he came to see me. He spoke the typical English of "Little Italy," which is difficult to reproduce. He had traveled widely in his short, but thrilling, life.

"I hava beena everywhere," he burst forth—"everywhere a gentleman can go, but unteel I coma here I hava omit som'ting vera important: I hava not visit the hell before. Here is our prison always full. Only in the jail can the gentlemen of Parabel gamble with safety. At all other places they may be robbed by their friends who do not play. So long as they have the money they remain in jail. When it is gona, they coma out and steal again and go back to their prison. Here am I not loved, I am not trusted: I hava not yet beena in the jail!"

"I am surprised to meet an Italian here," I hazarded.

"The Italian heemself is surprised. It was all quite most unexpected. I am engineer. I have study at Turino and Milano. Before the war I work with Russians at railway construction in the eastern Siberia. When Italy begina to fight I go to chief engineer and say I will return to my countree and fight also; so please give me my money. He say it can not be. Russia need engineers; I must stay. I reply I am Italian. I shall not. I am Italian; I go where I please; I go at once. I am Italian. He tell me he maka me work. He is officer of the czar. Without his permission I may not mova one little inch. I may not go to fight. Then I lose the temper at once, and like a fool I say once more I am Italian. I pulla the damn' czar's nosa. I am Italian. I fight when I want to. I call him and his czar a dog, a pig, a long-leg' stork. I maka him verra angry, too, and I go to my house. At midnight four men coma and pull me from the bed. 'Giovanoni,' they say, 'you are now the exile.' I reply it is not true; but it is true. I am put in the prison, I am robbed, I am sent here. I have write to our ambassador at Petrograd. He is the donkey, yet maybe he never hava the letter. To get angry was great mistaka. In Paris there is the automata. You drop in the five centimes and geta the pastry, in Russia you swear at the czar and get the exile. It is just so easy."

Another strange paradox was the case of an immensely wealthy merchant of Vladivostok. This man held the rank of general. He was certainly one of the greatest business organizers in Russia and had spread a vast system of stores over Siberia. In Vladivostok he had strong business rivals, and when the war began they seized their opportunity to crush him. He employed many Germans and had large business dealings with Germany. Some of his children had been educated in Germany. Whether he was guilty of any treason or not no one knows, but in twenty-four hours he was arrested and exiled to the Narym district. One of his two sons was in the German army, for he had settled in Germany. The other was a captain in the Russian army. The general was more than sixty years old, a short, slight man, highly intelligent, and bowed, but not crushed, by his misfortune. From the desolate village where he lived with a Chinese servant he was gamely carrying on a fight to expose his enemies and clear himself. The son in Germany had long been estranged from him, but the one in the Russian army he worshiped.

While his father was suffering in exile his son led a charge in Galicia, was killed, and buried with the Cross of St. George on his breast. The general's fellow-exiles kept the news from him for a week, fearing the blow would kill him. When at last he was told he said nothing, but sent a telegram to the governor of the province, the contents of which came to my knowledge: "While his innocent father was suffering undeserved disgrace, in exile, my son has done his duty as a soldier of Russia and given his life for the fatherland. Such injustice can not endure." Four months later the governor was himself in prison, and to-day the governor's emperor sits in exile.

Under the old Russian régime there seemed to be no such thing as a logic of events. Situations did not so much happen as explode into being with a disconcerting suddenness. Such disorganization as permeated the so-called system of justice wronged innumerable people, but by the same token sometimes real justice was served by this very looseness and irresponsibility of the gendarme system. The whole course of an exile's existence might be turned by the slightest incident that brought him the displeasure or the good-will of his uniformed masters. I knew in Siberia a Ruthenian musician and writer upon whom the mere accident of Austrian birth had brought down the uncompromising hand of official displeasure, but whose own wits came to his rescue in a remarkable manner. This man's name is doubtless not unknown to many music-lovers in this country, for he had made two extensive tours in America. He is a violinist of rare charm and a composer of some note.

When war began this B—— was a professor in the conservatory at Kieff, where he was well known and popular. When the Germans swept over Warsaw and even Kieff was disturbed with rumors of impending disaster, a proclamation was issued forcing all enemy aliens to leave the city within a few hours. The musician went at once to see the mayor, his personal friend, who told him an exception might be made in his case if he wished to remain. B—— replied that he thought it would be best for him to retire farther eastward to Rostoff, on the Don, in order to allay any suspicion that might be attached to him if he remained near the military zone. Rostoff being a city of extensive industries and much prosperity, it became the Mecca for the thousands of enemy subjects and refugees who were fleeing the ever-widening military area. When the professor arrived there he found the town flooded with these people and the authorities anything but kindly disposed. Despite introductions from his Russian friends in Kieff he was arrested and thrown into prison, all his papers being taken from him. Circumstances had forced him to leave Kieff not exactly penniless, but with insufficient money to last any great length of time. Some of this went at once for bribes to secure a few of the slightest comforts in his cell, where he languished several days before he was called before a police official of rather high rank. Beside being an accomplished musician, B—— is a keen student of human nature, and as he himself is of the purest Slav blood, knows a great deal about the subtleties of the Russian mind. This knowledge was his only resource now, for he had not sufficient funds to move so exalted a breast to compassion.

"When a gendarme came to fetch me to that official's office," he told me, "I had no idea what I was to do or what would be done to me. I knew he would never believe my story as to my voluntarily leaving Kieff, and I had no hope that he would trouble to make an investigation there. He would rather exile me at once to some remote place in Siberia as quite the easiest way to get rid of me. His anteroom was crowded with bedraggled Germans and Austrians waiting to be haled before him on various accounts. Many of them were doubtless guilty, but I felt sure that no great discernment would be exercised to discriminate between them and such as myself. We were a hopeless-looking lot.

"When my turn came, a common gen-

darme seized me by the arm and shoved me through the door into the inner office. There were several clerks and minor officials sitting about, and at the end of the room, on a low dais, sat my imposing judge. He looked like a lion, with his remarkably high brow, iron-gray hair flowing to his shoulders, and quite the haughtiest nose I ever saw. My first glance at him gave me an inspiration. Despite the fact that my appearance just then was far from prepossessing, I broke away from the gendarme and rushed eagerly to him, speaking in French.

" 'Ah, my dear M'sieur V——,' I cried, 'can it be true! *Mon Dieu,* what changes the war has brought! To think that I should meet you here just when I so need a friend. Ah, those happy days in Brussels! But when did you leave? Only at the beginning of the war, I think. *Cher maître,* who would have believed that you—'

"The official looked at me in blank amazement; but he was obviously pleased to be addressed in French, and replied in the same language, with the vilest possible accent:

" 'Perhaps you are mistaken. You see before you his Majesty's loyal servant. I have been for years—'

" 'Come, my friend, I pray you do not play with me now. You are most certainly M. V——, gifted director of the Brussels conservatory. Could I be mistaken in those eyes and that hair? It is not possible. No man in Europe is like you. But I see you have forgotten me, of course, your humble pupil. Try to remember B——, who studied there with you and who used to speak Russian with you when he was homesick. You surely recall that day when—'

"Each instant he grew more pleased and important, and then began to chuckle. Suddenly he grew stern and terrible and ordered all his underlings out of the room, swearing at them horribly, and saying I was a most important case, to be dealt with by him alone. So soon as they were gone, I continued:

" 'Is it possible, M'sieur, that I am mistaken? Do not tell me I have been so stupidly joyful. You are joking. You are Monsieur V——, is it not so? I could not fail to know my old master.'

" 'I don't know if you are truthful,' he answered, looking at me doubtfully, 'but are you truly a musician?'

" 'M'sieur, it is my whole life. I have studied in many countries. I came here from the conservatory at Kieff. I was arrested I know not why. Everything was taken from me, even my violin. I did not know what to do, and then I was brought to you, whom I immediately thought I recognized as the famous Russian musician, my old friend, Monsieur V——, known throughout Europe and even in America, where I, too, have played.'

"He suddenly rose and interrupted me."

" 'Now I cannot talk more with you. I want you to go out that side door and down some stairs to a street, where you will find my carriage waiting. Tell my coachman to drive you to this address, where you will find comfortable rooms at your disposal. Your luggage will be returned to you there. Please make yourself comfortable; but I beg of you do not try to go out upon the streets until I call for you this evening at seven.'

"I wasted no time, but at the door he called me back, and there was a funny look in his eyes, just like a Russian boy's."

" 'Tell me truly, M'sieur, do I really resemble the director of the conservatory of Brussels?' he said.

" 'To the very life. And I believe you are the only man on earth who looks like him. It is remarkable.' I confess that I began to feel a little ashamed of myself, he seemed so flattered.

" 'This evening there will be a party at my home. I am going to bring you. You will play, and we shall talk over things there. *Au revoir.*'

"I had no idea what I was in for, but in any case it was much better than the jail, so I obeyed him gladly. In a short time my luggage and my violin were returned to me, and for the rest of the day I had a most enjoyable sleep. My official friend appeared promptly at seven in his

carriage, and we drove a long way to his home in the suburbs. He confided to me that the great ambition of his life had been to be a musician, but he had had to

A GROUP OF EXILE CHILDREN PLAYING A RUSSIAN GAME SOMEWHAT SIMILAR TO BASE-BALL IN NARYM VILLAGE. IT IS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, BUT AMONG THE EXILES EVERY DAY IS SUNDAY

give it up to make a living, which, after looking at him, I did not doubt at all.

"I found a large gathering at his home and was introduced to numerorus gendarme and police officials as an old friend of his from the conservatory at Kieff. After dinner my time came to play, and you can be assured I did all in my power to play myself right into the hearts of that company. When at last I played some compositions which I announced were my own, my host was beside himself with pride. It was as if he owned me, and he went about telling the absurdest lies about our long friendship and how famous I had come to be abroad since he had first met me in Brussels! Not even in America did I ever achieve such a mad success. I was showered with compliments and inquiries as to how much time I could afford to waste in Rostoff, and many embarrassing invitations, which I had to answer evasively because I had no inkling of what was to become of me.

"Finally my new friend of long-standing sought out and spirited away to another apartment all the more important officials among his guests, asking me to play again during their absence. Soon after they returned, the party ended, and all left except some half-dozen of the officials whom my host had asked to remain. Disdaining the prohibition law, he brought out some specially fine vodka and caviar, and we smoked and talked a few minutes. Then he arose, and standing in front of me said in Russian:

"'My dear friend, I have spoken to these gentlemen about the unfortunate circumstances which placed you, my old comrade, in so trying a situation. We have discussed what is best to advise you to do. I am agreed with them in thinking it unwise that you should attempt to return to Kieff. We should have to make certain difficult explanations, and you might be worried again. I can give you permission to remain in Rostoff, and this is what I should like to have you do; but there are serious objections. So long as I am here, you would not be molested; but I may be removed suddenly. In addition, the city is very crowded, and all aliens are continually under suspicion. Much as I should like to have you here, after our long separation, I feel that it

would be unsafe for you, and my friends here agree with me.' "He stopped speaking and seemed confused, but at last continued: 'We know that circumstances may well have brought it about that in the matter of money you may be embarrassed. Although not experiencing the joy which is mine at renewing an old friendship, my comrades here feel that they have been privileged in hearing so great an artist interpret his own beautiful music. Whatever may be said of us, we Russians love and honor true art. We think that you will be more comfortable and can live in greater freedom at O—— in Siberia, which is not an unpleasant city and is situated on the railway. We earnestly beg that you will not refuse us the pleasure of aiding you a little on your journey and will accept this small memento of our pleasant meeting.'

"He handed me an envelope containing a thousand rubles and instructions where to go next day to obtain a railway pass to Siberia!"

The man who told me this story hated intensely the old gendarme system and the whole autocratic government, but he ended it with the observation that almost without exception the Russian people were deeply sympathetic and kind at heart, and that only the corrupt and blind system of government could explain the awful cruelty of which frequently the officials were guilty.

This significant fact goes far to explain the fine restraint and moderation with which the entire nation threw off the old régime, avoiding almost all excesses of hatred and vengeance. The revolution brought to the exile places of Siberia a liberation the like of which history had not seen before, but it was a peaceful liberation. When at the Russian Christmas Alexander Ivanovich drove me to the railway station to take the evening train for Petrograd a presentiment of this change was in the air, but how little we realized the transformation that was impending!

Under the brilliant, icy stars the Siberian winter was exquisitely beautiful. Our sleigh sped through the familiar birch-woods, which now had become a host of sleeping virgins wayward in the wistful beauty of their slim, bare forms, gleaming like pearl, and the massive, snowy cedars seemed like greatly burdened giants murmuring of rest. The mighty river had become like steel, supporting any weight. Along its dimly marked margin in the night we heard the sounds of the frost, a shuffling of the snow, muffled reports, a distant crackling in the forest, and slurring noises without location. Confused and quivering sounds came to us that one could fancy the spirit echo of a battle-field, the flight of ghostly armies from scarlet lands to lands forever pale. Beyond the dead river lay the dead waste of the steppes, fields for the Tatar-mad gales of January, home of the sable and ermine and white fox, a waste that shadowy herds of reindeer know and only the Siberian nomads will dare in a storm. Even ugly, dirty Tomsk had become a cluster of jewels on white velvet, with its spires of crystal slenderness, its many golden crosses and frosted sapphire domes. We left the cathedral behind and passed the grim prison which had confined in repulsive squalor Dostoievsky's marvelous genius; for of all countries the old Russia was the land of temples and of prisons. The tower, ecclesiastical or political, marked all her national landscape. It has been struck out in a day, and with it the exile places are gone.

During the last weeks of March the exile villages of the Ob moved in ragged, but deliriously joyful, cohorts into Tomsk, and their counterparts on the Irtysh around Tobolsk and on the Lena, beyond frigid Yakutsk, joined the amazing hegira to the railway. In the picturesque language of Alexander Ivanovich, "it was as if some irresistible wind from the North had arisen and drove them like dead forest leaves before it to the Trans-Siberian, where they filled every train that rushed them to Petrograd and Moscow. From Narym they flooded Tomsk in a day, and because we had visited them last summer, hundreds came hurrying to me, so that at last I had to bar the door and

stay at home, for they all wished immediate aid to carry them to Russia." In two weeks a hundred thousand of them poured out of the frozen wilderness on every conceivable sort of sledge, from those drawn by dogs to the thrilling Russian troikas, drawn by three horses jangling scores of bells. They flooded and jammed the forest trails, they broke new roads over the river ice, and did not pause through the long Siberian nights. Into Irkutsk alone fifty thousand came. Many of them had not been out of the forest for thirty years, had been sent into exile all the way by sleigh from Russia before the railway was constructed. The population gave them what clothes could be spared, and the train-loads of them exhibited grotesque sights indeed. One man seized the gold-embroidered coat of a deposed governor and wore it proudly home.

They who had been held as accursed suddenly awaked to find themselves the idolized heroes of a hundred and eighty million people who were in a great heroic mood. Their progress into Russia was one long triumphal march, with official receptions, banquets, and unlimited oratory at every stop. They reaped what in past generations tens of thousands of Russia's best died to sow, and the exile system, which was older than Peter the Great, crumbled in a cloud of glory for them. In the first pathetically bright flush of hope and confidence that followed the czar's overthrow the Russian people found in them a perfect embodiment of their sufferings and their liberation. Moscow and Petrograd welcomed them as no emperor was ever welcomed, and the lovely Crimean towns were soon teeming with them, where orange-groves and vineyards, songs and friendly laughter, restored shattered nerves. Russia, the mottled land of contrasts, the home of high lights, never presented a more striking spectacle. And this exile army has brought an incalculable influence to bear in that stupendous, immensely potential enigma which for want of clearer terms we call free Russia.

## Nocturne

By B. PRESTON CLARK, JR.

The summer lightning flashes silver fire,
  Like broken swords against the starless night,
And one tall cedar, like a village spire,
  Stands silent in the suddenness of light.

Here by the sleeping sea I shall await
  Until the friendly tide returns to me,
Stirring the silence at the river's gate
  To whispered words of wonder from the sea.

Far in the night a golden ship goes by,
  Like some slow serpent with a jeweled side,
And from the land a night bird's lonely cry
  Pierces the stirring of the stealing tide.

Then on the black and gold the rain descends,
And I remember how all glory ends.

# TOILERS OF THE SEA

*A series of seven drawings*

By Louis Weickum

I A TRIREME, THE BATTLESHIP OF THE ROMANS

II THE *GOLDEN HIND,* IN WHICH FRANCIS DRAKE CIRCUMNAVIGATED THE GLOBE

III A SPANISH GALLEON, THE TREASURE SHIP OF OLD SPAIN

IV THE *VICTORY,* THE FLAG SHIP OF LORD NELSON AT TRAFALGAR

V AN AMERICAN SHIP OF THE PERIOD OF THE CIVIL WAR

VI A MODERN STEEL SQUARE-RIGGER, HOVE TO IN A STORM

VII THE STEEL TRAMP OF TO-DAY

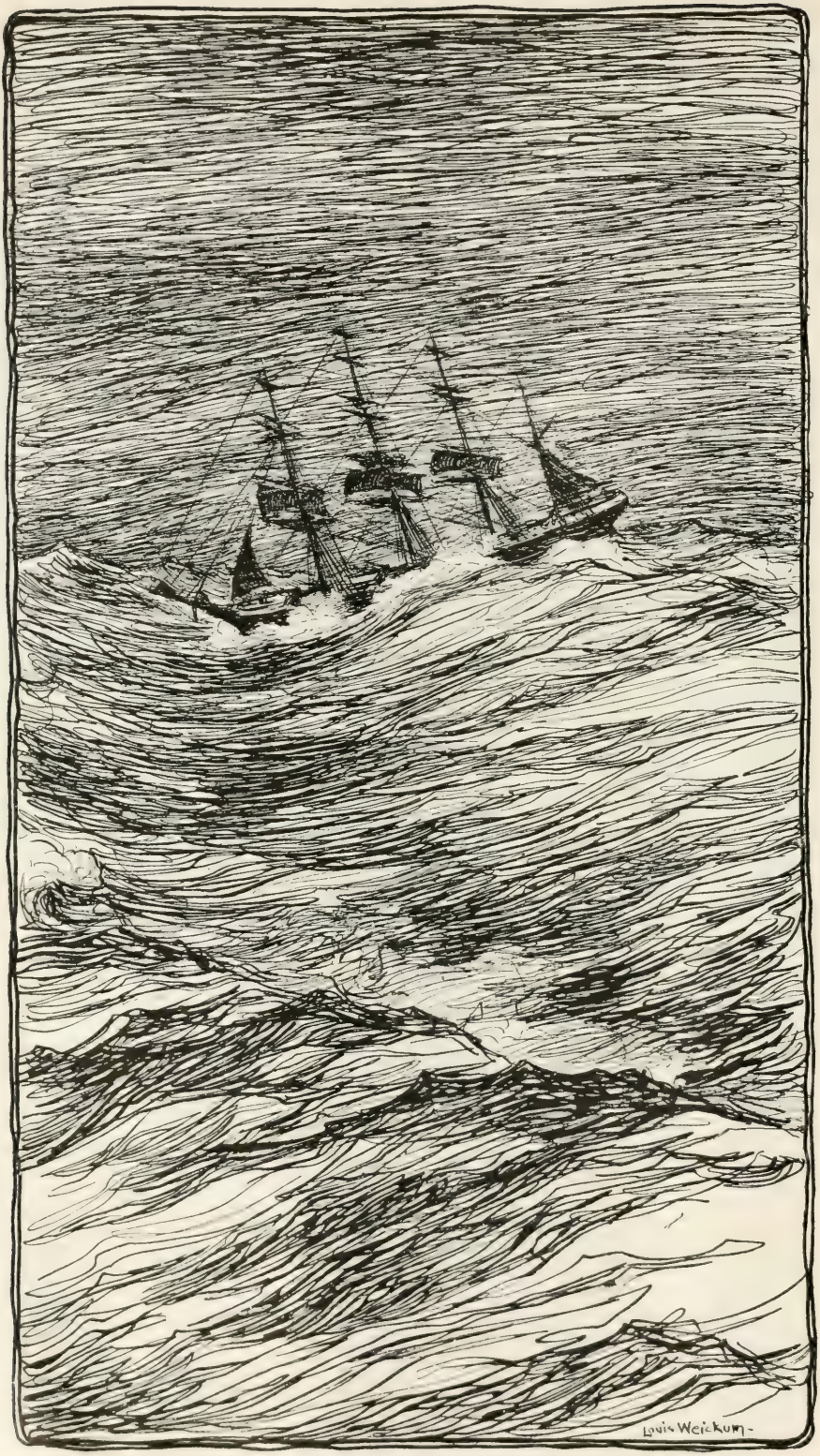
A ROMAN TRIREME

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S *GOLDEN HIND*

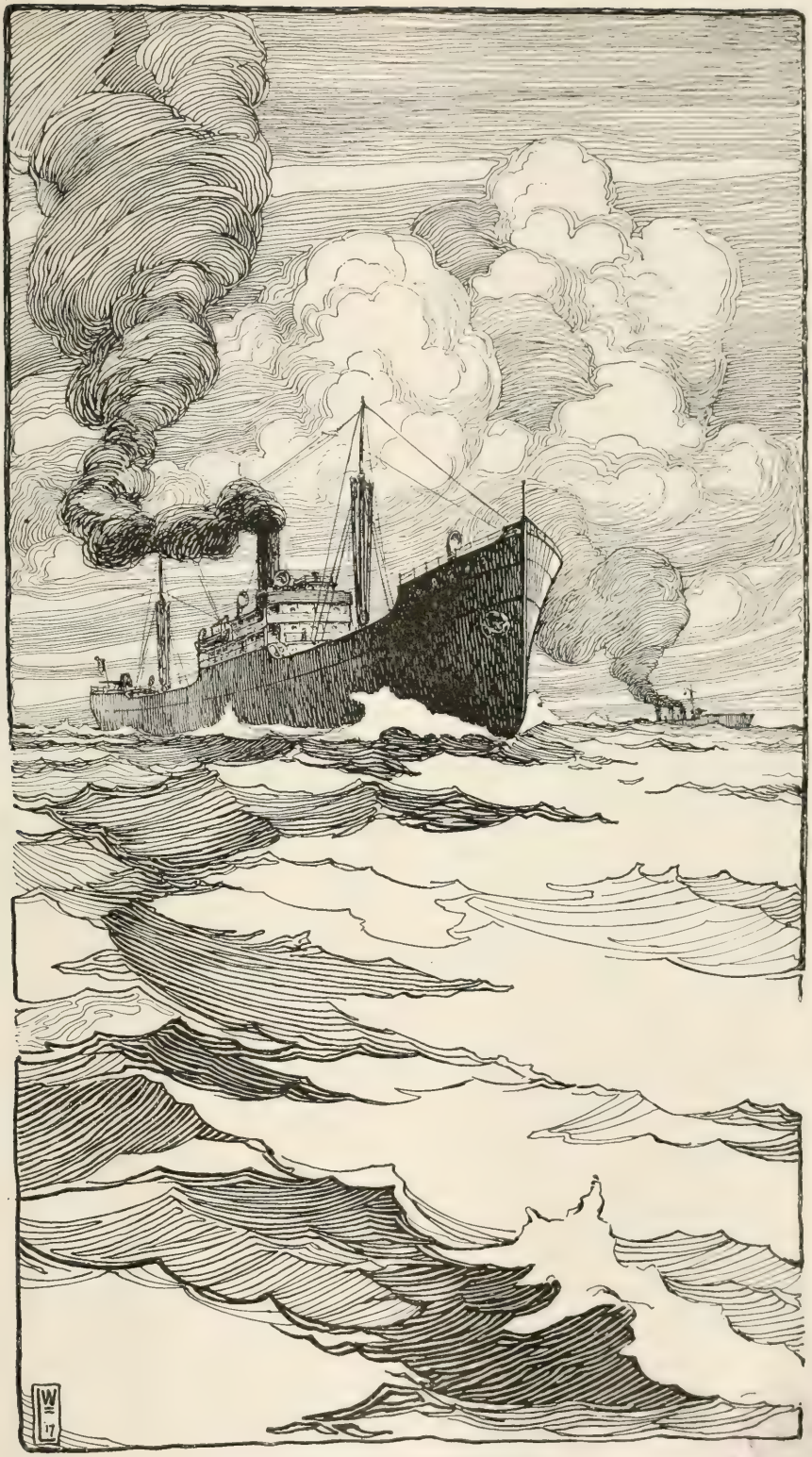
A SPANISH GALLEON

LORD NELSON'S *VICTORY*

AN AMERICAN SHIP OF THE CIVIL WAR PERIOD




A MODERN STEEL SQUARE-RIGGER



THE STEEL TRAMP OF TO-DAY

# Kaiser and Volk: An Autocratic Partnership

By SAMUEL P. ORTH

Author of "The Imperial Impulse"

AT the opening of the war the British and American public attempted to draw a sharp distinction between the German Government and the German people. This attempt persisted in President Wilson's war message, and lurks in the background of the thinking of the average American to-day. The kaiser is the center of our wrath, and being republican, we are eager to absolve his people.

In our haste to condemn the German kaiser we forget that government, whatever its form, cannot live alone on imposition. The German thing that we fight—*das Deutschthum*—is an imperial partnership, Hohenzollern and *Volk*. And the secret of its prosperity is an open one—the willing bending of an obedient folk to a medieval ambition.

It is high time that the American people rid themselves of the fatal delusion that there is a distinction between the ambitions of the kaiser and of his people. They are a terrible unity; neither will forsake the other. And the hope of a German democracy vanishes upon the first contact with realism, historic or contemporary.

The great fact of this German thing is Prussia. The Mark Brandenburg was the scoff of the German potentates. Its inhabitants, brazen and tough, were scarcely one half German in blood and temper, a mixture of the Teuton and the wilder tribe of the eastern plains. The great Frederick reduced their warlike propensities—remarked by Tacitus a thousand years before—to discipline, and Brandenburg became Prussia, and Prussia is the key to the expanding prosperity of the partnership.

Let us take the experiences of 1848 as illustrating the traits of both the people and the king and as a guide-post. The Hohenzollern of that hour was Frederick William III, like others of his tribe, an incongruous mixture of vanity, sentimentalism, temper, and autocracy; an orator, an artistic reformer, and a romanticist. "I am the best judge of your political institutions. What you ask is visionary; it is un-German," he told the petitioners for a constitution in 1841. "No mere parchment shall be interposed between God in heaven and this land."

But as Louis Philippe fled from Paris and Metternich from Vienna, the Berlin mob took courage. On March 13, 1848, a clash between the soldiers and the crowd aroused the kingly presentiment and elicited the promise of a constitution. A few days later, in another brush between the guards and the crowd, the order to fire was given, it is said by Prince William, afterward William I, the grandfather of the kaiser. A number fell dead, and many were wounded. The stars that night witnessed signs of real determination among the people. Berlin for once had its barricade. Gun-shops were pillaged, and the troops were formed for battle. But that curious vein of sentimental cowardice which emerges in the Hohenzollerns asserted itself. Standing bareheaded among the corpses of the victims in the palace yard, the king renewed his promise for a constitution, withdrew the troops, and sent his unpopular son William, now nicknamed "Prinz Mitraille," out of the city.

However, these were not the ides of March for the Hohenzollerns. The return of Metternich to Vienna gave Frederick William heart. He repudiated his promises to "the trash," as he called the republicans; and when a few months later

a bare majority of the dilapidated Frankfort Parliament offered him the crown of northern Germany, he refused it. "If any one is to award the crown of the German nation, it is myself and my equals who shall give it," he declared. The people, he added, could give only "a crown of mud and wood."

This high-sounding scorn was forthwith followed by republican uprisings in Saxony, Bavaria, and Baden, revolts in Silesia and Posen, in Hesse-Cassel and Nassau. The King of Saxony and the Grand Duke of Bavaria fled. This was the new Prussia's first great hour. In a few short weeks Prussian troops restored Bavaria, Saxony, and Baden to their princelets, and restored the medieval prerogatives in the other small states, where constitutionalism had raised its feeble voice. Prussia did her work well. Several states had established suffrage, jury trial, the right of association and free speech, but these disappeared almost at once. All liberalism was repressed.

Let those who dote upon the possibilities of democratizing the German people reflect upon '48. Its events are eloquent of the somnambulism of democrary in Germany. One of her own modern dissenters has said that the "helmets of the heroes [of '48] were only nightcaps." The German people were not in the movement. There were some able men who could have led to success, such as Carl Schurz; but what is leadership without a following? You can imagine a revolution without a leader, but whoever heard of a republican revolution without a people?

Now, let us return to Berlin to witness the second hour of Prussia's proud new day. Behold the new Prussian Assembly. Seven months of hopeless confusion; months enough, however, to fructify the Prussian state with the germs of parties, those instruments of liberty in all constitutional lands. The so-called liberals had a majority. The king quarreled with them, prorogued them, and proclaimed a constitution. The king proclaimed it, mind you, not the people. They submitted.

In what spirit was the constitution given? The Hohenzollern spirit. "In Prussia the king must rule, and I rule." "I hold my crown in fief of Almighty God."

There was a constitutional Diet established of an upper and a lower chamber. The upper chamber was Junker *pro forma;* the lower was ingeniously constituted upon the three-class system and viva-voce voting. The three-class system meant that property, not men, voted. Viva-voce voting meant the avoidance of democracy's strongest weapon, the secret ballot.

Frederick William having granted this constitution, died, and was succeeded by William I. In the meantime the Liberal party attained a majority in the lower house, and refused its sanction to the monetary and military levies asked by the king. Here was raised the issue between the people and the king in a manner which would determine their power and their purpose. The king said they had *no right* to refuse his wish, and he dissolved the house; but the same majority was returned. In England, when the voice of the people spoke in the budget elections, the House of Lords succumbed. In Prussia, when the people spoke, William called Bismarck, and the people succumbed.

Bismarck at once became the spokesman of the new Prussia.

"It is not Prussian liberalism the German looks to, but her military power," he said as he carried his rejected budget to the upper house, which passed it without delay.

"This is unconstitutional," said the lower house. Bismarck replied:

"There is an omission in the constitution. It fails to provide for such an emergency. I must maintain the institutions of the state. I do it by compromise if I can. But if compromises are out of the question because one of the powers insist on its own will with a doctrinaire absolutism, then we have conflicts. And as the life of the state cannot be arrested, the conflicts become questions of force."

This ingenious pronouncement should be read to-day by every believer in constitutional liberty. It stands alone in the long history of the struggle for freedom as the most brazen and successful attempt to circumvent freedom by force in the guise of logic. It is, however, simply the argument of imperial necessity invoked by Bethmann-Hollweg, Tirpitz, and Hindenburg, and the apotheosis of which is Belgium and the *Lusitania*.

Bismarck's legerdemain soon deprived the Progressives of their majority. He suppressed a few newspapers, modified the electoral rights of a few municipalities, and the trick was done. As to public opinion, Bismarck knew his people better than they knew themselves. He knew that the failure of the Frankfort Convention meant Prussian exaltation, and he adroitly manœuvered the farce. He foresaw that a successful war with Denmark and the annexation of Schleswig-Holstein would weaken the people's ardor for self-government; that a successful war with Austria would heighten their fervor for a Prussian hegemony; and that the finality of his trinity of wars, a conquest of France, would merge into a robust imperial ambition every particularistic political vagary.

In short, Bismarck knew that in politics nothing succeeds like success. He was the one Junker of his day who was not stupid. He saw at a glance the foibles of his people and the weakness of his king, and became at once master of the one and the imperator of the other. He was the arch utilitarian who squeezed all idealism out of German life, and left the husks of greed and conquest. He achieved a German unity encysted in Prussian feudal formalism. While Arndt was singing, "What is the German Fatherland?" Bismarck was laughing up his sleeve, and in a stage whisper told his prince, "I 'll show 'em."

From his day we mark the violent and rapid decline of German idealism, and behold the intensified, mesmeric influences of the Hohenzollern basilisk upon the populace.

And the people? For generations the army has been the most important unit in the state. Its social and intellectual effects were tremendous, especially in the days before industrialism had created trade-unionism. It was an organization of the people by the Junker, for the Hohenzollern. The two years of absolutism, which to an Anglo-Saxon would be years of fearful suppression, were meekly submitted to, and every form of petty brutality patiently endured in the barracks. Ecclesiastical, social, and industrial compulsion joined their power to the army. And what autonomy is left? Certainly no political autonomy. Because such a heritage breeds two traits, obedience in the mass, the sense of command in the few. In the one word, obedience, you have the secret of the partnership's success. The German obeys. It is habit. From the cradle to the grave his life is regulated for him, and he submits. That is not the stuff democracies are made of.

Then add to his militarism, his feudalism, the stratified system of society, which delights to draw all its highest military and civil officials from the upper class; condemns to a life of royal mimicry the middle class, and to a perpetual rigor of life the lower class, and splits all the greater strata into innumerable substrata. The gravitation of German life pulls only horizontally; gravitation of democracy pulls perpendicularly.

And finally consider the German temperament. The German is a born doctrinaire. A dogmatic people fasten their teeth in a concept and never let go. So they get their idea of personal freedom from the patriarchal household conception of the state as promulgated by the kaiser. It consists of the freedom of the child to have a slice of bread when it is hungry, a cup of milk when it is thirsty, to go to bed when it is dark, and always to obey its parents.

Politics is not a playground for a people incapable of being aroused, to whom action without command does not appeal.

Schopenhauer preached of "the will to live," Bismarck symbolized the will to

command, and the people had only to contribute the will to follow. Such a people are easily dedicated to the minutiæ of life, devoting themselves implicitly to the veriest detail. For they are without power of visualization, groveling obediently in the coördinated mass of details superimposed upon them. A cheese-mite scholarship, a cheese-mite industrialism, a cheese-mite legalism, and no matter how rotten the cheese, a satisfied and obedient colony of mites.

Now you need not wonder that the German is obedient, and that there is a quirk in the German mind which sanctifies a means in the obtaining of the object through espionage, hypocrisy, poisonous gases, disease germs, submarines, the enslaving of conquered races, maiming and murdering of innocents. And upon us who fail to acknowledge his obsession he pours embittered resentment and chants his Hymn of Hate because of our failure to understand his perfections, not the least of which is oneness with his Government.

THESE are the two partners, Hohenzollern with his Bismarck and Ludendorff, and the *Volk* with its triune heritage of militarism, feudalism, and dogmatism, woven into every tissue of its virile anatomy and welding inseparably the instinct for obedience to the instinct for leadership.

Is there, then, no democracy among this people?

The American reader at once asks, What of the remarkable social democracy of which we heard so much? Alas! what of it? Where is the solidarity of its 4,250,000 voters? Where the fraternity of its million enrolled members, paying annual dues, and faithfully doing missionary work in all parts of the empire? What of the brave words that fill the hours of their annual conventions and the columns of their papers? What of the challenges their members issued to the hierarchy in the Reichstag?

Several years before the war I visited in Chemnitz the editor of the Social Democratic daily the day before he began a long sentence in jail for having permitted his pen to commit lese-majesty. His offense was an unusually clever satire on the kaiser as a taxpayer. He took his fate jovially and, as we went about among the working-men in the city, they joked with him about his coming "vacation." There was no bitterness in his heart, but an apparent steadfastness of determination to help loosen the rigor of the autocracy. A few weeks after the war had begun he issued a fervent appeal to all Socialists that they join unreservedly in defending the kaiser!

I visited at Mannheim Dr. Frank, the brilliant leader of the Baden Socialists, who was proclaimed as a second Lassalle. He spoke most earnestly of the increasing assumptions of the central Government, and said that the hope of democracy in Germany lay in enlisting the intellectuals in its cause. The first member of the Reichstag killed in the war was Dr. Frank. He fell gallantly leading in the rape of Belgium!

I might fill these pages with quotations from public speeches and private interviews of Social Democrats expressing with a vehemency unusual to Germans the conviction that autocracy must cease. Nothing but words.

Grant that the coercion of events was too much for any party except the Junkers, and that the primal emotions overcame all secondary consideration, and that national defense was accepted as a genuine excuse because of the kaiser's hypnotic presence; yet when you recalled the history of social democracy in Germany you expected something better. It had made its way by sheer grit through Bismarckian intolerance and Hohenzollern opposition to a powerful place in German politics. It survived twelve years of the Byzantine anti-socialistic law, outlived the suppression of all its societies, the ban on all its books and periodicals. All its leaders have served jail sentences for no other offense than plain speaking. It had earned the complimentary anger of the kaiser, who called its members *"Fatherlands-lose Gesellen"* ("tramps without a

country"), and had merited the excommunication of the state orthodoxy. No member of the party was given even the humblest janitorship.

From such an experience one expected much. But it has all eventuated in syllables. For German social democracy was really neither socialistic nor democratic. Such socialism as it professed was not the utopian vagary of the old school, but the state rigor which Bismarck filched from Lassalle and imposed on the working-man under the mistaken notion that an extra lump of sugar in his coffee would silence his discontent.

And the great bulk of the party was not democratic. Like everything else German, it was mechanical. Democracy centers about personality. German social democracy centered about the state as a great power-house, to which every person was merely a cog.

I found almost universally a genuine pride among them in their great state machine. Bebel told me that they had already half solved the problem for the socialists by having an efficient state, and were therefore much nearer the coveted goal than we are.

Mobilization was a disillusionment for believers in German democracy. Behind his glibness, the Social Democrat was merely a German. He obeyed, and with promptness and pride. His heart beat in unison with his kaiser, his super-partner in the German scheme for aggrandizement.

Well, the German could not be made over in a day, even granting that he wanted to be made over or ought to be made over. The comments of the German press on President Wilson's war message reflect the exact condition of his mind. He resented thoroughly the suggestion that his Government and his people are twain. This resentment was almost universal, and if a referendum on the question of republic or monarchy were taken to-day, wherein every German, free from all restraint, would express his preference, monarchy would win.

For the Hohenzollern has made good. As an autocrat he has been a model. The German *Volk* under normal conditions was the best clothed, best housed, best fed, best schooled *Volk* in Europe. Its meek submission was well paid for.

But the imperial member of the partnership made a great mistake when he took the wrong road to the sun. Just when it appeared that the relation of the unit to the whole, that stubborn problem of the modern state, was being solved in Germany, when sociologists and statesmen of all lands were studying how the Germans did it, just at the verge of the partnership's glowing success, its obsession, the delusion that breeds in every autocracy and autocracy-blinded *Volk,* broke, and shed its gangrene over the world.

Will the partnership now be dissolved? Only a crushing defeat will be powerful enough to dissolve the bonds of centuries, and wipe out the memories of the great, and at least enact political concessions.

But there never has been a successful revolution without the coöperation of the liberals. Radical revolutions are merely mob outbursts. The French Republic, the British democracy, the new Russian Government—all find their stability in the liberal middle-class parties. You will look in vain for such genuine liberalism in Germany. Until the war the social democracy contained about all the liberalism that Bismarck left unconquered. There remains a handful of so-called progressives, a batch of Christian socialists, a tiny brood of professorial socialists; otherwise the so-called national Liberal party is thoroughly reactionary in its mercantilism, with a Catholic Center, and a Junker Right. How these parties shift and shunt and do everything except control appears in the well-staged dénouement of Bethmann-Hollweg and the dramatic entrance of Michaelis. While American editors are writing leaders on the "Revolution in Germany," the German people are only wondering what sort of new royal phonograph would be set up in the tribune of the Reichstag.

# The Fire

By HELEN R. HULL

CYNTHIA blotted the entry in the old ledger and scowled across the empty office at the door. Mrs. Moriety had left it ajar when she departed with her receipt for the weekly fifty cents on her "lot." If you supplied the missing gilt letters, you could read the sign on the glass of the upper half: "H. P. Bates. Real Estate. Notary Public." Through the door at Cynthia's elbow came the rumbling voice of old Fleming, the lawyer down the hall; he had come in for his Saturday night game of chess with her father.

Cynthia pushed the ledger away from her, and with her elbows on the spotted, green felt of the desk, her fingers burrowing into her cheeks, waited for two minutes by the nickel clock; then, with a quick, awkward movement, she pushed back her chair and plunged to the doorway, her young face twisted in a sort of fluttering resolution.

"Father—"

Her father jerked his head toward her, his fingers poised over a pawn. Old Fleming did not look up.

"Father, I don't think anybody else will be in."

"Well, go on home, then." Her father bent again over the squares, the light shining strongly on the thin places about his temples.

"Father, please,"—Cynthia spoke hurriedly,—"you are n't going for a while? I want to go down to Miss Egert's for a minute."

"Eh? What 's that?" He leaned back in his chair now, and Mr. Fleming lifted his severe, black beard to look at this intruder. "What for? You can't take any more painting lessons. Your mother does n't want you going there any more."

"I just want to get some things I left there. I can get back to go home with you."

"But your mother said she did n't like your hanging around down there in an empty house with an old maid. What did she tell you about it?"

"Could n't I just get my sketches, Father, and tell Miss Egert I 'm not coming any more? She would think it was awfully funny if I did n't. I won't stay. But she—she 's been good to me—"

"What set your mother against her, then? What you been doing down there?"

Cynthia twisted her hands together, her eyes running from Fleming's amused stare to her father's indecision. Only an accumulated determination could have carried her on into speech.

"I 've just gone down once a week for a lesson. I want to get my things. If I 'm not going, I ought to tell her."

"Why did n't you tell her that last week?"

"I kept hoping I could go on."

"Um." Her father's glance wavered toward his game. "Is n't it too late?"

"Just eight, Father." She stepped near her father, color flooding her cheeks. "If you 'll give me ten cents, I can take the car—"

"Well—" He dug into his pocket, nodding at Fleming's grunt, "The women always want cash, eh, Bates?"

Then Cynthia, the dime pressed into her palm, tiptoed across to the nail where her hat and sweater hung, seized them, and still on tiptoe, lest she disturb the game again, ran out to the head of the stairs.

She was trembling as she pulled on her sweater; as she ran down the dark steps to the street the tremble changed to a quiver of excitement. Suppose her father

had known just what her mother *had* said! That she could not see Miss Egert again; could never go hurrying down to the cluttered room they called the studio for more of those strange hours of eagerness and pain when she bent over the drawing-board, struggling with the mysteries of color. That last sketch—the little, purpling mint-leaves from the garden—Miss Egert had liked that. And they thought she could leave those sketches there! Leave Miss Egert, too, wondering why she never came again! She hurried to the corner, past the bright store-windows. In thought she could see Miss Egert setting out the jar of brushes, the dishes of water, pushing back the litter of magazines and books to make room for the drawing-board, waiting for her to come. Oh, she had to go once more, black as her disobedience was!

The half-past-eight car was just swinging round the curve. She settled herself behind two German housewives, shawls over their heads, market-baskets beside them. They lived out at the end of the street; one of them sometimes came to the office with payments on her son's lot. Cynthia pressed against the dirty window, fearful lest she miss the corner. There it was, the new street light shining on the sedate old house! She ran to the platform, pushing against the arm the conductor extended.

"Wait a minute, there!" He released her as the car stopped, and she fled across the street.

In front of the house she could not see a light, up-stairs or down, except staring reflections in the windows from the white arc light. She walked past the dark line of box which led to the front door. At the side of the old square dwelling jutted a new, low wing; and there in two windows were soft slits of light along the curtain-edges. Cynthia walked along a little dirt path to a door at the side of the wing. Standing on the door-step, she felt in the shadow for the knocker. As she let it fall, from the garden behind her came a voice:

"I 'm out here. Who is it?" There was a noise of feet hurrying through dead leaves, and as Cynthia turned to answer, out of the shadow moved a blur of face and white blouse.

"Cynthia! How nice!" The woman touched Cynthia's shoulder as she pushed open the door. "There, come in."

The candles on the table bent their flames in the draft; Cynthia followed Miss Egert into the room.

"You 're busy?" Miss Egert had stood up by the door an old wooden-toothed rake. "I don't want to bother you." Cynthia's solemn, young eyes implored the woman and turned hastily away. The intensity of defiance which had brought her at such an hour left her confused.

"Bother? I was afraid I had to have my grand bonfire alone. Now we can have it a party. You 'd like to?"

Miss Egert darted across to straighten one of the candles. The light caught in the folds of her crumpled blouse, in the soft, drab hair blown out around her face.

"I can't stay very long." Cynthia stared about the room, struggling to hide her turmoil under ordinary casualness. "You had the carpenter fix the book-shelves, did n't you?"

"Is n't it nice now! All white and gray and restful—just a spark of life in that mad rug. A good place to sit in and grow old."

Cynthia looked at the rug, a bit of scarlet Indian weaving. She would n't see it again! The thought poked a derisive finger into her heart.

"Shall we sit down just a minute and then go have the fire?"

Cynthia dropped into the wicker chair, wrenching her fingers through one another.

"My brother came in to-night, his last attempt to make me see reason," said Miss Egert.

Cynthia lifted her eyes. Miss Egert was n't wondering why she had come; she could stay without trying to explain.

Miss Egert wound her arms about her knees as she went on talking. Her slight body was wrenched a little out of symmetry, as though from straining always for something uncaptured; there was the

"'YOU CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE PAINTING LESSONS. YOUR MOTHER DOES N'T WANT YOU GOING THERE ANY MORE'"

same lack of symmetry in her face, in her eyebrows, in the line of her mobile lips. But her eyes had nothing fugitive, nothing pursuing in their soft, gray depth. Their warm, steady eagerness shone out in her voice, too, in its swift inflections.

"I tried to show him it was n't a bit disgraceful for me to live here in a wing of my own instead of being a sort of nurse-maid adjunct in his house." She laughed, a soft, throaty sound. "It 's my house. It 's all I have left to keep me a person, you see. I won't get out and be respectable in his eyes."

"He did n't mind your staying here and taking care of—them!" cried Cynthia.

"It 's respectable, dear, for an old maid to care for her father and mother; but when they die she ought to be useful to some one else instead of renting her house and living on an edge of it."

"Oh,"—Cynthia leaned forward,—"I should think you 'd hate him! I think families are—terrible!"

"Hate him?" Miss Egert smiled. "He 's nice. He just does n't agree with me. As long as he lets the children come over—I told him I meant to have a beautiful time with them, with my real friends—with you."

Cynthia shrank into her chair, her eyes tragic again.

"Come, let 's have our bonfire!" Miss Egert, with a quick movement, stood in front of Cynthia, one hand extended.

Cynthia crouched away from the hand.

"Miss Egert,"—her voice came out in a desperate little gasp,—"I can't come down any more. I can't take any more painting lessons." She stopped. Miss Egert waited, her head tipped to one side. "Mother does n't think I better. I came down—after my things."

"They 're all in the workroom." Miss Egert spoke quietly. "Do you want them now?"

"Yes." Cynthia pressed her knuckles against her lips. Over her hand her eyes cried out. "Yes, I better get them," she said heavily.

Miss Egert, turning slowly, lifted a candle from the table.

"We 'll have to take this. The wiring is n't done." She crossed the room, her thin fingers, not quite steady, bending around the flame.

Cynthia followed through a narrow passage. Miss Egert pushed open a door, and the musty odor of the store-room floated out into a queer chord with the fresh plaster of the hall.

"Be careful of that box!" Miss Egert set the candle on a pile of trunks. "I 've had to move all the truck from the attic and studio in here. Your sketches are in the portfolio, and that 's—somewhere!"

Cynthia stood in the doorway, watching Miss Egert bend over a pile of canvases, throwing up a grotesque, rounded shadow on the wall. Round the girl's throat closed a ring of iron.

"Here they are, piled up—"

Cynthia edged between the boxes. Miss Egert was dragging the black portfolio from beneath a pile of books.

"And here 's the book I wanted you to see." The pile slipped crashing to the floor as Miss Egert pulled out a magazine. "Never mind those. See here." She dropped into the chair from which she had knocked the books, the portfolio under one arm, the free hand running through the pages of an old art magazine. The chair swung slightly; Cynthia, peering down between the boxes, gave a startled "Oh!"

"What is it?" Miss Egert followed Cynthia's finger. "The chair?" She was silent a moment. "Do you think I keep my mother prisoner here in a wheel-chair now that she is free?" She ran her hand along the worn arm. "I tried to give it to an old ladies' home, but it was too used up. They wanted more style."

"But does n't it remind you—" Cynthia hesitated.

"It is n't fair to remember the years she had to sit here waiting to die. You did n't know her. I 've been going back to the real years—" Miss Egert smiled at Cynthia's bewildered eyes. "Here, let 's look at these." She turned another page. "See, Cynthia. Are n't they swift and glad? That 's what I was trying to tell

you the other day. See that arm, and the drapery there! Just a line—" The girl bent over the page, frowning at the details the quick finger pointed out. "Don't they catch you along with them?" She held the book out at arm's-length, squinting at the figures. "Take it along. There are several more." She tucked the book into the portfolio and rose. "Come on; we 'll have our fire."

"But, Miss Egert,"—Cynthia's voice hardened as she was swept back into her own misery,—"I can't take it. I can't come any more."

"To return a book?" Miss Egert lowered her eyelids as if she were again sizing up a composition. "You need n't come just for lessons."

Cynthia shook her head.

"Mother thinks—" She fell into silence. She could n't say what her mother thought—dreadful things. If she could only swallow the hot pressure in her throat!

"Oh. I had n't understood." Miss Egert's fingers paused for a swift touch on Cynthia's arm, and then reached for the candle. "You can go on working by yourself."

"It is n't that—" Cynthia struggled an instant, and dropped into silence again. She could n't say out loud any of the things she was feeling. There were too many walls between feeling and speech: loyalty to her mother, embarrassment that feelings should come so near words, a fear of hurting Miss Egert.

"Don't mind so much, Cynthia." Miss Egert led the way back to the living-room. "You can stay for the bonfire? That will be better than sitting here. Run into the kitchen and bring the matches and marshmallows—in a dish in the cupboard."

Cynthia, in the doorway, stared at Miss Egert. Did n't she care at all! Then the dumb ache in her throat stopped throbbing as Miss Egert's gray eyes held her steadily a moment. She did care! She did! She was just helping her. Cynthia took the candle and went back through the passageway to the kitchen, down at the very end.

She made a place on the table in the litter of dishes and milk-bottles for the candle. The matches had been spilled on the shelf of the stove and into the sink. Cynthia gathered a handful of the driest. Shiftlessness was one of her mother's counts against Miss Egert. Cynthia flushed as she recalled her stumbling defense: Miss Egert had more important things to do; dishes were kept in their proper place; and her mother's: "Important! Mooning about!"

"Find them, Cynthia?" The clear, low voice came down the hall, and Cynthia hurried back.

Out in the garden it was quite black. As they came to the far end, the old stone wall made a dark bank against the sky, with a sharp star over its edge. Miss Egert knelt; almost with the scratch of the match the garden leaped into yellow, with fantastic moving shadows from the trees and in the corner of the wall. She raked leaves over the blaze, pulled the great mound into firmer shape, and then drew Cynthia back under the wall to watch. The light ran over her face; the delighted gestures of her hands were like quick shadows.

"See the old apple-tree dance! He 's too old to move fast."

Cynthia crouched by the wall, brushing away from her face the scratchy leaves of the dead hollyhocks. Excitement tingled through her; she felt the red and yellow flames seizing her, burning out the heavy rebellion, the choking weight. Miss Egert leaned back against the wall, her hands spread so that her thin fingers were fire-edged.

"See the smoke curl up through those branches! Is n't it lovely, Cynthia?" She darted around the pile to push more leaves into the flames.

Cynthia strained forward, hugging her arms to her body. Never had there been such a fire! It burned through her awkwardness, her self-consciousness. It ate into the thick, murky veils which hung always between her and the things she struggled to find out. She took a long breath, and the crisp scent of smoke from

the dead leaves tingled down through her body.

Miss Egert was at her side again. Cynthia looked up; the slight, asymmetrical figure was like the apple-tree, still, yet dancing!

"Why don't you paint it?" demanded Cynthia, abruptly, and then was frightened as Miss Egert's body stiffened, lost its suggestion of motion.

"I can't." The woman dropped to the ground beside Cynthia, crumpling a handful of leaves. "It 's too late." She looked straight at the fire. "I must be content to see it." She blew the pieces of leaves from the palm of her hand and smiled at Cynthia. "Perhaps some day you 'll paint it—or write it."

"I can't paint." Cynthia's voice quivered. "I want to do something. I can't even see things except what you point out. And now—"

Miss Egert laid one hand over Cynthia's clenched fingers. The girl trembled at the cold touch.

"You must go on looking." The glow, as the flames died lower, flushed her face. "Cynthia, you 're just beginning. You must n't stop just because you are n't to come here any more. I don't know whether you can say things with your brush; but you must find them out. You must n't shut your eyes again."

"It 's hard alone."

"That does n't matter."

Cynthia's fingers unclasped, and one hand closed desperately around Miss Egert's. Her heart fluttered in her temples, her throat, her breast. She clung to the fingers, pulling herself slowly up from an inarticulate abyss.

"Miss Egert,"—she stumbled into words,—"I can't bear it, not coming here! Nobody else cares except about sensible things. You do, beautiful, wonderful things."

"You 'd have to find them for yourself, Cynthia." Miss Egert's fingers moved under the girl's grasp. Then she bent toward Cynthia, and kissed her with soft, pale lips that trembled against the girl's mouth. "Cynthia, don't let any one stop you! Keep searching!" She drew back, poised for a moment in the shadow before she rose. Through Cynthia ran the swift feet of white ecstasy. She was pledging herself to some tremendous mystery, which trembled all about her.

"Come, Cynthia, we 're wasting our coals."

Miss Egert held out her hands. Cynthia, laying hers in them, was drawn to her feet. As she stood there, inarticulate, full of a strange, excited, shouting hope, behind them the path crunched. Miss Egert turned, and Cynthia shrank back.

Her mother stood in the path, making no response to Miss Egert's "Good evening, Mrs. Bates."

The fire had burned too low to lift the shadow from the mother's face. Cynthia could see the hem of her skirt swaying where it dipped up in front. Above that two rigid hands in gray cotton gloves; above that the suggestion of a white, strained face.

Cynthia took a little step toward her.

"I came to get my sketches," she implored her. Her throat was dry. What if her mother began to say cruel things—the things she had already said at home.

"I hope I have n't kept Cynthia too late," Miss Egert said. "We were going to toast marshmallows. Won't you have one, Mrs. Bates?" She pushed the glowing leaf-ashes together. The little spurt of flame showed Cynthia her mother's eyes, hard, angry, resting an instant on Miss Egert and then assailing her.

"Cynthia knows she should not be here. She is not permitted to run about the streets alone at night."

"Oh, I 'm sorry." Miss Egert made a deprecating little gesture. "But no harm has come to her."

"She has disobeyed me."

At the tone of her mother's voice Cynthia felt something within her breast curl up like a leaf caught in flame.

"I 'll get the things I came for." She started toward the house, running past her mother. She must hurry, before her mother said anything to hurt Miss Egert.

"CYNTHIA TOOK A LITTLE STEP TOWARD HER. 'I CAME TO GET MY SKETCHES,' SHE IMPLORED HER"

She stumbled on the door-step, and flung herself against the door. The portfolio was across the room, on the little, old piano. The candle beside it had guttered down over the cover. Cynthia pressed out the wobbly flame, and, hugging the portfolio, ran back across the room. On the threshold she turned for a last glimpse. The row of Botticelli details over the bookcases were blurred into gray in the light of the one remaining candle; the Indian rug had a wavering glow. Then she heard Miss Egert just outside.

"I 'm sorry Cynthia is n't to come any more," she was saying.

Cynthia stepped forward. The two women stood in the dim light, her mother's thickened, settled body stiff and hostile, Miss Egert's slight figure swaying toward her gently.

"Cynthia has a good deal to do," her mother answered. "We can't afford to give her painting lessons, especially—" Cynthia moved down between the women —"especially," her mother continued, "as she does n't seem to get much of anywhere. You 'd think she 'd have some pictures to show after so many lessons."

"Perhaps I 'm not a good teacher. Of course she 's just beginning."

"She 'd better put her time on her studies."

"I 'll miss her. We 've had some pleasant times together."

Cynthia held out her hand toward Miss Egert, with a fearful little glance at her mother.

"Good-by, Miss Egert."

Miss Egert's cold fingers pressed it an instant.

"Good night, Cynthia," she said slowly.

Then Cynthia followed her mother's silent figure along the path; she turned her head as they reached the sidewalk. Back in the garden winked the red eye of the fire.

They waited under the arc light for the car, Cynthia stealing fleeting glances at her mother's averted face. On the car she drooped against the window-edge, away from her mother's heavy silence. She was frightened now, a panicky child caught in disobedience. Once, as the car turned at the corner below her father's office, she spoke:

"Father will expect me—"

"He knows I went after you," was her mother's grim answer.

Cynthia followed her mother into the house. Her small brother was in the sitting-room, reading. He looked up from his book with wide, knowing eyes. Rebellious humiliation washed over Cynthia; setting her lips against their quivering, she pulled off her sweater.

"Go on to bed, Robert," called her mother from the entry, where she was hanging her coat. "You 've sat up too late as it is."

He yawned, and dragged his feet with provoking slowness past Cynthia.

"Was she down there, Mama?" He stopped on the bottom step to grin at his sister.

"Go on, Robert. Start your bath. Mother 'll be up in a minute."

"Aw, it 's too late for a bath." He leaned over the rail.

"It 's Saturday. I could n't get back sooner."

Cynthia swung away from the round, grinning face. Her mother went past her into the dining-room. Robert shuffled upstairs; she heard the water splashing into the tub.

Her mother was very angry with her. Presently she would come back, would begin to speak. Cynthia shivered. The familiar room seemed full of hostile, accusing silence, like that of her mother. If only she had come straight home from the office, she would be sitting by the table in the old Morris chair, reading, with her mother across from her sewing, or glancing through the evening paper. She gazed about the room at the neat scrolls of the brown wall-paper, at a picture above the couch, cows by a stream. The dull, ordinary comfort of life there hung about her, a reproaching shadow, within which she felt the heavy, silent discomfort her transgression dragged after it. It would be much easier to go on just as she was expected to do. Easier. The

girl straightened her drooping body. That things were hard did n't matter. Miss Egert had insisted upon that. She was forgetting the pledge she had given. The humiliation slipped away, and a cold exaltation trembled through her, a remote echo of the hope that had shouted within her back there in the garden. Here it was difficult to know what she had promised, to what she had pledged herself—something that the familiar, comfortable room had no part in.

She glanced toward the dining-room, and her breath quickened. Between the faded green portières stood her mother, watching her with hard, bright eyes. Cynthia's glance faltered; she looked desperately about the room as if hurrying her thoughts to some shelter. Beside her on the couch lay the portfolio. She took a little step toward it, stopping at her mother's voice.

"Well, Cynthia, have you anything to say?"

Cynthia lifted her eyes.

"Don't you think I have trouble enough with your brothers? You, a grown girl, defying me! I can't understand it."

"I went down for this." Cynthia touched the black case.

"Put that down! I don't want to see it!" The mother's voice rose, breaking down the terrifying silences. "You disobeyed me. I told you you were n't to go there again. And then I telephoned your father to ask you to do an errand for me, and find you there—with that woman!"

"I 'm not going again." Cynthia twisted her hands together. "I had to go a last time. She was a friend. I could not tell her I was n't coming—"

"A friend! A sentimental old maid, older than your mother! Is that a friend for a young girl? What were you doing when I found you? Holding hands! Is that the right thing for you? She 's turned your head. You are n't the same Cynthia, running off to her, complaining of your mother."

"Oh, no!" Cynthia flung out her hand. "We were just talking." Her misery confused her.

"Talking? About what?"

"About—" The recollection rushed through Cynthia—"about beauty." She winced, a flush sweeping up to the edge of her fair hair, at her mother's laugh.

"Beauty! You disobey your mother, hurt her, to talk about beauty at night with an old maid!"

There was a hot beating in Cynthia's throat; she drew back against the couch.

"Pretending to be an artist," her mother drove on, "to get young girls who are foolish enough to listen to her sentimentalizing."

"She was an artist," pleaded Cynthia. "She gave it up to take care of her father and mother. I told you all about that—"

"Talking about beauty does n't make artists."

Cynthia stared at her mother. She had stepped near the table, and the light through the green shade of the reading-lamp made queer pools of color about her eyes, in the waves of her dark hair. She did n't look real. Cynthia threw one hand up against her lips. She was sucked down and down in an eddy of despair. Her mother's voice dragged her again to the surface.

"We let you go there because you wanted to paint, and you maunder and say things you 'd be ashamed to have your mother hear. I 've spent my life working for you, planning for you, and you go running off—" Her voice broke into a new note, a trembling, grieved tone. "I 've always trusted you, depended on you; now I can't even trust you."

"I won't go there again. I had to explain."

"I can't believe you. You don't care how you make me feel."

Cynthia was whirled again down the sides of the eddy.

"I can't believe you care anything for me, your own mother."

Cynthia plucked at the braid on her cuff.

"I did n't do it to make you sorry," she whispered. "I—it was—" The eddy closed about her, and with a little gasp she dropped down on the couch, burying

her head in the sharp angle of her elbows.

The mother took another step toward the girl; her hand hovered above the bent head and then dropped.

"You know mother wants just what is best for you, don't you? I can't let you drift away from us, your head full of silly notions."

Cynthia's shoulders jerked. From the head of the stairs came Robert's shout:

"Mama, tub 's full!"

"Yes; I 'm coming."

Cynthia looked up. She was not crying. About her eyes and nostrils strained the white intensity of hunger.

"You don't think—" She stopped, struggling with her habit of inarticulateness. "There might be things—not silly—you might not see what—"

"Cynthia!" The softness snapped out of the mother's voice.

Cynthia stumbled up to her feet; she was as tall as her mother. For an instant they faced each other, and then the mother turned away, her eyes tear-brightened. Cynthia put out an awkward hand.

"Mother," she said piteously, "I 'd like to tell you—I 'm sorry—"

"You 'll have to show me you are by what you do." The woman started wearily up the stairs. "Go to bed. It 's late."

Cynthia waited until the bath-room door closed upon Robert's splashings. She climbed the stairs slowly, and shut herself into her room. She laid the portfolio in the bottom drawer of her white bureau; then she stood by her window. Outside, the big elm-tree, in fine, leafless dignity, showed dimly against the sky, a few stars caught in the arch of its branches.

A swift, tearing current of rebellion swept away her unhappiness, her confused misery; they were bits of refuse in this new flood. She saw, with a fierce, young finality that she was pledged to a conflict as well as to a search. As she knelt by the window and pressed her cheek on the cool glass, she felt the house about her, with its pressure of useful, homely things, as a very prison. No more journeyings down to Miss Egert's for glimpses of escape. She must find her own ways. Keep searching! At the phrase, excitement again glowed within her; she saw the last red wink of the fire in the garden.

# Death

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

I SHALL walk down the road.
I shall turn, and feel upon my feet
The kisses of death, like scented rain.
For death is a black slave, with little silver birds
Perched in a sleeping wreath upon his head.
He will tell me, his voice like jewels
Dropped in a satin bag,
How he has tiptoed after me down the road.
His heart made a dark whirlpool with longing for me.
Then he will graze me with his hands,
And I shall be one of the sleeping silver birds
Between the cold waves of his hair as he tiptoes on.

# In a Bolivian Jungle

By HARRY A. FRANCK

Author of "Vagabonding Down the Andes," etc.

SANTA CRUZ DE LA SIERRA, capital of all the vast department of eastern Bolivia, owes its fame largely to its isolation. Like those eminent men of many secluded corners of South America, it is important only because of the exceeding unimportance of its neighbors. The only tropical city of Bolivia, it stands some 1500 feet above sea-level on the 18th meridian, very near the geographical center of the republic, so far from the outside world that mail deposited on January 7th reached New York on March 11th. Of its 19,000 inhabitants, 11,000 are female. The emporium and distributing point of all this region and the rubber districts of the Beni, its commerce is chiefly in the hands of Germans, though the two houses that all but monopolize the trade pose as Belgian, with headquarters in Antwerp. There are few Bolivian and only three cruceño houses of importance, and these for the most part buy of German wholesalers in Cochabamba. Three or four native families have as much as $150,000, a fortune by cruceño standards, won from rubber, or cattle ranches round about the city. Yet there is much primitive barter, even in the town,—an ox for a load of firewood, and the like, with no money concerned in the transaction. Santa Cruz is the place of birth of those famous Suarez brothers who are kings of the rubber districts of the Amazon.

IN THE *MONTE GRANDE*, THE "GREAT WILDERNESS" OF BOLIVIA, THE COMMANDER OF THE FIRST GARRISON INSISTED ON SENDING A BOY SOLDIER, WITH AN ANCIENT AND RUSTED WINCHESTER, TO "PROTECT" ME FROM THE SAVAGES

It is a city of silence. Spreading over a dead-flat, half-sandy, jungled plain, its right-angled streets are deep in reddish sand in which not only its shod feet, by no means in the majority, though the upper class is almost foppish in dress, but even the solid wooden wheels of its clumsy ox-carts make not a sound. There is no modern industry to lend its strident voice, though the town boasts three "steam establishments" for the making of ice, the grinding of maize, and the sawing of lumber, and every street fades away at either end into the whispering jungle. Narrow sidewalks of porous red bricks, roofed by the wide over-

hanging eaves of the houses, often upheld by pillars or poles, line most of the streets. But these are by no means continuous, and being commonly high above the street level and often taken up entirely, especially of an evening, by the families, who consider this their veranda rather than the pedestrian's right of way, the latter generally finds it easier to plod through the sand of the street itself. In the rainy season, which begins with the new year and lasts through April, there are many muddy pools and ponds in the outskirts, along the edges of some of which the streets crawl by on long heaps of the skulls of cattle, bleached snow-white by the sun, and the larger of which, almost lakes, somehow carried the mind back to Kandy, Ceylon. Frequently the streets in the center of town are flooded for an hour or more until the thirsty sand has drunk up a tropical deluge. For these eventualities Santa Cruz has a system of its own. At each corner four rows of *atoquines,* weather-blackened piles of a kind of mahogany, protrude a foot or more above the sand; and along these stepping-stones the minority passes dry-shod from one roofed sidewalk to another.

The houses, usually of a single story, their tile roofs bleached yellowish by the tropical sun, present a large room, wide-open by day on the porch sidewalk, and rather bare in appearance in spite of a forest of frail cane chairs, black in color. From the once whitewashed adobe walls of this protrude several pairs of hooks on each of which hangs, except during the hour of siesta, a rolled-up hammock. On or near the floor sits a little hand sewing-machine, the exotic whirr of which sounds now and then; and just inside the door are usually a few shallow tubs, like small dugout canoes, holding tropical fruits, soggy bread cakes, and sugar in all its stages; for many even of the "best families" patch out their livelihood with a bit of amateur shop-keeping. Through this main room, parlor, and chief pride of each family, past which one cannot walk without glancing in upon the household, a back door gives a glimpse of the patio, a pretty garden hidden away after the Moorish fashion—how strange that the Arab influence should have reached even this far-distant heart of South America—airy and bright and large, for space is not lacking in Santa Cruz, often almost an orchard and blooming with flowers of many colors. On this open several smaller rooms which, being out of sight of the public, are often far less attractive than the parlor.

In the outside world the climate of Santa Cruz is reputed obnoxious to whites; about its name hover those legends, common also to India, of Europeans being worn to fever-yellow wrecks. As a matter of fact, the temperature does not rise higher than in southern Canada in July, and a cool breeze sweeps almost continually across the pampas about it. Mosquitoes are rare, fever all but unknown. It is not loss of health, but of his energetic view of life which the Caucasian immigrant risks. Especially during this hottest season of January, the heat was humid and heavy, and I found myself falling quickly into the local mood of contentment just to lie in a hammock and let the world drift on without me. It took an unusual length of time to make up my mind to do anything, and then more willpower than usual to force myself to get up and do it, particularly to keep on doing it until it was finished. But it is perhaps as largely due to the environment as to the climate that Santa Cruz is visibly lazy. The region round about is so fertile that almost every staple except wheat and potatoes grow. There are sugar plantations and sugar and alcohol-producing establishments scattered here and there; the province of Sara to the north supplies food not only to the city but to the rubber districts as far away as the Acre; coffee, rice, and tobacco can be produced in abundance; hides already constitute an important export; the region to the west is reputed rich in oil. Yet Santa Cruz makes small use of her possibilities, languidly waiting for the arrival of a railroad and the influx of foreign capital to develop them.

A STREET OF SANTA CRUZ DE LA SIERRA AFTER A SHOWER, SHOWING THE *ATOQUINES* OR PROJECTING SPILES BY WHICH PEDESTRIANS CROSS FROM ONE ROOFED SIDEWALK TO ANOTHER

The rumors that seep up out of Santa Cruz of her beautiful pure-white types are largely of artificial propagation. It is true that she has a larger percentage of Spanish blood than any other city of Bolivia, but this is rarely found in its unadulterated form. Some Negro and considerable Indian ancestry has left its mark, and while there is not a full-blooded African, or perhaps a full Indian, in town, and Spanish is the universal, if slovenly, tongue, genuine white natives are few in number. As to the beautiful girls and women of popular fancy they do exist, but certainly in no larger proportion than pearls in oysters. The overwhelming majority are coarse-featured, with heavy noses and sensual lips, crumbling teeth that hint at degeneration and little attractiveness beyond the quick-fading physical one of youth.

The laws of Bolivia recognize three classes of offspring,—legitimate, natural, and unnatural. The second are unalienable heirs to one-fifth the father's property. The third division comprises those born out of wedlock to parents who could not marry if they wished,—that is, one or both of whom is already married, or has taken the priestly vows of celibacy. The town has little notion of the view-point of the rest of the world on this subject. Like an island far out at sea, all but cut off from the rest of mankind, it has developed customs—or lack of them—of its own, its own point of view; and, like all isolated groups, it is sure of its own importance in exact ratio to the lack of outside influence; so that barefooted cruceños are firmly convinced that their ways are vastly superior to those of the rest of the world, which they judge by the few sorry specimens thereof who drift in upon them bedraggled by weeks of wilderness trails. The term "Colla," used to designate the people of the Bolivian highlands, and passed on by the masses to the world at large, is here a word of deprecation.

With few exceptions the foreign residents soon fall into this easy tropical way of life. The two "Belgian" firms bring in scores of young German employees trained in the European main house; and there are normally some 250 Teutonic residents. The percentage of these is low who are not established within a month of their arrival in any part of the region with their own "housekeeper." The recruit is shown the expediency of this arrangement by both the precept and the example of his fellow-

countrymen. Celibacy is alleged to be doubly baneful in the tropics; there are no hotels or restaurants worthy the name; the pleasure of forming part of the best native family would soon wear threadbare, even if the Moorish seclusion of these did not make admittance impossible. To live with even a modicum of comfort in these wilds the white man must have a home of his own. The frail walls thereof are slight protection against theft. Unless he will reduce his possessions to what he can carry to and from his stool or counter each day, a "housekeeper" is imperative. Though a neighbor might be induced to provide meals and such housekeeping as she has time for, the cruceña brings her personal interest to bear only on those things of which she is genuinely, if temporarily, a part. To her, wages are neither customary nor attractive, the reward of her labors must be a temporarily permanent home. Hence the "servant problem" is most easily solved by adopting the servant. Whatever principles contrary to this mode of life the youthful Teuton brings with him from his native land, they quickly melt away under the tropical sun, and there is commonly little resistance to the new environment.

The then most widely-known gringo sojourner in Santa Cruz was an Englishman who chose to call himself "Jack Thompson;" his habitat the departmental prison. His story was well-fitted to the "Penny Dreadful" or the cinema screen. Some years ago "Thompson" and a fellow-countryman had drifted out of the interior of Brazil into Corumbá and offered to sell their rights to a rubber forest they had discovered. The Teutonic house that showed interest asked them to await decision, and meanwhile offered them employment in the escort of a party of German employees, peons, and muleteers carrying £7000 in gold to a branch of the establishment in the interior of Bolivia. On the trail a German of the escort drew the Englishmen into a plot to hold up the party. A week or more inland, at a rivulet called Ypias, the trio suddenly fell upon their companions and killed three Germans, a Frenchman, a Bolivian muleteer, and the chola "housekeeper" of the chief of the expedition. The rest scattered into the jungle; except one old Indian arriero who, unable to run, managed to crawl up into the branches of a nearby tree. There he witnessed the second act of the melodrama. For a time the trio remained in peace and concord, washed, drank, and concocted a meal over jungle brush. But soon the question of the division of the gold became a dispute. The German asserted that, as author of the plan, he should take half. The Englishmen insisted on an equal division. The dispute became a quarrel. At length, late in the afternoon, when the unknown observer was ready to drop to the ground and a quick death, from exhaustion, fear, and thirst, the Englishmen fell upon their confederate with a revolver, two rifles, and a sabre. Even a German must succumb under such odds. Leaving the body where it fell, the pair divided the gold, and each swinging a pair of saddlebags over a shoulder, struck off into the trackless jungle, for some reason fancying this a surer escape than to mount mules and dash for safety in Brazil.

Meanwhile some of the refugees had reached nearby settlements. Several search parties were made up and, having buried what the vultures had left, took up the scent. The natives of these jungle regions are not easily eluded in their own element. For four days the Britons struggled through the tropical wilderness half-dead of thirst—for it was September at the end of the dry season—and soon reduced to a few native berries as food. The gold become too heavy for their waning forces. They managed to climb to the summit of a jungle bluff and bury most of it. On the fifth day, a search party came upon them resting in a shaded thicket. A volley killed his companion and slightly wounded "Thompson." Leaving the corpse for the vultures, the pursuers tracked the wounded man all night and next morning caught him at bay. Having pointed out the hiding-place of the gold, he was set backward astride a mule with his hands

tied behind him and, amid such persecution as the savage, half-Indian Bolivian can invent, was escorted to San José and later driven through the jungle and lodged in the departmental prison.

All this had occurred three years before. Twice "Thompson," who was a Mason, as are some of the officials of Bolivia, "escaped." The first time he was found drunk in the plaza before his evasion was known; the second, he walked the 160 leagues to Yacquiva through the jungle without once touching the trail, only to celebrate what he fancied, for lack of geographical knowledge, his escape into the Argentine too early, and be forced to walk all the way back. Finally, after more than a year in prison, he had been tried—on paper, as in all Spanish-America—and within another twelve-month had coaxed the judge to deliver his verdict and sentence him—to be shot. The supreme court and the president had still to pass upon the matter, and another year had drifted by.

"Thompson" was an unattractive man in middle life, rather thin, with the accent and bad teeth of the Englishman of the mechanic class, and the uninspired and rather hopeless philosophy of life common to that caste. Otherwise his attitude was in no way different from what it would have been had we been a pair of tramps met on the road. He smiled frequently as he talked and was neither more sad nor more cynical than the average of his class. He made no secret of his part in what he referred to as "our stunt," and gave me detailed information on how to find the graves along the trail "where we pulled it off," in case I should continue to the eastward. He plainly regretted the crime, but only because he had been caught. Knowing he had already published a doctored account of the occurrence in an English monthly and found the remuneration exceedingly useful in eking out his existence in a Bolivian prison, I suggested the writing of the whole story.

"Aye, but they 're not going to give me time," he answered, rolling and lighting a cigarette. "I just got word from Sucre that they have confirmed the sentence. Now as soon as the president signs it they 'll call me out and . . ."

"Oh, I don't believe Montes would do that to a gringo," I remarked encouragingly. "He is a Mason too. . . ."

"Well, I don't care a rap whether they do or not," he replied, with considerable heat, "I 'm perfectly willing they do it and have it over with. Even if he commutes the sentence, it means ten years more of this"—he pointed to the slovenly yard and dirtier inmates—"and it 's quite as bad as the other; I don't know but worse."

When he had dressed and stepped outside to pose for a photograph, he presented rather a "natty" appearance, though his low-caste face could not be disguised. Together we wandered through the prison. "Thompson," in his striving to be "simpático" amid his surroundings, had become quite a "caballero" in his manner, and spoke Spanish unusually well for one of his class and nationality. The prisoners found it as necessary to earn their own living inside as out, for though the government theoretically furnishes food, it would not have kept the smallest inmate alive for a week. "Thompson" asserted that he had not touched prison fare since his incarceration. His "cell" was fitted up as a work-shop, with a bench, a small vise, and such tools of a mechanic as he had been able to collect, and he earned a meager fare and other necessities by mending watches and the various tinkering jobs that reached him from outside. Shoemaking was the favorite occupation of his fellow-jailbirds. More than a dozen had their open "cells" scattered with odds and ends of leather and half-finished footwear. Formerly, the public had passed freely in and out of the prison, and prisoners, underbidding free labor, since their lodging was already supplied them, had always earned enough to satisfy their appetites. Now, the rules had become somewhat more strict, at least to outsiders, and with less opportunity to sell their wares more than one inmate suffered from hunger.

We passed into one of the two large common rooms, foul-smelling mud dens in which "Thompson" had seen as many as 37 persons of both sexes and all degrees of crime, age, and condition sometimes *locked in* for an entire month by some whim of carcelero or judge.

During our stroll, my companion ceremoniously introduced me to several of the six "gringo" prisoners. One was a German-Peruvian, eight months before manager of a local bank and since then in prison untried on the charge of disposing of bad drafts. When a powerful company does not feel it has sufficient evidence to convict a man whose arrest it has caused, it is the Bolivian custom to see that the judge does not bring the case to trial. Nearly every government official semi-openly having his price, the prisons are apt to hold chiefly those who have underbid in the contest for "justice." "Thompson" asserted—and he was corroborated by many outside the carcel—that for some £200 he could make his escape. The savage half-Indian conscripts serving as carceleros vented their hatred of the gringos at every opportunity, and made their lives constantly miserable by watching for the slightest breaking of the rules to give them an excuse to shoot. In former times, when rubber was high in price, the Intendente de la Policia frequently sold prisoners to the "rubber kings" of the Beni at 1000 bolivianos a head, and it was a rare victim of this system who did not end his days as a virtual slave in the Amazonian forests.

As we shook hands at the gate of the inner patio, "Thompson" remarked:

"If Montes signs it I 'll have forty-eight hours left with nothing to do and I 'll write you something. I believe the thoughts of a man waiting to be shot"—it was the only time he used that word during the interview—"would make interesting reading. The ending would be all right if these Indians could make a good job of it, but they 'll end by bashing in my head with the butts of their muskets, as they have all the others."

Before we leave Santa Cruz, the story of "Thompson" permits a bit of anticipation. Months later, in far southern Chile, I chanced to pick up a newspaper among the scant foreign despatches of which my eye fell upon:

"Bolivia, 14 May—In Santa Cruz de la Sierra was shot to-day the criminal "Thompson," of English nationality, condemned to the supreme penalty for having assassinated the conductors of money of some local houses."

Another half-year passed before there reached me in Brazil local papers and letters giving details. According to these, the judge wept when he read the sentence, but "Thompson" shook hands with him, telling him the sentence was just, and that the only criticism he had to offer was that the execution had been so long delayed. As his last favor, he asked that jail conditions be improved, that his friends might be more humanly treated. On his last night he got permission to have a few of these—all jailbirds—to dinner with him, but refused to touch liquor himself, "so I shall be able to take in every detail clearly." Then he had a few hours sleep, "enough to keep my head straight." In the morning he informed friends that he had parents, brothers, and sisters in London, and a wife and son in the States. To these he had been writing since his arrest that he was engaged in an enterprise that would in time make him rich if luck was with him. On the evening before his execution he wrote bidding them all farewell, saying he had suddenly contracted a tropical disease the doctors despaired of, and would be dead by the time they got the letter. He was shot at noon, while the bells of the cathedral were striking, that nothing should be heard outside the prison.

There is one of the sand streets of Santa Cruz de la Sierra which does not run out to nothing in the surrounding jungle, but dwindles to what is known locally as the "camino de Chiquitos," and pushes on to the Paraguay river, some 400 miles distant. "Road" in the cruceño sense, however, means anything but a comfortable highway. As usual, the town was scorn-

ful of the suggestion that two lone gringos could make the journey on foot. Disheartening stories assailed us of the dangers from snakes and "tigers." of the unending pest of insects, of the almost total lack of sleeping-places and even of supplies. For the first week we must carry all food with us; in this rainy season the route was sure to abound with chest-deep mud-holes and miles of swamps; the last twenty leagues, near the Paraguay, would be completely inundated and impassable for months until the waters subsided. Or if the rains did not come on at their accustomed time, there was as much danger of the country being wholly waterless for long distances. Moreover, beyond the Rio Guapay, eight leagues east of the capital, stretched the notorious Monte Grande, a dense, unbroken forest in which roam wild Indians given to shooting six-foot arrows of *chonta,* or iron-heavy black palms, from their eight-foot bows with such force that they pass clear through a man at fifty yards. This was said to be quite painful. Nor were these mere idle rumors; we had only to drop in on one of several men in town to be shown arrows taken from the bodies of victims, and a sojourning fellow-countryman had several relics of the tribe he had had the good fortune to see first while prospecting on the banks of the Guapay. Experienced travelers asserted that boiled water, a careful diet, a selected medicine-kit, waterproofs, a tropical helmet, and a woolen cholera-belt for night chills were prime necessities. I had all but six of this half-dozen requisites. By choice I should have turned rural native entirely and worn a straw hat, a breechclout, a pair of leather sandals, and a towel. But life can seldom be reduced to such charming simplicities. Two things at least were indispensable,—a cloth hammock and a *mosquitero* to hang over it; for the only sleeping-place on most of the journey would be that which the traveler carried with him. Then I must "hacer tapeque," as they say in Santa Cruz, or "pack" a bag of rice and some sheets of sun-dried beef, to say nothing of distributing about my person kodak, revolver, cartridges, and money in various forms of metal. Add to this a few indispensable garments, sealed tins of salt and matches, kitchenette, photographic and writing materials and the other unavoidable odds and ends for a scantily inhabited 400-mile trip of unknown duration, and it will be readily understood why, after mailing the developing-tank and even my coat, razor and accessories, I staggered heavily across town on January 8th to begin the longest single leg of my South American journey.

Fortunately, the German who had sought my assistance in the matter of the gun license, was bound at least a few days in the same direction. Heinrich Konanz, born in Karlsruhe, had served the last of three years as a conscript in the expedition against the Chinese Boxers, and had since worked as a carpenter in China and California until he had concluded to seek a permanent home as a colonist in some region where population was less numerous. He was largely innocent of geography, spoke habitually a painful cross between his once native tongue and what he fondly fancied was English, with a peppering of Chinese, and knew almost no Spanish. The mule that had carried him from Cochabamba he found it necessary to turn into a pack-animal for the tools, materials, and provisions he had purchased in Santa Cruz, and was to continue on foot. He had been placidly making plans to push on alone, when rumors in his own tongue suddenly reached him of the Monte Grande and its playful Indians. His first inclination had been to throw up the sponge and return to Cochabamba. But his capital had been greatly reduced and his hotel room heaped with the supplies sold him by his fellow-countrymen, who would not take them back at a fourth of the original cost. He made a virtue of necessity, added a new rifle to his revolver and shot-gun, and offered to find room on the mule for the heavier of my baggage in return for the reassurance of my company.

It was a brilliant day when I shouldered the German's rifle, my own revolver

well oiled and freshly loaded, and led the way out of town.

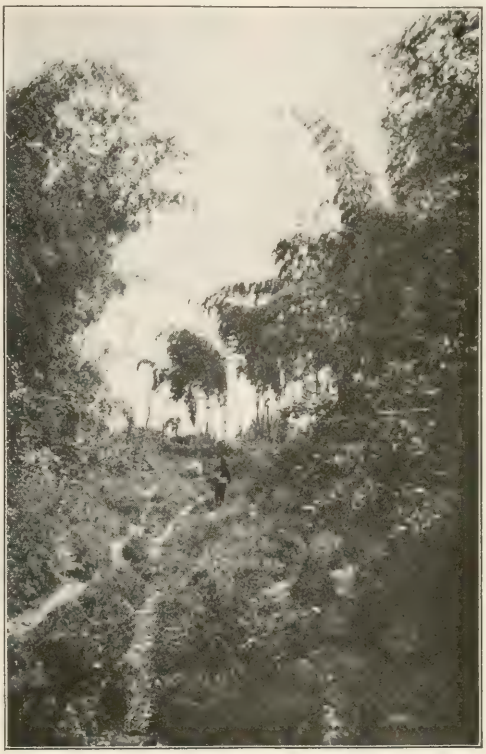
Twice during the day we met a train of heavy, crude ox-carts roofed with sun-dried ox-hides, that recalled the "prairie-schooners" of pioneer days, eight oxen to each, creaking westward with infinite slowness. In the afternoon the forest closed in about us and we plodded on through deep sand alternating with mud-holes. Soon all the woods about us was screaming like a dozen suffragette meetings in full session and, fancying the uproar came from edible wild fowls, I crept in upon them rifle in hand. To my astonishment, I found a band of small monkeys shrieking together in a huge tree-top. Even a monkey steak would not have been unacceptable. I fired into the branches. Instantly there fell, not the wherewithal of a sumptuous evening repast, but the most absolute silence. The little creatures did not flee, however, but each sprang a limb or two higher and watched my slightest movement with brilliant, roving eyes. A qualm came upon me and I hurried after the German.

That night we camped in a clump of trees about a water-hole. The native who pointed out the trail to it did so in a surly, regretful manner, as if he resented the consumption by strangers who should have remained in their own country of a priceless treasure insufficient for home consumption. Down at the bottom of a deep hole in the sand, strongly fenced with split rails, was an irregular puddle barely four inches deep, full of fallen leaves, wrigglers, and decayed vegetable matter; yet from it radiated trails in all directions. The blocks of crude brown sugar we had purchased that morning had melted during the day and smeared everything within reach; the boiled leg of mutton already whispered its condition to the nostrils. The breeze a slight knoll promised treacherously died down and the swarms of insects that sung about us all night frequently struck home in spite of the close-knit *mosquitero* that kept us running with sweat until near dawn.

Monkeys were already howling in the nearby woods when we pulled on our clothes, wet and sticky, in a soggy morning that soon carried out its promise of rain; and parrots now and then screamed at us in dull-weather mood. A heavy shower paused for a new start and became a true jungle deluge. My poncho would have been useless; besides, it was wrapped, in Australian "swag" style, around my possessions on the mule. Past experience told me that the only reliable waterproof in the tropics is to let it rain—and dry out again when opportunity offers. We settled down to splash on indifferently, soaked through and through from hat to shoes, dripping at every seam. The weather was not over warm either, and only the heaviest moments of the storm dispersed the swarms of ravenous mosquitoes.

In dense woods punctuated with mud-holes, a yellow youth in two cotton garments overtook us well on in the afternoon and asked if we would need a "pelota." We would, and he stopped at a jungle hut some distance beyond and emerged with an entire ox-hide, sun-dried and still covered with the long red hair of its original owner, folded in four like a sheet of writing paper, on his head. For a mile or more he plodded noiselessly behind us. Then suddenly the forest opened out upon the notorious Guapay, or Rio Grande, a yellow-brown stream, wide as the lower Connecticut, flowing swiftly northward to join the Mamoré on its journey to the Amazon. We splashed a mile or more up along its edge to offset the distance we should be carried downstream before striking a landing opposite. Here two men of bleached-brown skin, each completely naked but for a palm-leaf hat securely tied on, relieved our companion of his load and set about turning it into a boat. These "pelatos de cuero" ("leather balls") are the ferries of all this region, being transportable, whereas a wooden boat, left behind, would be stolen by the "indios bravos." Around the edge of the hide were a dozen loop-holes through which was threaded a cord that drew it up into the form of a rude tub. To add firmness to this, the hat-wearers

laid a corduroy of green poles in the bottom. Then they piled our baggage into it, set the German atop, and dragged it down the sloping mud bank into the water, while the youth coaxed the mule into the stream and swam with it for the opposite shore. This seemed load enough and to spare. But when I had fulfilled my duties as official photographer of the expedition, I, too, was lifted in, and away we went, easily 500 pounds, speeding down the racing yellow stream, the naked ferrymen first wading, then swimming beside us, clutching the pelota, the "gunwales" of which were in places by no means an inch above the water. Had the none-too-stout cord broken, the hide would instantly have flattened out and left us—for an all-too-brief moment—like passengers on the magic carpet of Oriental fairy tales.



IN A SOUTH AMERICAN WILDERNESS

Before and high above us, where the *peloteros* coaxed the crazy craft ashore, stretching like a Chinese wall of vegetation further than the eye could follow in either direction, stood an impenetrable forest, the famous Monte Grande, or "Great Wilderness," of Bolivia. Here was the chief haunt of the wild Indians of the penetrating arrow, a region otherwise uninhabited, through which the "road" to the Paraguay squeezes its way for hundreds of miles almost without a shift of direction. We swung our hammocks on the extreme edge of the river where the breeze promised to blow—and failed of its promise, like all things Latin-American. For though the day was not yet spent, the journey through the Monte Grande is fixed in its itinerary by the four "garrisons" maintained some five leagues apart by the Bolivian government as a theoretical protection against the nomadic Indians. At dusk a man swam the river with his clothing and possessions in the brim of his hat, and soon afterward the stream began to rise so rapidly that it is doubtful if we could have passed it for several days.

Almost at once, in the morning, we met a train of nine enormous roofed carts of merchandise from Europe by way of Montevideo, each with eight yoke of gaunt, way-worn oxen, straining hub-deep through the mire at a turtle's pace. The forest crowded them so close on either hand that we must back into it as into the shallow niche of an Inca wall and stand erect and motionless until the train had crawled by, the wilderness bawling and echoing a half-hour with the cries of the dozen drivers dodging in and out knee-deep in mud among the panting brutes with their long goads. We met no other person during the day. Travelers through the Monte Grande go always in bands, and the ox-drivers stared at us setting out alone as at gringo madmen.

We deployed in campaign formation. Our revolvers loose in their holsters, the German marched ahead, closely followed by his affectionate "mool," while I brought up the rear with his new Winchester. This was the post of honor and most

promise, for the Indians of the Monte Grande do not face their intended victims, but spring from behind a tree to shoot the traveler in the back, and dodge back out of sight again. They shoot seated, using the feet to stretch the bow, a slight advantage, in time, to their prey. Rumor has it that the tribe is by nature peaceful; but they were long hunted for sport and are still shot on sight, with no questions asked, and have come to look upon all travelers as tribal enemies. They are said to be entirely nomadic, to wear nothing but a feather clout, and to bind their limbs in childhood so that the forearm and the leg below the knee become mere bone and sinew with which they can thrust their way through the spiny undergrowth without pain. This improvement on nature draws the foot out of shape, and the footprint of a savage, showing only the imprint of the heel, the outer edge of the foot, and the crooked big toe, is easily distinguished from that of the ordinary native. However, this was not my lucky day, and I caught not so much as a kodak-shot at a feather clout, though I glanced frequently over my shoulder all the day through.

But if the Indians failed us, there were other visitations to make up for them. Every instant of the day we fought swarms of gnats and mosquitoes; though the sun rarely got a peep in upon us, its damp, heavy heat kept us half-blinded with the salt sweat in our eyes. The road was really a long tunnel through unbroken forest meeting overhead, into which the thorny undergrowth crowded in spite of the ox-cart traffic. All day long, mud-holes often waist-deep for long distances, completely occupied the narrow forest lane. The region being utterly flat, the waters of the rainy season gather in the slightest depression, which passing ox-carts plough into a slough beyond description; while the barest suggestion of a stream inundates to a swamp all the surrounding territory. For the first mile we sought, in our inexperience, to tear our way around them through the edge of the forest. But so dense was this that it barred us as effectually as a cactus hedge. We took to wading, now to the knees, now to the waist, sometimes slipping into unseen cart-ruts and plunging to the shoulders in noisome slime.

At sunset we waded through a barred gate into the *pascana*, or tiny natural clearing, of Cañada Larga, the first of the four *fortines*. Five miserable thatched huts, some without walls and the others of open-work poles set upright, were occupied by eight boyish soldiers in faded rags of khaki and ancient cork helmets of the same color, and a slattern female belonging to the lieutenant. The latter was a haughty fellow of twenty-five, sallow with fever and gaunt from long tropical residence, a graduate of the Bolivian West Point in La Paz, and permanently in command of all the garrisons of the Monte Grande. The others were two-year conscripts between nineteen and twenty-one, assigned to the forts for a year, usually to be forgotten by the government and left there months longer.

The lieutenant insisted on sending along a soldier to "protect" us from the savages. He was a girlish-looking boy of Indian features, armed with an ancient Winchester of broken butt, thick with rust inside and out. Most of the day he lagged far behind, for the sun-dried stretches of road between the swamps and mud-holes hurt even his calloused feet. We tramped unbrokenly for seven hours, the endless forest wall close on either hand, without sighting another human being, until the jungle opened out slightly on the little pascana of Tres Cruces. The sergeant in command dragged himself out a few yards to meet us, a rifle-shot having warned him of our approach. He had four soldiers and a gnat-bitten female. They called the bucketful they brought us from a swamp "excellent water." It *was* clear, to be sure, and a decided improvement on what we had drunk from the mud-holes during the day, the swampy taste not quite overwhelming. But it was luke-warm from lying out under the sun and had at least a hundred tadpoles swimming merrily about in it. One dipped up a cup-

ful, picked out the tadpoles gently but firmly, and forced as much of their vacated bath as possible down the feverish throat.

The gnats of Tres Cruces quickly got wind of the arrival of fresh supplies and attacked us in regiments. The previous camp had been gnatless compared to this. Known to the natives as *jejenes,* they are almost invisible, yet could bite through a woolen garment or a cloth hammock so effectively that the mosquito's puny efforts passed unnoticed in comparison. Wherever they alight they leave a red spot the size of a mustard-seed that itches and burns for days afterward. What such a host of them had hoped to feed on had we not unexpectedly turned up, I cannot guess; surely they were taking long chances of famine and starvation here in the unpeopled wilderness. Under no circumstances did they give us a moment of respite. Even the soldiers, tropical born and long accustomed to them, ate their suppers, plate in hand, marching swiftly up and down the "parade-ground," viciously striking at themselves with the free hand. We could not leave off fighting them long enough to lift a kettle off the fire without a hundred instantly stinging us in as many distinct spots.

The sergeant insisted, languidly and tropically, on sending one of his armed boys along. We refused. Should anything have happened to the child, such as a sprained ankle in "protecting" us from the savages, we could never have forgiven ourselves. All day long we tramped due eastward through unbroken forest. Monotonously the swamps and mud-holes continued. It would not have been so bad could we have waded all the way barefoot; but the sun-dried stretches between made shoes imperative. Never a patch of clearing, never a sign of human existence —though I still glanced frequently over my shoulder—never the suggestion of a breeze to temper the heat or to break the ranks of the swarming insects. We threw ourselves face-down at any mud-hole or cart-rut, gratefully, to drink. "It was crawlin' an' it stunk, but"—anything that can by any stretch of the word be called water is only too welcome in tropical Bolivia.

A toilsome eighteen miles ended at Pozo del Tigre,—there was something fetching about the name of this third fortín,—the "Tiger's Drinking-place." Here were four boys, a cossack post in command of a corporal; also at last something for sale, for some one had planted a patch of corn back in the forest. Two soldiers brought us *choclos* and *huiro,* green-corn for ourselves and stalks of the same for the mule. The conscripts preferred coffee and rice in payment, for money is of slight value beyond the Rio Grande, but demanded five times what the stuff was worth. It was not sweet-corn, and was either half-grown or overripe, but welcome for all that. We threw the ears into the fire and raked them out to munch what was not entirely burned or still raw. The jejenes made it impossible to hold them over the fire to toast. We squatted over the blaze so close it all but burned our garments, yet the relief was so great, in spite of the smoke in our eyes, that we all but fell over into the fire asleep.

The life of these garrisons is dismal in the extreme. The soldiers had absolutely no drill or other fixed duty. In most cases they were too apathetic to plant anything, even to dig a well, however heavily time hung on their hands, preferring to starve on half-rations, to choke in the dry season and drink mud in the wet weather rather than to exert themselves. Each "fort" in the center of the "parade-ground" had a crude horizontal bar made of a sapling. But it was used only for a languid moment when utter ennui drove some one to it. The impossibility of "team-work" among Latin-Americans was never more clearly demonstrated than by the fact that each soldier cooked his own food separately three times a day over his own stick fire. There was not faith enough among them even to permit division of labor in bringing fire-wood. Each set his *marmita,* a soldier's tin cook-pot shaped to fit between the shoulders, on the ends

of burning sticks and sat constantly on his heels beside it lest it spill over as one of the fagots burned away. They were astonished to learn the use of Y-shaped sticks for hanging their kettles.

All this region is noted for its *petas,* a large land-turtle, with the empty charred shells of which any camping-ground is sure to be scattered. During the afternoon the German actually ran one down.

Tied on the pack, it arrived at the fourth and last *fortín* of the Monte Grande, Guayritos, a large clearing surrounded by *matorrales,* or palm-tree swamps, and noted for attacks by the savages. The corporal ordered one of his three men to prepare the turtle. He split it open with a machete and, removing all the meat, spitted the liver, the chief delicacy, on a stick, and I set the rest to boiling. When it had cooked for an hour, the addition of a handful of rice and a chip of salty rock made the most savory repast of several days. All through the cooking Konanz had sat moodily by, fighting clouds of jejenes and smoking furiously for protection. When the meal was ready he refused to touch it. Evidently turtle is not eaten in the German army. But for once the inner man all but overcame the iron discipline of years. It may have been the smoke that brought tears to his eyes as I fell upon the mess; at any rate he moved away from the fire and went to tramp gloomily up and down the edge of the pascana. The thick muscles that in life are so strong that a man cannot pull a leg from its shell by main force were of a dark-red meat far superior to the finest chicken—unless appetite deceived me—and almost boneless. The comatose condition induced by the feast lasted with only an occasional break all night, so that I slept considerably, even though the gnats roared about my net like a raging sea on a distant cliff-bound coast, and a few hundred managed to gain admittance.

A tropical shower was raging when we finished loading. Even the soldiers were in a snarling mood. The going was so slippery it was painful.

That afternoon our journey seemed to have come ignominiously to an end. An immense swamp or lake a half-mile wide spread across the trail and far away into the now thinner forest in both directions, the notorious "curiche de Tuná." We attempted to flank it, only to have a faint side path end in the impassable tangles of an even greater swamp. Wandering in this for an hour, we regained the road at last and, putting everything damageable in our hats and strapping our revolvers about our necks, we attempted the crossing. The lake proved only chest-deep, but the glue-like mud bottom all but swallowed up the mule, and the pack emerged streaming water from every corner.

The sun was getting low when we sighted a little wooded hill above the sea-flat forest ahead, and with it the first rock I had seen since long before Santa Cruz. The road dodged the hillock, however, and we slushed hopelessly on through endless virgin forest. The insignificance of man in these primeval woods is appalling. Night was coming on. Suddenly a large fence-railed cornfield appeared in a clearing beside the "road," but this plunged on again into the wilderness without disclosing any other sign of humanity. Darkness was upon us when a man in white rode out of the gloom ahead and all but fell from his mule in astonishment. We had passed unseen the branch trail to the scattered hamlet of El Cerro, a score of thatched huts constituting the first civilian dwelling of man beyond the Rio Grande.

# The Second Fiddle

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

Author of "The Dark Tower" etc.

Illustrations by Norman Price

## *Part IV. Chapter XXIV.*

STELLA was afraid that when she went down to dinner it would be like slipping into another life—a life to which she was attached by her love for Julian, but to which she did not belong. It did not seem possible to her that Lady Verny would be able to bear her as a daughter-in-law. As a secretary it had not mattered in the least that she was shabby and socially ineffective. And she could n't be different; they 'd have to take her like that if they took her at all. She ranged them together in her fear of their stateliness; she almost wished that they would n't take her at all, but let her slink back to Redcliffe Square and bury herself in her own insignificance.

But when she went down-stairs she found herself caught in a swift embrace by Lady Verny, and meeting without any barrier the adoration of Julian's eyes.

"My dear, my dear," said Lady Verny, "I always felt that you belonged to me."

"But are you pleased?" whispered Stella in astonishment.

"Pleased!" cried Lady Verny, with a little shaken laugh. "I 'm satisfied, a thing that at my age I hardly had the right to expect."

"Mother thinks it 's all her doing," Julian explained. "It 's her theory that we 've shown no more initiative than a couple of guaranteed Dutch bulbs. Shall I tell you what she was saying before you came down-stairs?"

"Dear Julian," said Lady Verny, blushing like a girl, "you 're so dreadfully modern, you will frighten Stella if you say things to her so quickly before she has got used to the idea of you."

"She 's perfectly used to the idea of me," laughed Julian, "and I 've tried frightening her already without the slightest success. Besides, there 's nothing modern about a madonna lily. My mother said, Stella, that she did n't care very much for madonna lilies in the garden. They 're too ecclesiastical for the other flowers, but very suitable in church for weddings. And out in ten days' time, did n't you say, Mother? I hope they have n't any of Stella's procrastinating habits."

"You must n't mind his teasing, dear," Lady Verny said, smiling. "We will go in to dinner now. You 're a little late, but no wonder. I am delighted to feel that now I have a right to scold you."

"The thing that pleases me most," said Julian, "is that I shall be able to remove Stella's apples and pears forcibly from her plate and peel them myself. I forget how long she has been here, but the anguish I have suffered meal by meal as I saw her plod her unreflecting way over their delicate surfaces, beginning at the stalk and slashing upward without consideration for any of the laws of nature, nothing but the self-control of a host could have compelled me to endure. I offered to peel them for her once, but she said she liked peeling them; and I was far too polite to say, 'Darling, you 've got to hand them over to me.' I 'm going to say it now, though, every time."

"Hush, dear," said Lady Verny, nervously. "Thompson has barely shut the door. I really don't know what has happened to your behavior."

"I have n't any," said Julian. "I 'm like the old lady in the earthquake who found herself in the street with no clothes on. She bowed gravely to a gentleman she had met the day before and said, 'I should be happy to give you my card, Mr. Jones, but I have lost the receptacle.' Things like that happen in earthquakes. I have lost my receptacle." He met Stella's eyes and took the consent of her laughter. He was as happy with her as a boy set loose from school.

Lady Verny, watching him, was almost frightened at his lack of self-restraint. "He has never trusted any one like this before," she thought. "He is keeping nothing back." It was like seeing the released waters of a frozen stream.

While they sat in the hall before Julian rejoined them, Lady Verny showed Stella all the photographs of Julian taken since he was a baby.

There was a singularly truculent one of him, at three years old, with a menacingly poised cricket-bat, which Stella liked best of all. Lady Verny had no copy of it, but she pressed Stella to take it.

"Julian will give you so many things," she said; "but I want to give you something that you will value and which is quite my own." So Stella took the truculent baby, which was Lady Verny's own.

"You look very comfortable sitting there together; I won't disturb you for chess," Julian observed when he came in shortly afterward. "I was wondering if you would like to hear what I did in Germany. It 's a year old now and as safe with you as with me, but it must n't go any further."

Julian told his story very quietly, leaning back against the cushions of a couch by the open window. Above his head Stella could see the dark shapes of the black yew hedges, and the wheeling of the bats as they scurried to and fro upon their secret errands.

Neither Lady Verny nor Stella moved until Julian had finished speaking. It was the most thrilling of detective stories, but it is not often that the roots of our being are involved in detective stories.

They could not believe that he lay there before them, tranquilly smoking a cigarette and breathed on by the soft June air. As they watched his face comfort and security vanished. They were in a ruthless world where a false step meant death. Julian had been in danger, but it was never the danger which he had been in that he described; it was the work he had set out to do and the way he had done it. He noticed danger only when it obstructed him. Then he put his wits to meet it. They were, as Stella realized, very exceptional wits for meeting things. Julian combined imagination with strict adherence to fact. He had the courage which never broods over an essential risk and the caution which avoids all unnecessary ones.

"Of course," he broke off for a moment, "you felt all the time rather like a flea under a microscope. Don't underrate the Germans. As a microscope there 's nothing to beat them; where the microscope leaves off is where their miscalculations begin. A microscope can tell everything about a flea except where it is going to hop.

"I had a lively time over my hopping; but the odd part of it was the sense of security I often had, as if some one back of me was giving me a straight tip. I don't understand concentration. You 'd say it is your own doing, of course, and yet behind your power of holding on to things it seems as if Something Else was holding on much harder. It 's as if you set a ball rolling, and some one else kicked it in the right direction.

"After I 'd been in Germany for a month I began to believe in an Invisible Kicker-Off. It was company for me, for I was lonely. I had to calculate every word I said, and there 's no sense of company where one has to calculate. The feeling that there was something back of me was a great help. I 'd get to the end of my job, and then something fresh would be pushed toward me.

"For instance, I met a couple of naval officers by chance,—I was n't out for anything naval,—and they poured submarine

facts into me as you pour milk into a jug —facts that we needed more than the points I 'd come to find out.

"I 'm not at all sure," Julian finished reflectively, "that if you grip hard enough under pressure, you don't tap facts.

"Have you ever watched a crane work? You shift a lever, and it comes down as easily as a parrot picks up a pencil; it 'll lift a weight that a hundred men can't move an inch, and swing it up as if it were packing feathers. Funny idea, if there 's a law that works like that.

"I came back through Alsace and Lorraine, meaning to slip through the French lines. A sentry winged me in the woods. Pure funk on his part; he never even came to hunt up what he 'd let fly at. But it finished my job."

Lady Verny folded up her embroidery.

"It was worth the finish, Julian," she said quickly. "I am glad you told me, because I had not thought so before." Then she left them.

"It is n't finished, Julian," murmured Stella in a low voice. "It never can be when it 's you.

"Well," said Julian, "it 's all I 've got to give you; so I 'm rather glad you like it, Stella."

They talked till half the long summer night was gone. She sat near him, and sometimes Julian let his hand touch her shoulder or her hair while he unpacked his heart to her. The bitterness of his reserve was gone.

"I think perhaps I could have stood it decently if it had n't been for Marian," he explained. "I was damned weak about her, and that 's a fact. You see, I thought she had the kind of feeling for me that women sometimes have and which some men deserve; but I 'm bound to admit I was n't one of them. When I saw that Marian took things rather the way I should have taken them myself, I went down under it. I said, 'That 's the end of love.' It was the end of the kind I was fit for, the kind that has an end.

"Now I 'm going to tell you something. I never shall again, so you must make the most of it, and keep it to hold on to when I behave badly. You 've put the fear of God into me, Stella. Nothing else would have made me give in to you; and you know I have given in to you, don't you?"

"You 've given me everything in the world I want," said Stella, gently, "if that 's what you call giving in to me."

"I 've done more than that," said Julian, quietly. "I 've let you take my will and turn it with that steady little hand of yours; and it 's the first time— and I don't say it won't be the last— that I 've let any man or woman change my will for me.

"Now I 'm going to send you to bed. I ought n't to have kept you up like this; but if I 've got to let you go back to your people to-morrow, we had to know each other a little better first, had n't we? I 've been trying not to know you all these months. Before you go, would you mind telling me about Mr. Travers and the cat?"

"No," said Stella, with a startled look; "anything else in the world, Julian, but not Mr. Travers and the cat."

"Ostrog and I are frightfully jealous by nature," Julian pleaded. "He would n't be at all nice to that cat if he met it without knowing its history."

"He can't be unkind to the poor cat," said Stella; "it 's dead."

"And is Mr. Travers dead, too?" asked Julian.

"I should think," said Stella, "that he is about as dead as the red-haired girl in the library."

"What red-haired girl?" cried Julian, sharply. "Who 's been telling you—I mean, what made you think I knew her? It 's a remarkably fine bit of painting."

"But you did know her," said Stella; "only don't tell me anything about her unless you want to."

"I won't refuse to answer any questions you ask," said Julian after a pause, "but I 'd much rather wait until we 're married. I am a little afraid of hurting you; you would n't be hurt, you see, if you were used to me and knew more about men. You 're a clever woman, Stella, but the silliest little girl I ever knew."

"I 'll give up the red-haired girl if you 'll give up Mr. Travers," said Stella. She rose, and stood by his side, looking out of the window.

"Do you want to say good night, or would you rather go to bed without?" he asked her.

"Of course I 'll say good night," said Stella. "But, Julian, there are some things I so awfully hate your doing. Saying good night does n't happen to be one of them. It 's lighting my candle unless I 'm sure you want to. I want to be quite certain you don't mind me in little things like that."

Julian put his arms round her and kissed her gently.

"Of course you shall light your candle," he said tenderly, "just to show I don't mind you. But it is n't my pride now. I don't a bit object to your seeing I can't. I 'm quite sure of you, you see; unless you meant to hurt me, you simply could n't do it. And if you meant to hurt me, it would be because you wanted to stop me hurting myself, like this afternoon, would n't it?"

Stella nodded. She wanted to tell him that she had always loved him, long before he remembered that she existed. All the while he had felt himself alone she was as near him as the air that touched his cheek. But she could not find words in which to tell him of her secret companionship. The instinct that would have saved them only brushed her heart in passing.

Julian was alarmed at her continued silence.

"You 're not frightened or worried or anything, are you?" he asked anxiously. "Sure you did n't mind saying good night? It 's not compulsory, you know, even if we are engaged. I 'd hate to bother you."

"I 'm not bothered," Stella whispered; "I—only love you. I was saying it to you in my own way."

"I 'll wait three days for you," said Julian, firmly. "Not an hour more. You quite understand, don't you, that I 'm coming up at the end of three days to bring you home for good?"

Stella shivered as she thought of Redcliffe Square. Julian would n't like Redcliffe Square, and she would n't be able to make him like it; and yet she would n't be able not to mind his not liking it.

Julian knew nothing about Redcliffe Square, but he noticed that Stella shivered when he told her that he was going to bring her home for good.

## CHAPTER XXV

It would be too strong an expression to say that after Stella's departure Julian suffered from reaction. He himself could n't have defined what he suffered from but he was uneasy.

He had given himself away to Stella as he had never in his wildest dreams supposed that one could give oneself away to a woman. But he was n't worrying about that; he had n't minded giving himself away to Stella.

Samson was the character in the Old Testament whom Julian most despised, because he had let Delilah get things out of him. What Samson had got back had n't been worth it, and could probably have been acquired without the sacrifice of his hair. He had simply given in to Delilah because he had a soft spot for her; and Delilah quite blamelessly (from Julian's point of view) had retaliated by crying out, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!"

Julian had always felt perfectly safe with women of this type; they could n't have entrapped him. But there was n't an inch of Delilah in Stella. She had no Philistines up her sleeve for any of the contingencies of life and she had not tried to get anything out of Julian.

That was where his uneasiness began. He understood her sufficiently to trust her, but he was aware that beyond his confidence she was a mapless country; he did not even know which was water and which was land. His uncertainty had made him shrink from telling Stella about Eugénie Matisse.

If Marian had been sharp enough—she probably would n't have been—to guess

that Julian knew the girl in the picture, she would have known, too, precisely what kind of girl she was, and she would have thought none the worse of Julian.

But he did n't know what Stella expected. He was n't afraid that she would cast him off for that or any other of his experiences; then he would have told her. She would have forgiven him as naturally as she loved him; but what if her forgiveness had involved her pain?

He had spoken the truth when he told Stella that she had "put the fear of God into him." Julian had not known much about God before or anything about fear; but he was convinced now that the fear of God was not that God might let you down, but that you might let down God. He wanted to be as careful of Stella as if she had been a government secret.

Did she know in the least what she was in for? Or was she like an unconscious Iphigenia vowed off to moral peril by an inadvertent parent?

He had done his best to make her realize the future, but there are certain situations in life when doing one's best to make a person aware of a fact is equivalent to throwing dust into his eyes. And Stella herself might by a species of divine fooling, have outwitted both himself and her. She might be marrying Julian for pity under the mask of love.

Her pity was divine, and he could stand it for himself perfectly; but he could n't stand it for her. Why had she shivered when he had said he was going to bring her home? He cursed his helplessness. If he had not been crippled he would have taken her by surprise, and let his instincts judge for him; but he had had to lie there like a log, knowing that if he asked her to come to him, she would have blinded him by her swift, prepared responsiveness.

The moment on the downs hardly counted. She had been so frightened that it had been like taking advantage of her to take her in his arms.

The one comfort he clung to was her fierce thrust at his pride. He repeated it over and over to himself for reassurance. She had said, if he would n't marry her, he would make her morally a cripple. That really sounded like love, for only love dares to strike direct at the heart. If he could see her, he knew it would be all right; if even she had written (she had written, of course, but had missed the midnight post), he would have been swept back into the safety of their shared companionship. But in his sudden loneliness he mistrusted fortune. When a man has had the conceit knocked out of him, he is not immediately the stronger for it; and he is the more vulnerable to doubt not only of himself, but of others. The saddest part of self-distrust is that it breeds suspicion.

It would be useless to speak to his mother about it, for, though just a woman, she was predominantly his mother; she wanted Stella too much for Julian to admit a doubt of Stella's wanting it for herself. She would have tried to close all his questions with facts. This method of discussion appealed to Julian as a rule, but he had begun to discover that there are deeper things than facts.

Lady Verny was in London at a flower show, and Julian was sitting in the summer-house, which he was planning to turn into a room for Stella. His misgivings had not yet begun to interfere with his plans. He had just decided to have one of the walls above the water-meadows replaced by glass when his attention was attracted by the most extraordinary figure he had ever seen.

She was advancing rapidly down a grass path, between Lady Verny's favorite herbaceous borders, pursued by the butler. At times Thompson, stout and breathless, succeeded in reaching her side, evidently for the purpose of expostulation, only to be swept backward by the impetuosity of her speed. Eurydice was upon a secret mission. She had borrowed a pound from Stella with which to carry it out, and she was not going to be impeded by a butler.

She no longer followed the theories of Mr. Bolt, but she still had to wear out the kind of clothes that went with Mr. Bolt's theories. He liked scarlet hats.

Eurydice's hat was scarlet, and her dress was a long, purple robe that hung straight from her shoulders.

It was cut low in the neck, with a system of small scarlet tabloids let in around the shoulders. Golden balls, which were intended to represent pomegranates, dangled from her waist.

Eurydice's hair was thick and very dark; there was no doing anything with it. Her eyebrows couched menacingly above her stormy eyes. Her features were heavy and colorless, except her mouth, which was unnaturally (and a little unevenly) red.

She wore no gloves,—she had left them behind in the train,—and she carried a scarlet parasol with a broken rib.

"I wish you 'd send this man away," she said as she approached Julian. "He keeps getting under my feet, and I dislike menials. I saw where you were for myself. I nearly got bitten by a brute of a dog on the terrace. You have no right to keep a creature that 's a menace to the public."

"I regret that you have been inconvenienced," said Julian, politely; "but I must point out to you that the public are not expected upon the terrace of a private garden."

"As far as that goes," said Eurydice, frowning at a big bed of blue Delphiniums, "nobody has a right to have a private garden."

Thompson, with an enormous effort, physical as well as spiritual, cut off the end of the border by a flying leap, and reached the young woman's elbow.

"If you please, Sir Julian," he gasped, "this lady says she 'd rather not give her name. She did n't wish to wait in the hall, nor in the drawing-room, sir, and I 've left James sitting on Ostrog's 'ead, or I 'd have been here before. What with one thing and another, Sir Julian, I came as quickly as I could."

"I saw you did, Thompson," said Julian, with a gleam of laughter; "and now you may go. Tell James to get off Ostrog's head." He turned his eyes on his visitor.

"I am Miss Waring," she said as the butler vanished.

"This is extraordinarily kind of you," Julian said, steadying himself with one hand, and holding out his other to Eurydice. "I think you must be Miss Eurydice, are 'nt you? I was looking forward to meeting you to-morrow. I hope nothing is wrong with Stella."

"Everything is wrong with her," flashed Eurydice, ignoring his outstretched hand; "but she does n't know I 've come to talk to you about it. She 'd never forgive me if she did. So if I say anything you don't like, you can revenge yourself on me by telling her. I have n't come to be *kind,* as you call it. I care far too much for the truth."

"Still, you may as well sit down," said Julian, drawing a chair toward her with his free hand. "The truth is quite compatible with a wicker arm-chair. You need n't lean back in it if you 're afraid of relaxing your moral fiber.

"As to revenge, I always choose my own, and even if you make it necessary, I don't suppose it will include your sister. What you suggest would have the disadvantage of doing that, would n't it? I mean the disadvantage to me. It has n't struck you apparently as a disadvantage that you are acting disloyally toward your sister in doing what you know she would dislike."

Eurydice flung back her head and stared at him. She accepted the edge of the wicker arm-chair provisionally. Her eyes traveled relentlessly over Julian. She took in, and let him see that she took in, the full extent of his injury; but she spared him pity. She looked as if she were annoyed with him for having injuries.

"What I 'm doing," she said, "is my business, not yours. It might n't please Stella,—I must take the risk of that,—but if it saves her from you, it will be worth it."

Julian bowed; his eyes sparkled. An enemy struck him as preferable to a secret doubt.

"I did n't know," she said after a slight pause which Julian did nothing to re-

"THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY FIGURE HE HAD EVER SEEN"

lieve, "that you were as badly hurt as you appear to be. It makes it harder for me to talk to you as freely as I had intended."

"I assure you," said Julian, smiling, "that you need have no such scruples. My incapacities are local, and I can stand a long tongue as well as most men, even if I like it as little."

"I thought you would be insolent, and you are insolent," said Eurydice, with gloomy satisfaction. "That was one of the things I said to Stella."

Julian leaned forward, and for a moment his frosty, blue eyes softened as he looked at her.

"I admit I 'm not very civil if I 'm wrongly handled," he said in a more conciliatory tone. "Your manner was just a trifle unfortunate, Miss Eurydice; but I 'd really like to be friends with you. I 've not forgotten that Stella told me you were 'special' sister. Shall we start quite afresh, and you just tell me as nicely as you know how what wrong you think I 'm doing Stella?"

"I could n't possibly be friends with you," Eurydice said coldly. "The sight of you disgusts me."

Julian lowered his eyes for a moment; when he raised them again the friendliness had gone. They were as hard as wind-swept seas.

"I suppose," he suggested quietly, "that you have some point to make. Is n't that a little off it?"

"I don't mean physically," said Eurydice, with a wave of her hand which included his crutches. "You can't help being a cripple. It is morally I am sick to think of you. Here you are, surrounded by luxury, waited on hand and foot by menials, and yet you can't face your hardships alone—you are so parasitic by nature that you have to drag down a girl like Stella by trading on her pity."

"It would," said Julian in a level tone, holding his temper down by an effort, "be rather difficult for even the cleverest parasite to drag your sister down in the sense of degrading her. Possibly you merely refer to her having consented to marry me?"

"No, I don't," said Eurydice, obstinately. "I call it dragging a person down if you make them sacrifice their integrity. Stella and I always agreed about that before. She cared more for the truth than anything. Now she does n't; she cares more about hurting your feelings. I faced her with it last night, and she never even attempted to answer me. She only said, 'Oh, don't!' and covered her face with her hands."

"What unspeakable thing did you say to her?" asked Julian, savagely.

Ostrog, released from James, rejoined them, cowing down at his master's feet; he was aware that he was in the presence of an anger fiercer than his own.

"I did n't come here to mince matters," said Eurydice, defiantly. "If you want to know what I said to Stella, I asked her why she was going to marry a tyrannical, sterile cripple?"

For a moment Julian did not answer her; when he did, he had regained an even quieter manner than before.

"Very forcibly put," he said in a low voice; "and when your sister covered her face with her hands and said, 'Oh, don't!' you must have felt very proud of yourself."

"If you think I like hurting Stella, you 're wrong," said Eurydice. "But I 'd rather hurt her now than see her whole life twisted out of shape by giving way to a feeling that is n't the strongest feeling in her, or I would n't have come down here. But she did n't deny it."

"What did n't she deny?" asked Julian.

"What I came to tell you," said Eurydice. "The strongest feeling in Stella's life is her love for Mr. Travers, and she gave him up because she discovered that it was also the strongest thing in mine."

Julian flung back his head.

"Seriously, Miss Eurydice," he asked, "are you asking me to believe that your sister 's in love with a town clerk?"

Eurydice flushed crimson under the undisguised amusement in Julian's eyes. He was amused, even though he had suddenly remembered that Mr. Travers was the name of the town clerk.

"Why not?" asked Eurydice, fiercely. "He 's wonderful. He is n't like you; he works. He 's like Napoleon, only he 's always right, and *he* has n't asked her to be his permanent trained nurse!"

Julian had a theory that you cannot swear at women; so he caught the words back, and wondered what would happen if Eurydice said anything worse.

"Don't you think," he said after a pause, "that if you insulted me once every five minutes, and then took a little rest, we might finish quicker? I will admit that there is no reason why Stella should n't be in love with Mr. Travers except the reason that I have for thinking she 's in love with me."

"Well, she is n't," asserted Eurydice. "She 's awfully fond of you, but it all started with her finding out that you were unhappier than she was. She came to you to get over what she felt about Mr. Travers and to free him to care for me; but he does n't. That 's how I found out; I asked him."

"The deuce you did!" exclaimed Julian. "Poor old Travers!"

Eurydice ignored this flagrant impertinence. She merely repeated Mr. Travers's exact words to her: "I cared for your sister, Miss Waring; I am not a changeable man."

"But I notice," said Julian, politely, "that this profession of Mr. Travers's feelings which you succeeded in wringing from him does not include your sister's. I had already inferred from my slight knowledge of your sister that Mr. Travers was attached to her. The inference was easy."

"I hoped that myself," said Eurydice—"I mean, that she did n't care. I wrote and asked Cicely. She 's my other sister; she hates me, but she 's just. She does n't know about you, of course. Would you like to see her letter?"

"It seems a fairly caddish thing to do, does n't it?" asked Julian, pleasantly. "However, perhaps this is hardly the moment for being too particular. Yes, you can hand me over the letter." Julian read:

My dear Eurydice:

You ask if I think Stella cared for Mr. Travers. I dislike this kind of question very much. However, as you seem to have some qualms of conscience at last, you may as well know that I think she did. She 's never had anything for herself. You 've always taken all there was to take, and I dare say she thought Mr. Travers ought to be included. She never told me that she cared for him, but of course even you must know that Stella would n't do such a thing as that. She spoke during her illness of him once in a way that made me suspect what she was feeling, added to which I was sure that she was struggling against great mental pain, as well as physical. She evidently wanted to get away from the town hall and leave Mr. Travers to you. You can draw your own inferences from these facts. Stella would rather be dragged to pieces by wild horses than tell you any more; so, if I were you, I would avoid asking her.

Your affectionate sister,

CICELY.

"You did ask her, of course," said Julian, handing Eurydice the letter; "and as we are both acting in a thoroughly underhand way, perhaps you will not mind repeating to me Stella's reply."

"At first she did n't answer at all," said Eurydice, slowly, "and then when I asked her again she said: 'I 'm not going to tell you anything at all about Mr. Travers. I came here to tell you about Julian, only you won't listen to me.' Then," said Eurydice, "she cried."

"Please don't tell me any more," said Julian, quickly, shading his eyes with his hand. "I should be awfully obliged if you 'd go. I think you 've said enough."

Eurydice also thought that she had said enough; so she returned with the satisfaction of one who has accomplished a mission on the rest of Stella's pound.

## CHAPTER XXVI

THIS is going to be my last love-letter to you, Stella. I wonder if you will know it is a love-letter. It won't sound particularly like one. It 's to tell you that I can't go

through with our marriage. I can't give you my reasons, and I can't face you without giving them to you. You must try to take my word for it that I am doing what I think best for both of us.

You see, I trust you to do what I want, though I know I am acting in a way that you 'll despise. If you will think of what it means for me to act in such a way, you 'll realize that I am pretty certain that I am right.

You are the best friend I ever had, man or woman, and I know you value my friendship, so that it seems uncommonly mean to take it away from you; and yet I 'm afraid I can't be satisfied with your friendship.

It would honestly make me happier to hear that you were married; but I could n't meet you afterward, and if you don't marry, I could n't let you alone.

You see, I tried that plan when I did n't know you 'd let me do anything else, and it can't be said to have worked very well, can it? It would be quite impossible now. There are two things I 'd like you to remember. One is, if you set out, as I think you did, to heal a broken man, you 've succeeded, and nothing can take away from your success. You put in a new mainspring. I am going to work now. Some day I 'll finish the book, but not yet. The second thing is something I want you to do for me. I know I have no right to ask you; I 'm only appealing to your mercy. Will you let my mother help you a little? I know you won't let me, but you would have let me, Stella. Think what that means to me to know that you would have taken my help, and that by freeing you I am also, in a sense, deserting you. If you still want to make happier a man who has only been a nuisance to you, you can't say I have n't shown you the way.

I should like to give you Ostrog, but I suppose he 'd be out of place in a town hall.

I 'm not going to ask you to forgive me; for I 'm not really sorry for anything except that there was n't more of it, and I 'm never going to forget anything.

Good-by. Your lover,

JULIAN.

Stella was in the middle of ironing the curtains when she received Julian's letter. Everything else was ready for his visit except the curtains.

Mrs. Waring was dressed. It had taken several hours, a needle and cotton, and all the pins in the house, and now she was sitting in a drawing-room which was tidier than any she had sat in since her early married life. She thought that it looked a little bare.

Professor Waring was in the museum. He had become so restless after breakfast that it had seemed best to despatch him there, and retrieve him after Julian arrived.

Eurydice had not asked Mr. Travers for a morning off; she had merely conceded that she would allow Stella to arrange a subsequent meeting with Julian on Sunday, if it was really necessary.

Eurydice kissed Stella tenderly before she left the house to go to the town hall. She knew that she had saved her sister, but she foresaw for the victim of salvation a few painful moments. Even a kindly Providence may have its twinges of remorse.

Stella let the iron get cold while she was reading Julian's letter; but when she had finished it, she heated the iron again and went on with the curtains. They could not be hung up rough dried.

Mrs. Waring was relieved to hear that Julian was not coming. Stella told her at once, while she was slipping the rings on the curtains, which she had brought up-stairs. She added a little quickly, but in her ordinary voice:

"And we are n't going to be married, after all."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Waring, trying not to appear more relieved still. "Then there won't have to be any new arrangements. Marriage is very unreliable, too —it turns out so curiously unlike what it begins, and it even begins unlike what one had expected. I often wish there could be more mystical unions. I can't agree with dear Eurydice about the drawback of Julian's being rich. We are told that money is the root of all evil, but there is

no doubt that it is more peaceful and refreshing to have it, as it were, growing under one's hand; and, after all, evil is only seeming. I think I 'll just go upstairs and take off these constricting clothes, unless, dear, you 'd like me to help you in any way. You 'll remember, won't you, that sensation is but the petal of a flower?"

Stella said that she thought, if she had the step-ladder, she would be all right.

The only moment of the day (it was curiously made up of moments prolonged to seem like years) when Stella was n't sure whether she was really all right or not was when she heard Lady Verny's voice in the hall. Lady Verny's voice was singularly like Julian's.

Something happened to Stella's heart when she heard it; it had an impulse to get outside of her. She had to sit down on the top of the stairs until her heart had gone back where it belonged.

The drawing-room had gone to pieces again. The kitten's saucer was in the middle of the floor, and the plate-basket came half in and half out of the sofa-cover. Lady Verny was looking at it with fascinated eyes. She had never seen a plate-basket under a sofa-cover before. Mrs. Waring, exhausted by her hours of dressing, had gone to lie down. So there was only Stella. She came in a little waveringly, and looked at Lady Verny without speaking.

Lady Verny shot a quick, penetrating glance at her, and then held out her arms.

"My dear! what has he done? What has he done?" she murmured.

Stella led Lady Verny carefully away from the saucer of milk into the only safe arm-chair; then she sat down on a foot-stool at her feet.

"I thought," she said in a very quiet voice, "that you 'd come, but I did n't think you 'd come so soon. I don't know what he 's done."

"It 's all so extravagant and absurd," said Lady Verny, quickly, "and so utterly unlike Julian! I have never known him to alter an arrangement in his life, and as to breaking his word! I left him happier than I have ever seen him. He 'd been telling me that you insisted on my staying with you after your marriage. I told him that I had always thought it a most out-of-place and unsuitable plan, and that he could n't have two women in our respective positions in this house, and he laughed and said: 'Oh, yes, I can. Stella has informed me that marrying me is n't a position; it 's to be looked on in the light of an intellectual convenience. You 're to run the house, and she 's to run me. I 've quite fallen in with it.' I think that was the last thing he said, and when I came back, there was his astounding letter to say that your marriage was impossible, and that I was on no account to send him on your letters or to refer to you in mine.

"HE FLUNG BACK HIS HEAD AND ROARED WITH LAUGHTER"

"He gave me his banker's address, and said that he 'd see me later on, and had started some intelligence work for the War Office. He was good enough to add that I might go and see you if I liked. I really think he must be mad, unless you can throw some light on the subject. A letter came from you after he had gone."

Stella, who had been without any color at all, suddenly flushed.

"Ah," she said, "I 'm glad he did n't read that before he went! I mean, if he 'd gone after reading it, I should have felt—" She put out her hands with a curious, helpless little gesture, but she did not say what she would have felt.

"Can't you explain?" Lady Verny asked gravely. "Can't you explain *anything?* You *were* perfectly happy, were n't you? I have n't been a blind, meddling, incompetent old idiot, have I?"

Stella shook her head.

"When he left me," she said, "he gave me this." She took it out of her belt and handed it to Lady Verny; it was a check for two hundred pounds inclosed in a piece of paper, on which was written, "Dearest, please!" "I took it," said Stella.

Lady Verny was silent for a moment; then she said more gravely still:

"My dear, I think I ought to tell you something,—it is not fair not to let you have every possible indication that there is,—but the day after you left, while I was away, I heard from Thompson, who seemed to be extremely upset by her, that a lady *did* call to see Julian who would not give her name. Thompson says he thinks she was a foreigner.

"I do not know what Julian may have told you about his life, but I myself am quite positive he would have asked no woman to marry him unless he felt himself free from any possible entanglement. Still, there it is: he went away after this person's visit."

For a moment it seemed to Stella that some inner citadel of security within her had collapsed. She knew so little about men; she had nothing but her instincts to guide her, and the memory of Eugénie Matisse's evil, laughing eyes. She covered her face with her hands and shut out every thought but Julian. It seemed to her as if she had never been so alone with him before, as if in some strange, hidden way she was plunging into the depths of his soul.

When she looked up she had regained her calm.

"No," she said; "I am not quite sure of Julian. Perhaps some woman could make him feel shaken—shaken about its being right to marry me. I can believe that if she was very cruel and clever and knew how to hurt him most; but there is nothing else, or Julian would have told me."

Lady Verny gave a long sigh of relief.

"That is what I think myself," she said; "but I could n't have tried to persuade you of it. My dear, did Julian know that you had always loved him?"

Stella shook her head.

"I thought he knew all that mattered," she explained. "I did n't tell him anything else. You see, there was so very little time, and I was rather cowardly, perhaps. I did n't want him just *at once* to know that I had loved him before he even knew that I existed."

"I see, I see," said Lady Verny. "But would you mind his knowing now? He can't be allowed to behave in this extraordinary way, popping off like a conjurer without so much as leaving a decent address behind him. I intend to tell him precisely what I think of his behavior, and I hope that you will do the same."

Stella turned round to face Lady Verny.

"No," she said firmly; "neither of us must do that. I don't know why Julian has done this at all, but it is quite plain that he does not want to be interfered with. He wishes to act alone, and I think he must act alone. I shall not write to him or try to see him."

"But, my dear child," exclaimed Lady Verny, "how, if we enter into this dreadful conspiracy of silence, can anything come right?"

"I don't know," said Stella, quietly;

"but Julian let it go wrong quite by himself, and I think it must come right, if it comes right at all, in the same way. If it did n't, he would distrust it. I should n't—should be perfectly happy just to see him; but, then, you see, I *know* it 's all right. Julian does n't. Seeing me would n't make it so; it would simply make him give in, and go on distrusting. We could n't live like that. You see, I don't *know* what has happened; but I do know what he wants, so I think I must do it."

"But you don't think this state of things is what he *wants,* do you?" Lady Verny demanded. "I may, of course, be mistaken, but up till now I have been able to judge fairly well what a man wanted of a woman when he could n't take his eyes off her face."

"He wants me more than that," said Stella, proudly. "I think he wants me very nearly—not quite—as much as I want him. That 's why I could n't make him take less than he wanted. To take me and not trust me would be to take less. If we leave him quite alone for six months or a year, perhaps, he 'll have stopped shutting his mind up against his feelings. It might be safer then to make an appeal to him; but I should n't like to appeal to him. Still, I don't say I won't do anything you think right, dear Lady Verny, if you want me to, to make him happier; only I must be *sure* that it will make him happier *first.* I know now that it would n't."

"You 're the most extraordinary creature!" said Lady Verny. "Of course I always knew you were, but it 's something to be so justified of one's instincts. I 'm not sure that I sha'n't do precisely what you say—for quite different reasons. Julian will count on one of us disobeying his injunctions, and he 'll be perfectly exasperated not to have news of you. Well, exasperation is n't going to do any man any harm; it 'll end by jerking him into some common-sense question."

Stella smiled, but she shook her head.

"Please don't hope," she said under her breath.

"There 's one thing," Lady Verny said after a short pause, "that I do ask you to be sensible about. I can't take you abroad, as there hardly seems at the present time any abroad to take you to, but I want you to come and live with me. I think, after all this, I really rather need a companion."

Stella hid her face in Lady Verny's lap.

"I can't," she whispered. "You 're too like him."

Lady Verny said nothing at all for a moment; she looked about the room. It was clean; for a London room it was quite clean, and Stella thought she had hidden all the holes in the carpet. Lady Verny's ruthless, practised eye took the faded, shabby little room to pieces and reconstructed the rest of the dingy makeshift home from it. She knew that Stella's room would be the worst of all.

"My dear," she said at last, "you are so very nearly a member of my family that I think I may appeal to you about its honor. Are you going to live like this and not let me help you? You are not strong enough to work, and this folly of poor Julian's won't make you any stronger. Since you can't live with me, won't you accept a little of what is really yours?"

"Money?" asked Stella, looking up into Lady Verny's face. "I would if you were n't his mother, because I love you; but I can't now. You see, Julian 's taken his honor away from me; he 's left me only my own. I know he 'll think me cruel, and I 'll never return what I did take. He 'll think perhaps I would use it if I needed it, and that may make him happier; but I must n't take any more. I must be cruel."

"Yes, you 're very cruel," said Lady Verny, kissing her. "Well, I sha'n't bully you, for I would n't do it myself. It 'll only make my heart ache in a new way, and really, I 'm so used to its aching that I ought n't to grumble at any fresh manifestation. As to Julian's heart, he 's been so extraordinarily silly that only the fact that folly is a sign of love induces me to believe he 's got one." She rose to her feet, with her arms still about Stella.

"I 'm simply not to mention you at all?" she asked.

Stella shook her head. She clung to Lady Verny speechlessly.

"And when I see him next," Lady Verny asked a little dryly,—"and, presumably, he 'll send for me in about a fortnight,—he 'll say, 'Well, did she take the money?' What am I to answer to that?"

"Say," whispered Stella, "that she would have liked to take it, but she could n't."

"I could make up something a great deal crueller to say than that," said Lady Verny, grimly. "However, I dare say you 're right; it sounds so precisely like you that it 's bound to hurt him more than any gibe."

Stella burst into tears.

"Oh, don't! don't!" she sobbed. "You must—you must be kind to him! I don't want anything in the world to hurt him."

"I know you don't," said Lady Verny, gently. "You little silly, I only wanted to make you cry. It 'll be easier if you cry a little."

Stella cried more than ever then, because Lady Verny was so terribly like Julian.

## CHAPTER XXVII

It was the hour of the day that Julian liked least. Until four o'clock in the afternoon his mind was protected by blinkers; he saw the road ahead of him, but the unmerciful vastness of the world was hidden from him. He was thankful that he could not see it, because it was possessed by Stella.

He could keep her out of his work; but there was no other subject she left untouched, no prospect that was not penetrated with her presence, no moment of his consciousness that she did not ruthlessly share.

He knew when he left her that he must be prepared for a sharp wrench and an unforgetable loss; what he had not foreseen was that the wrench would be continuous, and that he would be confronted by her presence at every turn.

Women's faces had haunted him before, and he had known what it was to be maddened by the sudden cessation of an intense relationship; but that was different. He could not remember Stella's face; he had no visual impression of her physical presence; he had simply lost the center of his thoughts. He felt as if he were living in a nightmare in which one tries to cross the ocean without a ticket.

He was perpetually starting lines of thought which were not destined to arrive. For the first few weeks it was almost easier; he felt the immediate relief which comes from all decisive action, and he was able to believe that he was angry with Stella. She had obeyed him implicitly by not writing, and his mother never mentioned her except for that worst moment of all when she gave him Stella's words, without comment. "She would like to take the money, but she cannot do it." This fed his anger.

"If I 'd been that fellow Travers, I suppose she 'd have taken it right enough," he said to himself, bitterly, and without the slightest conviction. He said nothing at all to his mother. Julian knew why Stella had not taken the money. It was because she had not consented to what he had done; he had forced her will. Of all her remembered words, the ones that remained most steadily in his mind were: "You are not only sacrificing yourself; you are sacrificing me. I give you no such right."

That was her infernal woman's casuistry. He had a perfect right to save her. He was doing what a man of honor ought to do, freeing a woman he loved from an incalculable burden. It was no use Stella's saying she ought to have a choice,—pity had loaded her dice,—and it was sheer nonsense to accuse him of pride. He had n't any. He 'd consented to take her till he found she had a decent marriage at her feet. He could n't have done anything else then but give her up. The greatest scoundrel unhung would n't have done anything else. It relieved Julian to compare himself to this illusory and self-righteous personage.

As to facing Stella with it, which he supposed was her fantastic claim, it only showed what a child she was and how little Stella knew about the world or men. There were things you could n't tell a woman. Stella was too confoundedly innocent.

Why should he put them both to a scene of absolute torture? Surely he had endured enough. He was n't a coward, but to meet her eyes and go against her was rather more than he could undertake, knocked about as he was by every kind of beastly helplessness. He fell back upon self-pity as upon an ally; it helped him to obscure Stella's point of view. She ought to have realized what it would make him suffer; and she did n't, or she would have taken the money. He did well, he assured himself, to be angry; everything in life had failed him. Stella had failed him. But at this point his prevailing sanity shook him into laughter. He could still laugh at the idea of Stella's having failed him.

You do not fail people because you refuse to release them from acting up to the standard you had expected of them; you fail them when you expect less of them than they can give you. When Julian had faced this fact squarely he ceased to beat about the bush of his vanity. He confessed to himself that he was a coward not to have had it out with Stella. But he acquiesced in this spiritual defeat; he assured himself that there were situations in life when for the sake of what you loved you had to be a coward. Of course it was for Stella's sake; a man, he argued, does n't lie down on a rack because he likes it.

He wished he could have gone on being angry with Stella, because when he stopped being angry he became frightened.

He was haunted by the fear of Stella's poverty. He did n't know anything about poverty except that it was disagreeable and a long way off. He had a general theory that people who were very poor were either used to it or might have helped it; but this general theory broke like a bubble at the touch of a special instance.

The worst of it was that Stella had not really told him anything about her life. He knew that her father was a well-known Egyptologist, that her mother had various odd ethical beliefs, and he knew all that he wanted to know about Eurydice. But of Stella's actual life, of its burdens and its cares, what had she told him? That there were n't any bells in the house and that clocks did n't go.

This showed bad management and explained her unpunctuality, but it explained nothing more. It did not tell Julian how poor she was, or if she was properly looked after when she came home from work.

If she married Travers, she would have about nine hundred a year. Julian had made investigations into the income of metropolitan town clerks.

He supposed that people could just manage on this restricted sum, with economy; but there seemed no reliable statistics about the incomes of famous Egyptologists. Why had n't he asked Stella? She ought to have told him without being asked. He tried being angry with her for her secretiveness, but it hurt him, so he gave it up. He knew she would have told him if he had asked her.

Julian made himself a nuisance at the office for which he worked on the subject of pay for women clerks. It relieved him a little, but not much.

Logically he ought to have felt only his own pain, which he could have stood; he had made Stella safe by it. But he had deserted her; he could n't get this out of his head. He kept saying to himself, "If she 's in any trouble, why does n't she go to Travers?" But he could n't believe that Stella would ever go to Travers.

The lighting restrictions—it was November, and the evening thoroughfares were as dark as tunnels—unnerved him. Stella might get run over; she was certain to be hopelessly absent-minded in traffic, and would always be the last person to get on to a crowded bus.

It was six months since he had broken off their engagement. Julian did not

think it could possibly remind Stella of him if he sent her, addressed by a shop assistant, a flash-light lamp for carrying about the streets. She would n't send back a thing as small as a torch-lamp, even if she did dislike anonymous presents. He was justified in this conjecture. Stella kept the lamp, but she never had a moment's doubt as to whom it came from; if it had had "Julian" engraved on it she could n't have been surer.

Julian always drove to his club at four o'clock, so that he did n't have to take his tea alone. He did n't wish to talk to anybody, but he liked being disturbed. Then he played bridge till dinner, dined at the club, and went back to his rooms, where he worked till midnight. This made everything quite possible except when he could n't sleep.

He sat in an alcove, by a large, polished window of the club. It was still light enough to see the faces of the passers-by, to watch the motor-busses lurching through the traffic like steam tugs on a river, and the shadows creeping up from Westminster till they filled the green park with the chill gravity of evening.

A taxi drew up opposite to the club, and a man got out of it. There was nothing particularly noticeable about the man except that he was very neatly dressed. Julian took an instant and most unreasonable dislike to him. He said under his breath, "Why is n't the fellow in khaki?"

The man paid the driver what was presumably, from the scowl he received in return, his exact fare. Then he prepared to enter the club. He did not look in the least like any of the men who belonged to Julian's club. A moment later the waiter brought to Julian a card with "Mr. Leslie Travers" engraved upon it.

"Confound his impudence!" was Julian's immediate thought. "Why on earth should I see the fellow?" Then he realized that he was being angry simply because Mr. Travers had probably seen Stella.

Julian instantly rejected the idea that Stella had sent Mr. Travers to see him; she would n't have done that. He was n't in any way obliged to receive him; still, there was just the off chance that he might hear something about Stella if he did. Julian would rather have heard something about Stella from a condemned murderer; but as Providence had not provided him with this source of information, he decided to see the town clerk instead. You could say what you liked to a man if he happened to annoy you, and Julian rather hoped that Mr. Travers would give him this opportunity.

Mr. Travers entered briskly and without embarrassment. His official position had caused him to feel on rather more than an equality with the people he was likely to meet. He did not think that Sir Julian Verny was his equal.

Mr. Travers considered all members of the aristocracy loafers. Even when they worked, they did it, as it were, on their luck. They had none of the inconveniences and resulting competence of having climbed from the bottom of the ladder to the top by their own unaided efforts.

There were three or four other men in the room when he entered it, but Mr. Travers picked out Julian in an instant. Their eyes met, and neither of them looked away from the other. Sir Julian said stiffly:

"Sit down, won't you? What will you take—a whisky and soda?"

"Thanks," said Mr. Travers, drawing up a chair opposite Julian and placing his hat and gloves carefully on the floor beside him. "I do not drink alcohol in between meals, but I should like a little aërated water."

Julian stared at him fixedly. This was the man Eurydice had compared with Napoleon, to the latter's disadvantage.

Mr. Travers refused a cigar, and sat in an arm-chair as if there were a desk in front of him. It annoyed Julian.

"I have no doubt," said Mr. Travers, "that you 're wondering why I ventured to ask you for this interview."

"I 'm afraid I am, rather," Julian observed, with hostile politeness. "I know your name, of course."

"Exactly," said Mr. Travers, as if Julian had presented him with a valuable concession greatly to his advantage. "I had counted upon that fact to approach you directly and without correspondence. One should avoid black and white, I think, when it is possible, in dealing with personal matters."

"I am not aware," said Julian, coldly, "that there are any personal matters between us to discuss."

"I dare say not," replied Mr. Travers, blandly, placing the tips of his fingers slowly together. "You may have observed, Sir Julian, that coincidences bring very unlikely people together at times. I admit that they have done so in this instance."

"STELLA WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF IRONING THE CURTAINS WHEN SHE RECEIVED JULIAN'S LETTER"

"What for?" asked Julian, succinctly. He found that he disliked Mr. Travers quite as much as he intended to dislike him, and he despised him more.

"An injustice has been brought to my notice," said Mr. Travers, slowly and impressively. He was not in the least flurried by Julian's hostile manner, which he considered was due to an insufficient business education; it only made him more careful as to his own. "I could not overlook it, and as it directly concerns you, Sir Julian, I am prepared to make a statement to you on the subject."

"I 'm sure I 'm much obliged to you," said Julian; "but I trust you will make the statement as short as possible."

"Speed," Mr. Travers said reprovingly, "is by no means an assistance in elucidating personal problems; and I may add, Sir Julian, that it is at least as painful for me as for you to touch upon personal matters with a stranger."

"The fact remains," said Julian, impatiently, "that you 're doing it, and I 'm not. Go on!"

Mr. Travers frowned. Town clerks are not as a rule ordered to go on. Even their mayors treat them with municipal hesitancy. Still, he went on. Julian's eyes held him as in a vise.

"You have probably heard my name," Mr. Travers began, "from the elder Miss Waring." Julian nodded. "She was for two years and a half my secretary. I may say that she was the most efficient secretary I have ever had. There have been, I think, few instances in any office where the work between a man and woman was more impersonal or more satisfactory. It is due to the elder Miss Waring that I should tell you this. It was in fact entirely due to her, for I found myself unable to continue it. There was a lapse on my part. Miss Waring was consideration itself in her way of meeting this—er—lapse; but she unconditionally refused me."

Julian drew a quick breath, and turned his eyes away from Mr. Travers.

"At the same time," Mr. Travers continued, "she gave me to understand, in order, I fancy, to palliate my error of judgment, that her affections were engaged elsewhere."

Julian could not speak. His pride had him by the throat. He could not tell Mr. Travers to go on now, although he felt as if his life depended on it.

"There are one or two points which I put together at a later date," Mr. Travers continued, after a slight pause, "and by which I was able to connect Miss Waring's statement with her subsequent actions. She is, if I may say so, a woman who acts logically. You were the man upon whom her affections were placed, Sir Julian, and that was her only reason for accepting your proposal of marriage."

Julian stared straight in front of him. It seemed to him as if he heard again the music of Chaliapine—the unconquerable music of souls that have outlasted their defeat. He lost the sound of Mr. Travers's punctilious, carefully lowered voice. When he heard it again, Mr. Travers was saying:

"It came to my knowledge through an interview with the younger Miss Waring, who has also become one of our staff, that she had regrettably misinformed you as to her sister's point of view. The younger Miss Waring acts at times impetuously and without judgment, but she had no intention whatever of harming her sister. She had been deeply anxious about her for the last few months, and she at length communicated her anxiety to me."

"Anxious," exclaimed Julian, sharply. "What the devil 's she anxious about?"

"Her sister's state of health is not at all what it should be," Mr. Travers said gravely. "She looks weak and thin, and she occasionally forgets things. This is a most unusual and serious sign in a woman of her capacity."

"Damn her capacity!" said Julian, savagely. "Why on earth could n't you stop her working?"

"It is not in my province to stop people earning their daily bread," said Mr. Travers, coldly, "and I have never discussed this or any other private question with the elder Miss Waring since her return. When she came back to the town hall she refused to displace her sister, who had undertaken her former work, and went into the surveyor's office."

"All right, all right," said Julian, hastily. "I dare say you could n't have helped it; but how on earth did you find out, if you 've never talked to Miss Waring, what had happened?"

"Investigated the matter," said Mr. Travers, "with the younger Miss Waring. She confessed to me, under some slight pressure on my part, her very mistaken conclusions, and the action she had based upon them. I sent her at once, without mentioning what action I had decided to take myself, to her sister."

"You should n't have done that," said Julian, with the singular injustice Mr. Travers had previously noted and disliked in members of the upper classes. "There was n't any need to give Eurydice away to her; I could have managed without that."

"You forget," said Mr. Travers, steadily, "the younger Miss Waring had forfeited her sister's confidence; it would have been impossible to avoid clearing up the situation by bringing all the facts to light. It will not, I feel sure, cause permanent ill feeling between the two sisters."

Julian gave a long, curious sigh. His relief was so intense that he could hardly believe in it; but he could believe, not without reluctance, in the hand that had set him free. It had taken a town clerk to show him where he stood.

"It would be difficult," he began—"By Jove! it 's impossible to express thanks for this kind of thing! You won't expect it, perhaps, and I know, of course, you did n't do it for me. For all that, I 'm not ungrateful. I—well—I think you 're more of a man than I am, Travers."

"Not at all, Sir Julian," said Mr. Travers, who privately felt surprised that there should be any doubt upon the matter. "Any one would have done precisely the same who had the good fortune to know the elder Miss Waring."

"Perhaps they would," said Julian, smiling, "or, you might add, the misfortune to come across the erratic proceedings of the younger one."

Mr. Travers looked graver still.

"There I cannot agree with you," he said quietly. "Perhaps I should have mentioned the matter before, but it scarcely seemed germane to the occasion: I am about to marry Miss Eurydice."

A vivid memory of Eurydice shot through Julian's mind. He saw her advancing down the grass path arrayed in the purple garment, with the scarlet hat and the dangling pomegranates; and the thought of her in conjunction with the town clerk was too much for him. Laughter seized him uncontrollably and

shook him. He flung back his head and roared with laughter, and the graver and more disapproving Mr. Travers looked, the more helplessly and shamelessly Julian laughed.

"I 'm most frightfully sorry," he gasped, "but I can't help it. Are you sure you 're going to marry her? I mean, *must* you?"

Mr. Travers took his hat and gloves carefully in his hand.

"This is not a subject I care to discuss with you, Sir Julian," he said, with dignity, "nor is your tone a suitable one in which to refer to a lady. A man of my type does not shilly-shally on the question of matrimony; either he is affianced or he is *not*. I have already told you that I am. You may have some excuse for misjudging the younger Miss Waring; but there can be no excuse whatever for your flippant manner of referring to our marriage. It is most uncalled for. I might say, offensive."

A spasm of returning laughter threatened Julian again, but he succeeded in controlling it.

"My dear Travers," he said, holding out his hand, "please don't go away with a grievance. I am thoroughly ashamed of myself as it is, and more grateful to you than I can possibly express. You 'll forgive me for not getting up, won't you? And try to overlook my bad manners."

It was the first time during the interview that Mr. Travers realized Julian's disabilities, but they did not make him feel more lenient.

Mr. Travers liked an invalid to behave as if he were an invalid, and he thought that a man in Julian's position should not indulge in unseemly mirth.

"Pray don't get up," he said coldly. "I am bound to accept your apology, of course, though I must confess I think your laughter very ill timed."

Julian took this rebuke with extraordinary humility. He insisted on giving Mr. Travers an unnecessarily cordial hand-shake, and invited him to drop in again at some hour when he would have a drink.

There was something in the back of Mr. Travers, receding tidily into the middle distance, which set Julian off again. Mr. Travers heard him; he heard him through the anteroom and out into the hall.

For the first time since Mr. Travers had known her, he found himself doubting the judgment of the elder Miss Waring.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

JULIAN'S first impulse was to drive to the town hall and carry Stella off. He was debarred from doing so only by a secret fear that she might refuse to come. He was a little afraid of this first meeting with Stella. She might haul him over the coals as much as she liked; but he wanted to stage-manage the position of the coals.

He decided after a few moments of reflection to ring her up on the telephone. The porter at the other end said that Miss Waring was still at work, and seemed to think that this settled the question of any further effort on his part. Julian speedily undeceived him. He used language to the town hall porter which would have lifted every separate hair from Mr. Travers's head. It did not have this effect upon the porter. He was a man who appreciated language, and he understood that there was an expert at the other end of the line. It even spurred him into a successful search for Stella.

"That you, Stella?" Julian asked, "Do you know who 's speaking to you?"

There was a pause before she answered a little unsteadily:

"Yes, Julian."

"Well," said Julian, with an anxiety he could hardly keep out of his voice, "I want to see you for a few minutes if you can spare the time. Will you come to the Carlton to tea? I suppose I must n't ask you to my rooms."

"I can't do either," replied Stella. "I 'm too busy. Can't you wait till Saturday?"

"Impossible," Julian replied firmly.

"May I come and fetch you in a taxi? I suppose you don't dine and sleep at the town hall, do you?"

"No, you must n't do that," said Stella, quickly; "but you can come to the Express Dairy Company, which is just opposite here, if you like. I shall go there for a cup of tea at five o'clock. I can spare you half an hour, perhaps."

"Oh, you will, will you?" said Julian, grimly. "I suppose I must be thankful for what I can get. Five sharp, then, at the what-you-may-call-'em."

Stella put up the receiver, but Julian thought before she did so that he heard her laugh.

Julian had never been to an Express Dairy Company before. It was a very nice, clean, useful little shop, and there was no necessity for him to take such an intense dislike to it. The rooms are usually full, and for reasons of space the tables are placed close together. The tables are marble-topped and generally clean. There is not more smell of inferior food than is customary in the cheaper restaurants of London.

Julian arrived at five minutes to the hour, and he turned the place literally upside down. It did no good, because Express Dairy Companies are democratic, and do not turn upside down to advantage.

He only succeeded in upsetting a manageress and several waitresses, and terrifying an unfortunate shop-girl who was occupying the only table in the room at which Julian could consent to sit by standing over her until she had finished her tea, half of which she left in consequence.

Stella was ten minutes late; by the time she arrived Julian had driven away the shop-girl, had the table cleared, and frozen every one in the neighborhood who cast longing glances at the empty place in front of him. He was consumed with fury at the thought that in all probability Stella had had two meals a day for six months in what he most unfairly characterized as a "loathsome, stinking hole."

As a matter of fact Stella had not been able to afford the Express Dairy Company. She had had her meals at the A. B. C., which is a little cheaper and not quite so nice. Julian's anger failed him when he saw Stella's face. She looked ill.

He could not speak at first, and Stella made no attempt whatever to help him. She merely dropped her umbrella at his feet, sat down opposite him, and trembled.

"How dare you come to this infernal place?" Julian asked her at last, with readjusted annoyance, "and why did n't you tell me you were ill?" Then he ordered tea from a hovering waitress. "If you have anything decent to eat, you can bring it," he said savagely.

Stella smiled deprecatingly at the outraged waitress before she answered Julian.

"I 'm not ill," she said gently, "and I could n't very well tell you anything, could I when I did n't know where you were?"

"Of course, if you make a point of eating and drinking poison," said Julian, bitterly, "you are n't likely to be very well. I suppose you could have told my mother, but no doubt that did n't occur to you. You simply wished—" He stopped abruptly at the approach of the waitress.

Stella did not try to pour out the tea; she showed no proper spirit under Julian's unjust remarks. She simply put her elbows on the table and looked at him.

"There, drink that," he said, "if you can. It 's the last chance you 'll get of this particular brand. They call it China, and it looks like dust out of a rubbish-heap. I don't know what you call that thing on the plate in front of you, but I suppose it 's meant to eat. So you may as well try to eat it."

"Food," said Stella, with the ghost of her old fugitive smile, "is n't everything, Julian."

"It 's all you 'll get me to talk about in a place like this," said Julian, firmly. "I wonder you did n't suggest our meeting in one of those shelters in the Strand! Do you realize that there 's a Hindu two yards to your right, a family of Belgian refugees behind us, and the most inde-

"'NOT VERY CLEVER OF YOU,' HE MURMURED, 'NOT TO GUESS WHY I WANTED A TAXI'"

scribable women hemming us in on every side? How can you expect us to talk here?"

"But you and I are here," said Stella, quietly. "Julian, how could you believe what Eurydice told you?"

Julian lowered his eyes.

"Must I tell you now?" he asked gravely. "I 'd rather not."

"Yes, I think you must," said Stella, relentlessly. "You need n't tell me much, but you must say enough for me to go on with. If you don't, I can't talk at all; I can only be afraid."

Julian kept his eyes on a tea-stained spot of marble. There was no confidence in his voice now.

"I made a mistake," he said. "You were n't there. I wanted you to have everything there was. I can't explain. I ought to have let you choose, but if you 'd chosen wrong, I should have felt such a cur. I can't say any more here. Please, Stella!"

She was quick to let him off.

"I ought n't to have left you so soon," she said penitently; "that was *quite* my fault."

Julian made no answer. He drew an imaginary pattern on the table with a fork; he could n't think why they 'd given him a fork unless it was a prevision that he would need something to fidget with. It helped him to recover his assurance.

"I suppose you know," he said reflectively, contemplating the unsuspicious Hindu on his right, "that I 'm never going to let you out of my sight again?"

"I dare say I shall like being alone sometimes," replied Stella; "but I don't want you to go calmly off and arrange things that break us both to pieces. I 'd never see you again rather than stand that!"

"Now," said Julian, "you 've roused the Belgians; they 're awfully interested. I 'll never go off again, though you 're not very accurate; it was you that went off first. I only arranged things, badly I admit, when I was left alone. I was n't so awfully calm. As far as that goes, I 've been calmer than I am now. Have you had enough tea?"

"You know it 's you I mind about," said Stella, under her breath.

"You must n't say that kind of thing in a tea-shop," said Julian, severely. "You 're very nearly crying, and though I 'd simply love to have you cry, I believe it 's against the regulations. And there 's a fat lady oozing parcels to my left who thinks it 's all my fault, and wants to tell me so."

"I 'm not crying," said Stella, fiercely. "I 'm going back to work. I don't believe you care about anything but teasing."

"I don't believe I do," agreed Julian, with twinkling eyes; "but I have n't teased any one for six months, you know, Stella. How much may I tip the waitress? Let 's make it something handsome; I 've enjoyed my tea. I 'll take you across to the town hall."

"It 's only just the other side of the road," Stella objected.

"Still, I 'd like you to get into this taxi," said Julian, hailing one from the door.

Stella looked at him searchingly. "I should be really angry if you tried to carry me off," she warned him.

"My dear Stella," said Julian, meeting her eyes imperturbably, "I have n't the nerve to try such an experiment. I 'm far too much afraid of you. Get in, won't you? The man 'll give me a hand." He turned to the driver. "Drive wherever you like for a quarter of an hour," he explained, "and then stop at the town hall."

The car swung into the darkened thoroughfare, and Julian caught Stella in his arms and kissed her as if he could never let her go.

"Not very clever of you," he murmured, "not to guess why I wanted a taxi."

Stella clung to him speechlessly. She did not know what to say; she only knew that he was there and that the desperate loneliness of the empty world was gone.

She wanted to speak of the things that she believed in, she wanted not to forget to reassure him, in this great subdual of her heart; but she did not have to make the effort. It was Julian who spoke of these things first.

He spoke hurriedly, with little pauses for breath, as if he were running.

"I know now," he said, "I 've been a fool and worse. I saw it as soon as I looked at you; it broke me all up. How could I tell you 'd mind losing a man like me? I 'm glad it 's dark; I 'm glad you can't see me. I 'm ashamed. Stella, the fact is, I gave you up because I could n't stick it; my nerve gave way."

"I should n't have left you so soon; it was all my fault for leaving you."

"That rather gives the show away, does n't it," asked Julian, "not to be able to stand being left?"

"You were n't thinking only of yourself," Stella urged defensively.

"Was n't I?" said Julian. "I kept telling myself I was behaving decently when I was only being grand. Is n't that thinking of yourself?"

"But on the downs," urged Stella, "you were n't like that, darling."

"You were on the downs, remember," said Julian. "I got your point of view then—to give in; anyway, to love. It was n't easy, but it made it more possible that if I did n't marry you, you only had hard work and a dull life. It seemed different when I heard about that fellow Travers. You see, that cut me like a knife. I kept thinking—well, you know what a man like me keeps thinking; at least I don't know that you do. It was my business to fight it through alone."

"No, it is n't," Stella protested quickly. "We have n't businesses that are n't each other's."

"Well," admitted Julian, "I could n't bear thinking I 'd cheated you out of my own values; so I let yours slide. I knew, if I gave you the choice, you 'd stick to me; but I could n't trust you not to make a mistake. That 's where my nerve broke down."

"Ah, but I did n't know," whispered Stella; "I did n't know enough how to show you I loved you. If you 'd seen, you would n't have broken down. I was half afraid to try. Now I can. All these six months have eaten up my not knowing how." She put her arms around his neck and kissed him. "You see, I do know how!"

He held her close, without speaking; then he murmured:

"And knowing how does n't make you afraid?"

"It 's the only thing that does n't," said Stella, lifting her eyes to his.

The taxi stopped before the door of the town hall.

"And have I got to let you go now?" Julian asked gently.

"I shall never really go," Stella explained; "but you can let me get out and tidy up the surveyor's papers, and then be free for you to-morrow."

Julian opened the door for her. She stood for a moment under the arc of light beneath the lamp-post looking back at him.

The love between them held them like a cord. Julian had never felt so little aware of his helplessness; but he wondered, as he gazed into her eyes, if Stella realized the bitterness of all that they had lost.

She neither stirred nor spoke. She held his eyes without faltering; she gave him back knowledge for knowledge, love for love; and still there was no bitterness. At last he knew that she had seen all that was in his heart; and then for a moment, if only for a moment, Julian forgot what they had lost: he remembered only what they had found.

## CHAPTER XXIX

When Stella reëntered the town hall the porter was still sitting at his desk near the door, but every one else had gone.

"Oh, I hope I have not kept you, Humphreys," Stella said apologetically. "I had no idea it was so late."

"Mr. Travers is still in 'is room," Humphreys admitted gloomily; " 'e came back an hour ago. Gawd knows how long 'e 'll be at it. There 's been a tri-bunal and wot not this afternoon. Talk abaht mud in the trenches! 'Alf the gutters of Lunnon 'as been dribbling through this 'ere 'all. I 've asked for an extra char, an', what 's more, I mean ter 'ave 'er. War or no war, I 'll 'ave a woman under me."

The surveyor's office was empty. Stella's papers were just as she had left them, but her whole life lay in between.

She would never copy the surveyor's plans again or do the office accounts or look through the correspondence. She would not hover in the drafty passages and listen to the grumbling Humphreys nor stand outside glass doors and help bewildered fellow-clerks over their blunders before they went in to face a merciless authority.

She would probably never see green baize again. She tried to fix her mind on the accounts, but through the columns of figures ran the wind from the downs. The half-darkened, empty room filled itself with Amberley.

She tried to imagine her life with Julian. It would be unlike anything she had lived before; it would require of her all she had to give. The town hall had not done this. It had taken the outer surfaces of her mind, her time, and much of her youth; but her inner self had been free.

It was not free now; it had entered that dual communion of love. It was one with Julian, and yet not one; because she knew that though he filled every entrance to her heart, though her mind companioned his mind, and her life rested on him, yet she was still herself. She would be for Julian the Stella of Amberley, but she would not cease to be the Stella of the town hall.

She would not part with her experiences; poverty, drudgery, the endless petty readjustments to the ways of others should belong to her as much as joy. Privilege should neither hold nor enchain her, and she would never let anything go.

She would keep her people, her old interests, Mr. Travers, even the surveyor, if he wished to be kept. Stella might n't be able to impart them to Julian, but she could give him all he wanted and still have something to spare. Julian himself would profit by her alien interests; he would get tired of a woman who had n't anything to spare. Stella was perfectly happy, but she could still see over the verge of her happiness. Joy had come to her with a shock of surprise which would have puzzled Julian. He had the strength of attack, which is always startled when it cannot overcome opposition. Julian never coöperated with destiny; he always fought it. Sometimes he overcame it; but when it overcame him, he could not resign himself to defeat. Stella took unhappiness more easily; in her heart, even now, she believed in it. She believed that the balance of life is against joy, that destiny and fate prey upon it, overcloud it, and sometimes destroy it; and she believed that human beings can readjust this balance. She believed in a success which is independent of life, an invisible and permanent success.

She did not think of this for herself, it never occurred to her that she possessed it; but she believed in its existence, and she wanted it, and sought for it, in every soul she knew. She wanted it most for Julian, but she did not think it could be got for him to-morrow. She did not expect to get it for him, though she would have given all she possessed to help him to obtain it.

She only hoped that he would win it for himself, and that she would not be a hindrance to his winning it; that was as far as Stella's hopes carried her before she returned to the accounts. When she had finished them, she took them to the town clerk's room.

Travers was sitting as usual at his desk, but he did not appear to be writing. Perhaps he was also doing his accounts.

"I 'm afraid," Stella said apologetically, "I 'm very late with these papers, Mr. Travers. I was detained longer than I had intended."

"I expected you to be late," said Mr. Travers, quietly. "In fact, I should not have been surprised if you had not returned at all. It occurred to me that you might not come back to the town hall again."

"I had to finish my work," said Stella, gently, "and I wanted to see you; but after this, if you and Mr. Upjohn can find some one else to take my place, I shall not return. I know I ought not to leave you in the lurch like this without proper notice; I should have liked to have given you at least another week to find some one to take my place, but I am afraid I must leave at once."

"I think I can make a temporary arrangement to tide us over," Mr. Travers replied thoughtfully. "Your leaving us was bound to be a loss in any case."

They were silent for a moment. Mr. Travers still sat at his desk, and Stella stood beside him with the papers in her hand.

"I hope you will not think I took too much upon myself, Miss Waring," said Mr. Travers at last, "in going to see Sir

Julian Verny this afternoon. It seemed to me a man's job, if I may say so, and not a woman's. I thought your sister had done enough in letting you know herself how gravely she had misunderstood us all; and if I had notified you of my intention, I feared that you might not have seen your way to ratify it."

"I am very glad indeed you spared Eurydice," said Stella; "I would not have let her go to Julian. I would have gone myself; but I am glad I did not have to do it. You spared us both."

"That," said Mr. Travers, "was what I had intended."

Stella put the papers on the desk; then she said hesitatingly:

"Mr. Travers, may I ask you something?"

"Yes, Miss Waring; I am always at your disposal," replied Mr. Travers, clearing his throat. "You are not an exacting questioner."

"I hope you will not think me so," said Stella, gently; "but are you sure—will you be quite happy with Eurydice?"

Mr. Travers met her eyes. She did not think she had ever seen him look as he looked now; his eyes were off their guard. It was perhaps the only time in his life when Mr. Travers wished any one to know exactly what he felt.

"You will remember, Miss Waring," he said, "that I told you once before that I am a lonely man. I have not won affection from people. I think I have obtained your sister's regard, and I am proud to have done so. I suppose, too, that all men have the desire to protect some one. I do not know much about feelings in general, but I should suppose that the desire for protection *is* a masculine instinct."

Stella nodded. She wished to give Mr. Travers all the instincts that he wanted, and if he preferred to think them solely masculine, she had not the least objection.

"I see that you agree with me," said Mr. Travers, with satisfaction, "and you will therefore be able to understand my point of view. I have a very real regard for Miss Eurydice. Her work is of great, though unequal, value, and I should like to see her happy and comfortable and, if I may say so, safe."

"I am glad you feel like that about Eurydice," said Stella, softly.

She paused for a moment. She wanted to thank him, but she knew that she must thank him only for some little thing. The greater things she must leave entirely alone. He trusted her to do this; he was trusting her with all he had. She must protect him from her gratitude.

"Before I leave the town hall, Mr. Travers, she said, "I want to thank you for what I have learned here. That is really one of the reasons I came back tonight. You have been such a help to me as a business woman. I am not going to give it up. I shall keep all that you have taught me, and take it into my new life with me. It has been an education to work in your office under your rule."

"I am glad you have felt it to be so, Miss Waring," said Mr. Travers, with grave satisfaction. "I have devoted what talents I possess to the running of this town hall, under the auspices of the mayor, of course. I am very much gratified if my methods have been of any service to you. Our relationship has certainly not been a one-sided benefit. I took occasion to say to Sir Julian this afternoon that I had never had a more efficient secretary."

"I am so glad you told Julian that," said Stella, smiling.

"There is a leniency about your dealings with people," Mr. Travers continued, ignoring her reference to Sir Julian, "which sometimes needs restraint, Miss Waring. The world, I fear, cannot be run upon lenient principles. Nevertheless, in some cases I am not prepared to say that your system has not got merits of its own. I recognize that personal leniency modifies certain problems even of business life. I should be apprehensive of seeing it carried too far; but up to a certain point," said Mr. Travers, rising to his feet and holding out his hand to Stella to close the interview, "I am prepared to accept your theory."

THE END

# "Federigo Gonzaga"

By FRANCIA

ONE of the most winning and popular of all the pictures in the Altman collection at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, is the exquisitely painted portrait of the youthful Federigo Gonzaga by Francia of Bologna. Associated with it is a remarkable story of a picture long "lost" being rediscovered and brought to light. For many years it hung in a private gallery in England, and only in 1903 was it identified by Mr. Herbert Cook as the missing portrait of the son of Isabella d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua, which, it was known, Francia painted in the year 1510, when the boy passed through Bologna on his way to Rome to serve as hostage in his father's stead at the papal court. It seems that Lorenzo Costa was first asked to accept the commission, but being at that time too busy, the request was made of Francia, and was accepted by him. It is recorded that Isabella had no occasion to repent of her choice, for though the portrait was executed in less than two weeks' time, she wrote, "It is impossible to see a better portrait or one more like Federigo." Mr. Cook adds, "Not only is it a genuine piece, but as fine a thing as Francia ever painted and in absolutely perfect condition."

Francia was already known for his more important Madonna subjects and his large altar-pieces, the finest of which is in the church of San Giacomo Maggiore in Bologna, known as the "Bentivoglio altar-piece."

Fifteenth-century Italian masters frequently made use of landscapes as the backgrounds for their portraits, and Francia has here painted with the utmost care hills, trees, and sky back of the beautiful head of the boy. The wide-open eyes, the delicately modeled mouth, the mass of blond hair falling to his shoulders, the elegant costume, and the skilfully wrought chain about his neck, from which hangs a large pearl—all bespeak the young aristocrat of innocent age. These early years were passed at the magnificent court of Mantua, presided over by his mother, Isabella d'Este, who, with her sister Beatrice, was a type of the cultivated woman of the Renaissance, and widely known throughout Europe as a patron of the arts and of letters.

Several years after this portrait was painted it is known that Isabella presented it to a gentleman of Ferrara for some important service rendered to the family, and it probably remained in that city till carried to Paris by Napoleon. It was bought from this collection by its English owner, from whom it at last came into the possession of Mr. Altman, and now after more than four centuries finds a home in the Metropolitan Museum.

A. T. VAN LAER.

(*See frontispiece to this number*)

# Martin's Chickens

By THOMAS NEWELL METCALF

THE day Martin took possession of his ranch we went over in the runabout, and at the orchard-gate we were appalled by three half-naked animalcula. As we puffed up, they elevated themselves on unhealthy, yellow legs and cantered into the chaparral. Their necks were stretched to the point of transparency, and I noticed that over their shoulders they wore feather boas. I asked Martin what they were.

"I 'm not sure," he answered; "but I think they 're chickens."

At this I looked back. The three creatures had ventured again to the roadside. There they stood, each on a single leg, with the other poised finically, and stared down their noses after us.

"Sargent told me several chickens went with the ranch," Martin added as he put on the brakes; "sixty head or so."

"Look, Martin," I called as he left the car—"under that lemon-tree. Is that a chicken?" Martin scowled at the lemon-tree. "You 'd better ask Sargent," I went on. "If he gives you to understand that is a chicken, I should dismiss him. That is n't a chicken. They have things like that stuck all over Notre Dame in Paris. Better hurry and find Sargent."

He disappeared toward the barn, and I was alone with the landscape. The breeze was nervous with petulant pipings, while in and out of the indigo shade zigzagged a score of hobgoblins. Mythology or the Mesozoic Era might have bred them,—phenixes, pterodactyls, rocs, rhamphorhynchuses, and what nots,—all fledglings and all, inversely to their size, undraped; so much undraped, in fact, that I was constrained to pull my cap over my eyes and pretend to be asleep when Martin returned. Sargent was with him.

"Those are chickens all right," announced Martin.

"Yes, indeed," Sargent assured me; "I set the eggs myself."

I surveyed him. He seemed pleasant, but too guileless.

"Not having laid the eggs yourself," I hazarded, "how can you be sure? Some one may have wished museum specimens on you."

But he merely laughed, and hopped on the running-board, while Martin started the car again, and we made for the creek, where we were to camp. On the left of the road was a retaining-wall along the top of which grew rose-bushes, and under one of the bushes stood a *décolleté* fowl, preening itself. Two others, whose heads alone were visible, peeked at it. It was another Susanna and the elders.

"They must not run wild in this way," said Martin. "First off, I shall build a coop."

Though he tried to seem casual, to make it appear he was prompted only by efficiency, I knew that at the bottom of his heart he was as shocked as I.

All the afternoon we made camp in a spot that was chickenless, but when, for one thing or another, we braved the barnyard, we had to run the gantlet of ornithological shamelessness, though we

did see several regular hens. Still, it was painful to watch two middle-aged Plymouth Rocks hobnobbing with one of the débutantes. It was as though a chorus girl had got into an old ladies' home.

Nightfall brought relief, after we got the lantern out. Until then our tent was a rendezvous for inquisitive insects that tried to find out whether we wore undershirts. But at last we turned in, and slept, I imagine, till four in the morning, when I awoke, filled with that indefinable feeling that I was being stared at. My eye encountered that of an alleged chicken on the threshold of the tent. From its costume I gathered that it had just taken or was just about to take a bath. It stood on one leg, and held the other up fastidiously, as much as to say, "I shall not advance a single step until I know exactly where I am," as though anybody wanted it to advance. It regarded me with one majolica eye as big as a butter-plate.

"Martin," I whispered across the tent, "wake up and tell me that that 's a chicken if you dare."

Martin snorted himself conscious. The chicken shifted its stance, and raised the other foot as though to slap Martin's wrist. He, as its owner, spoke sternly.

"Go right away from here!" he ordered. "Go find your clothes!"

The chicken made a couple of razor-strop gestures against the ground, and Martin threw a shoe at it. The chicken backed out of the tent, stopped to scratch its right elbow with its right foot, and then, apparently suddenly taking fright, streaked into the middle distance.

"Let 's get up," I said, "and build a mid-Victorian coop, with dark-green window-shades all round it."

He did not answer, but took a towel and went down to the creek, and I followed him. I had an uncomfortable bath. How was I to know that hidden on the banks there might not be groups of ribald monstrosities? Before my mind's eye a procession of them picked its impudent way, with tilted heads and leers,

After breakfast we found Sargent, and with him determined on a site for the coop; then we took a census of whatever live-stock was feathered or supposed to be feathered or, if not feathered, better dead. There were three roosters, two dozen hens and pullets, three hens with families, two that were setting on real eggs, and two that were setting on white door-knobs. Sargent said there were four he could not locate, because they were tending to some personal hatching round the ranch. This left between eighteen and twenty-five frights.

"SUSANNA AND THE ELDERS"

And they stood out so; they would not blend with the simple background of the barn-yard. Susanna was there, her elders trailing after her, and we routed out five that squatted appraisingly round a sixth whom it was natural for us to call Phryne. We named another Déjeuner, because she reminded us of Manet's "Déjeuner sur les herbes." Within a day or so we had christened most of them. We got

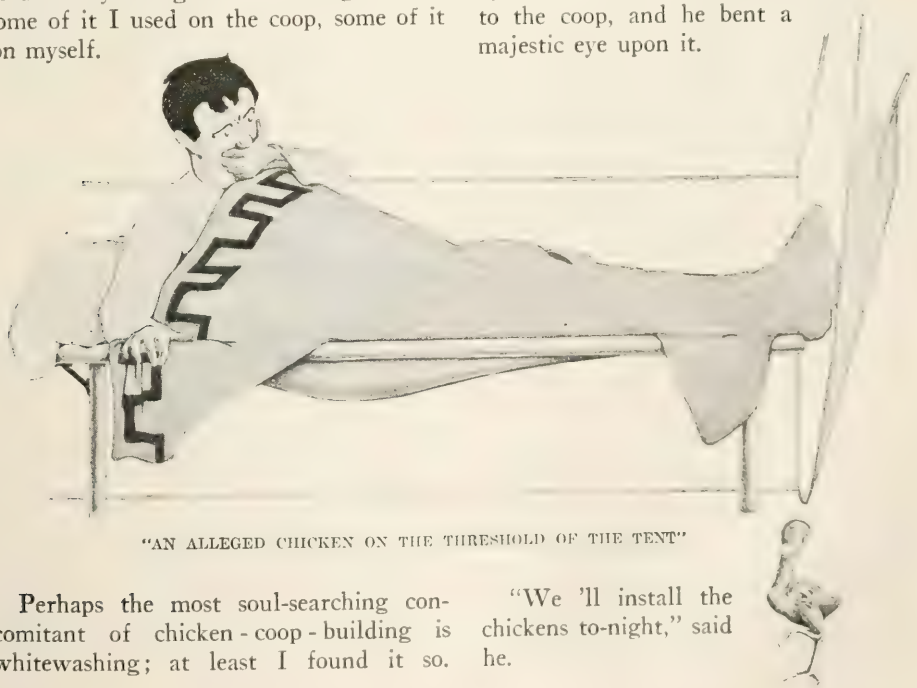
to know them well, because when they learned that we ate, they spent lots of time round the camp, jabbing at the victuals. "Dam' hen!" Pon-Gee, the Chinese cook, would shout, and pelt them with baking-powder biscuits. To a degree it was because Pon-Gee always applied the word "hen" to them that I became convinced they were poultry; but my conviction did not come to a head until the coop was almost finished.

Martin, who had begun the coop with the enthusiasm of a Roman emperor putting up a triumphal arch to himself, soon had other operations under way, a barn or two, a house for himself, a cottage for Sargent. It was all he could do to hide how much the coop bored him, and, younger and more adaptable than I, he grew accustomed to mingling with sketchily clad members of the sex. Therefore I finished the coop. I involved myself in mazes of chicken-wire. I strung it overhead and I strung it underground. I nailed I don't know how many running feet of clapboarding all over the coop. I nailed it all on crooked, and had to take it all off and nail it on straight. I used nearly ten gallons of shingle stain; some of it I used on the coop, some of it on myself.

Martin had bought a spray. It was a cross between a tire-pump and an orthopaedic contraption and, though guaranteed for anything from atomizing an elephant's tonsils to putting out a fire, it was primarily for whitewash. I concluded, however, from the way it worked, that if you attempted to cure an elephant's sore throat with it, the elephant would die before it got one good gargle.

The spray wheezed through a nozle that would not stay adjusted. It worked respectably when I pointed it at the floor and tried to regulate it; but when I aimed at the roof or walls, it lost all control of itself and imitated a high-pressure hydrant. Consequently, I had lime in the hair, in the ears, in the eyes, and the eyes is no place to have lime in. I wore a frantic path to the creek to dissolve myself out of the whitewash.

When my work was done, I hunted up Martin, and found him giving an imitation of *Tamerlane*. He was chivvying a swarthy army across the ranch, telling them where to devastate and where to build. Behind him he left a trail of ranch-houses, drainage-systems, and dynamited rocks. I led him to the coop, and he bent a majestic eye upon it.

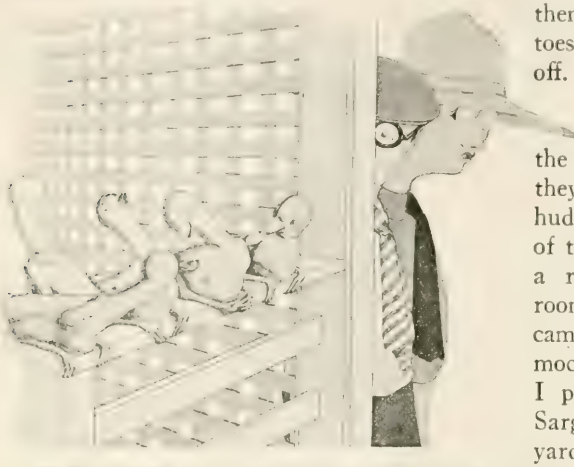


"AN ALLEGED CHICKEN ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE TENT"

Perhaps the most soul-searching concomitant of chicken-coop-building is whitewashing; at least I found it so.

"We 'll install the chickens to-night," said he.

"Why do you always procrastinate?" I asked him. "Here is a bright afternoon, just the sort of weather to corral chickens."



"ON THE PORCH-RAIL SAT FIVE YOUNG POULTRY"

Martin sat down on a rock by the coop-door and began to clean his glasses.

"Oh, very well," he said. "I 'll stay here and put them in as you hand them to me."

A friendly hen, known as a Crested Black Polish, had been cocking an eye at me for some time. She, I decided, should be my partner for the grand march. In five minutes I changed my mind; in ten I was ashamed of myself. I felt as though I were playing pom-pom-peel-away with an elderly spinster—more elderly than spinster. Her language, what I got of it, was awful; but for the most part she was incoherent. By and by I postponed my engagement with her and joined Martin. He seemed amused. We had a long discussion, and mapped out a campaign for housing the chickens after dark.

I can picture no more favorable conditions for catching chickens than we had that night. There was no moon, and a thin mist dimmed the stars. Sargent came with us, and we took a lantern, an electric flash-light, and a gunny-sack; we did not wear masks. First we stormed a makeshift coop where the more amenable fowls roosted. Nothing sensational happened; it was like marauding an orphan asylum, after the orphans had been chloroformed. Sargent went inside, and passed them out to us by the armful. All we had to do was to take them to the new coop, set them on the roosts, and bend their toes under so they would n't topple off.

Before long we emptied the makeshift coop, and started after the great unclothed. Like Bedouins, they slept wherever they felt sleepy, huddled against rocks or against one of their number who pretended to be a rock. Susanna and her friends roomed together, so to speak, and we came upon them among the hummocks where the old barn had been. I played back with the flash-light; Sargent and the lantern were several yards ahead of me, while Martin with the gunny-sack stalked the chickens. Now, Martin is tall and fair; he wears glasses, and so convincingly that you feel he would wear them through a wrestling-match with a cinnamon bear. Also he affected riding-breeches and boots, though on the ranch there was nothing to ride except a white mule so much fiercer than a saber-tooth tiger that few people even dared to think of it. The idea of so finished an article as Martin abdominally enfilading himself among the hummocks made me laugh.

"S-s-st!" he said.

"Go on, old snipe-catcher," I told him. Sargent sniggered.

"Squee-ee-ee-p!" said Susanna. All her crowd said "Squeep," too, and retreated five yards.

Martin came back to me, and it was arranged that we should as much as possible refrain from talking. I went over and sat on the barn-yard wall; after all, they were Martin's chickens. The silence deepened; four and a half miles away I could hear a dog barking. Then Sargent dropped the lantern. He might as well have dropped a wash-boiler. Above the clangor rose a few peeps and some blasphemy. Martin strode out of the dark and spoke to Sargent; Sargent set down the lantern and disappeared. He had to

go to see his girl, Martin explained; would I hold the lantern and hand over my sweater?

"'IF THAT IS CHICKEN ICE-CREAM, I DON'T WANT ANY'"

"Bully boy!" I said. "Have you filled the gunny-sack so soon?"

"Be ready to come when I call," was all he replied.

When he did call, I tiptoed toward him, and found him lying prone. There was not a chicken in sight.

"Quick!" I begged. "Give me the sack, and I 'll take them to the coop."

"I don't know where the sacred things have gone," he said.

A quarter of an hour later we found them fifteen yards nearer the creek. Of course we wakened them, and they retreated another ten yards. Time dragged; I grew drowsy, only to be shocked into life by chaos. The chickens had turned in mass formation and were eating Martin alive. When I reached him he was struggling manfully with the gunny-sack, and the gunny-sack was screaming at the top of its lungs.

"I got one," he gloated.

"One!" I snorted. "And the others?"

"They 're down there a few yards," he said. "This is Phryne, I think," handing me a living shriek. "Hold your hand over her mouth and put her in the coop. I 'll get the others while you 're gone."

The trip to the coop was the most blood-curdling journey I ever took. Phryne screamed as though she were my wife and I were beating her. Even when I got her into the coop she screamed; the older fowls complained, and the Crested Black Polish hen fell backward off her perch and lay on the floor as lifeless as a hat. To make matters worse, Phryne did n't know how to roost. She had never learned how, having heretofore merely squatted when she felt sleepy. I foresaw some tedious evenings for Martin and me, teaching all those young reprobates to roost.

It took me some time to locate Martin again, but in the end I found him in the gully behind the bed of spineless-cactus. He had crawled all of half a mile and caught three chickens. There were several reasons for my dropping the first one he threw at me, but he would understand none of them.

At eleven o'clock, and on the brink of the creek, we got most of the crowd; then we tottered to bed.

A week saw them all interned,— Susanna and Déjeuner and the others,—to

flaunt themselves behind the bars at the risk of getting a poke in the eye if they went too far. The four non-union hens on their own somewhere on the ranch we did not impound. They were inoffensive, anyway, and left work only to get a snack and go right back. Thus, when I was called East for a month, it was with pride and content that I took a last look at the coop.

The Crested Black Polish hen tossed a glance my way, then sauntered off. "Cheerful old girl," I thought, for I had long forgotten to resent her treatment of me. Suddenly she telescoped herself, and, with a noise like the family wash on a windy day, was balancing herself on the top of the chicken-run fence. Some atavistic instinct for freedom must have made her fall forward rather than back into the run. She hit liberty twelve feet below her so hard that a week's squawks were knocked out of her; but she got to her feet and staggered up the mountain-side.

"Martin!" I gasped. But he was dreaming on a saw-horse.

Why should I envenom my departure with bad news? I said nothing, therefore, of what I had seen, not even when we said good-by in the railway station; still, I left him with misgivings.

In a month I returned. Martin had moved into Sargent's now finished cottage till his own house should be done. It was a pleasant little place, but on the porch-rail sat five young poultry, as undressed as you please, swapping yarns and laughing like a group in the hot-room of a Turkish bath. I asked to know what it meant.

"They 're new," said Martin, quickly. "They were born the day after you went. They 're too young for the coop."

"They 'd undermine the morals there," I suggested.

"Maybe," he sighed. "Come see the house."

It was hard to be enthusiastic over Martin's house. Inside it was fine—porcelain tubs, paneled dining-room, and semi-concealed lighting; but outside was all that riffraff, that bevy of Gothic grotesques vitiating the landscape, and further to depress us, up came a gang of buxom, full-blown hens, led by the Crested Black Polish, and preëmpted the patio. I knew who they were; several of them I myself had stuffed into the coop.

No need to question Martin; conversation burst out of him.

"I can 't keep them in the coop," he cried, "either by coercion or cajolery. If I am not overdrawing my bank-account buying chicken-wire, I am overdrawing it buying chicken-feed. Treat a hen kindly, and she sneers at you; frighten her, and she pecks her way through a four-by-four. I have put so much wire on the coop that I can barely get into it myself; I have surrounded it with boulders and *chevaux-de-frises* till I don't dare go near it except in broad daylight and chain-armor.

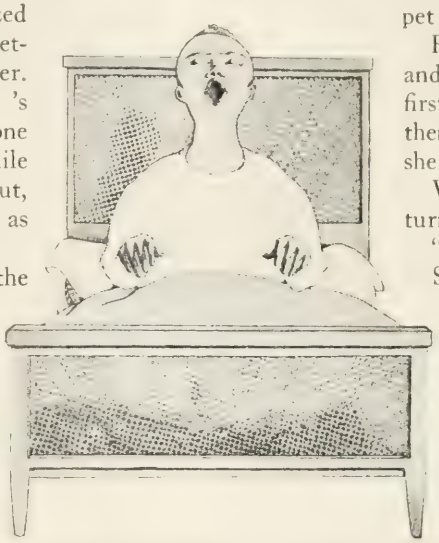
"Yet they get out. They can deflate and elongate themselves, and negotiate vertical surfaces like flies. That Polish thing got out first. She went up the mountain and got a ladder, and next morning there were large, fat hens everywhere. I took every hand on the place, even the carpenters, and we reclaimed the poultry; but it put the work on the house back a day, and the hens were so hysterical that they did n't hush up till midnight. Then I roofed the entire run with chicken-wire and rested easy.

"Imagine how I felt when one morning a string of them galloped into the cottage living-room. When we got them back I took a microscope to find the leak. I don't ask you to believe me when I say that they had dug a Libbey Prison tunnel. They must have worked night and day. After that I hauled a couple of hundred yards of rocks and dirt and walled them in. How this delegation escaped I don't know, and if it were n't a sign of weakness, I should add, 'I don't care.' "

"Brace up," I said. "Let 's go look at the coop."

On our way he told me more; the hens had given up laying. All he got was six eggs a day from a crowd that was eating him into the poorhouse.

"And," he stormed, "the more they won't lay, the more they 're crazy to set. How can they expect to have anything to set on if they won't lay them first? I built a suite of modern, one-party nests; but when I go to see if they 've remembered to do their bit, I find five hens—five, mind you—squeezed into a cubic foot and setting all over one another. It 's unsanitary, that 's what it is. One by one I peel them off, while they holler and lash out, and I get one egg, like as not glass."



"AUGUSTUS CROWED IN HIS SLEEP"

We had reached the coop, and it was as empty as a sock, never a chicken, scarcely a feather. There was no mystery, however, about its emptiness; the run-door sagged from the upper hinge and left a triangular hole at the bottom. Martin turned on me.

"You hung that door," he said in a strained voice.

At first I did not get his innuendo; but when I did, I made it clear that I had hinged the door for all contingencies except what now seemed the probable one, that the chickens had bitten it loose.

"I 've no doubt you 're right," said he. "They could eat a submarine to pieces."

Before long he had talked himself into such a headache that he had to lie down, and he ate supper as though he wished it were seasoned with arsenic. With dessert came Sargent, who boasted that he had got most of the poultry back into the coop.

Martin grunted.

"How many eggs to-day?" he asked.

"Four," said Sargent.

"Four," repeated Martin. "Each hen, then, laid about an eighth of an egg. Don't let them overdo, will you?"

At this juncture into the shaft of light that spread from the dining-room out on to the porch waltzed a young chicken. Obviously she was planning to become a Plymouth Rock, but at the moment of which I write she looked like a handful of dirty waste on legs.

"Hullo, Phryne," said Sargent as pleasantly as though he were talking to a pet puppy.

Phryne drew herself up and looked at Sargent, first with her left eye and then with her right. Then she crowed.

When my senses returned, I asked:

"Is that Phryne?"

Sargent admitted that it was.

"But—" I hesitated. "But—she crowed—and I thought she was a—hen."

"She was at first," said Sargent; "but she 's decided to become a rooster."

Martin went up like a geyser; he banged on the table till the floating-island spattered all over the cloth.

"This is the end!" he cried. "Sargent, take Phryne and put her—him—it—to bed. To-night we 'll drag-net the rabble that has never been in the coop, and to-morrow I shall give the first of a series of chicken-dinners that shall continue three times daily until I have sunk my teeth in the giblets of the last fowl."

Next day for dinner we had delicious roast chicken; we had it cold for supper, and next morning minced. Then we had chicken fricassee and then chicken salad. Then one morning Martin wondered if he had not better give up cereal; his appetite seemed to go with his bowl of oatmeal.

"I 'm not hungry in the morning, either," I acknowledged. "What is that? Chicken hash? Is n't there anything you can do to a chicken in the morning except hash it?"

"Not that I ever heard of," said Martin, "when you 've started on the

chicken the day before. You can't expect us to broach a fresh chicken each meal. As it is, I 'm afraid we 're wasteful. I must speak to Pon-Gee about it."

This was a mistake, for we had in quick succession so much *réchauffé* chicken, washed down with gallons of chicken-broth, that we were driven away for the week-end. We visited Martin's family, and for our first meal they gave us milk-fed capon. Nevertheless, we did better than might have been expected, and, after all, it was as well that we went, for we found that Augustus, Martin's small brother, had a flair for chicken-eating that was Ethiopian.

"If we can get him up to the ranch," I told Martin, "we can eat ourselves free in a month."

So Augustus went back with us, and ate his first half-dozen meals like a shark; then a shadow came into his young eyes, and he grew bewildered, and his attitude toward Pon-Gee was one of doubt. He brought things to a head one noon by saying:

"If that is chicken ice-cream, I don't want any."

Of course we had to tell him.

"Why don't you give them away?" he asked.

"Augustus," replied Martin, "no one knows what they have cost me. I shall get what I can from them."

"Then sell them."

"How could I, knowing them for what they are?"

"How long will it take?" asked Augustus.

We figured it at twenty-five days.

"I 'll stick," said Augustus.

Soon we began to lose weight, and I could not bear to see Martin eat; revenge stuck out all over him. At last Augustus crowed in his sleep. Naturally we kept from him what he had done; but we looked him over for pin-feathers, and then Martin took me aside.

"If anything should happen to Augustus," he said, "I should never forgive myself. Take him for a long walk; leave the rest to me."

Augustus and I walked and walked; we did not return to the ranch till we had settled objective philosophy, reincarnation, the moral status of Henry VIII, and other things that boys of twelve talk about. At the orchard-gate a vague odor met us, something which ordinarily we should have recognized, but which at the time merely roused forgotten longings. Augustus grew animated; he offered to race me through the orchard, and when we reached the cottage we found that we had penetrated to the source of the new odor. We filled our winded lungs with it; we took such deep breaths that our noses began to sag inward. Pon-Gee grinned through the kitchen-door and remarked:

"We got 'm New Inglum boil' dinner. Him velly good. You like?"

"What 's happened to the chickens?" we cried.

"Kill 'm," said Pon-Gee. "Give 'm clarpenter."

"Where 's Martin?"

Pon-Gee raised his forefinger.

"You listen," he said.

We did.

*Bang! Clatter! Crash!*

We made a bee-line through the kitchen, where Augustus seized a raw carrot, out the back door, across the barnyard, and there we found Martin, with a two-by-four, taking a swipe at the coop. We were just in time to see the last wall go down.

Martin sauntered from the ruins, affectedly modest, as though he had done something neat. But he had such a hold on himself that he launched right into a big-brotherism.

"Give me that carrot," he demanded of Augustus. "You don't care what you eat, do you?"

Augustus stuffed all the carrot into his mouth. It looked like suicide; his throat broke out into a rash of Adam's-apples, then he answered:

"Oh, don't I? I bet there 's one thing I don't care to eat. Do you want me to say it out loud?"

But Martin and I put our hands over his mouth, and carried him back to the New England boiled dinner.

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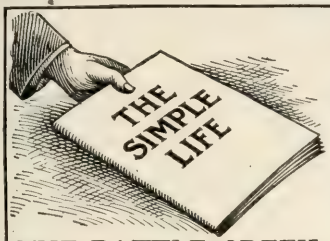


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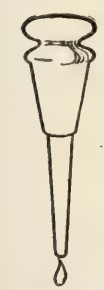

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# THE SECOND AMERICAN WAR LOAN

By THOMAS MORRISON

AT the time when this article is being written there is no definite information as to the size, terms or date of the forthcoming loan. It is understood that it will be for three billion dollars; it probably will not be less.

But there are certain general considerations which will apply to this next loan and subsequent ones. It is emphatically necessary that the American people, without exception, should understand and meet them.

The United States is the richest nation in the world. It is the most prosperous country in the world. Its people are the most favored by nature and circumstance of any other large nation. But the present war is a life and death struggle in which we must either gain a complete victory over the German powers in Europe or fall prey to their present or future schemes of conquest.

This is no case of a war against Spain or Mexico. The necessity of defeating Germany is no longer an academic one for the American people. If we act in full cooperation with our allies the result is assured; if we do not, disaster on some scale is inevitable.

Few men, if any, in this country have yet realized the magnitude of the task which confronts us as a nation. Even the highest officials of the government have found themselves compelled, from month to month, to increase their estimates of the money and materials necessary to enable us to do our share in winning the war.

## WAR EXPENDITURE OF THE UNITED STATES, 1917-1918.

When the Secretary of the Treasury came to estimate the additional war expenses for the year 1917-1918 he calculated that they would amount to about $6,400,000,000 of which $3,000,000,000 was to be allotted to the Allies and $3,400,000,000 was to be utilized for domestic purposes.

As a result of the progress of the war, on July 27th Mr. McAdoo submitted a new estimate to a Senate Finance Committee showing that the Government requirements for war and other purposes for the year ending June 30th, 1918, will reach about $10,735,807,000. Appropriations which have either been passed, are now pending, or are proposed total $11,651,194,000 which leaves about $1,000,000,000 to take care of emergencies.

In this $11,651,194,000 are included $8,673,000,000 for the army, $1,524,000,000 for the navy and $1,200,000,000 for various other Government Departments.

The new estimate of the Secretary of the Treasury did not include fresh loans to the Allies contemplated by the United States which will probably amount to at least $5,000,000,000 more before the end of the year.

Based on present figures and known plans, therefore, the total bonded indebtedness of the United States for one year is expected to reach $16,651,194,000.

## SUMMARY OF WAR SAVINGS IN GREAT BRITAIN

The object of war savings associations is to induce systematic saving in the United States and to bring to the support of the Government during the war funds which would otherwise not be available. Based on the recommendations of a special committee sanctioned by the government, more than 35,000 war savings associations have been formed in Great Britain. Scotland has a separate system. The general work of organizing these associations and spreading propaganda is being carried on by about 1,500 local committees under the general supervision of the National War Savings Committee in London.

The associations are voluntary organizations, emphasizing the importance of thrift in general and investing the funds contributed by their members in special war saving certificates issued by the government. These certificates distributed by the post office are purchasable at a flat price of 15 shillings 6 pence and can be cashed at any time on short notice. At the end of twelve months a certificate can be cashed for 15 shillings and 9 pence, and thereafter its cash value increases at the rate of 1d. a month until at the end of five years they can be cashed for £1. This allows a rate of more than 5% on compound interest. The certificates are non-negotiable and tax free, but the number issued to any one person is limited to 500. The certificates placed within the reach of all an attractive form of investing small savings with the government, while avoiding the administrative difficulties resulting from the periodic interest payment on bonds in small denominations.

In creating war savings associations advantage has been taken of existing groups, such as

(Continued on page 80)

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This War Tax Literature CE-64 will be forwarded upon request.

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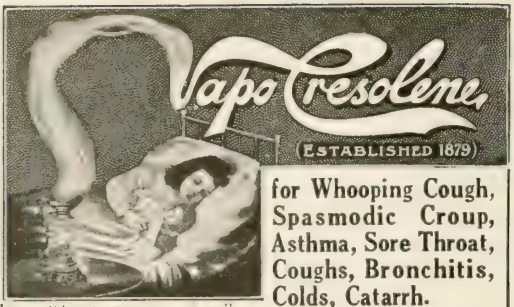


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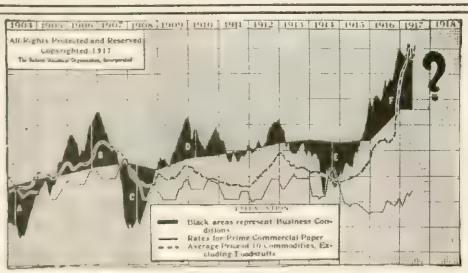
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## THE SECOND AMERICAN WAR LOAN

(*Continued from page* 78)

schools, churches, factories, etc., but associations may be formed by any group of people willing to work together for this purpose. In this way opportunity is afforded for the creation of associations in every community. Affiliation with the national committee is conditioned upon the acceptance of an approved financial plan. As these associations are entirely voluntary, the government cannot be responsible for the safety of their funds prior to investment in war savings certificates. To do so would require the development of elaborate government machinery, which would destroy the flexibility and independence which have contributed so much to the success of these societies. Effective safeguards, however, have been found in provisions requiring periodic audit, and the immediate investment of funds as received.

The first annual report of the National War Savings Committee points out that during the initial five months of war small investors were withdrawing from the government more than they were depositing. During the year 1915, the amount contributed by the small investor averaged £600,000 weekly. On January 1, 1916, the restrictions as to the amount any one depositor could deposit in the post office or savings banks were removed. In the year 1916 the rate of deposit still further increased to £1,600,000 a week. The rate of accumulation showed a marked rise from July onward. In January and February, 1917, including post office subscriptions to the 5% war loan and allowing for withdrawals from the savings banks, the total subscriptions for the small investor were at least £40,000,000.

Since the outbreak of the war to the close of 1916, the sums invested with the government by small investors, excluding War Saving Certificates for £500 amounted to no less than £118,179,000. At the beginning the new War Savings Associations formed no part of the machinery by which this result was obtained. The propaganda of the National War Savings Committee has been aimed in the first place at reinforcing the work of the existing organizations, and as evidence of this it may be noted that during the last year deposits in the savings banks were increased by nearly £12,000,000. While the amount subscribed to War Saving Certificates through War Savings Associations to the close of 1916 were scarcely one-twentieth of the total sales, the figures since that date show the amount so subscribed to be one-fifth.

THE
CENTURY MAGAZINE
DECEMBER
1917

"HE LIKED THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE"

Drawing by George Wright, illustrating "A Country Christmas," by Grant Showerman

THE CENTURY

Vol. 95 December, 1917 No. 2

# "Solemn-Looking Blokes"

By STACY AUMONIER

Author of "The Friends," "Olga Bardel," etc.

AT midday on August 15 I stood on the pavement in Cockspur Street and watched the first contingent of American troops pass through London.

I had been attracted thither by the lure of a public "show," by the blare of a band, and by a subconscious desire to pay tribute in my small way to a great people. It was a good day for London, intermittently bright, with great scurrying masses of cumuli overhead, and a characteristic threat of rain, which fortunately held off. Cockspur Street, as you know, is a turning off Trafalgar Square, and I chose it because the crowd was less dense there than in the square itself. By getting behind a group of shortish people and by standing on tiptoe I caught a fleeting view of the faces of nearly every one of the passing soldiers.

London is schooled to shows of this kind. The people gather and wait patiently on the line of route. And then some genial policemen appear and mother the people back into some sort of line, an action performed with little fuss or trouble. Then mounted police appear, headed by some fat official in a cockade hat and with many ribbons on his chest. And some one in the crowd calls out:

"Hullo, Percy! Mind you don't fall off yer 'orse!"

Then the hearers laugh and begin to be on good terms with themselves, for they know that the "show" is coming. Then follows the inevitable band, and we begin to cheer.

It is very easy and natural for a London crowd to cheer. I have heard Kaiser William II cheered in the streets of London! We always cheer our guests, and we love a band and a "show" almost as much as our republican friends across the channel. I have seen royal funerals and weddings, processions in honor of visiting presidents and kings, the return of victorious generals, processions of Canadian, Australian, Indian, French, and Italian troops and bands. I would n't miss these things for worlds. They give color to our social life and accent to our every-day emotions. It is, moreover, peculiarly interesting to observe national traits on a march: the French, with their exuberant élan, throwing kisses to the women as they pass; our own Tommies, who have surprised the world with their gaiety, and keep up a constant ragging intercourse with the crowd and cannot cease from singing; the Indians, who pass like a splendidly carved frieze; the Canadians, who move with a free and independent swing and grin in a friendly way; the Scotch, who carry it off better than any

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one. But I had never seen American troops, and I was anxious to see how they behaved. I said to myself, "The American is volatile and impressionable, like a child." I had met Americans who within an hour's acquaintance had told me their life-story, given me their views on religion, politics, and art, and invited me to go out to Iowa or Wisconsin or California and spend the summer with them. Moreover, the American above all things is emotional and—may I say it?—sentimental. It would therefore be extremely interesting to see how he came through this ordeal.

The first band passed, and the people were waving flags and handkerchiefs from the windows. We could hear the cheers go up from the great throng in the square. And there at last, sure enough, was Old Glory, with its silken tassels floating in the London breeze, carried by a solemn giant, with another on each side.

And then they came, marching in fours, with their rifles at the slope, the vanguard of Uncle Sam's army. And we in Cockspur Street raised a mighty cheer. They were solemn, bronzed men, loose of limb, hard, and strong, with a curious set expression of purpose about them.

*Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.*

And they looked neither to the right nor the left; nor did they look up or smile or apparently take any notice of the cheers we raised. We strained forward to see their faces, and we cried out to them our welcome.

*Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.*

They were not all tall; some were short and wiry. Some of the officers were rather elderly and wore horn spectacles. But they did not look at us or raise a smile of response. They held themselves very erect, but their eyes were cast down or fixed upon the back of the man in front of them. There came an interval, and another band, and then Old Glory once more, and we cheered the flag even more than the men. Fully a thousand men passed in this solemn procession, not one of them smiling or looking up. It became almost disconcerting. It was a thing we were not used to. A fellow-cockney near me murmured:

"They 're solemn-looking blokes, ain't they?"

*Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.*

The band blared forth once more, a drum-and-fife corps with a vibrant thrill behind it. We strained forward more eagerly to see the faces of our friends from the New World. We loved it best when the sound of the band had died away and the only music was the steady throb of those friendly boots upon our London streets. And still they did not smile. I had a brief moment of some vague apprehension, as though something could not be quite right. Some such wave, I think, was passing through the crowd. What did it mean?

*Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.*

The cheers died away for a few moments in an exhausted diminuendo. Among those people, racked by three years of strain and suffering, there probably was not one who had not lost some one dear to them. Even the best nerves have their limitation of endurance. Suddenly the ready voice of a woman from the pavement called out:

"God bless you, Sammy!"

And then we cheered again in a different key, and I noticed a boy in the ranks throw back his head and look up. On his face was that expression we see only on the faces of those who know the finer sensibilities—a fierce, exultant joy that is very near akin to tears. And gradually I became aware that on the faces of these grim men was written an emotion almost too deep for expression.

As they passed it was easy to detect their ethnological heritage. There was the Anglo-Saxon type, perhaps predominant; the Celt; the Slav; the Latin; and in many cases definitely the Teuton: and yet there was not one of them that had not something else, who was not preeminently a good "United States-man." It was as though upon the anvil of the New World all the troubles of the Old, after being passed through a white-hot furnace, had been forged into something

clear and splendid. And they were hurrying on to get this accomplished. For once and all the matter must be settled.

*Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.*

There was a slight congestion, and the body of men near me halted and marked time. A diminutive officer with a pointed beard was walking alone. A woman in the crowd leaned forward and waved an American flag in his face. He saluted, made some kindly remark, and then passed on.

*Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.*

The world must be made safe for democracy.

And I thought inevitably of the story of the Titan myth, of Prometheus, the first real democrat, who held out against the gods because they despised humanity. And they nailed him to a rock, and cut off his eyelids, and a vulture fed upon his entrails.

But Prometheus held on, his line of reasoning being:

"After Uranus came Cronus. After Cronus came Zeus. After Zeus will come other gods."

It is the finest epic in human life, and all the great teachers and reformers who came after told the same story—Christ, Vishnu, Confucius, Mohammed, Luther, Shakspere. The fundamental basis of their teaching was love and faith in humanity. And whenever humanity is threatened, the fires which Prometheus stole from the gods will burn more brightly in the heart of man, and they will come from all quarters of the world.

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible, swift sword.

There is no quarter, no mercy, to the enemies of humanity. This is no longer a war; it is a crusade. And as I stood on the flags of Cockspur Street I think I understood the silence of those grim men. They seemed to epitomize not merely a nation, not merely a flag, but the unbreakable sanctity of human rights and human life. And I knew that whatever might happen, whatever the powers of darkness might devise, whatever cunning schemes or diabolical plans, or whatever temporary successes they might attain, they would ultimately go down into the dust before "the fateful lightning." "After Zeus will come other gods."

*Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.*

Nothing could live and endure against that steady and irresistible progression. And we know how you can do things, America. We have seen your workshops, your factories, and your engines of peace. And we have seen those young men of yours at the Olympic Games, with their loose, supple limbs, their square, strong faces. When the Spartans, lightly clad, but girt for war, ran across the hills to Athens and, finding the Persian hosts defeated, laughed, congratulated the Athenians, and ran back again—since those days there never were such runners, such athletes, as these boys of yours from Yale and Harvard, Princeton and Cornell.

And so on that day, if we cheered the flag more than we cheered the men, it was because the flag was the symbol of the men's hearts, which were too charged with the fires of Prometheus to trust themselves expression.

At least that is how it appeared to me on that forenoon in Cockspur Street, and I know that later in the day, when I met a casual friend, and he addressed me with the usual formula of the day:

"Any news?"

I was able to say:

"Yes, the best news in the world."

And when he replied:

"What news?"

I could say with all sincerity:

"I have seen a portent. The world is safe for democracy."

"SHE WAS BEGGING THAT GANG OF 'WOPS' AND 'YIDS' TO WASH THEIR HEARTS CLEAN BECAUSE IT WAS CHRISTMAS EVE"

# The Glory Girl

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

Author of "Jane Puts It Over" etc.

Illustrations by O. F. Howard

New York,
November 29.

DEAREST MUZ:

THERE 'S an unexpected and disgusting delay in the deal with D—, J— & Co. Everything 's going to break right eventually, but no knowing how long I'll be sewed up here.

Pretty tough luck, I call it, to spend two years in a steam-heated South American jungle, romp gleefully home to the best family in the best State in the world, only to be haled forth to another steam-heated jungle in New York!

I 've seen every last thing in town, and there is n't the ghost of a show here worth seeing.

Moreover, I don't like New York, anyway. I want to be in Georgia, playing round with my uncommonly nice kin, and perchance stepping out with Mary Lu Darcy. You know, Muz, when you kept raving about her in your letters, I merely thought you were having me on. I thought it was your sacred front-family stuff (which I don't take quite so ponderously since my habitation enforced in the wilds), and the fact that their Woodlawn rubs ancient elbows with our Evergreens. In every burst of rapture I saw the fine Italian hand of match-making, and it left me cold. I remembered her, you see, as the flappiest sort of flapper, and I was n't prepared for a magazine cover! I apologize. Ninety-eight per cent., at a conservative estimate. But has n't my offensively good-looking

young brother Bill got his bold, black eye on her?

It 's up to you to call him off. You 've got me started.

Gad! I hope I can be home in time for all the holiday fleshpots. Your letter has just come. *Awfully* sorry about the ankle; but, honestly, now, just between ourselves, *are n't* they rather scandalous slippers for a granny?

I remain, Madame, with renewed assurances of my deep esteem,

Your favorite son,
GWYNN.

November 30.

EVENING, MUZ!

Your note was served me as a side dish on my breakfast tray this morning. (Returned exiles do themselves very well, you observe.) Please put this mad promptitude down to my credit, will you, and remember it sometime when I need clemency?

Not a ripple with D—, J— & Co. Nevertheless, with nothing to do, I 'm still too busy to go and see Cousin Lucy Chipperfield. That *is* my idea of nothing to do. A tolerable satisfactory parent in other respects, you have one horrid habit which darkens your children's lives: you can always discover some relative yearning to be called upon.

The weather is mild and gummy, and the voice of the street-preacher is heard in the land. I can see three or four bunches from my window. I think I 'll go down and get saved. I 'll add a line to this after I 've got salvation.

LATER.

It was rather fun, some of it. I rambled round several squares and heard three of the usual and one unusual: a frothing socialist; a snapping zealot, inveighing against four popular brands of applied religion; a band of high-cheek-boned Swedes in dismal Salvation suits, and one little group that did n't seem to come under any of the foregoing heads. There were only three, a frail old woman, a hawk-eyed, shabby youth, and a young girl.

They were n't making much noise, so they had n't attracted a crowd. In fact, the assemblage consisted of one battered bum and one striking young aristocrat in evening dress. (Maternal pride should supply the name.) They had an asthmatic organ, which they had trundled through the street, at which the old woman sat and extracted mournful sounds. The boy divided a stern sermon evenly between us, and then the girl sang. She might have a voice, I dare say, but for the street work. It made you think of rough plush, someway. She was a pinched little thing, almost pretty. After she sang, the youth asked her to lead in prayer, and they all got down on their knees.

Greet for me my male parent, my rough-neck brothers, my pretty sisters-in-law, and their more or less interesting offspring.

Tell Bill, in case he is n't quite clear about your saving Mary Lu for me, to remember Cain and Abel. It has been done.

Ask some idle member of the family to give you a hug.

From
GWYNN.

December 1.

Why do you suppose I 'm writing to you again so soon after my last letter? Because she asked me to—the Glory Girl, I mean.

I strolled down again to-night, and she was exhorting the bum and a dingy comrade to write to their mothers. I think her young eye brightened when it fell upon me,—we have both always considered, have n't we, Muz, that I 'm at my best in the soup-and-fish?—and she at once included me.

"Won't *you?*" she said, and the emphasis was n't flattering, somehow. It was as though, if she could persuade the likes of me, the rest of the world would be easy. I imagine there is to her an aura of worldly wickedness about evening dress. Don't you know how the villain in melodrama and movies always wears an open face and patent leathers?

Well, I told her I would, and I 'm a man of my word.

How 's your little fat ankle?

Lovingly,
GWYNN.

December 2.

MUZ DEAR:

I went down for a few minutes this evening. It has turned sharp, and the old woman was shivering, and the boy's eagle beak was red, and the girl looked congealed in her skimpy little coat. She asked the bum and me if we had written to our mothers, and the honors were mine, because I had.

Several men and women joined us, and it cheered the band up immensely, and they preached and played and sang and prayed with freshly kindled ardor. It is to be modestly admitted that I was something of a drawing card. My clothes, I mean. I fancy some of the new-comers thought it was a movie stunt.

Fed and warmed and fattened a bit, that girl would be very easy to look at. I thought at first they were of one family, but I don't believe she belongs. The fellow is awfully crabbed, and she seems rather afraid of him.

Well, I don't think I 'll be lending the light of my countenance again. I 'm rather fed up on it. What I want is some regular people in a regular house. You 're a dear to delay the dance for me. I 'll try to put up a bomb under D—, J— & Co.

Chunks of love, Muddie.
GWYNN.

December 4.

Things are moving a bit, my dear Muz. Had meetings yesterday and to-day, and D— is ready for action, and I think we can bring J— round in short order.

To melt him, I permitted him to take me to a silly show last night.

I started to see "That Spring" to-night, —some one said it was near-good,—but I foolishly stopped to listen to my heaven-hunters for a moment, and it was all off. If it had n't been so beastly cold, I 'd be watching the last act at this minute; but that girl was all goose-flesh, and her teeth chattered like a telegraph ticker when she tried to pray.

The poor old bum had his poor old collar turned up around his poor old neck, and the others looked like Belgian refugees. Before I realized what I was doing, I 'd invited the whole crew into Man's for something hot. The bum accepted with loud acclaim, and the girl very prettily, but the old woman and the boy hung out. I said it was a very little thing for them to let me do for them after what they 'd done to me in getting me to write to my mother. (My poor, *sick* mother, I said, remembering your silly little ankle.)

That got them, and we trailed off. The boy trundled the organ, and the girl helped the old woman, and the bum and I brought up meekly in the rear.

I ordered piping-hot oyster stews all round to start off, and I wish you could have seen that girl come to life! She took off her hat, a foolish little tam-o'-shanter sort of thing that looked like the lid of our old nursery sugar-bowl, and she 's got loads of soft, downy-looking hair the color of unsalted butter. Her eyes are gray most of the time, but when she prays (or eats hot things), they get all black. Gee! I wish you could have seen 'em eat!

The boy is "James," and he 's a grouch. He calls the old lady "Mother," but the girl calls her "Mother Mason," so my hunch was right. She does n't belong. Her name is, inevitably, Mary. She 's very still and shy, but she 's not crude. The old lady is in a nice, wholesome, small-town sort of way, but I did n't like the young chap's personality at all. His manner toward Mary is n't at all what it should be. But that 's some more of my business, as Bill says.

It was n't a convivial occasion at all, but I had the satisfaction of seeing them trudge homeward pink without and glowing within.

Me to the poppy-fields!

Your good little good-doing son,
GWYNN.

"SHE WAS EXHORTING THE BUM AND A DINGY COMRADE TO WRITE TO THEIR MOTHERS"

DEAREST MUZ: December 5.

J—, the old villain, has settled down into an attitude of this-rock-shall-fly-from-its-firm-base-as-soon-as-I. Even D— can't budge him, and my efforts blow past him like a summer zephyr.

Thanks for your fine, fat letter. The Darcy dance must have been a wonder, and I can imagine Mary Lu in her raspberry red. Is Bill behaving? And you were carried there in state, and all the boys sat out dances with you? What do you suppose Mother Mason would think of you?

I think a right smart heap of you myself, and I wish I were home. I 'm nearly homesick-abed.

Best to the bunch, G.

Dec. 6, 1917.

Mrs. Robert Lee Blair,
Evergreens,
Atlanta, Georgia.

MADAM:

Don't be a goose!

Very respectfully,
GWYNN CAREY BLAIR.

December 8.

Hello, Muddie! Only a line in which to greet you, for it 's what granny used to call "Time honest folk were abed, and knaves were turned out o' doors."

Old D—, genial old person, took me home for dinner this evening, and I met two very decorative daughters. There was a very decent chap from Cornell there, and about nine o'clock we decided to blow down to one of the roofs and dance. We were bowling along in about a million dollars' worth of motor when we slowed up for something at a crossing, and there were my soul-snatchers.

I heard Mary say, "Oh, look!" and James and Mother Mason and the faithful, battered bum all lifted dazzled eyes to me.

Don't let me have any more epistles along the line of day before yesterday's. Who do you think I think I am? *Don Quixote, Esq.?*

Night, and bushels of love. GWYNN.

MY DEAR MUZ: December 9.

I am *not* going to see Cousin Lucy Chipperfield. Let us have done with these ceaseless admonitions. The woman means nothing in my life. If you had n't gone and told her I was here, she would n't be "watching and wondering if every day won't bring some word from dear Gwynn." You *know* she 'll tell me all the cute things I said and did at the age of five, and get out that indecent sea-shell picture and gloat over it; and still you urge me to go.

Unnatural parent!

No, I tell you; *no!* G.

LATER.

MUZ DEAR:

I 've just come up from the meeting, and I 'm convinced that girl is being held to the work against her will. James is a fanatic, and his mother 's a simple-minded old thing who blindly adores him; and I firmly believe Mary is afraid of him. It 's a sort of Svengali-Trilby effect. His manner was very offensive to-night just because the poor little thing showed she was glad to see a regular human being.

I 'm going to find out about this situation, and if there 's anything wrong, I 'm going to report it to the authorities. I don't like the look of it.

Best to family and friends,

Hurriedly,
G.

P. S.—By the way, old J— came around handsomely to-day, so my deal for the firm is closed, and very satisfactorily.

December 10.

Please pardon post-card. Hope all well at home. Hope ankle O. K. Am well. Love. G.

December 11.

(*Telegram*)

Wire received. Can't return for some days. Sorry. Regret miss barn-dance. Love to all. Well. G. C. BLAIR.

December 13.

MY DEAREST MUZ:

I have your good letter and enjoyed all

the home news heartily. I 'm glad you 're glad I 'm meeting nice people like the D—'s, and I 'll try not to forget to pay my dinner-call, though I don't believe they 're as keen on that sort of thing up here in the North as we are. Anyway, I 'll send the girls some candy and flowers.

Just as the meeting broke up to-night a new-comer stepped into the circle, a large, horse-faced lady in a billycock hat whom Mary seemed awfully keen about. She 's a Miss or Mrs.—the former seems the more probable—Meade or Smeade, a settlement worker, I gathered.

I asked them all up to supper, and before any one else could answer, she spoke up and accepted for all. She seems to regard me very much as James does. I tried to say a private word to her, but she froze me. I don't get more than thirty per cent. with any of 'em except the battered bum and Mary. Of course, at that, I can get James's angle on it. Mary thinks I come to get saved, but James thinks I come to get Mary.

So glad you 're stepping out again on two perfectly spry feet.

I 'll try to do some Christmas shopping soon.

Much love, Muddie, and be a little sport! Don't fuss! GWYNN.

UNCLE BULGER

ANGEL MOTHER: December 14.

I quite understand your perfectly natural front-family feeling at the blood-curdling thought that I am "associating with *queer* people," but I have no sympathy with it.

Is n't our own tribe a bit hectic?

From how many schools and colleges has the beautiful and beguiling Bill been returned without thanks to the heaving bosom of his family? Answer me that, Madam!

Did you or did you not elope with my revered father after an acquaintance of four days' duration?

Can there—I ask you as a Christian woman—can there be any boasting on the part of a family which contains Uncle Bulger? I never told you of the party he put over in Los Angeles two years ago when I was on my way to Mexico. He eluded me for three days. At three o'clock in the morning of the fourth the night door-man at the Allesandro Hotel saw a distinguished old person with military mustaches, bashed-in top-hat, and disreputable Inverness cloak. He had a street-sweeper's broom, with a prong on one end, you know, which he had wrested from some poor Mexican at God only knows what cost, and he was sweeping the car-tracks with passionate care. The door-man recognized him and ran out to speak to him.

"Don't you belong here, sir?" he asked. "If you 'll tell me who you are, sir—"

"God knows," said Uncle Bulger, bursting into bitter tears—"God knows, but I 'm somebody's darling!"

Considering which, ought you not rather to rejoice at the bare possibility of infusing a strain of godliness into the hot blood of your clan?

I lament, likewise, the heavy maternal attitude. You are not at all that sort of mother, old dear. You are an exceedingly

breezy and bonny little body with giddy eyes and giddy feet, and you 've always kept your hand in at flirting.

Trusting, however, that any drastic step will not be necessary, and with kindest personal regards to yourself and husband,

Yours very sincerely,

G. C. B.

MUZ DEAREST: December 15.

I 've had the most wonderful hour. By the merest, the luckiest chance, I was strolling through Washington Square late this afternoon, and I Columbus-ed Mary on a sunny bench.

Muz, she 's the most deliciously quaint thing. I was as curious as a sewing-circle, and she told me the story of her life as simply as a child. She is a child, really, only nineteen. I did n't know there were any girls so unpretending left in the world.

Her name is Mary Lamb,—don't you like that?—and she 's lived all her life until a few months ago with an old uncle in Maine, on a funny little island. He was a writer, or he meant to be, she said. He was getting his notes ready for some wonderful book on religion, but he died before it was finally revised. She did his copying. These Masons were neighbors who 'd gone away with a revivalist several years ago, and they came back on a visit just when her uncle died. She had n't a soul in the world,—her parents died when she was a small kid,—and they persuaded her to come with them.

She 's been working with them ever since,—laboring in the vineyard she calls it,—but she admits, with a deep sense of her own unworthiness, that the harvest has not been large.

She has n't another friend in New York save that Miss Meade (or Smeade), who spent some summers on the island and used to come in and row with the old man about theology. She wants her to come and work in the settlement and meet some young people, and to live with her in her postage-stamp apartment. Mary 's keen for it, but the Masons, mostly James, I infer, have convinced her that her duty could never have any team work with her inclination.

James, I surmise, prefers to have her where he can keep his glittering eye on her. She told me he was a very great saint.

Well, when she said she must go, I coaxed her to come into the nearest bun-shop for a tea-supper. She said Mother Mason would worry, so I telephoned the old lady that Mary was safe with me and would meet them at the meeting. She was merry as a cricket while we ate and rode up-town on top of the bus, but as we came nearer to the Masons she began to get white and scared. She 's afraid of that fellow.

I did n't wonder when I saw his face. He was lavender and spotted with rage, and the mother was shaking. The battered bum slid up to me with an admiring grin, and whispered beerily: "Snappy work, Boss! Say, why don't yer grab her outer this, huh?" With which not unpleasing suggestion I close these few remarks.

Best to the bunch.

Love to you.

GWYNN.

MY DEAR MUDDIE: December 16.

I made Mary promise yesterday to meet me for luncheon and the matinée to-day, but after I saw the way the Masons were flying sloppy-weather signals, I had n't much hope. But she was there, the little brick, in a mousy gray dress, with white collar and cuffs and a Quakerish sort of bonnet which suited her down to the ground. When I got her a whale of a bunch of violets, she was a landscape.

Gad! it was like having *Cinderella* or *Merely Mary Ann* out for a party! The luncheon, the matinée,—a deadly show, really,—tea afterward, she was *crazy* for it all. She 's the most astonishing mixture of ignorance and knowledge; knows Shakspere and the classics, and never heard of Conrad or Wells. Gives you the feeling of having dropped down from Mars. Heavens! but she 's improved in looks since that first night! She 's pink

now instead of white, and there 's a bashful young dimple making its début.

Gad! when I think of that selfish old brute keeping her sealed up alive on his this afternoon! I don't even know their address. I 'm helpless. Well, I must turn in and get a little sleep, for I 'm on the big hunt to-morrow. G.

"IT WAS LIKE HAVING *CINDERELLA* OR *MERELY MARY ANN* OUT FOR A PARTY"

island, and these messy Masons making her think that everything cheerful and pleasant is *Sin!*

I crave to hold speech with Friend James. I intend to after the meeting to-night. She begged me to let her go home after tea, and I thought perhaps it was easier for her.

Dinner meant nothing in my life to-night, so I 'm writing you at this time, and am just off to the meeting. Mother dear, despite the clowning, I think you must have got me by this time. You must have concluded that I 'm keener on Mary Lamb than Mary Lu. When you call her Mary Lamb you want to put a what-do-you-call-it comma between. That 's the kind of a girl she is. You just wait!

Off to the fray.

Tons of love. G.

Midnight.

Muz, they were n't there. They were n't anywhere. I 've been hunting all night on foot and in taxis, asking policemen and peddlers. What a fool I was to let her go

(*Post-card*) Dec. 17, '17.

Absolutely no trace. Letter rec'd. Can't say as to plans. G.

Dec. 18, 1917.

DEAR MUZ:

Happened to think of that horse-faced woman in the billycock hat, but did n't know whether her name was Meade or Smeade. I made a list of all the settlements and put in the day going to all. Finally ran her down,—it 's Smeade,—but she 's out of town for a couple of days. She never tells them where she 's going, because she does n't want to be reached. Nice, responsible person to have in a place of that sort!

Now I 'm stumped. Talked to a fool detective, but he had little to offer. If he 's a detective, I can make a watch.

Hastily, G.

(*Post-card*)

Dec. 19.

No news. No time for letter. Hope all well. Love. G.

(*Telegram*) Dec. 20.

Should think could understand can't come now.

G. C. B.

Dec. 21, 1917.

My Dear Mother:

Of course I realize how near it is to Christmas and I have no intention of forgetting to buy my gifts, but I should think you 'd be more concerned over my finding a poor little helpless thing alone in the world than in wasting my time and money getting a lot of silly presents for a lot of silly people who 've already got everything they need and want. I hope you 're well. G.

Later.

Sorry I was such a grouch, but it made me sore to have you fussing about Christmas gifts *now*. I saw Miss Smeade since I began this letter. She 's a fine woman. She does n't know where they are, but she 's sure they have n't left town. She says James thinks he 's a whole week of

"TALKED TO A FOOL DETECTIVE, BUT HE HAD LITTLE TO OFFER"

Billy Sundays, and nothing could chase him out of New York. What do you think —the battered bum is her man. She 's had him on the job all the time, making sure that Mary was n't annoyed. Is n't she an old bear? They gave him the slip, too, because James wised up to him, evidently; but she says he 'll trail 'em. I feel no end cheered up. I want you to have Miss Smeade down to Evergreens some time for a good rest. She 's a big woman.

Tons of love. Let you know the minute I have news.

Affectionately,

Gwynn.

P.S. Why in the name of all that 's holy should I find time to call on Cousin Lucy Chipperfield now?

December 21.

Mrs. Blair,

Atlanta, Georgia.

Dear Madam:

Your son has just left. If you feel about him as a spinster imagines you might feel about such a looking and appearing young man, you will be glad of this line. Mary Lamb is a good girl and comes of good blood. My man knows where she is, and when your son has worried a little more and appreciated her a little more, he 'll know, too. Life is too easy for men. Don't trouble to answer this. I am a very busy and bad-tempered woman, with no time for social amenities.

Yours very truly,

Ernestine Smeade.

(*Telegram*)

Dec. 22, 1917.

Package presents express to-day. Sort out to suit self. Find my cards top small drawer desk. Love to all.

G. C. B.

(*Telegram*)

Dec. 24, 1917, 10 A.M.

Merry Christmas eve. Terribly sorry not there. Much love.

Gwynn.

Dec. 24, 4 P.M.

Dear Muz:

Soon after sending you the telegram this morning I had a wheezy telephone from my friend, the bum. He says he thinks he can lead me to the meeting to-night. Gee! I 'm happy! Wish I could take a sleeping-powder till time to meet him. Wish I 'd found Mary in time to bring her home for Christmas. I 've been out

buying her presents—sensible things like furs and a warm cloak and a wedding-ring and an engagement-ring.

Well, I suppose you 'd better tell Mary Lu, with what admixture of gentleness and firmness you deem best, that I can never be hers. Dare say Bill will bear up bravely.

Tons of love.

GWYNN.

Christmas morning, 1:15 A.M.

MY DEAREST MUZ:

Merry Christmas! *Mary* Christmas! Note the hour! But I can't spare the time to sleep. Gee! I can't key down enough to write intelligently! We found them—'way up in Harlem. They had a regular mob, because Mary was talking, and I ducked in behind a fat man. She had her hat off, and her hair was shining in the light of the torch James held. She was awfully white, and her eyes looked as black and big as saucers. Gad! if you could have heard what she was saying, Muz! She was begging that gang of "Wops" and "Yids" to wash their hearts clean because it was Christmas eve. Then suddenly she went down on her knees and began to pray the same old prayer——her poor, funny little prayer. But when she came to the last,—the "glory, the *glory*,"—she looked round that grimy, unsavory circle, dropped her face in her hands, and began to cry as if her heart would break. That was where I made my entrance.

"Mary," I said, "don't you think it would be a lot more noble for you to stop thinking about saving yourself and save me?"

Before she could say "Jack Robinson" I had her in a taxi I 'd had waiting. The bum took care of James. He raised an awful roar, and it did n't look good to the crowd,—seizing a girl right out of a prayer,—but we got well out of it. I brought her right here to Cousin Lucy Chipperfield, and she 's tucked up in bed now, with hot milk, and hot water-bottles.

Cousin Lucy is a brick, and of course she 's crazy about Mary. We 'll be married here in the morning, with just Miss Smeade. Mary 's awfully pleased to have it settled. James had been threatening to kill himself if she did n't marry him. I explained to her that bluffers never do anything, and she 's promised to stop worrying. I beat it back to the hotel and got my presents and some flowers for Cousin Lucy and a little Christmas-tree and a lot of candy and stuff, and now I 'm going to fix up Mary's things by the fireplace. I got the maid to sneak one of her stockings. I 'd forgotten that Cousin Mary had our old Jinny's Daisy; seems nice and homelike. Just think, she 's never had a regular Christmas before! Say, don't rave about what a marvelous son I 've been, *please!* She thinks I 'm a devil of a fellow, and wants to reform me, and I 'm going to let her. She 'll reform the whole family, all but Uncle Bulger.

Well, I must go to bed. Cousin Lucy 's given me the room that was Cousin Ben's. She 's just come in and she says Mary 's asleep; and she sends you much love. She 's a great little lady. I don't see why you don't have her down to visit you oftener. Lovingly, GWYNN.

(*Telegram*)

Dec. 25, 1917, 11 A.M.

Your new daughter sends much love. Also me. G.

(*Telegram*)

Dec. 27, 1917.

Am sending to-day prepaid one battered, but faithful, bum. Please give light congenial employment, and oblige,

G. C. BLAIR.

(*Night letter*)

Home dinner New Year's Eve. Please remove from wall of my room framed Sunday-school prize. G. C. B.

# The Practical Use of Poetry

By BRIAN HOOKER

Author of "Mona," etc.

WE hear much nowadays of an awakened interest in poetry; and yet this interest, wide-spread and genuine though it be, is in its nature almost entirely luxurious and sentimental. You hear it in the intonation of the voice with which people refer to Such-a-one the poet, a tone of apologetic reverence, of slightly amused admiration, as toward some inferior creature of supernatural powers. It implies a vaguely obvious idea of poetry as an esthetic pleasure wholly remote from actual life, a sort of emotional massage delicately substituting dreams for deeds. Now, this idea seems curiously at variance with the universal and express tradition of mankind. One need hardly cite the platitude about a nation's laws and songs, or recall how race after dominant race has taken its poets in their degree as seriously as its priests or conquerors or men of learning, and has by comparison treated its commercial and scientific leaders with most iniquitous levity.

Either we here forget some considerable truth, or else humanity has long made a disproportionate pother about nothing; for we make the Muse a futile pleasure, who was always a helpmate and at times a goddess. To say now, even among cultivated folk, that poetry is of no less practical value than science is to provoke the indulgent smile. Yet it is quite literally true. We may remember with a start how much longer civilization could manage to exist and to progress without the one than without the other and so go on, not too unshakably incredulous, to consider as a plain, concrete matter of fact what use this thing called poetry may be.

Since it is well to realize at once whereof we speak, let us momentarily suspend our superstitious dread of definitions. We should all say offhand that poetry is the language of imagination and emotion, traditionally, at least, set forth in measured form; but it is

needful to observe a little more precisely what this means. We can hear without emotion of a child slain in war so long as we merely understand the fact without imagining; but the moment we imagine such a thing, we begin to feel.

He turned her ower with his spear,
(O, gin her face was wan!)
He said: "Ye are the first that e'er
I wished alive again."

He turned her ower with his spear,
(O, gin her skin was white!)
"I might have spared that bonny face
To have been some man's delight."

This is imaginative, and therefore emotional. So much is merely to say that it is artistic; for all art addresses the imagination, and thereby the emotions. But this art does something more. It is not hard to see that the feeling of this scene is the essential thing: the poet wishes to convey not so much the vision of the event as the pathos of it, and to that end his imaginative detail is but the means. So with the old song:

Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her neck is like the swan,
And her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on.

It is not so much that *Annie Laurie* looked like this, but that a lover felt like speaking so of her. So again with *Cleopatra's* terrible sentence about the asp:

Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

The poetry is not in the metaphor, but in the tragic sense of the whole situation which this image conjures up. And so just as truly with the point and purpose of an entire poem as with its expression in detail. To what end is all the imagination in "Mandalay,"

An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the
tinkly temple-bells,

but to express that homesickness for a strange land which is the real subject of the poem? So in Tennyson's "Tears, Idle Tears," where image after image is called up only to define and illustrate

the strange, sweet sorrow of days that are no more. So in "Lycidas" or Gray's "Elegy" or the odes of Keats, so even in the great epics or poetic plays. The purpose is more than merely to expound or to illustrate an idea; rather to express a certain emotional sense thereof, a certain accurate spiritual scent and taste and color such as we all have in dreams. Herein poetry comes of all arts most near to music; only with this difference, that music tells us abstractly how we feel, whereas poetry tells us how we feel about concrete things. That is of course the reason for the rhythmic and sonorous form of verse, not for esthetic ornament alone, but to create and enforce that emotional atmosphere which is the very essence of the idea. Poetry deals, as it were, with the *feel* of actual life, and so employs language not so much to make us understand or even imagine as to make us realize.

Now this art, instead of being somehow visionary and remote, is in sober truth the most accurately real of all, for it presents things as they do actually happen to ourselves. The precise difference between other people's experience and our own is this very matter of emotion. Of your friend's cakes and ale you may have some imaginative sense, but you have the sensation of your own. If your brother bangs his head against the bookshelf, you doubtless understand and sympathize; but if it is your head which encounters the obstacle, then you feel. I can perhaps watch your game of tennis with excitement and admiration; to you who play it is in some sort a triumph or a defeat. What you know of another person's life is not his life at all, but only a pale and untrue representation of it inferred from circumstances and implied in his words and deeds; whereas the actual truth is that his life to him is like your own to you, an iridescent flux of feeling, a changeful tissue of pain and pleasure and struggle and desire, love, hate, fear, sorrow, laughter, shame, and prayer. We talk of the plain prose of life, but it is only the lives of others which are prose. Our own are always poetry, though they may be the poetry of "Mariana" or the "Reves Tale," of "Lucile" or "Caliban upon Setebos" or "The Song of the Shirt." And the reason why we do not commonly so think of them is simply that our casual conception of the poetic implies a beauty or passion or romance extraordinary and extreme; so that we no more realize the normal emotion of our daily lives than we notice the normal temperature of our own bodies. If the external temperature rises to ninety-eight degrees, we notice it with considerable emphasis; and that is precisely how we regard our own experience recognized in some poem.

There is in this idea absolutely nothing of sophistry or romance, nothing in the remotest degree figurative or fanciful or far-fetched. It is a plain, literal matter of fact, as obvious, and perhaps as unfamiliar, as the sunrise. To every one his own life is inherently and

continually emotional, even if the emotion is only boredom, which, by the way, is rather a favorite theme with modern poets. We see things happening to others; we feel things happening to ourselves. Poetry, by virtue of its emotional point of view, is therefore peculiarly truthful about human truth; and we are all of us living poetry so long as we are vividly alive.

But there is one objection so apparently reasonable that it needs rather to be explained than to be denied. If poetry thus tells the very truth of our lives as we live them, why, then, does it not deal concretely with the actualities of our daily lives, with the railroad and the factory, with the street and the office, with gasolene and steam and electricity, instead of dwelling upon fabulous joys and old, unhappy, far-off things? Why not express our feelings in terms of contemporary detail? In a word, if poetry is real, why is it not realistic? The first answer must be that in greater measure than we suppose it is so; about half the poems even of our modern making are wholly realistic in imagery. But these deal with details forever old and new, contemporary to all times. And that suggests the complete answer to the que tion. In no art is it possible to tell the truth and to state the facts alike precisely. We can paint a mountain or a cathedral in the distance, but not close at hand. Grass in the sunshine is actually green; but we must paint it more or less yellow, or there will be no sunshine in the picture. Just so we can express the emotion of riding a horse in terms of bridle and stirrup and spur. We cannot express in terms of handle-bar and pedal and accelerator the emotion of riding a motor-cycle. The conquest of the air is as great a wonder as ever was the conquest of the sea, but we cannot yet evoke the poetry of it by reference to the parts of the machine; and there was once a prehistoric time when sail and oar and rudder were too recent to connote the veritable mystery of ocean. It is not that modern life is unpoetic or that modern poets miss its meaning, but that in any age things must have grown already very old before the emotional sense of them soaks into and impregnates their visible forms and the words which are their names. We must imagine the angel of the last day summoning with the ancient trumpet, not with the modern megaphone, not because the one idea is a whit less poetical than the other, but because the one symbol tells the very truth, which the other blasphemes. Here is no question of selecting or falsifying the subject, but only of a plain limitation in the expressive medium. Poetry is concrete emotion in words; and as to words and facts, the proverb is reversed, and it is unfamiliarity which breeds contempt. We must still speak of the sword in order to speak truly of modern war; and if you intend a sincere benediction, you cannot say "God bless our apartment!" You will not be saying what you mean unless you call it house or home.

But there is another and more positive reason why poetry often speaks the more truth for translating fact into parable and telling of you and me under changed names. That sensitive and private verity of our lives which is the special province of poetry to express we cannot in ordinary intercourse express at all. Nor would we do so if we could. Even among those most near to us we hint at rather than elucidate our feelings: we love and pray and aspire in secret and in silence; or if in public, then formally and through some interpreter who speaks impersonally for all. There is in these matters a decency of the soul as general as the propriety of the person, a wholly noble shame which forbids us to babble intimacies of beauty and holiness; and the heart upon the sleeve is justly deemed either heartless or insincere. We like to think this a special virtue of our own race; but so did and so do most of the races upon earth. It is at least as old and as universal as poetry itself. It was a French poet who wrote, "The lips keep silence that the heart may speak," and the Greek word for "holiness" is "mystery." Now, poetry, because it is an art, because the poet appears not in his proper person, but as the impersonal interpreter and spokesman of personality, is the one medium wherein the heart speaks unashamed precisely as the priest may *ex cathedra* speak forbidden words and without profanation handle sacred things. Precisely as the nude in painting or sculpture is wholly decorous because impersonal, so in poetry we look upon the revealed and unveiled images of our souls; and in both alike it is the translation into art which by removing realism removes offense. Neither the poet himself nor any other man of us could actually say to any woman,

> I could not love thee, dear, so much
> Loved I not honor more,

first, because no one could word it so well, and, secondly, because the better it was said, the more it would sound priggish and rhapsodical. Yet the idea is wholly human and dignified and true: every pure lover and brave wife has felt so. And Lovelace has perfectly spoken for them all, without falsehood and without reproach.

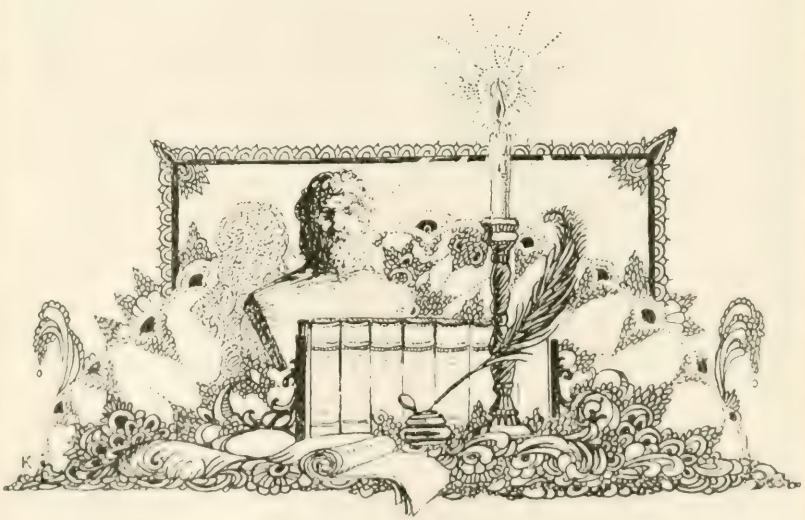
Poetry has long been called the language of emotion. And this old phrase, well understood, implies whatever we have here considered; for to each one who lives, life means emotion, and emotion means actual experience. Poetry is our traditional and only means of telling how we really feel about things: directly, when the object of our feeling is either old or ageless; or when the object is too new to mean to others what it means to each, then indirectly by so distilling fact into fancy that the essential truth may be retained. No two young lovers ever talked to each other like *Romeo* and *Juliet*. There they sit yonder, in the flesh; and if you had a transcript of their actual conversation, you would find it silly and absurd, almost

as false, perhaps, as an account of their adventure in scientific terms. It is Shakspere who has told the truth, after all. The dry, intense creature over there is called Psyche. She studied among the Amazons, poor girl, and turned the lamp of ultraviolet learning upon Eros; and now she has far to go before she finds him. To-morrow you will see Jason going down to his office to win the Golden Fleece; he will make an ambitious marriage with Medea, who will murder his children when he tires of her. *Tristram* emerges from the club, with an eye to *Mark* and *Iseult* turning the corner in their limousine. *Roland* and *Diomed* and *Marmion* are fighting for their lives in France; and *Odysseus* was here the other day to see our cities and our men. All this is no fantasy, but the plain truth about these people, told in the simplest way. And if you feel any doubt about it, you are forgetting how you yourself as a girl waited at the window for Leander, or as a bridegroom went through the fire to *Brunhild*.

And the uses of all this? Two beyond peradventure, and in addition to that purely artistic pleasure in truth and beauty which we already recognize. Poetry, being what it is, the record of how it feels to be alive, constitutes our whole inheritance of mutual understanding, our library of human nature, our tradition of all that personal experience in this world which we now hold in common, and whereby we know our neighbor and ourselves. That old comparison of laws and songs is not so antithetical, after all. For just as the law keeps for our civilization a code or body of social conduct, in every age deeply studied by a few, by a few more increased or altered, and held from age to age as a common wisdom by which we half unconsciously direct and civilize our lives, so poetry hands down to each new generation an older and more general code of emotional experience, a history of the heart of man not only for the few who read at first hand, but so transfusing and impregnating our whole memory and sense of being that language itself passes current upon the hidden gold of our poetic treasury, and we compare our motives and our passions by reference to forgotten dreams. If poetry could be in an instant swept not merely out of print, but out of language and tradition, there would be Babel indeed. We should go about isolated each one from each by a chaos of misunderstanding, with no more communication than we could improvise out of intellectual terms. We could suggest nothing, connote nothing, say nothing but what we could define. The practical reality of that loss one may measure by our proverbial ignorance of certain savages and Oriental races whose poetry is alien to our own. Nor is that all; for poetry is not alone our common repository of past experience, but to a degree far greater than we realize our source of present action. There is no need more than to remind any observer of human nature that mankind acts rather upon passion

than upon conviction. *Brutus* demonstrated his point in prose; it was a poetic appeal that made the stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. We define and determine and decide, and still do nothing; but when we begin to feel, something is done. Though we steer by learning and intelligence, yet emotion must fill the sail. Or, in another figure, action is the bullet and passion the powder; and he who thinks to achieve any practical affair by sheer intellect shoots with an empty gun. There is no blinder folly than the present fashion of using the word sentimental as a term of reproach, and decrying the impulse or incentive of sentiment. The one efficient motive is emotion; the only good reason for doing is a sentimental reason. Dickens the sentimentalist led his reforms, and Rousseau the sentimentalist aroused his revolution; and we are still awaiting actual results from Marcus Aurelius and Mr. Bernard Shaw.

This is that real use and value of poetry which many times and peoples have remembered, and which our rather detached and self-conscious appreciation of the arts tends momentarily to forget. The esthetic delight in pregnant numbers and poignant imagery they felt perhaps not less than we; but they felt also, and as a matter of course, that poetry alone can put our personal feeling into words, and that poetry alone can turn words into deeds. They realize, more easily than our complex and inventive environment permits us to realize, that the material forms and names of any age matter little except for what they mean to us; for the facts of life change and falsify and pass utterly away, but the truth is poetry and shall prevail.



# Christmas at Pont-à-Mousson

By EMORY POTTLE

Author of "The Truth-Tellers," Etc.

Illustrations by J. Paul Verrees

I PICKED it up this morning—my diary *en campagne*—from a dusty heap of papers, a little, ugly, squarish, black, stained book, scrawled through with faded inkings. Clasped about its middle is a thick, rough-edged rubber band. The original purpose of that was to hold in place the folds of a new pink inner tube. I remember the day I put them on—the tube and the band. Coming home from a soldiers' *fête* it was, one night in December—the 346th's. They were *en repos* at Dieulouard, and had organized a vivacious evening of vaudeville—the jokes were "thick," oh, very!—in a barn. T—— and I, passing in our ambulance, heard the joyful roar and stopped in. *"Voilà les Américains!"* roared the *poilus,* vociferously hospitable. Section II—ours—was a favorite with 346. For months we had carried them dead and alive and wounded and dying. But if they loved us, we loved them more. That night they would have it that we oblige with a "turn." So we took the stage brazenly and bawled "Tipperary" to a thousand of them, in a fog of cheap tobacco smoke and such a rich human stench as you've never met unless you've been out there yourself. They gave us fulsome applause, but afterward I found out incidentally that the popular impression had been that *ces messieurs les Américains* were going to do a "jeeg" (very soft j). There was in consequence some mild regret at our inability to jig it.

Coming back that night, the long, low reaches of flat land, moonstruck, as white as death, icy, austere, with the Moselle like a shining shroud, were strangely beautiful—beautiful and alien, and as terrible as the gates of death itself. And death was very near us there always.

We had a bursted tire to replace that night, a new inner tube. Its confining elastic was snapped around my diary, which by chance bulged in my tunic pocket. There's the connection. And here I am back again to the little, ugly, black book, which I picked up this morning for the first time in many months. Quite oblivious, I have sat reading it a long, long time. The Great War; and I, a sharer, unknown, unnoted, negligible, but yet a sharer; France; her battle-fields; her splendid dead; her splendid living; my part of it; to be a part of it again; my little life there—all this feels yet so big, so amazing, so fantastic to me. A whole world gone mad; lives broken to bits and fashioned again; confusion; destruction; desperation; death; and somehow victory—fragments such as these were in my head, in my heart, as I read the little book. The crowded, crashing streets of this tumultuous city are forgotten; forgotten the traffickings and strifes, the sharpnesses of life and the sweetnesses of love, cares and comforts, and dear securities. Once again I am out there in the gray and the filth and the mud and the horror and the suffering and the death of it. And, oh, strange vagary of mind! it seems, that hell of man's world, the more real thing.

It is incongruously enough some thought of Christmas, I believe, which has led me to hunt out the diary, some notion of recalling what I might have wonderingly made out of that gentle season at Pont-à-Mousson—my first war Christmas in France. For those faded scrawls

have a sense now, I surmise, little guessed as I set them briefly down, cold and stiff of finger, in comfortless, unoccupied moments, waiting as the "next out," or huddled in some desolate *poste de secours* till my wounded were brought in from the trenches.

There is a note—December 7—that my eye falls upon as I retrace the days of that month in an effort to discover whatever sign-posts of Christmas-time I might have set up. "It is the moment to write Christmas letters to be carried home by W——, who is leaving. Peace on earth, good will to men is about as congruous here," I wrote, "as would be the appearance in the Glycine of the Lord Christ Himself."

The Glycine—flowerful appellation—was the name, let me add, of the villa in which our section was quartered, unmercifully modern, new, artfully hideous. It was battered and scarred and dreary and debauched, but its roof was still holeless, and some of its broken panes we had replaced with oiled-silk. Entering at the basement through a bulky hedge of sandbags, past the one-time laundry, where were the telephones and the sallow-faced, despondent young French operator, and up a villainous flight of stairs, you found yourself in the *clou* of the establishment, *salle à manger, salle de lecture, salle de recréation,* whichever you liked. It was a high, humorless, vicious room, painted in the cheery tone of dried blood. There were a vast, slipshod, oval table, a feeble little stove (labeled misleadingly a salamander), some chairs, portions of a plaster-of-Paris gentleman indelicately attired, a muddy heap of ill-smelling garments—ours—in a corner.

W—— was going home, starting tomorrow. A dozen of us bent over the big table, and scribbled letters he was to take in his pockets to mail in New York. It seemed rather unbelievable. We were writing, I suppose, to the few whom we best loved, who loved us best, saying cheerful Christmasy things to allay unallayable fears and anxieties. There we were, an obstreperous little republic washed up on the bleak shores of battle, come for various reasons, no doubt; but, clouded or unclouded, I think there was in every stirred heart an ideal, a beautiful one—France, home, Christmas. The pens scratched. Some one idly wrenched godless rag-time from the petulant piano we had filched from a deserted house. One lost oneself in gentle thoughts of those who would eagerly break the seals of the war-worn letters, and in their thoughts; lost oneself, and roused, with the journeying mind's instant of blurred hesitation, to the familiar racket out there, a mile away, sounds like the far slamming of great metallic doors. "It 's an *arrivée,*" or, "It 's a *départ,*" the wise ones would murmur.

The whole curious assortment of us drivers, disparate, various, as odd-shaped as pieces of a sawed puzzle, how closely we were drawn together, how affectionately bound, how amazingly fitted one to another to make out that picture "at the front!" Perhaps it was the common danger, always flapping black-winged over our little world, the common loneliness, unvoiced; perhaps it was some dread of death that interlaced our affections. But I like to think it was something rarer, finer, than these. That night, when the letters were written, we talked, I remember, a long time about home, and the voices were very gentle and subdued. I suppose we were wondering whether we should ever again go home—home to Christmas. Some of that night's group lie now in the rich-stained soil of France. Only their spirits, "radiant evermore," will come transfigured back. Their lives were laid down, in Eliot's rich phrase, as debonairly as a lover casts a rose at the feet of his mistress.

It is strange that war should bring out of a man with his pals all that is sweetest and deepest and kindest in him. Yet it is true that it does, though that night, I must confess, we were vaguely, good-naturedly a little envious, a little resentful of W——, who was going home for Christmas.

It was on the eleventh of December, it appears, that I went for the first time to

Nancy, twenty kilometres away. There was much ado over obtaining the *laissez-passer*, much showing of it to prying bridge sentries. "A tidy place," I wrote down, "giving the impression of having been built on a large scale out of children's blocks for their diversion. The feel of a city was good after weeks of these foul, black, wretched, mud-plastered villages. Coming back here there were

"THERE WAS SOMETHING ODDLY EGYPTIAN, IDOL-LIKE, IN HIM AS HE LAY IN A FIERCE, HIDEOUS DIGNITY OF DEATH AND PROTEST. CHRISTMAS EVE!"

clear bits of glowing sky above blue-purple hills, reflected again in the overflowing Moselle, lying like a marsh-lake in its valley."

Oh, it was disconcerting—Nancy—that day, bewildering, with us in our soiled, worn uniforms come dripping, so to speak, out of the war-tide; and the Nanciens, the brightly clad officers in town dress, striding in and out of cafés and restaurants and shops; and women,—Oh, marvel of God's handiwork!—pretty women, officers' wives, sweethearts, maybe. How we stared! There was a huge bazaar that seemed to hold every buyable thing. And the incredible Christmas gifts! It was filled, in pleasant holiday movement, with women who led by the hand children. Toys there were, and boxes of sweets. I bought, I recall, a rich-looking bottle of very sweet champagne for Colonel B——, fat, brusk, eye-twinkling old B——, who 'd delightfully befriended me ever since the day his pet sergeant had been horribly wounded, and I had hauled him off in my ambulance to the surgery in time to save his life. That and a box of cigars for the three jolly *blageurs* who spent their lives at the telephones in the "Trench Central" at Monteauville were my only Christmas oblations. Yet on the way back to the City of Dreadful Night (so I thought of Pont-à-Mousson) I was aware of wishing I had not gone to Nancy. That bright glimpse of coming Christmas, men and women in what seemed then such a glow of security, and for us the gashed, gouged roads, the fast-falling night, and worse! But the clear sky and the purpling hills were beautiful, fantastically so, in a world that was grimmer and uglier than I had dreamed a world could become.

Yet observe now the vagaries of war and the futility of deductions: the first day of January the Germans with their great guns shelled that toy-city of Nancy, tore it and twisted it, martyred it and murdered it. By an odd chance I entered the place an hour or two after the bombardment. It was shut and sinister. Death shivered in the pretty streets. Emptiness and fear took tangible shapes. The bazaar was in ruins. At a little station on the edge of the town all those women, lately so charmingly clustered over Christmas counters, were standing, hundreds of them, in the rain, their possessions absurdly huddled at their feet, all stricken and frightened and desperately struggling for flight. I was glad, then, that they had struck their slender note of Christmas undismayed.

One day a week was one 's own—*repos. Ráy-po* was the section's pronunciation. One of those freedoms fell for me on the thirteenth. It is a very vivid memory, that day, even now. On it I came nearer to death than I have ever been, and I bought some hand-painted Christmas-cards. It was this way, just as I set it down that night, afterward:

"Toward ten—a fine, fair morning, with melting snow—I walked up to Clos Bois (an evil little first-aid post in a horrible wood a mile above us), struck down into a narrow, woody gorge and across a brook, then up a hillside through a sparse forest that thickened ultimately into the fateful Bois le Prêtre—the Priest's Wood. Along rough tracks, knee-deep at times in an ooze of mud, I was going to find my friend Jennat, the captain, stationed in a sector called the Quart en Réserve. It was very lonely, the walk; rather frightening, too. I never met a soul along the cart-track. The wood was sinister, murderous. Many trees were cut, hundreds of others cruelly torn and splintered and lacerated by Boche shells. Over my head sounded the beat of the air-planes, like the ripping of silk high in the air, with the occasional whine of shrapnel tearing over the valley to the French batteries opposite. At the top of the long rise—nothing welcomer—I ran into lazy groups of artillery-men, who sent me on my complicated way to the captain's quarters. They were dug into the side of a hollow where the land dipped just on the edge of the third line, and down a flight of steps covered with tree-trunks, sandbags, sods, tarpaulins.

"Jennat was on his morning round in the first line, so I sat and talked an hour

with a fat, lank-haired Basque doctor. He told me a strange story. It happened one morning after the Boches had been driven back into the wood. He was walking near a tree on the branches of which

"Jennat (we became acquainted over the dead body of one of his lieutenants weeks ago) appearing in great good humor, he and I and his officers sat down to lunch in another cave-room, at a table

"AFTERWARD THE COFFINS WERE CARRIED OUT AND PUT INTO A WAITING CART."

hung something he could not name. He took sticks and stones and dislodged it. It fell at his feet—a human heart, a naked human heart! It had been lodged there by some trick of cannon-play in a tree in the wake of battle. As he dryly told the story, it seemed to me very beautiful and terrible, a sort of holy symbol of the grief and glory of France. I wish I were a poet great enough to put that symbol into words; but I cannot.

covered with red and green linoleum. There was yellow oiled-silk (like sunlight) at the windows, a fire in the stove, a basket with a cat and four foolishly new kittens. The lunch was remarkably good. They were a jolly lot, and very hospitable to *l'Américain*. We ate in an ungodly roar of mine-fire—from the Germans. Afterward Jennat took me into the first lines. There was water always over our ankles, often knee-deep, in the

trenches. Engineers, wet to the waist, were trying to canal the water into the trenches but little used. They blagué-ed one another good-humoredly despite their plight. Splendid chaps all of them. At last we emerged into the first line. I was speaking very low, it seemed to me, but suddenly Jennat put his fingers to his lips, saying, 'S-s-s! *Il est là!*' I stared stupidly through a loop-hole in the sand-bags—stared and started back. *He was there,* forty feet away, perhaps—*the Boche!* Theirs was a little line, like ours, among the shattered trees. They must have heard our voices, for as we stood motionless, my eye caught a little cloud of black overhead. Then came an explosion, a crash, the sound of splintering wood, with bark in our eyes. The grenade had hit the trunk of a tree just outside the parapet, directly in line with us. Without that tree—

"'*Planquez-vous!*' Jennat cried. And that is roughly, 'Plank yourself!' I stood, quite unafraid, in amazement. He said it again peremptorily, pointing to a small cave. I obeyed. Crawled into the *boyau* meanly, huddled there abject and—well, I may as well be honest—cursed with a kind of physical fear the like of which I 'd never dreamed of. Out on my feet, in the open, I was indifferent; but here! And there, beside me, cross-legged on wet straw, serene, I discovered a young soldier very delicately and dexterously painting bouquets of flowers and Christmas sentiments on post-cards!

"I think a dozen grenades fell, harmlessly, it turned out. And at last I was free. I bought a handful of the painted cards from that remarkable young man. One of them I shall always keep. '*Bonnes fêtes,*' it simperingly says, beneath a bunch of marguerites. Sardonic suggestion! But I believe God suffers, too, with all the suffering of His poor, little bewildered children.

"I came home out of the dreadful wood and down by the soldiers' burial-ground, which encroaches daily on the empty spaces of the grim hillside. There is a granite column under some leprous pines at a cross-road. It bears a wrought-iron cross. One reads in discolored letters that 'God so loved the world—' Did He? Well, one would n't guess it, not from the sight of our world here. The twilight was luminous, with a high, cold moon. I was wet, and caked with mud to the waist; but somehow, I don't know why, serene in heart. Perhaps it was because of the memory of the lad who was painting Christmas-cards forty feet from the enemy."

"To-night I had coffee with Captain Jennat, down from the trenches for four days' repose. I am growing very fond of Jennat, the fat, pink, slant-eyed, serious, *gentil* little captain. 'Je crois que L'Amérique ne comprend pas notre guerre,' he said wistfully. And I have just finished writing my Christmas post-cards from the Quart en Réserve. I was struck to laughter at the incongruity of the thing. The seventy-fives were roaring like wild bulls on the hills; rifles, mines, grenades, and what not filled in the interstices. *Christmas!* God save the day!"

On the seventeenth I was sent to La Fontaine de Père Ilarion, I have noted, in search of three wounded men—gassed. It is a beautiful name—the Spring of Ilarion. It was a spring in what should have been a sweetly wooded glen, damp-scented, and full of delicate imaginings of fairy creatures. But now it is a spring in what seems like a half-deserted mining-camp in the heart of the Bois le Prêtre, with open trenches, like ugly, yellow wounds in the earth, ooze of mud, engines of destruction, masses of barbed wire. Over everything hung the horrible sense of impending disaster.

The ambulances come but seldom here; it is too near the firing-line. The road stops short. As I hunted for the first-aid post, the bullets seemed to sing through the air much nearer than they really were. Ten yards away from the machine I saw a dummy put out to draw enemy fire. I moved the car with immoderate haste, I recall. But the journey, after all, was

fruitless. The men were dead, the three of them. I was glad to leave the gloomy wood, to be out again in what seemed, oddly enough, safety.

By the roadside I marked a bush with very brilliant-orange winter berries. I have forgotten the name now. I shall come back to pick them on Christmas day, I declared, and then place them in the Glycine.

And farther on, so lonely and sad in the gray of the early twilight, I chanced upon soldiers carrying two long, narrow rough boxes—the bodies of a lieutenant and an adjutant killed the night before. How clearly that scene comes back to me to-day! They put them in my ambulance, and so they were carried in peace on to the little church in Monteauville, that shell-battered and broken home of God. I followed the bodies in, out of curiosity and respect. A French flag flung over the coffins suddenly and splendidly transformed them into a noble thing.

"IT FELL AT HIS FEET A HUMAN HEART, A NAKED HUMAN HEART!"

The tawdry place was dusky and cold. Flags hung on the altar amid the little flickering candles. The priest in crude, raucous tones began the mass before the gray-blue throng of the dead men's comrades; but the responses, accompanied by a wheezing organ in the loft, were chanted by a fine and manly voice—a voice that touched one's heart and somehow ennobled the dead. Afterward the coffins were carried out and put into a waiting cart. The night was gray, and the figures, bareheaded, were also gray, as seen through a fog. A soldier stepped out and spoke a fervent eulogy of the two dead men. His words were of no great significance, yet when he said "La France" he thrilled us. A splendid word, La France!

December 20.

"THE Boches began to shell Pont at ten o'clock this morning. The savage swish and zing and crash and bellow of the shrapnel and marmites never slackened until noon. As furious a bombardment as the town has ever received, one hears, and all this in the hope of killing a soldier or two or an old woman. This is precisely what happened. Plenty of damage was done, but the place is already so shot to bits that a little more or less matters nothing. A marmite plunged into

the barber's shop and wrecked the back interior thoroughly. Half an hour after it was over I found a small boy ruefully shoveling into the tonsorial stove the coals

"'AU REVOIR, JENNAT,' EACH MAN SAID VERY SIMPLY, AND SO PRESENTLY IT WAS ALL DREARILY OVER"

shaken from it. 'Ces cochens!' he muttered. 'Eh bien, oui! Noël! Zut!'

"It is remarkable that one *can* shovel back coals after such roaring death in the air. As for me, I stood rather gingerly opposite the Glycine and talked with a lieutenant in a doorway. We popped in and out mechanically as the shells came over and broke. Odd thing to find yourself *being bombarded.* The officer said he was going on leave to spend Christmas with his wife and child at Paris. There were instants when he seemed unlikely to carry out his project, it seemed to me."

DECEMBER 22 has only a brief entry.

"The snow has turned to fine, icy rain. Jennat was killed to-day."

It is enough. I remember, how vividly, all of it. I was eating a half-cooked boiled potato and stew when they telephoned for an ambulance at Monteauville, the key to the trenches. I was 'next out.' I left that meal reluctantly; I was very hungry.

"It is for a corpse," said the *branquardier* at Poste 56, "to go to Blénod."

I asked idly who it was. A shoulder shrug.

"C'est un capitaine mort."

He pulled back the strip of muddy brown canvas over the stiff shape on the stretcher.

"Oh!" I stammered—"oh, it is Jennat!" He was dead, struck an hour before ignobly in the back as he stood talking with his orderly at the door of his hut. His face was livid, and covered with scratches on which the blood had dried—a calm face, though a man's face. Dead, Jennat. We were friends. Something in him, something in me—you know how it is with friends.

And I was to take him to the train at Toul in my car, on the fifteenth of January. He was going home, on *permission,* to his wife and kiddies. Instead I took him to the church at Blénod. Dead, *permissionaire* forever, his last fight finished. Suddenly I knew what war is. Before that it had been a great adventure, something reckless and gallant and wild and splendid. I knew then; I know now. It is horrible, horrible.

I remembered the Christmas bush of brilliant-orange berries. I drove slowly onward till I found it. I got out then and cut a huge armful. They covered the whole stretcher glowingly. There was a lump in my throat all day, and there are tears close to my eyes as I write, though it was all long ago.

To die a death of one's own choosing, a decent one, is better than a foul wasting away with disease on a sick-bed, I happened to say the last time I saw Jennat. "Ah, yes," he cried, "so much, much better!" I somehow think he felt that he was doomed. He gave me that sense. Poor Jennat!

December 23.

"RAW and rainy. Jennat's funeral was at nine o'clock at Blénod. The little, cold, ugly church was filled with officers and men of the 356th. They seemed very sorrowful over his death. *'Le bon capitaine,'* they said, and *'Charmant homme.'* A feeble old priest in black velvet whined the service; the soldiers shouldered the coffin, covered with the orange branches, the flag, his sword; and we followed, straggling through the mud to the

cemetery. His colonel said of him at the open grave that he was a brave man, a gallant officer, a beloved friend. At the last all the officers in turn let fall some drops of holy water on the coffin in the shallow trench. *'Au revoir,* Jennat,' each man said very simply; and so presently it was all drearily over. It rained dismally, and in the distance there was heavy cannon-fire.

"Later on in the day Blénod was shelled."

December 24.

"R—— and G—— arrived this evening from Paris, having driven up new cars. They brought with them a Christmas dinner and gifts for us from friends of the section. It has been a horrible day of wind-blown rain. I have but just come back from a trip, up that long, winding road to the stormy plateau of Fey-en-Haye, to the first-aid post at Auberge St. Pierre. There was a dying man down in the cellar of the post. It was difficult to make any sort of speed to the surgery without lights in the heavy rain. The man was dead when we took him out of the ambulance, an ugly, yellow, bearded face; staring eyes; mouth open, showing knotty, brown teeth. His broken, bandaged arms were twisted over his head in a last writhe of agony. A strip of bandage had caught on his nose. Both legs were amputated, both arms broken; blood was clotted in his eyes. There was something oddly Egyptian, idol-like, in him as he lay in a fierce, hideous dignity of death and protest. Christmas eve!"

I scribbled that—how clear it comes back to me!—in the telephone room of the Glycine, that damp, dreary, dirty basement resort. I sat by the foul-smelling oil-stove. It was very cold and raw that night. Q——, the operator, and I occasionally talked bitterly of the war, of home, of Christmas.

I had in mind another Christmas eve I had spent in France in peace-time. It was at Marseilles. What a gay, ribald, reckless spirit ran through the place, up and down the tumultuous Cannobbière, that night! Peace, a seaport town, prosperity, home-come ships, and sailors; laughter and singing and wine and light-hearted women with smiling, love-lit eyes. And now this other. It was still France, but how terribly changed! Iron and fire and blood and steel, and a great beautiful, winged soul.

As I fell asleep that night I remember thinking, a little ruefully, maybe, that this, after all, was the finer birthday for the young Lord Christ.

CHRISTMAS, and an icy, windy, devilish rain sweeping tempestuously over and under and through our war-wasted land. There was little enough in the sight or the sound or the sense of the day to create the holiday tradition; the grunt of cannon up there on the hill; soldiers, with pathetic makeshift protection against the pelting rain, straggling through the stretches of mud and ooze like Siberian exiles; the dull, disheartening business of war moving sluggishly on; creaking wagons; cursing drivers; patient ambulances lurching to and fro; *permissionaires* plodding station-ward, radiant of face, home in their eyes; *permissionaires* returning to their regiments, with faces glum and grim, home behind them. There was all the old, unvarying, heartbreaking routine, with a touch of something that made it noble.

"HE CAME BACK—WE ALL SAW IT—WITH SADDENED FACE"

No one in the sector to which we were attached was wounded that day. That, maybe, was the real holiday note. At any

rate, the ambulances and the drivers had no work. So when the two of us who were on duty that day at the railhead, Belleville, a godless hole, came back to the Glycine at five we found, in the dried-blood *salle,* a table that had a semblance of festivity and, despite the incongruity thereof, a note of Christmas, with green boughs and French flags, slim-necked bottles suggestive of white wine and sweet champagne, platters of amazing things—nothing less than cold turkey and ham, nuts, as I seem to remember, and little cakes. And, *bon Dieu de France!* khaki-clad drivers, surprisingly washed and shaved and brushed to unrecognizable clarity! On the edge of it were Mme. Marin and little Jeanne giggling and chattering and complimenting in the gayest and friendliest mood imaginable.

I must tell you that Marin mère with her *petite fillette* had lived in the villa before the war as housekeeper. When the first in-rush of the Germans drove her employers away, along with the rest of the city, she stayed calmly on. "Pourquoi faut-il m'en aller?" she asked tartly. Of all the groups of military who occupied the house in turn she loved best *les Américains.* She cooked for us, dosed us when we were ill, joked with us, scolded, and wept. Dear old Mère Marin, fat, friendly, bourgeoise, sweet, and brave! Pretty little thirteen-year-old, modest, deft Jeanne, so apt at picking up our English! I wonder where they are to-day. And is some one making *bonne fête* for them to-night in the battered old Glycine? I hope so; but I fear there is little Christmas now for them.

And Mère Marin had an ear for shells. What an ear! By the sound of them in the air she knew infallibly if they came or went, their size, and their probable nearness. She took them as calmly as if they were bumblebees.

But to get back to our Christmas.

At each place there was a tiny colored card that said beautifully (alas! untruthfully) *L'Année de la Victoire!* And each man of us had been given, marked with his name, a little officer's trunk in which one discovered samples of shaving-soap and tooth-paste, brass collar-buttons, a cravat, and a tidy Christmas-card. All, it turned out, came from an enchanting lady from Philadelphia, whose name I have forgotten, but whose spirit and whose heaven-inspired gifts I shall never cease to keep green in memory. Oh, she went still further, it developed later; for she had added to all the rest a gramophone, which was produced at a fitting moment and which played incessantly and with almost a divine fire, so we felt, from then on. I dare say it is still at it. The "Roosevelt March" and the "Marche Lorraine" were its *chefs d'œuvres* beyond any question.

Well, it was a gay meal, recklessly, happily so, and though it may seem incredible, it ended with a huge plum-pudding.

It ended, too, with something very grave and, as I think of it now, very beautiful. The festival meal and the gifts were forgotten in the face of it. For it was, oh, not strangely, of those events which lift men, if ever so briefly, out of their daily selves into unseen things. Our chief of section was called to the telephone. He came back—we all saw it—with saddened face.

"Fellows," he said slowly, "Richard Hall of Section III has been killed, blown off his car by a stray shell in the Vosges. He is the first of us all to go."

We stood very silently and soberly about the table. Such news drove home abruptly, cruelly—the more abruptly and more cruelly by reason of our Christmas-day gaieties—just what being there involved to us, to those who loved us. Very often we had jested and joked about death. None of us was a coward, I think; but—Hall—dead—the first of the lot of us—dead—so far from home—Christmas.

And then some one, raising his glass, said quietly:

"Boys, let 's drink to him, the first of us to lay down his life for France. Here 's to Dick Hall, good old scout!"

So we drank, and I think no man there that night, where danger and death were always brooding darkly, but failed to feel the dignity and honor of his calling.

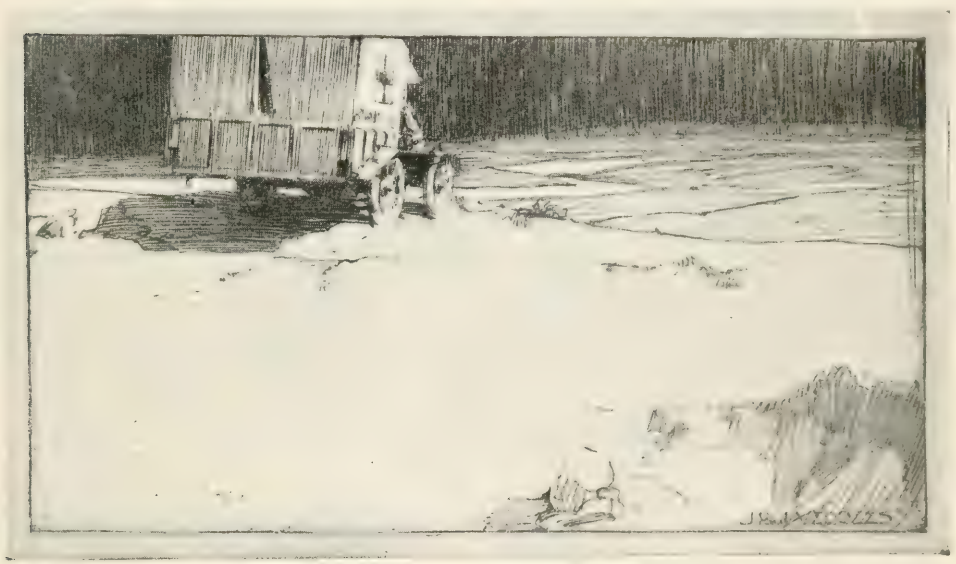
A long time after, the mother of Richard Hall said to a friend of mine—said with clear, sad, gentle eyes, "I am glad to give my boy to so great a cause." And we, on the edge of the sinister Bois le Prêtre, when the news of her boy's death came to us that Christmas day, felt, too, somehow, somewhere within us, that the cause was great, was ours.

So Christmas, after all, ended solemnly. We sat about in knots and talked in low voices of intimate and far-away things. We were very closely drawn together, more closely than brothers. Home and our own people were very distant, unreachably distant. So it ended.

LATE that night I stood alone for a time under the starry sky of that strange hell we inhabited. Oddly enough, I felt, so I recall, a calmness and a courage, even a sort of happiness, new and strange. Though its approaches might be loud and frightening, I knew again that "the ways of death are silent and serene." An honorable death, a death of one's own choosing, for an ideal, for a cause.

And—how vivid the memory of it! I turned away with this on my lips:

"From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be,
That no life lives forever,
That dead men rise up never,
And even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea."



# The Roots of the Russian Revolution

By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

(This is the first of a series of papers that Professor Ross is contributing to THE CENTURY directly from Russia.—THE EDITOR.)

OVER the spot on the quay of a canal in Petrograd where Alexander II met his death from a terrorist's bomb on the first day of March, 1881, rises the wonderful Church of the Resurrection, built from public gifts as a mark of grief and loyalty. It is like a cut gem. The walls, vaulted ceilings, and domes are lined with religious mosaics. St. Mark's in Venice has long held the palm for color pictures in stone, but this church glories in four times as much mosaic as St. Mark's. Some of the pure-silver candelabra used in the services weigh more than a heavy man. Each of the doors to the altar contains about half a ton of silver. The holy pictures are set in gold, studded with cut gems. In one the raiment of the Virgin is a fabric of pearls. The icons are flanked by panels of chalcedony and other precious stones from the Urals, carved with vast labor into elaborate flower patterns. One piece about as large as an open book occupied ten years of the artist's life; another took twelve years, the chisel working always under oil. For one of these an offer of seventy thousand dollars was refused.

The place where the czar fell, with the original cobblestones, flagstones, and iron railing, is shown inclosed in a beautiful balustrade of red malachite and covered with a canopy upborne on columns of polished jasper, the lighted interior of which flashes with jewels. Marking the reverent demeanor of those who continually come to gaze, cross themselves, and kneel at this national shrine, one would take it for nothing less than the spot of the crucifixion. Yet in the American Church in Petrograd, at the last Easter service, an old Russian peasant uttered with deep emotion the prayer, "O Lord, we thank Thee from the depths of our souls that after three hundred and four years of slavery Thou hast set the Russian people free."

The year before the war their ruling family celebrated with the characteristic pomp the tercentenary of the national rising, headed by a simple butcher of Nijni-Novgorod, which swept the Polish conquerors out of Muscovy and made a czar of Michael Feodorovitch, son of the Boyar Romanoff. On the whole, this dynasty has not a bad record for ability. Besides Peter the Great and Catharine II, who stand with the foremost monarchs of all time, the czars of the last century, Nicholas I and the three Alexanders, possessed undoubted force and capacity. It is certain that the Russian people have not been held in a loathed bondage for three hundred years by the Romanoffs.

The tragedy is that when the people were fit to have a share in government the czars stubbornly clung to absolute power. The leading students of Russian history differ as to when the autocracy became a drag upon progress. Some find the turning-point in 1866, when, after an attempt upon his life, Alexander II abruptly dropped his program of reforms and gave himself up to a reaction which ten years later called into existence the terrorist movement. The weight of opinion, however, is that Russia would have got on well with representative institutions a hundred years ago. If at the close of the Napoleonic struggle the nation had received a constitution and a parliament, how different would be its place to-day in the procession of the peoples! But after Waterloo

and the Congress of Vienna, the Czar Alexander I, taking himself to be the God-appointed champion of divine right and legitimacy throughout the world, repressed liberal aspirations among his subjects with a harshness that brought on the rising of December, 1825. East of Lake Baikal, in Chita, a town the size of Peoria, the principal thoroughfare is "The Street of the Ladies." The name keeps alive the fact that ninety-one years ago the Decembrists were banished to this point, almost at the borders of Manchuria, and while the men were made to build their prison, their delicately nurtured wives reared as best they could the row of huts that should shelter them from a Siberian winter. This was the beginning of the "Street of the Ladies." Since that time, no doubt, the Romanoffs have been a millstone about the neck of the Russian people.

Shortly after the centennial of American freedom, Russian liberals began to strike back at a Government that had nothing but fortress dungeons and Siberia for those guilty of loving the people well enough to live among them, nurse them, teach them, and try to lift them out of their darkness and misery. Generals and governors of extraordinary cruelty were picked off by bullet or bomb. Early in 1880 the dining-room of the Winter Palace was blown up just when the entire imperial family was to be at dinner with the Prince of Bulgaria. Nothing but the lateness of the prince's train prevented the sudden extermination of the Romanoffs. At the beginning of 1881 word was got to the czar that he must cease his oppressions or die. He was shaken, and when, two months later, a bomb exploded at his feet he had just approved a scheme which contemplated bringing representative citizens into coöperation with the officials on commissions charged with overhauling and reforming the Government. If the czar had been a little more prompt, or if his son and successor had not been persuaded by the sinister Pobiedonostsef to ditch the whole thing, the course of Russian history since might have run in the sunlight.

Not since the French Revolution has the world beheld a more thrilling spectacle than the long duel waged between a few hundred terrorists and a government with unlimited resources in rubles, bayonets, and police. By the close of the reactionary reign of Alexander III it had become apparent that the terrorists had failed. They had not wrested the people's freedom from the czar, nor was there any lack of officials to do any butcher work that the autocrat might need to have done. By its system of spies and *agents provocateurs,* worming themselves into the innermost revolutionary circles, the secret police had found the means of bringing to naught nearly all anti-government plots. At rare intervals the plotters scored, but meanwhile great numbers of gallant men and women had been hanged, had committed suicide, gone mad in solitary cells, or had been buried alive in the mines of the Lena.

It would be intolerable, however, if so much heroic self-devotion had gone for naught. The leaders of the late revolution insist that, contrary to the general impression, the terrorists in a way succeeded. Without their sacrifices, the czar would still be in the Winter Palace. In a time when speech was gagged and the press throttled they maintained a "propaganda of deed." Word of their astounding exploits penetrated to the most benighted layers of the people. The simple-minded peasant, even when drugged by a state-controlled church, could not but wonder why a student should deliberately blow himself up, or a refined girl risk being outraged by a gang of police or having them extinguish their cigarettes against her naked body, in order to do away with some ferocious official. In the mind of millions germinated for the first time a doubt as to the divine character of the "Little Father's" system.

The late reign filled the cup to the brim. There is a general impression, created by the sycophantic foreign press, subsidized by the old régime for its purposes, that Nicholas is a humane and high-minded man who has been put in a false light by the ill-curbed zeal of his servants. That he is affable in manner is beyond question.

He had his own way of getting rid of a minister he no longer wanted. Instead of telling the man to his face, he wrote him a letter or allowed him to learn of his dismissal from the official gazette. But this gracious manner in no wise softened the treatment of those who remonstrated against the tyranny and misrule of his reign. On one occasion some politicals, condemned to death by a military court, petitioned the czar for clemency. The minister of war brought the petitions himself, with the recommendation that they be granted. Nicholas said nothing, but turned away, and drummed absently with his fingers on the window-pane. The minister saw the point, and the men were executed. Insiders insisted that he is really crafty and false, of the type of certain honeyed, pious, treacherous, and relentless emperors of Byzantium.

As the *intelligentsia* came to be ranked almost unanimously against an irresponsible and violent Government, as the persecution necessary to suppress the critics of the existing order became more wholesale, summary, and cruel, a strange situation arose, without a parallel in modern history since King Bombard of Naples was overthrown by Garibaldi and his Thousand. The Government and its enemies came to represent opposite moral poles. On the one hand, nearly all who were by nature the nobler, more unselfish and fearless sooner or later engaged in some forbidden activity and ended in prison or in Siberia, if they did not escape to a foreign country. On the other hand, the Government came to be, in the main, an organization of "dark" people. Those rougher, more selfish or time-serving than their fellows took service with this organization, which always had money and knew how to protect and reward its own.

One must not overlook, however, that, although the moral quality of the ordinary government servants declined to an incredibly low level, the higher officials were drawn from families the children of which were educated in private schools, and bred to regard autocracy as the only possible régime for Russia. In such cases caste training sufficed to produce the moral bluntness needed in government work; so that the captains of the forces of repression were not necessarily harsher or more selfish in nature than the average.

Although the masters of Russia were national and not foreign in origin, as they grew callous to the opposition and hatred their tyranny excited, their behavior came to resemble that of conquerors in the midst of a subjugated population. The loosing of Cossacks armed with whips upon inoffensive university students, the habitual display of overwhelming military force, the mowing down with machine-guns of unarmed, petitioning working-men, the bombardment of houses and factories, the fusilading without trial of batches of prisoners, show that the Government regarded the people as its enemy. Its dealings with them recall the treatment of the natives of Peru by the Spanish Conquistadores or of the Christian peoples of the Balkan Peninsula by the Turks. In fact, it is hard to find an instance in history when a people not under a foreign yoke have been so abused and oppressed as the Russians under his Gracious Majesty Nicholas II.

Twelve years ago, after the needless and inglorious war of Russia with Japan, the tormented Russian people gave the autocracy a bad year. On January 9, 1905, thirty thousand Petrograd workingmen, led by the priest Gapon, carrying icons and singing religious songs, had the naïveté to march to the Winter Palace with a petition to the czar. Nicholas took refuge at Tsarskoe Selo, and left his uncle, the Grand Duke Vladimir, to deal with the situation. Fifteen hundred were shot down in Palace Square, and since that "Red Sunday" the "Little Father" myth has found scant credence among the workers of Russia.

General strike succeeded general strike, the country was in an uproar, organization spread in every direction, and finally in October, Nicholas dismissed Pobiedonostsef and announced it as

Our inflexible will:

1. To grant the people the immutable foundations of civil liberty, based on real inviolability of person, freedom of conscience, speech, meeting, and associations;

2. . . . To call to participation in the state Duma . . . those classes of the population now completely deprived of electoral rights, leaving the ultimate development of the principal of electoral right in general to the newly established order.

3. To establish as an inviolable rule that no law can ever come into force without the approval of the state Duma, and that the elected of the people are secured a possibility for real participation in supervising the legality of the acts of the authorities appointed by us.

The revolutionists rightly perceived that this was not enough, and struggled desperately to gain the whip-hand of their oppressors. But the army obeyed its officers, and blindly exterminated the fighters for freedom. The failure of street-fighting showed how much stronger is modern absolutist government than that of the eighteenth century. The barricades, which carried the day in the French Revolution, are no protection against machine-guns mounted in church belfries. Government control of telegraphs, too, has given the power-holders a great advantage over revolutionists. Without the means of achieving any concert of action, the latter resort to ill-timed risings, which are put down one after the other. The Russian Government had another advantage in the heterogeneity of the population, which suggested to the autocrats the diabolical game of setting one element of the people on another. The peasants were incited against the Jews by the carefully nursed myth that the Jews sacrifice a Christian boy for their Passover festival. The "black hundred"—that is, hooligans—were let loose upon the students, and by the official dissemination of lies the Tatars were inflamed against the Georgians.

No sooner did the reaction triumph in 1906 than it began to whittle away the "immutable foundations of civil liberty" that the czar had granted. The police were present at all political gatherings with orders to close up the meeting whenever the orator seemed "to wander from the subject." The number of money penalties imposed on newspapers rose steadily from 16 in 1906 to 340 in 1913. Despite "freedom of association," all assemblies of students within the universities were forbidden. The treatment of Moscow University led to more than a hundred resignations from the faculty. Other schools were roughly handled, and depression seized upon the students, always the most sensitive element of the Russian people. The wide-spread despair after such glowing hopes can be read in the extraordinary increase of suicide. In Petrograd the increase from 1905 to 1908 was fourfold. In Moscow the increase was from 74 in 1906 to 614 in 1908, and in the latter year nearly two fifths of the suicides were of persons under twenty years of age.

The Duma, too, was transformed into something very different from the parliament of a free country. The first Duma tried to cure the crying evils in the Government, and within less than three months it was dissolved. The Government did its best to control the elections, but the make-up of the second Duma was even more distasteful to it, and after 103 days of existence the second Duma, too, was dissolved on the ground that "its composition was unsatisfactory." The Government now met about devising an electoral law that would insure the political predominance of the classes on which it thought it could rely, the big landlords and the great capitalists. The manifesto which pared down the representation of the peasants and working-men justified such high-handed defiance of the popular will on the ground that "As it was God who bestowed upon us our power as autocrat, it is before His altar that we shall answer for the destinies of the Russian state." The members of the Duma were chosen by electors selected by class groups on such a basis that there would be one elector for every 230 of the landed gentry, for every 1000 wealthy citizens, for every 15,000 middle-class citizens, for every 60,-

000 peasants, and for every 125,000 working-men. To temper the radicalism to be expected in the body resulting from such an electoral system, there was a second chamber, half of its members named by the czar, and the elected half composed largely of noble landholders.

After some years the people recovered from their exhaustion and despair, and there was a revival of activity against a Government which had shown itself faithless as well as cruel. In 1914 popular demonstrations, political strikes, and street barricades made their appearance, but suddenly all internal strife was hushed by the outbreak of war. Government and Duma dropped their differences, and all parties, classes, and races united enthusiastically in the struggle against the Hohenzollerns, who have always been the supporters of reaction in Russia. The long-pent energy of the people burst forth and swept aside bureaucratic barriers. The Government, which had always checked every effort toward nation-wide political union, was forced to tolerate an All-Russian Union of Zemstvos and an All-Russian Union of Towns, which made themselves invaluable in the care of the wounded, the relief of refugees, and the forwarding of supplies and ammunition.

But the old bureaucracy was as stupid and corrupt as ever, and within a year the victorious Russian army had been forced out of Galicia and Poland for the simple reason that it had no munitions. For four hundred miles of retreat the brave soldiers sustained an unequal duel of bayonets against cannon. Sukhomlinoff, the minister of war, had totally misled the generals and the Government as to the quantity of munitions available. It was a wrathful Duma which convened in July, 1915; but the czar could not endure its plain speaking, and within six weeks it was prorogued.

In 1916 there was formed among its members the "Progressive *Bloc*," embracing all but the extreme right and left, which demanded a ministry responsible to parliament. When the Duma came together in the autumn there were signs of sympathy from an unexpected quarter. The ministers of war and marine fraternized with the Progressives, and it was known that in the summer, when Stürmer had been made foreign minister in place of Sazanoff, the army took it as a move toward a separate peace, and the officers began to hold meetings. In a great speech Professor Miliukoff boldly exposed in the Duma Stürmer's relations with certain German agents, and charged him with plotting in the interest of Germany. The pro-German sentiments of the czarina, a daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse, and her entourage were so notorious that the German newspapers spoke quite openly of the German party at court. Miliukoff quoted one of these papers in his speech, and Stürmer started to prosecute him for it; but the uproar was such that the czar threw Stürmer over.

Trepof, who succeeded him as premier, failed to conciliate the Progressives, so after a very short session the Duma was sent home. Near the close of the year Trepof was followed by Prince Golytzin, who proceeded to force out the one popular member of the Government, Count Ignatieff, the minister of education, who for two years had been multiplying opportunities for higher education by starting in the provincial centers branches of the great state universities. Besides this "university extension," he had interested himself in abolishing the percentage restrictions on the attendance of Jewish youth in the higher schools. His outspoken ideas made him distasteful to the czar, and he was dismissed.

In the meantime tongues all over Russia had been set wagging about the royal family by a bit of pure medievalism, the killing of Rasputin. For eight years this imposter with the wonderful, hypnotizing eyes had used his influence at court to the damage of Russia, but for the benefit of those who brought him a bribe or a pretty wife. The czarina, hysterically religious, had come to have unbounded faith in this man, and her daughters were brought up to revere him. Rasputin, who was a very Turk for sensuality, lived with the high

ladies of the court like a pasha in his harem. It needed only this shame to alienate from the dynasty its last prop—the proud landholding nobles, whose interests had always been tenderly cared for by the Government, and who were counted its supporters to the last ditch.

High society agreed the scandal was unendurable, but who should "bell the cat"? Finally Prince Usupoff, with some friends, lured the "monk" to a midnight supper, invited him to eliminate himself from the situation, and on his refusal shot him to death. It is said that it took an uncanny deal of shooting to kill him, and some of the party nearly lost their nerve at the thought that perhaps, after all, he was "holy." They drove the dead man to a Neva bridge and thrust him into a hole in the ice near one of the piers. Next day one of his galoshes drew the attention of working-men, and they found his body caught by the clothing on a bit of ice, whereas it should have disappeared down the river. The infatuated czarina had the body brought to her palace garden, and caused to be built over it a mausoleum, where she could mourn the "saint." One thinks of the Diamond Necklace Scandal, which so greatly compromised Queen Marie Antoinette; but the Rasputin case was as much worse than the affair of the Diamond Necklace as the rule of Nicholas II was worse than the rule of Louis XVI.

It was Protopopoff who was destined to deal the monarchy its finishing stroke. He was one of the leaders of the Cadet party in the Duma, and in the summer of 1916 he, with Miliukoff, had attended an Allies' conference in London. On the way home he stopped in Stockholm and had a conversation with the secretary of the German embassy, which excited suspicion. Protopopoff went to Tsarskoe Selo to report on his mission, pleased the czar, afterward became acquainted with Rasputin, and through him with the czarina. In September, to the general amazement, he was made minister of the interior. The Cadets, of course, regarded him as a renegade, and would not speak to him. This preyed on him, and he seemed to lose his mental balance.

Certainly his policy of deliberately provoking an uprising was insane. He gathered a huge police force in Petrograd, set up on roofs and in garrets eight hundred machine-guns the British had sent to help repel the Germans, and then, when the Duma opened at the end of February, he arrested all the working-men's representatives in the Central Munition Factories' Committee on the charge of fomenting sedition, the fact being that they had been holding their fellows back. Miliukoff warned the working-men of the trap set for them, and they bided their time.

It was, in fact, food shortage that fired the train that blew up the old order. The people were tired of spending most of the day shivering in a bread-line, and on March 8 they began to demonstrate in meetings and processions. Protopopoff, with his police and thirty thousand soldiers, hoped for an uprising which he might drown in blood, so as to give the Government some years' lease of life. But he overlooked the fact that the old army, which had never failed the throne, was under the sod or in German prison camps. The new soldiers, fresh from the people, had some idea of the rôle the army had always played in the system that oppressed their fathers and brothers. The new officers were not, like the old officers, scions of a privileged caste, bred in military schools to despise the people, but young men drawn from the middle class and from the universities and technical schools. Moreover, the army remembered it was the czar's servants who had stolen and "grafted" off their supplies, while it was the organizations of the people who had sent them nurses, clothing, medicines, and munitions.

Although some guard regiments obeyed orders and repeatedly cleared the streets with volleys, bad blood did not develop between the people and the soldiers. The crowd would shout, "We 're sorry for you Pavlovskys; you had to do your duty." The break of the military seems to have come late on March 11. A Cossack patrol

was quietly watching a procession of manifestants when the latter were brutally attacked by a raging detachment of police. All at once a young officer ordered his men to draw sabers and led them in a charge *on the police*. Then began the fraternizing between soldiers and people. Regiment after regiment wavered, and then sent a delegation to offer its services to the Duma. Some officers were shot by their own men, but there were instances in which the former took the initiative. Led by their officers, the famous Prevbrazhensky Guards, all of giant stature, marched to the Winter Palace, stood at arms, and sent in a deputation with certain demands; but they found no Government. A few hours later they were guarding the Duma in its palace.

Troops were brought in from the suburbs, but they were won over. The Semonesky regiment made a show of fight, but was quickly surrounded. As soon as the arsenal was stormed the revolutionists armed themselves and joined the soldiers in fighting the police, who from roofs, garrets, and church towers worked their machine-guns on the people. The insurgents dashed about in armored cars and automobiles, searched buildings for police snipers, and put under arrest the principal functionaries of the old régime.

In the meanwhile was forming a new government, which gained control so quickly as to make the Russian Revolution one of the shortest and least bloody in history. On March 11 the president of the Duma, Rodzianko, telegraphed to the czar, who was at army headquarters, the facts of the situation, and warned him that some one enjoying the country's confidence must be intrusted with the forming of a new government. To this and to his later telegrams to the czar there was no reply. On the morrow the Government prorogued the Duma, but rumors of the falling away of its troops were in the air, and the members hesitated. Should they leave the promising young revolutionary movement without direction or should they risk Siberia by disobeying the decree? They stayed and left it to their officers and party leaders to decide their course of action. By noon the Duma was called together, and a few hours later was appointed a provisional government to restore order in Petrograd and "to have communications with all persons and institutions," a cautious, non-committal phrase. The next day all Petrograd, realizing that the Revolution was won, thronged the streets rejoicing, although the *rat-tat-tat* of machine-guns was in the air, and in fact more people were killed on the thirteenth and fourteenth of March than in the decisive days of March 11 and 12. In a word, the Revolution had triumphed in the minds of the people before it was accomplished in the streets.

Many police were killed fighting, but no one was murdered after he had been made prisoner. Arrested persons were continually arriving at the Duma, and none of those taken under its authority lost his life. There was some demand among the soldiers who brought Soukhomlinoff that he be executed at once, but the eloquence of Kerensky saved him. Thanks to previous removal of vodka from the scene, not one bloodthirsty outbreak, not one massacre, stains the pages of the Russian Revolution.

While perhaps in all a thousand persons lost their lives in Petrograd, elsewhere the action of the capital was accepted as decisive. There was no La Vendée for royalists to take refuge in. Moral forces had undermined and eaten into the czardom until it had become a mere shell. Outside of the Government's own personnel, virtually no one believed in it or wanted it to continue. Never has an absolute government been so effete at the end. It was due to fall a generation ago, but machine-guns and secret police, *agents provocateurs* and *pogroms* had held it up until, when it finally came down, it floated away in dust.

# The Imperial Plan in German Schooling

By WINTHROP TALBOT

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## Introduction

THERE are many angles from which history may be written. Its military and dynastic interpretation was followed by political, and this by economic. But there is also an intellectual interpretation of history in terms of the ideas that men collectively cherish. It is doubtful if there were ever a war, unless that of the French Revolution, which so much needed to have its political and economic interpretation supplemented by an intellectual interpretation as the present struggle in Europe. Philosophies are perhaps not sufficiently powerful to cause wars or to account for their origin, but they may account for the spirit in which a war is waged, for the meaning which is imputed to it. And this, from the side of Germany, is peculiarly the case with the present war. This is what Germans mean when they tell us that they are waging war for *Kultur;* namely, for a certain conception of life, a certain conception of the best way of doing things, and of the proper organization of the world.

A philosophy of life which animates a whole people cannot be an abstract metaphysical scheme. Such a theory is capable of influencing only a few. It must be simple, of broad outlines; there must be agencies for bringing it home to the people collectively. Education, as Dr. Talbot so clearly brings out, has been the means by which a distinctively German philosophy of life has been systematically instilled. Never, I think, has an educational system been so deliberately utilized, so efficiently and intelligently utilized, for a definite result as for the last one hundred years in Germany. Prussia has given Germany something more than a military system and political unity; it has furnished educational ideals and methods.

The pervasiveness of nationalistic and ulterior aims in the educational system of Germany is explained by historical reasons. They go back, as Dr. Talbot says, to Frederick the Great in Prussia. But the Napoleonic conflict, with Germany's defeat, is the nearer cause. Prussia's statesmen then set out consciously and purposefully to achieve the regeneration of Germany through educational means of which the compulsory training of youth in arms became an integral part. For the Germans are quite correct when they say that for them universal military training has not had exclusively military ends in view, that it was an integral part of the educational apparatus for shaping character and mind. Of course something of the same spirit and atmosphere had to characterize the other part of the educational system, the school. Hence that passivity, that docility, that discipline of obedience that Dr. Talbot has clearly depicted. Because our ideas of the German educational system have been mainly derived from the scientific specialization of its universities, an idea had conventionally grown up that German education is permeated by a spirit of research and intellectual freedom. But in the lower schools collateral text-books and supplementary readings are virtually forbidden; studying at home is discouraged. The youth must be habituated to a single and definite authority. After this fundamental lesson is learned, freedom of inquiry was encouraged. For there was assurance that it would be confined to technical matters and would not encroach upon questions of fundamental control. In Germany alone

of modern nations critics of its established political institutions have been treated as disloyal, as traitors in the making, despite the fact that no nation has developed greater freedom of criticism in matters of specialized scholarship. This unique combination is the fruit of its educational system.

Whoever bears these facts in mind will have no difficulty in detecting a fallacy in the common saying that reform in Germany must come from within, that democratic institutions cannot be forced upon it from without. There is a sense, of course, in which this is a mere truism. But Germany can learn by pressure exercised from without that its philosophy of life is not borne out by events, that it does not bring the fruits which it promised, and which in the past it had offered in its self-justification. Just as the German people became attached to their philosophy of obedience and drilled efficiency because under it they grew strong and extended their territory and power, so when it brings suffering and failure they will question it and throw it off. For only success justifies the philosophy of authority, force, and disciplined obedience. When the free forces of Germany are released, a new type of education will spring from a saner and kindlier philosophy of life, and other peoples will be able to learn educational lessons from a Germany which has entered into the mutual give and take of modern international life.

JOHN DEWEY.

THE world has been impressed with Germany's preparedness for war and with the precision and unity which have enabled the German war-machine to attain its present gigantic output. This preparedness is largely the result of German ways of schooling, which long have been accepted as models for the pedagogic world, exerting a compelling influence on the training of American youth in American schools.

Since the public elementary schools of a country are the main criterion by which to judge of the civilization of its people, and because our public-school methods have been increasingly copied from the German model, it seems worth while to analyze the results of the rule of the Prussian pedagogue as shown in the elementary schools of Germany, so as to select the good and reject the bad, and not swallow indiscriminately a Gargantuan pedagogic meal which may result in serious harm to us.

The German school system is essentially directive in type. It is authoritative and rigid, systematic and repressive, disciplinary and exacting. These adjectives seem to describe fairly the reaction upon the school world of a national militaristic habit. The German schools are divided into two kinds, *Volksschulen*, or elementary public schools for the people, and middle and higher schools for that small percentage of the population who are of noble birth or who will become officials, military officers, or professional and technical men.

It should be made plain to Americans that German method implies inevitable class distinction between the leader and the led. Few German children whose parents can afford other instruction attend the *Volksschulen*. The *Volksschule* is planned for a subject class to be drilled in obedient industry, patience, persistence, and thoroughness. American admirers and imitators of German educational method, apparently forgetful of the need in democratic America of developing individual initiative, self-reliance, and courage, have closed their eyes to the imperatively autocratic trend in German educational plans.

American educators have focused their attention upon the excellent secondary and technical schools of Germany, and have praised their efficiency, apparently oblivious of the fact that these are intended to develop a distinct attitude of mind in those selected to become the administrators and rulers of a comparatively unschooled population, a people the majority of whom a bare hundred years ago were subjected to conditions scarcely raised above actual slavery. It was only

in 1807 that five million German serfs were officially emancipated from serfdom, and in certain parts of Germany even now the authority of Junker aristocracy is scarcely impaired. The main body of the population retains an attitude of subservience to inherited authority.

The German school system was formed by Frederick the Great to train an effective army from illiterate peasants. He was the first great general to appreciate that soldiers who could read and write made better armies. His decree of 1763 provides that all children shall be kept at school "until they have not only obtained the essentials of Christianity and know how to read and write readily, but can also make satisfactory answer with regard to those matters which are taught them in reading books *ordained and approved by our consistories*"—not enough schooling to permit independent thinking, but sufficient to enable them to comprehend military requirements.

The end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth were characterized in Germany by a fervent belief in the brighter future of humanity, and it was in a spirit of broad humanism that the beginnings of general primary education were laid by Schiller in his letters on "Esthetic Education" and by Fichte in his "Addresses to the German Nation." Stein and Humboldt advocated the widest education of the people, and so did Pestalozzi, Herbart, and Schleiermacher. Theirs was a broad conception of socialized education, but for a hundred years the educational ideals of these nineteenth-century thinkers have been overshadowed by the narrowing traditions of feudalism. It is true that centuries before the Christian era Plato had written in the "Republic," "Only that state is healthy and can thrive which unceasingly endeavors to improve the individuals who constitute it." But Plato conceived of the state as constituted of a ruling class, for the whole world of his time was founded on slavery. German educators, philosophers, and law-makers have conceived the state as comprising the schooled shouldering the burden and possessing the responsibilities of government, with the unschooled directed and cared for as children and dependents. To the ruling class of Germany there came a sense of security and contentment after the provision of a minimum compulsory attendance at schools that would teach the barest rudiments. When the rights of suffrage had been granted, together with freedom of habitation, trade, and marriage, it was deemed that all had been provided that the people reasonably could require.

Therefore it is not strange that during the last thirty years, while technical and professional education has been fostered to an unlimited extent for the benefit of the few who were destined to represent the Government, the education of the vast multitude of the people has been unprogressive. So long as peasants were trained in industry and obedience, so long was the ideal of autocracy and militarism best subserved, and it was felt that only in towns was it necessary to provide technical instruction, continuation classes, and opportunity for the study of civic relations.

For a hundred years the German nation has depended upon the overcrowded *Volksschulen* to provide civic instruction and schooling for the masses of the people, and these schools are almost the sole educational means provided for agricultural Germany.

Every five years Germany publishes a statistical review of the schools of the empire. In 1911 the elementary schools, or *Volksschulen,* were attended by 10,309,949 pupils. In sharp contrast with the *Volksschulen* are the middle schools, which enrolled only 273,394 children, and the higher schools, which had 711,795 in attendance. In elementary private schools there were 26,151, and in middle private schools 80,666, a total of 106,711. In other words, out of 11,401,849 pupils in all the schools of the empire, 10,309,949 attended the *Volksschulen.* Thus over ninety per cent. of German children of school age go to these public elementary schools.

In the largest cities of Prussia, where

the elementary schools are most highly organized and compulsory attendance is most rigidly enforced, only forty-five per cent. of these children reach the eighth grade, and many never get beyond the fourth grade. Moreover, classes are greatly overcrowded, there being an average of 55 pupils to a teacher in 1911; in Prussia, in 1912, out of a total of 6,500,000 pupils in primary schools it was estimated that 7396 overcrowded classes averaged 165 pupils to a class, one extreme case being cited of a single master obliged to instruct 230 pupils. In most of the *Volksschulen* pupils of all ages and degree of advancement are in a class under one teacher only. In Prussia, in 1911, of 38,684 of these elementary schools, 20,198 were of this one-class type.

These figures, taken from the official sources quoted, may easily be verified by the skeptical. Leipsic is proud of the fact that the number of her pupils has been reduced to 40 in each class on the average; but even so a quarter of all children fail to enter the highest elementary class.

In 1911, Germany spent 669,836,578 marks on the *Volksschulen,* an average of 65 marks per pupil; on the middle schools, 30,566,591 marks, or 112 marks per pupil; on the higher schools, 177,158,679 marks, or 248 marks per pupil. Thus nearly one quarter of the total school expenditure was devoted to training less than ten per cent. of all German children. These children were the favored ones who had succeeded in getting into the middle and upper schools.

The expenditure per child in Germany in the *Volksschulen* was 65 marks, or slightly over $15, as compared with the American expenditure of $38.31 per capita of average attendance and $20.38 per capita of school population (from 5 to 18 years) in the United States common-school systems.

Such overcrowding and low per-capita expenditure in the German elementary schools necessarily entails neglect of the individual pupil, however masterly may be the technic of mass instruction. Ten years ago the average size of classes in Germany was 60.9, so that there has been an improvement in the decade; but the diminution to 54.9 in 1911 does not compare favorably with the average size of classes in the elementary schools of the United States, or 33 pupils per teacher in 1913.

The educational doctrine that every child, regardless of birth and money, possesses an inherent right to the full development of his or her capacity and talent is far from being accepted and put into practice in German educational method. Many of the most illustrious teachers of Germany have maintained, observant of imperial expressions and policies, that the state is best subserved by keeping the bulk of the people in a stunted state of mental starvation for unthinking toil and that the work of the world cannot be done without a large degree of existing near-illiteracy; and for this reason they have opposed strenuously the policy of generous public expenditure for popular education.

But the people's advocate has come to the rescue in the Social Democratic Party, which has subjected the German *Volksschulen* to severe criticism. This rapidly growing party resents the division of the school system according to wealth and station of the pupil; it criticizes the exclusion of the elementary-school teacher from cultural schools, the clerical control of the *Volksschulen,* and is specially impatient with the overcrowding of classes in the *Volksschulen.* It sees in mass-teaching a formalism which is deadening to initiative, and a routine instruction which stifles the spirit of investigation and the power of independent thought. The fact that teachers of the *Volksschulen* are debarred from attendance at the universities and from attaining desired diplomas except under the most severe restrictions in itself defeats the effort to improve materially the teaching in the *Volksschulen.*

In the meeting of the Federated Associations of German Teachers held in Kiel in the spring of 1914, Dr. Seyfert felt it necessary to ask, "Is there such a thing as a science of pedagogy?" for the reason that

the Bavarian university had recently declared that no such thing existed. He regarded this to be the sentiment of German universities as a whole—a sentiment which has influenced German scholarship to such an extent that German scholars hear and know little about teaching as a science and that for this reason universities have been kept from establishing chairs of pedagogy.

To an American the doctrine that scientific methods cannot be applied to the teaching of children seems hopelessly out of date. A drill- and task-master such as the German pedagogue, with the huge classes his perforce must be, is debarred from applying scientific method to his work, for the science of teaching is essentially the understanding of the individual and the impartial nurturing of the budding aspirations and ambitions of each and every child.

Academic teaching of the conventional type, however common in German or Germanized elementary schools, has been abandoned in higher-grade scientific and professional instruction even in Germany itself. No medical teacher of standing has retained such methods. For example, medical teaching to-day is almost wholly clinical. The medical student learns by doing, observation, and research. Even the lecture is being abandoned except for the purpose of demonstrating newly discovered facts and as a means of showing representations, diagrams, and the like on the screen to large numbers. The recitation is replaced by the quiz. This is increasingly true also of instruction in the chemical and the physical sciences; no longer are they taught from text-books only, but by performing processes upon materials studied in laboratory experiments. Yet these studies are for older pupils, who already have become hampered in habits of thought and power of observation by the conventional routine methods of their early school-training.

If the drill system has been abandoned in the instruction of older pupils, how much more essential is it to get rid of such anachronisms among younger pupils!

During the last eighteen months the world has seen the effectiveness of German schooling in its militaristic aspect. The thousands of alert official minds, wonderfully trained in the minutiæ of administration, have directed with something approaching perfection the labors of a conscripted army trained in implicit and unthinking obedience.

We have seen German schooling extend German commerce throughout the world by expert training of industrial and trade technicians, backed by German military and naval prestige. We have also seen Germany grow in might and material wealth by maintaining a high degree of class distinction, offering great rewards to the privileged, and fostering docility and a low level of schooling and wage among the masses. The state as a superimposed conception to strengthen which all are stimulated has appealed forcefully and successfully through German tradition to the German conventionalized mind.

The supreme test of German schooling lies not in material wealth and commercial supremacy, but in ways greater than these. Ancient Rome dominated the world through unity and frightfulness, but in those days it was a slave world and a world of illiterates. Teuton unity and frightfulness is dealing to-day with a world of freemen and of readers.

In a democratic age German schooling of the few at the expense of the many has resulted in foreign suspicion and aloofness toward everything Teutonic. In Germany it is rousing class against mass, capital against labor, ruled against rulers, illiterate against literate, exploited against promoters.

German schooling has proved antagonistic to coöperation, although demanding unity of action through mass obedience. It has failed to foster real coöperation, for coöperation is a method by which persons of their own volition and by no compulsion may work together harmoniously. Only when training and schooling are the common privilege of all is that state of civic development possible which permits society to become coöperative in its action.

In other words, a socialized society becomes more and more possible only as all individual members acquire each the widest vision, and thus the power to coöperate harmoniously.

The so-called socialism of Germany is a mold into which all the people fit because directed what to think and be. If German socialism is an autocratic or paternal organization of society made possible only through German schooling for preparedness, and makes obligatory all the welfare features of society which foster paternalism and dependency, then American democracy is impelled to reject utterly this type of preparedness and the kind of schooling which results in such preparedness.

THE world is watching the outcome of the present European struggle with the more interest because it is the test of the validity of the German system of national schooling.

Is it possible for a civilization which is based upon the most precise training of the few, dominating or guiding the mass, who intentionally have been taught only the elements of learning, to prove itself superior to a civilization which includes all in its school opportunities? Shall expert instruction of a small minority successfully replace the social basis of education? Shall any nation which limits opportunity to class prevail in the end over democracy of opportunity?

These and similar questions are of vital importance to the solution of all our social problems in the United States. We are struggling to educate millions of immigrants into the ways of democracy, yet for years we have been engaged in the attempt to formalize along German autocratic lines the methods of our public schools, and our schools are the only general safeguard to American democracy. We have seen the effect of the German school method in promoting preparedness. It is the preparedness of the few to direct the many. Is this the sort of preparedness needed by our people? Do we not require and shall we not demand the opportunity for the individual boy and for the individual girl everywhere and without exception to have equal opportunity to enjoy a public-school training that will enable them all to become resourceful and abounding in self-reliance, self-control, dexterity, judgment, and intelligence?

Above all, is it not necessary for the schools to train our children in consideration for others, courtesy, informed knowledge concerning civic problems, and in the value of community coöperation for public ends, not through the agency of the few, but through the plenitude of power of the many?

# A Country Christmas

By GRANT SHOWERMAN

Author of "A Country Chronicle," etc.

Illustrations in color by George Wright

IT snowed on Tuesday, and again Thursday night. The snow was so deep Friday that at noon the big boys could hardly make a ring in 'Lije's father's lot for fox and geese. The little boy and his familiars rolled and plunged, covered one another up, laughed and shouted, and looked like little white bears.

At afternoon recess they did n't leave the steps. They just stood about, and talked, and wondered, and waited for the bell to ring.

Teacher came and stood in the doorway a minute, with the bell in his hand. He smiled around on them all and said:

"Well, in an hour and a quarter you 'll begin your Christmas vacation."

There was a little movement of heads, and two or three boys and girls said faintly, "Yes, sir."

"Well," he said, "you must play hard and have a good time, so you 'll feel like studying hard when you come back to school again," and rang the bell and went in.

When they were in their seats, the little boy looked at the old bell, standing there on the desk with the handle lopping over, and thought, as he had thought every day for a week, how nice it would be for teacher to have the new one, and how pleased he would be. Teacher stood up straight behind the desk and tapped with his pencil.

"Now we 're going to have a song and two or three pieces, and then a dialogue, and then you may be dismissed and begin on your vacation. I hope you will all be very quiet in your seats while we carry out our little program. It will not be very long, of course, because this is only the last day before Christmas. Next spring, if you are all good boys and girls, we 'll have a grand exhibition the last day, with a stage and curtain and everything." Then he made a sign to Steve, and they carried the desk over to one side.

The pieces and the song were attentively listened to and duly applauded, but attention was hardly rapt; the dialogue and the bell were in everybody's mind. When, at the end of the song, Syd and the little boy's brother, instead of sitting down, went out into the entry and closed the door, the excitement rose. All heads were turned; everybody whispered and wondered, and wondered and whispered, and kept looking at the door-latch. Only the big boys and girls were calm.

After what seemed a very long time, the latch moved, and they heard it click. The door began slowly to open, and excitement became intense. The little boys got up on their knees, with backs turned to teacher and hands grasping the tops of their seats and eyes fixed unmovingly on the door.

The door continued its gradual and noiseless opening until something came slowly into sight and began to move as slowly up the aisle, without a sound. They all knew it must be Syd, despite the big white sheet that covered him, head and arms and all. He went along up the aisle backward, with one long, white, wrapped-up arm stretched out toward the door, out of which presently emerged the little boy's brother, with a strange-looking hat and a kind of cape, his arms held out in front, and his eyes fixed all the while on the figure leading him on. At his side was the army sword the little boy had often seen at Uncle Anthony's, the one Lenny had in the war a long, long time

ago, eight or ten years before he was born, the little boy had heard them say. They always talked about the war at the places where he went visiting with his father and mother.

The *Ghost* and the little boy's brother moved noiselessly on till they were on the platform by the blackboard, everybody turning in the seats as they went. The little girls looked afraid, and Minnie put her hands over her ears. The little Polacks and Germans got red, and did n't know what to make of it. Some of the big boys smiled and looked superior, and Dan tried to imitate them; but his interest overcame the desire. He was as fascinated as the rest.

When at last the *Ghost* in his almost motionless progress had reached the end of the platform, and the little boy's brother had just stepped up near teacher's desk opposite, they stopped, with their arms outstretched the same way. There were several seconds of tense silence, with everybody expecting and wishing they would say something. Then the little boy's brother spoke:

"Where wilt thou lead me? Speak; I 'll go no farther." The *Ghost* was silent for a time. At last, in a deep, muffled, solemn tone, it spoke the words, "Mark me." The little boys sat motionless and rigid, their eyes and mouths wide open, and their hands tightly clenched in front of them. When, after a while, the *Ghost* got to the place where it said,

> "I am thy father's spirit,
> Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,"

they clenched them tighter still, and even the big boys forgot all about posing.

The little boy did n't quite understand what it was all about, but he was sure it was a great dialogue, and proud to have his brother help give it. He thought the sword was nicer than the sheet, even if the sheet did seem to make Syd first.

At last the *Ghost* moved slowly down the aisle and out the way he came, and pretty soon the little boy's brother followed. In a minute or two they came back, Syd with hair all mussed and face red, and they all clapped hands with all their might, while teacher got up, smiling, and started for the desk to dismiss.

In a moment all was silence again. Now was the time for Steve to give the bell. Everybody looked over to where he sat. The little boy wished he would hurry. He was filled with anxiety, and hitched in his seat. He was afraid teacher would dismiss before Steve got up. Steve was leaning over in his seat, with the present between him and Syd, trying to get the paper off. His ears were red.

He got up just in time, and started up the aisle. Teacher looked surprised, and as if he did n't know what to do. Steve went right up to him and held out the box.

"If you please, sir," he said, "we 'd like to have you accept this little present for Christmas."

The little boy knew just how he was going to say it, because his father had told him to do it that way.

"Thank you; thank you, I 'm sure," said teacher, and got all red. He opened the box, lifted the bell out, and held it up, all gleaming and beautiful. The little boy, half smiling and eager, watched his face. The whole school, half smiling and eager, watched it, till teacher removed his gaze from the bell and bent it on their faces.

"Oh, thank you," he said again, his countenance all aglow with smiling good will; "thank you ever so much. You have caused me exceeding pleasure by this beautiful and useful gift." He set it down on the desk at his side. It was like a toadstool, with a little knob at the top to strike to make it ring. You could see it reflecting things. "I 'll make use of it for the first time right away," he said, "to dismiss you. I hope you will have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." He rang the bell twice and said, "Rise." He rang it twice more and said, "Dismissed."

The little boy and his friends went down the snowy road discussing the dia-

logue and the new bell and the way teacher talked and looked. At Edie's he turned in with Johnnie and practised for the Sunday-school Christmas-tree, and then went home. The sleigh-tracks were deep and not yet well worn, and he stumbled a great deal. Once he fell, and the cover of his dinner-pail flew off. On one side the big ten-acre lot stretched away to the brush; on the other, Uncle Anthony's meadow away to his woods. Both were as white as white could be, with nowhere a fold or a streak. The sun was beginning to redden and was almost down. He saw fresh smoke gently rising from the kitchen chimney at home, and knew his mother had just started the fire for supper. He saw the woodshed door open and his father come out with the bushel-basketful of beets on his shoulder and start for the barn and the chores. A sleigh came jingling by, and went out of sight over the hill toward the depot, and then it was all so quiet and still that he was the only moving object in the landscape, and his feet crunching the snow the only sound in nature.

When he got home, his mother had just opened the woodshed door, and was standing there in it, looking out over the fields to the brush and the woods.

"Just come here," she said. "Did you ever in all your life see anything so peaceful? Not a sound or a motion anywhere."

They stood a minute or two, listening to the silence and looking at the great white blanket of snow. The sky was clear and frosty and calm as far as they could see.

"I hope it 'll be as calm and peaceful as this to-morrow," said the little boy's mother. "Then it *will* be a day of peace on earth and good will toward men. I always like a white Christmas eve."

The little boy went to sleep that night saying over his piece and the words of the song he was to sing at the Christmas-tree. "They say if you go over anything just before you go to sleep," his mother had told him, "you 'll remember it a great deal better." He dreamed fantastic things. Edie was playing for him and Johnnie at the tree, and the organ changed into a big silver bell, with teacher standing there. The tree was stripped of presents, and there had been none for him. He awoke disconsolate, and was still uneasy when he went down-stairs and had breakfast.

His mother was standing at the south window.

"Come here and look out," she said. "It 's just as we wanted it to be, all clear and sparkling everywhere."

The little boy looked at her and at his father. They did not look as if they were in the least thinking of presents.

Somehow or other the day passed. The little boy was restless. He went to the barn and back a great many times; he helped his mother with the dinner at noon, setting the chairs around and scouring the knives and forks and spoons; he went down at two to get the mail; at four he went up to Edie's and practised; before going home he went over to see Tip. Tip said he had seen them bring the tree.

"My! but it 's a whopper," he said, with his eyes big. "I bet it 'll touch the ceilin'. Pa says it 's, anyhow, fifteen feet."

The little boy wished he could see it; but that was out of the question, he knew very well. He looked at the church as he went by on his way home. The windows were blazing with red reflected sunlight. He thought once more of the coming ordeal—of the lights and the warmth and the faces and the eyes. Somehow he did n't feel so very much afraid.

He came to the crest of the hill in front of Edie's from where you could always see so far, and stopped a second to listen for sleigh-bells, thinking he might get a ride. From where he stood to far across the valley, where hills and woods rose to meet the sky, nothing was to be seen but white snow and dark trees and houses and barns with snow-covered roofs. Nothing marred the silence; he sped down the hill saying over the piece.

He did n't eat much supper. They all got through early, and he helped his mother clear away the things while his father and brother were out finishing the chores. Then he got his Sunday suit on,

with a fresh paper collar and his little red tie, and his mother went over his face and slicked his hair once more, and they started. The sky was deep, dark blue, almost purple, and every star was out. He remembered something about "The spangled heavens, a shining frame" that they sang in a hymn sometimes. A sleigh or two passed them, and the bells and the voices kept coming back till they turned in at the church.

It was early, but people were going in. The windows were bright, and the light flashed out of the opening and closing door. The little boy went up the steps nerving himself and trying to say the piece over once more.

Inside they were already crowding. The little boy and his father and mother stood a moment before going out from behind the screen that was just inside the door.

"Let *me* have your comforter and cap," she said. She leaned over and slicked his hair with her hand, and then leaned farther and whispered in his ear, "Now don't be afraid, but open your mouth and speak right up good and loud." She gave him a gentle push around the end of the screen.

What warmth and brightness! The seats were nearly all filled. What a lot of heads! He had a sudden imagination of the faces and eyes again, with a terrible fear that he never could do it.

But there was the tree! He forgot everything else. It reached to the very ceiling, a silver star at the tiptop; its dark branches reaching out in every direction, outward and upward; and all festooned and brilliant with strings of red and silver and gold and popcorn, and netting-bags of peanuts and candy, pink bags and yellow bags and red bags; and striped candy canes, and glistening, heavy oranges that made the twigs droop; and candles of every color, not yet lighted; and mittens and ties and suspenders and handkerchiefs and comforters and ribbons, and little packages of every shape, and dolls of every size and color; and big presents all around the bottom and on the platform; and near the top, reaching from side to side of the church in big, shiny gold letters, A MERRY CHRISTMAS, and under it ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.

For a moment the vision filled his entire being. He stood stock-still till his mother gave him another gentle push. Then he started up the aisle toward where Edie and Johnnie were already sitting with the big boys and girls in the choir. Edie caught his eye. He looked straight at her, and made the long transit of fifty feet or so with burning face, feeling all the eyes in the room fixed on him alone. Only when he was safe in his seat at Edie's side did he dare to look up. To his surprise, almost nobody was noticing; all were gazing at the tree, and thinking of nothing else. It gave him courage.

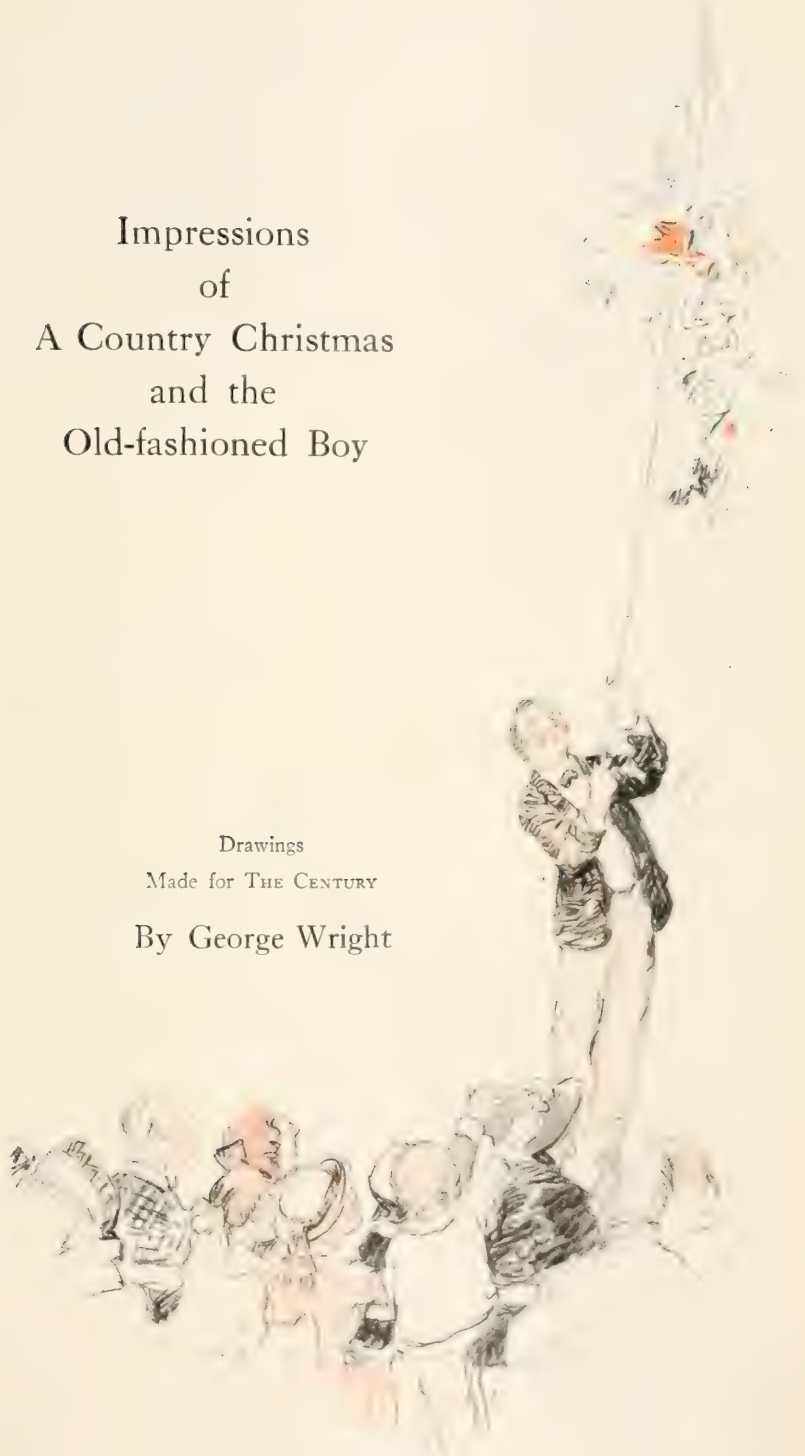
The seats were all full, and the aisles began to fill. Of a sudden a brisker opening and closing of the door than usual disturbed the standing throng about the screen, and the minister emerged, fur-coated and frosty from the ten-mile drive from his other charge. The whispering and gossiping died away. Up the aisle he came, wiping the ice from his long brown whiskers and mustache, stripped off the big fur coat and laid it down, and knelt a few moments before the tree; then got up and took a seat beside 'Lije's father, crossed his legs, and scanned the audience. After a while he turned his head toward 'Lije's father. 'Lije's father leaned over, and the minister whispered something in his ear. 'Lije's father nodded, and the minister got up with a hymn-book.

First the choir and all the people sang "Coronation." Then the minister went up on the platform and got down on his knees and prayed. He was right under the long branches that reached out so far. The little boy covered his eyes, but he knew just how the minister looked, with his face turned toward the people, his eyes shut, and his long brown whiskers reaching down to his knee. He drew out his words and groaned, and prayed a long time. The little boy did n't see the use. He wished he would get through; and

# Impressions of A Country Christmas and the Old-fashioned Boy

Drawings
Made for The Century

By George Wright



"Then the little boy's brother spoke:

"'Where wilt thou lead me? Speak; I'll go no farther.' The Ghost was silent for a time. At last, in a deep, muffled, solemn tone, it spoke the words, 'Mark me.' The little boys sat motionless and rigid, their eyes and mouths wide open, and their hands tightly clenched in front of them. When, after a while, the Ghost got to the place where it said,

'I am thy father's spirit,
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,'

they clenched them tighter still, and even the big boys forgot all about posing."

"The little boy and his friends went down the snowy road discussing the dialogue and the new bell and the way teacher talked and looked. At Edie's he turned in with Johnnie and practised for the Sunday-school Christmas-tree, and then went home"

"It was early, but people were going in. The windows were bright, and the light flashed out of the opening and closing door. The little boy went up the steps nerving himself and trying to say the piece over once more"

"'Let me have your comforter and cap,' she said. She leaned over and slicked his hair with her hand, and then leaned farther and whispered in his ear, 'Now don't be afraid, but open your mouth and speak right up good and loud.' She gave him a gentle push around the end of the screen"

"The little boy and Johnnie went and stood together under a far-spreading branch not far distant from the end of the organ. There was a terrible minute as Edie played. All the lights and the warmth, all the faces and eyes just as he had imagined them! He swallowed. In another second or two, with a catch in the breath to begin with, they were singing the first verse"

"And then, alas! the minister arose. He blew his nose, replaced the handkerchief in the tail-pocket of his coat, clasped his hands behind, and began"

"'No, I want to take it,' he said"

"Then he snuggled himself down into the soft feather-bed with the book in his arms, and waited for his mother to come to the door for the light.

"In a few moments she came.

" 'Ready?' she called.

" 'M-hm,' he answered.

" 'Good night, then,' she said. 'Pleasant dreams.'

" 'Pleasant dreams!' he called. The light disappeared. He put one hand out and felt of the sled, then drew it in again and hugged the book"

yet he dreaded having him stop, because then the program would really begin.

At last they all repeated the Lord's Prayer, and then came another hymn. When they were through and had sat down, the minister said:

"The Sunday-school program will now begin. Brother Superintendent will announce the pieces." There was a stir of interest. The little boy had a qualm, hitched in his seat, and looked up at Edie's face. Edie smiled at him, and leaned over and whispered:

"It 'll soon be over. Now, don't you be afraid."

'Lije's father got up with a piece of paper in his hand and began to smile, showing all his teeth, shut tight together, and wrinkling up his eyes. That was the way he always smiled.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "the little boys and girls of our Sunday-school will now give some songs and pieces." He stopped and smiled again, with teeth tighter together and eyes more wrinkled up than ever. "But first," he went on, "we 'll have the candles lit." He looked in Steve's direction. Steve was ready and waiting. He lighted the candle on the end of the fish-pole he had leaning against the wall beside him, and went with it over to the tree, and began to set the candles aglow. He began at the top, right around the star. The little boys and girls sat forward in their seats, anxious and intent. As often as he skipped a candle, or seemed about to skip, there were sudden movements, and little hands darted up, with fingers excitedly pointed, while their possessors strained forward and loudly and earnestly whispered their instruction.

"I am glad to see so many out to-night," 'Lije's father continued after Steve was well started, "especially the dear young people." He stood a while without saying anything, smiling and showing his teeth more than ever. The audience divided their attention between him and Steve as impartially as they could, but not without injustice. He went on again, "I 'm always glad to be with the dear young people"; then he stopped and smiled once more, and added, "I 'm a great favorite with the young people."

The little boy heard Edie snicker. He looked up at her. She had her hand in front of her face, and her shoulders were shaking. His brother was looking funny, the way he always did when he was going to laugh. The little boy knew why. 'Lije's father had said that once before, and Edie said it did n't mean what he thought at all. She said he thought it meant he liked the young people.

'Lije's father kept on so long that Steve had the candles lighted for some time before he stopped. The little boy fidgeted, and wished he would get through. He wanted to get the song and the piece over with and get his presents. He wondered who would get the nice sled standing near him against one of the lowest branches. He could see the nice, shiny top. It had "WINNER" on it in a golden scroll. He was sure it would be either Georgie or 'Lije; they were always getting nice things. He hoped he could have a sled like that when he got bigger instead of the one he had. Sometimes they made fun of it, and called it a girl's sled.

There were other members of the audience wondering about presents, too. The little boys down in front of the tree were so busy with fingers pointing to mysterious packages here and there on the branches, and with tongues uttering half-audible speculations as to their destined recipients, that even 'Lije's father gradually became aware of a lack of attention. He stopped, and began to announce the program.

At last came the song. The little boy was tense.

"Now!" Edie whispered, leaning over him for a final exhortation. "Stand right over there where I said." She slipped over to the organ-stool, while the little boy and Johnnie went and stood together under a far-spreading branch not distant from the end of the organ. There was a terrible minute as Edie played. All the lights and the warmth, all the faces and eyes, just as he had imagined them!

He swallowed. In another second or two, with a catch in the breath to begin with, they were singing the first verse:

"I am Jesus' little lamb,
Therefore glad and gay I am;
In the pastures he doth feed me,
By the gentle waters lead me;
I am Jesus' little lamb,
Therefore glad and gay I am."

Strange! No sooner were they well started than he felt better. In the interval before the second verse he was almost calm. He dared to look at the faces and eyes. Across them all he saw his father and mother looking at him. They were half smiling, and their eyes almost as if speaking to him. He did n't mind the next verse at all. He liked the way their voices and the organ sounded.

What a noise of clapping hands when they were through, and what a feeling of hotness in his face and head! It was as if all his being were for the moment in his head alone. He had no sensation of the rest of his body until he was in his seat again, and Edie was leaning over to whisper to him and Johnnie, "You did it just fine!"

Then there were more pieces. The little boy observed the nervous little performers to see whether they were afraid or not. He wondered how he could ever have dreaded the song so much. As for the piece, he looked forward to it with almost pleasant excitement.

He knew they would like his piece. His father had said:

"By jolly! it 'll bring the house down just as sure as you live."

What matter if his mother at first sight had expostulated:

"Why, that is n't a Christmas piece at all."

His father had replied:

"Well, it don't have to be. There 'll be enough cut-an'-dried Sunday-school pieces, I guess, without his speakin' one, too. Besides, it 's goin' to be on Saturday night, and that 's different."

With the approach of his turn, nevertheless, the little boy's uneasiness rose again. It was different with a piece; he would n't have Johnnie with him this time, or Edie and the organ. His heart beat harder and harder. By the time he heard 'Lije's father call his name and say: "A piece. I have n't got the name of it," he was burning with excitement. He got up again, and went and stood under the branch, this time all alone.

But, lo! a miracle. As soon as he said the first words, it seemed as if his head all cleared out, cool and free; the heat and nervousness were gone. He liked the sound of his voice. The faces and eyes, all turned on him alone, only made him like it better. Without the least effort or worry he remembered every word, and got every intonation and gesture just as his father had told him. He wished the piece were longer; he thought ahead to the end with regret. When he came to the part his father told him so many times to be sure to come out good and loud with, he outdid himself. He could see that they thought his piece was a funny one and liked it.

"Jogerfy kind o' wrastles me down," he said, with a relish of their amusement and surprise, and with not the least fear even of teacher, whose black eyes were gleaming at him with lively interest, "but I don't go much on jogerfy. What do I care whether an island is entirely surrounded by water or whether there ain't any water within miles of it? S'pose I 'm goin' to buy and sell islands for a living? I don't care which is the highest mountain or the largest river, do I? I 'm goin' to keep a feed store, and when I 'm rolling bales of hay around, will I care about mountains and rivers? I 've heard the boys go on about exports and imports and straits and seas and capes, but what 's them to me? If a feller wants a bag o' oats, is he goin' to wait and ask a feller when the island of Madagascar was discovered?"

He went on to the end, and sat down with the sound of clapping filling his ears. It was all over. How could he ever have cared so much? He would never dread

it again. He looked at the tree now with nothing on his mind but the desire to know what his presents were going to be. There were only two pieces more and a song.

When the song was over, there was a general movement all over the church, and everywhere eyes were turned with eager expectation upon the tree. Some of the little boys and girls softly clapped their hands in self-congratulation. The fingers pointing at the presents were more numerous than ever. There were loud whispers of, "Aw, why don't they begin?"

And then, alas! the minister arose. He blew his nose, replaced the handkerchief in the tail-pocket of his coat, clasped his hands behind him, and began:

"My dear brothers and sisters and children, before the presents are distributed, I feel that this opportunity should be taken by you and me, as individuals, to—" He was always saying "you and me, as individuals."

Disappointment was immediately visible, and here and there on smaller faces even sullenness appeared. The minister talked on and on. The little boy's brother showed impatience. Leaning over to Edie, he whispered:

"I wisht he 'd stop his talkin' and get down to business."

"'Sh-h-h!" Edie replied softly. The little boy's brother said nothing, but pinched her arm. She gave a jump and said, "Stop!" almost out loud.

But at last the minister got through, and Walt began to take down the presents. 'Lije's father took them and read off the names, and Syd and Steve carried them to their owners. "It will help," called 'Lije's father, "if anybody, when their name is called, will stand up." Then you might have seen a general sliding forward in seats and a strained attention as each little person held himself in readiness to jump up at the mention of his name; and you might have felt your heart warm, when the names came, at the sight of faces suddenly lighted up and arms upstretched to their limit.

The little boy got a book, all blue and gold, with a garden and palms on the cover, with a man in a gown and turban holding a lamp. He knew it must be *Aladdin*. He looked down across at his mother and father, and received their answering smiles. He knew there would be something else, and soon it came—a pair of blue woolen wristlets, with red borders. He looked across again, and put them on. No more chapped wrists for him now! His coat-sleeves might be as short as they pleased. In a minute more he got an ink-well. Again he smiled his pleasure, and then sat back satisfied. He would still get an orange and a bag of candy, but that would be after everything else was off. He sat looking now at the tree, now at his mother and father, now at Tip, who always caught his eye and held up a big jack-knife and a pencil-holder, and now at the book. He thought of how he would read it all day to-morrow. He liked the smell of the paper.

And then, all of a sudden, he thought he heard his name called again. He was n't sure, and looked at Edie.

"Stand up!" she said. "He called your name." Surprised, he looked over to 'Lije's father and Syd and Steve. Syd was coming toward him with a package in his hand. The little boy was filled with wonderment. What *could* there be in that package, and who could be giving it? He began to reach for it. To his astonishment, Syd went right by without looking at him at all, and gave the package to Johnnie. His face fell; it was all a mistake, then. He saw Johnnie reach out and take the present, and just then felt something against his right arm. He turned in his seat, and there stood Steve, smiling, just letting go of the sled with "WINNER" on it! The little boy shrank away from the sled a little, looked up at him, not knowing what to do. His face must have told how bewildered he was, for Steve said, still smiling:

"Well, take it, why don't you? It 's yours."

The little boy was still incredulous. His eyes sought out his father and mother again. Their smiles, now livelier than ever, convinced him. His face reddened

still more. He felt immeasurable joy. He took the sled by the tops of the runners. He looked at the sled and looked at Tip and looked at Edie and looked again at his father and mother. In all their faces were answering smiles. He passed his hands over the smooth, soft, varnished top and along the bright, cool steel runners; he tried the holes in the sides to see whether they would fit his hands. He imagined taking a run and jumping on, and speeding down the hill ahead of everybody else. He almost forgot the book and the wristlets and the ink-well. He forgot entirely the bag of candy and the orange, and hardly noticed when they were put into his hands.

It was all over. The candles were nearly all burned out. The minister said the benediction, and they all put on their coats and mittens and began to gather up their presents and go, while Syd put out the remaining candles. The little boy wished he had left them; he did n't like to leave the tree looking so dark. The smaller faces were flushed and tired, and some of the little arms would not contain the presents. All pressed toward the door, eager to get home and take fuller account of the fortunes of the day.

The little boy stuffed the orange and bag of candy into his pockets.

"I 'll bring the sled for you when I come," said his brother, about to start off with Edie. But the little boy clung tight to the sled.

"No, I want to take it," he said, and handed his brother the ink-well. He joined his mother and father and Uncle Anthony and Aunt Phœbe, and they all went down the hill under the innumerable stars. He made one or two attempts to ride, but the ruts were deep and narrow, and nothing came of it. He trudged along behind, trailing the sled and turning at every step to look at it.

"Well, we 'll see you at dinner tomorrow," said the little boy's mother to Uncle Anthony and Aunt Phœbe. They nearly always had dinner together on Christmas that way. They said good night, and turned up the path.

"Well," said his mother, when they were in the house and the lamp was lighted, "are you satisfied?" The little boy said only an eloquent "Yes." He wished he knew something else to say, but his tongue was strangely tied.

"You see," said his father, drawing the old rocking-chair toward the stove, "it kind o' pays to speak a piece when you 're asked to." He stopped and looked at the little boy. "It was n't as dreadful as you thought it would be, *was* it?" he said. "Ain't you a little bit ashamed o' the way you acted about it?" The little boy looked at the floor.

They all examined the sled again. Then the little boy set it up in plain sight against the stair door, and got the book and climbed into his father's lap by the stove. The draft was roaring.

"Well, I declare! What you up to *now?*" said his father. "You ain't wantin' to read this time o' night, are you? Why, it 's bedtime!"

"Well, I should say it *was* bedtime!" said his mother. "It 's ten o'clock."

The little boy looked disappointed.

"Can't we read one o' the stories?" he pleaded.

His father yielded.

"Oh, I guess you can stay up just for once," he said. "Christmas don't come but once a year. And besides, you don't have to go to school to-morrow."

So they read the story of "The Merchant and the Genie," and then the little boy teased for another, and then for a short one; and then wanted to begin on *Aladdin;* and then, when his father refused, asked all sorts of questions about the pictures in *Sinbad* and *Ali Baba.*

He had to be driven to bed. He took off his boots and stockings and put them behind the stove, kissed his father and mother, and went to the stair door and took the sled in his arms, with the book, and stood waiting.

"What are you taking the sled and the book for?" asked his mother. "Oh, I 'd leave them down here."

But the little boy clung to them. His mother opened the door and set the lamp

on the stairway. He struggled up the stairs and into the north bedroom, and slipped off his clothes and got in, putting the sled on the coverlet over next to the wall, where he could reach out and touch it. Then he snuggled himself down into the soft feather-bed with the book in his arms, and waited for his mother to come to the door for the light.

In a few moments she came.

"Ready?" she called.

"M-hm," he answered.

"Good night, then," she said. "Pleasant dreams!"

"Pleasant dreams!" he called. The light disappeared. He put one hand out and felt of the sled, then drew it in again and hugged the book close to him with both hands.

He *had* pleasant dreams. He saw the *Merchant*.

"Adown the Tigris he was borne,
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old;
True Mussulman was he and sworn,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid."

Only, half the time there was deep snow all about the high-walled gardens, and the Tigris was a steep hill, and the little boy's craft was a sled, with "WINNER" on its top in a golden scroll.

## Sonnet

By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Time does not bring relief; you all have lied
Who told me time would ease me of my pain.
I miss him in the weeping of the rain;
I want him at the shrinking of the tide.
The old snows melt from every mountain-side,
And last year's leaves are smoke in every lane;
But last year's bitter loving must remain
Heaped on my heart, and my old thoughts abide.
There are a hundred places where I fear
To go, so with his memory they brim;
And entering with relief some quiet place
Where never fell his foot or shone his face,
I say, "There is no memory of him here,"
And so stand stricken, so remembering him.

# Home-coming

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

TWILIGHT was creeping on,
The hosts of darkness marching from the east,
While in the west
The last red banner of defeated day
Was furled as the wind died down
Upon a sky-line cool with lemon gold.
My snow-shoes creaked on stiffening crust;
A startled rabbit, scarce discerned,
Scampered through rattling underbrush;
And frozen silence wrapped the world.
The valley lights were lit
When I broke through a fringe of wood
And saw below the snowy roofs of men.
A thin, faint, fragrant smell of smoke
Stung in my nostrils,
And made me pause to think
How delicate our senses are in mountain air.
Then quickly plunging down the slope,
While darkness wrapped the trail,
I came past fir-trees where the pheasants roost
To my back lot,
And so through naked garden paths
To where my study door
Showed a red square against the night,
With dancing flickers from the great birch-log,
And crossing 'twixt the fire and door
The shadow outline of my well beloved.

DRAWN FOR THE CENTURY BY WALTER KING STONE

# The Great Lottery

By JAMES HOPPER

Author of "What Happened in the Night," Etc.

NOW that we are at war, that our young men are volunteering or cheerfully accepting the draft which is to tell each one what the country expects of him, the agitation of mothers is something which at times gives pause. In some this agitation is tragic, but heroic. In others it is suffering accepted with resignation. And there is a third category, a small one, where the maternal instinct is so strong as to curdle into revolt. I know of one woman whose mind seems to have lost balance before the peril which has thus come to her son. When she speaks the word "Allies," it is with an inflection so full of venom and hatred that it leaves one with a little shudder along the spine. I have no doubt that if this unhappy mother could kill all Frenchmen, all Englishmen, all Italians, and all Russians by pressing a button, she would press the button.

At first I was surprised at what seemed to me the exaggeration in all three manifestations—till I talked with some of these mothers. Then I found that each thought her son or her sons doomed to die. The heroic mother was offering the life of her son to the country, the resigned mother was yielding the life of her son to the country, the rebellious mother was in revolt at the thought that the country was taking away the life of her son. And each and every one felt that her son was going to his death.

Now, that is not true at all, and to reassure those who have exaggerated ideas of what the war may do to us all in the way of creating voids about us, I am going to tell the history of a group of young Frenchmen with whom I was closely acquainted before war broke upon their country and of whose fortunes I have kept close watch since. I shall tell what happened to this group—the loss and the gain, for there has been gain as well as loss.

In taking the history of a group of Frenchmen as an example of what we in America have to expect, I am painting this expectation in the blackest hue possible. For it is not at all likely that the United States will be called upon for an effort anywhere equal to that of France, of the sacrificial France which has borne for three years, almost alone for the first two, the brunt of Germania's assault of civilization—an assault formidable not only in its mere weight, but in the sinister cunning of its method and the evil foresight of its preparation.

WHERE I learned to know the group of which I am about to tell was on a small island of the Marne, near Paris, where they spent their Sundays and holidays, and where I, too, came to spend my Sundays and holidays during a two years' stay in France before the war. They were all small people, artisans and clerks, but tipped with the flame of beauty, and possessed of an admirable and gay wisdom when it came to arranging their lives. For instance, with their small salaries and earnings—salaries and earnings which would be viewed with contempt on this side of the pond—they managed to have this little house on a little island of the Marne for their week-ends, and on the coast of Brittany a big, abandoned farmhouse where they passed their two or three weeks' vacation in the summer. I went to the island of the Marne and to the farm in Brittany, and lived more happily than I ever did before or have done since; for they seemed to have discovered the secret—beauty in simplicity and abundance through measure.

They were crazy over sports—*les spores* they called them. On the island they had boats and shells; they rowed, paddled, swam, ran, jumped, swung on bars and parallels. But they had kept in all this the element of fun; they had not allowed *les spores* to become a sort of gloomy and desperate striving to beat the other fellow or Father Time, who at length beats us all. Also, they were not afraid to eat a little and to drink a little and to smoke a little. On the contrary, the preparation of the *déjeuner* was a pleasing rite. It was done outdoors, camping fashion, and a vague reminiscence of Fenimore Cooper tales made it a point of honor to use no paper to start the fire, but only shavings whittled with a knife from a carefully selected dead branch. There was, however, always some *hors-d'œuvre,* with a broil and a salad made inevitably delicious by the profound salad-making instinct of the race. The meal was always leisurely, ensparkled with bright wit, and with every bit of the food and the wit enjoyed to the limit. The small stone house—the *cou-cou* they called it—boasted of a diminutive cellar. Out of its cool darkness, on special occasions, a bottle would be drawn, to be uncorked reverently, and poured out ceremoniously into glasses, which presently would be raised in courteous toasts. The wine was a five-franc champagne, but it bubbled as no ambrosia ever bubbled; and, oh, the sweet, joyous simplicity of this little rite, performed under the trees, by the curving, smooth, green current, and, oh, the joyous simplicity, the gay *innocence,* with which this race, so very old and so very wise, has learned to live!

They were all socialists or gentle anarchists, and, of course, anti-militarists. War was a monstrosity, and hence—that

was the logic, you remember, long ago—impossible. When, having read that day some incredibly arrogant and violent articles in German newspapers, I asked one of them what the French proletariate would do in case of war with Germany, he answered, with the marked approval of the others:

"Why, if any one tried to force us into a war with Germany, we would walk to the frontier unarmed, put out our hands to the Germans, and say: 'Here we are. You see we are good fellows like you. We do not want to fight; you do not want to fight. Let 's shake hands.'"

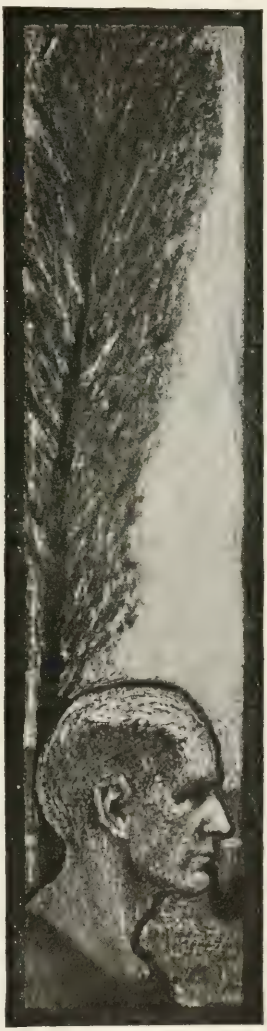
It is on such gentle living, happiness, and—innocence (innocence is the only word describing it) that the war fell with its iron teeth and its claws.

THE principal members of the group were Pierre Raymond, Charles Navarre, Théodore Rouffeau, and Paddy Halsey, called Paddy l'Anglais, or the Englishman.

Charles Navarre was the best athlete and the most reckless of the band, a swimmer, an oarsman, a gymnast, never content except at some trick where one's neck is forfeit, a lover of the sun, of the air, the rain, the wind, the out-of-doors, of the perfection of his body, and withal rather a gloomy Gus, subterraneously unhappy. He was what the French call *un inquiet*—an unquiet, a tormented one. He had a dark visage, with soft, brown eyes, a brooding countenance, which yet hid only treasures of kindness, of good will, honesty, and perfect courtesy. The ideal had touched him with its wing as it passed, leaving him at outs with the world as it is. Often I thought that the particular disadvantage with which he wrestled was of being miscast—in the wrong rôle and the wrong play. He loved horses and dogs; liked to play the savage with few clothes, making his own fire, facing nature with his own ingenuity. He would have made a perfect pioneer, I thought, in the United States, say, in the forties. But I don't know. He possessed other traits which might not have fitted there. For instance, at intervals so fatally regular that we awaited the coming of each one with a smile he fell in love. These were not trifling passions, either, even though temporary: each he took hard, emerging smoked and scorched. Also, he had been pricked by art. His education had been technical; he was a mechanical draftsman and he hated his education and his job, and painted secretly, without any hope, because he had begun too late. He had a fine way with children, a joyous and tender understanding of their small souls, but had, of course, none of his own. A complex and puzzling character on one side, but once you had him on sea or river, mountain or tree-top, simply a boy, a sunny boy and admirable companion.

Navarre and Pierre Raymond were close friends. They had met in Indo-China, whither both had elected to do their military service in the colonial army. Together with strong dissimilarities, there was a resemblance between them in that neither found himself quite at home on this planet. Unlike Navarre, who was dark, Raymond was fair. He was blue-eyed and slight, and dreamed where the other brooded. He was the only son of prudent bourgeois people, and had been raised in cotton, unfitted for the realities of life. He was tormented by a yearning of beauty and cursed with a double love—a love of music that had not allowed him to become a big painter, a love of

painting that had held him from being a big musician. He was a remarkable pianist, but it was his guitar and his voice we enjoyed most; often, up in Brittany, we followed processionally his tinkling instrument beneath the moon, along the cliffs to an old plateau haunted by druids, there to listen to his gay-sad songs of old France. A troubadour he would have been if born at the proper time. As it was, he had narrowly escaped making a mess of his life. Returning to France after his two years' soldiering (as band-master!) in the colonies, at the age of twenty-three, he was a slave of absinthe and opium. This, with his lack of any practical knowledge, with his pride, had sent him rolling fast toward the gutters of Paris. A woman had saved him.

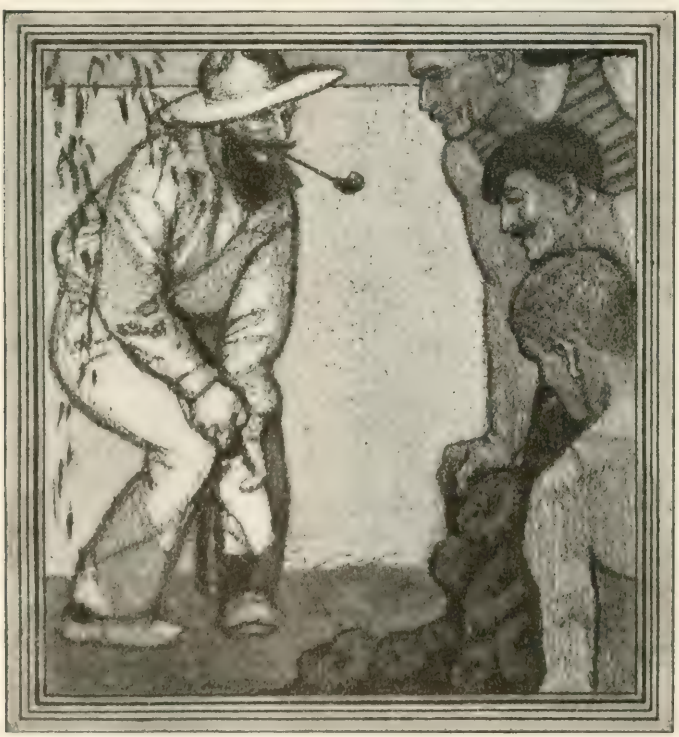


This writing was to be only about men, but I find that some men (all men, perhaps) are explainable only through woman, and I am impelled to place here a portrait of little Maria Raymond, the savior, a most difficult thing to do; for what is more difficult than the description of goodness? How to tell of Maria Raymond without falling into abysses of sentimentality? By being brief, I suppose. Well, to be brief, she is a miracle. Her infancy was passed in a foundling asylum, her childhood in the home of a humble peasant; she is as elegant and *chic* as a Parisian lady; she is electric with a rapid intuition which makes her mistress of all the arts and all the sciences; and she is good. Good, I mean, not in the conventional way, but good in a manner which cares not at all for the welfare of her own soul; good in a daring, delightful, imprudent, immoral fashion. She is a small dynamo of energetic goodness radiating its white-heat activity for the good of others and never pulling a long face (dynamos seldom do); a little self-sacrificer without ever a tear of self-pity or self-thought, but always with a gay humming at her heart and a joyous laugh in her throat and a bold flame in her eye.

Well, fate had brought her and Raymond together. She had picked up the slipping man and had set him on his feet. With vast patience she had stood by him as little by little he freed himself from the clutches of the two monsters which had hold of him; then she had found for him a place in society. She was a tapestry-worker; she made use of his ability to draw, of his artistic taste, and soon they were not only man and wife, but partners in an enterprise. He designed the tapestry designs which she executed. His life was solved.

And yet not quite. A restlessness, curiosities, still remained in him. He was a curious mixture: a realist when it came to seeing and describing the present world, one who saw all its evils uncompromisingly, who saw them black, a vociferating anarchist at times; he was a persistent and gentle idealist when it came to viewing the future. It was he who, speaking of the impossibility of future war, had said: "If they [the directing powers] tried to drive us into war, we would all go to the frontier unarmed, and put out our empty hands and say, 'See, we are good fellows just like you, and don't want to fight.'" His two years' military service he considered as an unjust servitude at the memory of which he still vibrated with indignation and insulted pride.

On one side Navarre was Raymond's closest friend, and on the other, Théodore Rouffeau. The latter and Raymond had once made a Homeric concert tour through the small towns of France. They had starved extravagantly on that tour. Raymond, the more sensitive by much, would threaten suicide. "Ah, *mon cochon,*" Théodore would cry, "you speak to me of suicide! As if the thing was n't arriving fast enough as it is!" And he would take Raymond out into the wheat-fields and force him to chew the raw grain. Raymond would beg off, would rebel, but the other would hold him to it. "Go on, now! Eat another ear! One more ear, or I brain you!" And thus he had jostled his comrade through the bad pass, and had brought him back to Paris —Paris and Maria. I suspect the little woman had then kept both men alive for a time. Despite this, Rouffeau was somewhat jealous of Maria in her friendship for Raymond. He was a short man, with small, roguish eyes, a bald head, and an immense beard, who delighted in clothing himself in bizarre fashion, played the clown constantly, and kept us all laughing, willy-nilly, with his enormous indecencies. He also was married, also to a miracle, a little lady from the faubourgs, the Paris slums, who had the soft voice, the poise, the gentle manner of a duchess, and he loved her exceedingly, and on that side also was just a bit jealous. Like the others, he was a social rebel, but in a different fashion. All he asked was to be let alone to live his happy, harmless, small life; monstrous interferences, like military service, were—monstrous, and war unthinkable. He had been to England when young, without a cent, and had swept the London streets behind its proud horses. Doing so, he had learned English, a queer cockney, Whitechapel English, which had served him later in obtaining his present situation as clerk salesman in a trunk-and-valise shop of the boulevards much frequented by English and Americans, and to the proprietor of which English was English, without any distinctions. There one could see Théodore Rouffeau, in the week-time, decorously frocked, his beard raked and lustrous. But on Sundays, at Nogent on the Marne, he wore old corduroys, a red-flannel shirt, a "coo-boy" hat, and his beard bristled to the four winds like that of the fairy-tale giant who nested birds in his.



This brings me down to Paddy Halsey, or Paddy l'Anglais, as they called him. He was a most amusing combination. He had the long head, the lantern-jaws, the straw-colored hair, the long teeth, and the pinched nose of the pure Anglo-Saxon; yet when he opened his mouth, it was to

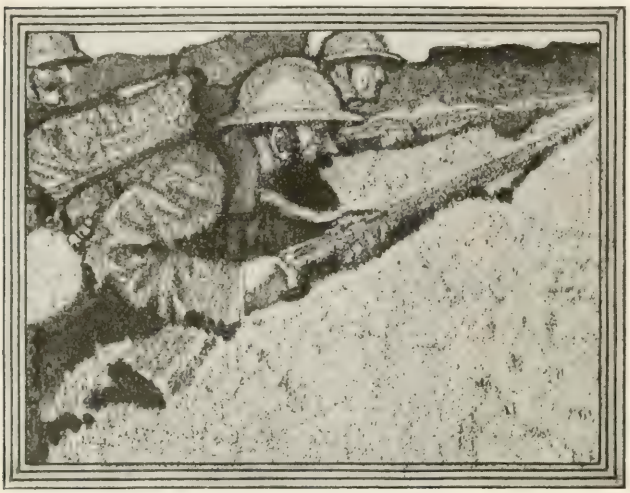
hurl the most startlingly Parisian French, a vigorous French, tinged with the argot of the faubourgs, and when one got him to speak English, he showed an inability to roll the delicately tongued English "r" which was the joy of at least one of us. It was a delight to steer him till he would have to say "railroad." "Wail-woad," he would pronounce it. But of his Frenchification he was altogether unaware, and he fought fiercely and steadfastly to remain the true Briton. He wore Bond Street clothes and went to the Episcopal Church. He had come to France when one month old. England had changed since then, but he clung to the England that had been when he was one month old, thinking it the only England, and, superbly ignorant of Lloyd-George and the income tax, was Tory, middle class, and eighteen-seventy. In that group of young French anarchists, with their audacity of thought and speech which attacked everything, he remained tranquilly what he was, no more affected than a block of granite. At the bottom he held the Anglo-Saxon contempt of the Latin. Said he to me once, speaking of French statesmen: "They are very clever, yes. But would n't it be far better were they a little less clever and more God-fearing?"

Besides these four, Raymond, Navarre, Rouffeau, and Paddy, there were others in the group who in some way range themselves a bit on one side. There was Paul, a blond giant from the north of France. He was a notary's clerk, but his parents had been peasants, and peasant he was in his money-tightness and a sort of reasoned selfishness just saved from being unpleasant by a strict sense of justice. Then there was Jean Bart, altogether another matter. He had a shock of black hair which fell over his eyes like a pony's forelock, and the eyes beneath were amused and roguish. He lived a roguish life, too. He was an artist, but too gaily skeptical to take his art seriously. Some time before, he had worked his way clean around the world, stoking, painting, doings of all things, and now, back at Créteil on the Marne, seemed to be there for good. He was a wonderful diver; if we dropped a knife, anything, in the river, we sent him after it. He could stay an unconscionable

time under water and come up breathing easy; also he had a weird facility with tipsy canoes and other acrobatic craft. He could let himself be upset in the most unbalanced of *périssoires,* and manage to right it, bail it, and get in again without touching land! He passed his time on the river in picturesque dishabille and looked like an idealized South Sea Islander. But this was not his only pastime.

If this paper is to have any value, it will be if it follows fact absolutely; so I am going to follow fact and go on and tell more of Jean Bart. Down the river a little ways from us a man named Guilleaume had a summer house—a man we did not like. We had taken a trip with him once, up the Marne to Meaux and beyond, before we knew him well and because he owned a four-oared barge we needed. He was fat and lazy and selfish;

on the entire trip he had not done one single thing for any one but himself; and furthermore, although at every stop, at every portage, at every dam, we



tumbled into the fresh, green current for a swim—this Guilleaume had not taken one swim or taken one bath. A loose-fibered fellow he was, disgusting to us. Well, he had—such perverse arrangements are frequent in this life—a pretty wife, and, I am sorry to say it, the roguish Jean Bart made love to her. He lived at the house of these two, seemingly much amused at the incongruity of the situation, at the hospitable stupidity of the fat husband, worrying little, assured of bed, board—*et le reste,* as the French say. We could not help rather siding with him and taking a certain discreet pleasure in what we guessed; but on the whole it is not a pretty story, not at all, and I am giving it out merely as a proof of my sincerity and my rigorous exactitude.

Also on the outside of the picture's focus was another man who came rowing down-stream now and then and visited us. He was Charles Navarre's brother-in-law, and Charles Navarre hated him. He hated him for his beard, for his bourgeois prudence, for his small wisdom, for his heaviness, his contented materialism—for everything. As for us, we found him a rather heavy man, but a harmless, good fellow, all in all, to be forgiven for his lack of brilliancy, since he was not, after all, of our own coruscating generation, but of that which preceded us drably. He was well in the forties; he was unathletic; he was an old fogy.

Thus was the group as I knew it before the war. I am going to tell now just exactly what has happened to it during the war as an example of what any one in the group may have to expect.

WHEN the war broke out, Navarre, Raymond, and Rouffeau were called out the first day. Paddy, being an Englishman, was liable to no call, and Paul, gigantic Appollo that he was, had never served on account of some fancied defect of his eyes. But Paddy, without saying a word, immediately enlisted in the Foreign Legion; and Paul, after several weeks of misery and indecision, tortured with self-contempt at finding himself idle while all his comrades were in peril, volunteered in the artillery.

THE first ones to be struck were, strangely enough, Jean Bart, the rogue with the pony forelock, and Guilleaume, the husband whom he was despoiling in so gay a manner. The latter, as I have already hinted, did not have our respect, our friendship, or our sympathy. We had found him fat, lazy, selfish, vulgar, of the earth earthy. So the news of his death came as a strange shock, and the irony of the fate which had made of that flabby character our group's first sacrificial hero as something that twisted deep at all of us. He had been killed in the first big battle, at Charleroi. For days I had before me a clear picture of his death. How much he must have suffered! From his life of ease he had suddenly been thrown into a uniform and hard boots; a sixty-pound pack had been placed upon his back, and then he had

marched, marched, marched, under broiling suns, in parching dust, and also under the stars, for thus the soldiers of France had had to march to meet the treacherous attack coming through Belgium after they had massed on Alsace. Then had come the battle—to him so unfit for all battles. In my vision I saw him running, running—running in an extremity of terror. I saw him throw himself down into a ditch and grovel there, all huddled as small as possible, his eyes closed. And I saw the deep, gray waves passing over him, bawling Teuton after bawling Teuton sticking a bayonet into him in passing. I could hear his first terrible scream, less of pain than of despair, as the first pointed thing searched his squirming vitals. Maybe, with a supreme effort he had sprung outside and had knelt in supplication, in grotesque supplication, on the side of the ditch. Or perhaps—

Or perhaps—who knows? I have seen so many wondrous transformations in the fusing heat of this catastrophe, perhaps there had come to this soft man at the last a flame of courage. Perhaps this soft man rose up straight at the end, and died standing, in nobility.

Anyway, while he was dying, his rival—how ridiculous the word in the circumstance!—was being made prisoner. And prisoner he still is somewhere in dark Germany, resigned, I 'll wager, smiling, and philosophical, his roguish wit undaunted. But, I often ask myself, what will happen when he returns? The young woman he loved, a young widow now, is there in Paris. Will they meet when he returns, and what will the meeting be? Is he still in her eyes the handsome chevalier; or, in her imagination, is it the other one who now towers a hero, transformed, all his earthly blemishes gone, and is it the lover who has become the contemptible one, whom she sees ever with both hands stuck up in the air? Or even if such an upsetting has not taken place in her mind, and they do meet and they do love, will not that one who died at Charleroi forever hover about and between them, poisoning their love, poisoning their life?

Paddy, the Englishman, as I have said, had enlisted in the Foreign Legion. He was sent to Toulouse to train with other recruits, and in six weeks was sent to the front. It was after the Battle of the

Marne, when France, out of guns, out of munitions, poor in men, was forming that line clear to the sea which stands to this day, and was doing it by sending everything up there, pell-mell and desperately, just in time to hold Germany's second tremendous effort on the Yser, after the fall of Antwerp. Material was wanting; the deficiency had to be made up by sacrificing men. It was the beginning of underground warfare; the trenches were

shallow and insufficient, the winter cold and wet, the troops poorly provisioned and clothed; a terrible time in which, still more than in the Battle of the Marne, still more than at Verdun, France displayed its heroism. Paddy had a hard time of it. The Foreign Legion is hardly a bed of roses. Many of his associates were *Apaches* or men of doubtful past; his officers were old professionals, used to such soldiers, with little time to think or to make subtle distinctions between idealistic volunteers and their old hard men, who could be handled only through a brutal discipline. Paddy suffered in body, but especially in his sense of dignity and justice. And then he was wounded. It was a very little wound, hardly a scratch, made by a shrapnel-ball that had lost its force. But Paddy refused to treat it as a wound; and one morning the pale dawn after a sleepless night revealed his arm swollen to the arm-pit. He was taken to one of those terrible hospitals of the first months of the war, where anesthetics, bandages, all the essentials, were lacking, where operations were sometimes performed with tools hastily dragged from an automobile tool-box. There they amputated the middle finger of his right hand. But the infection spread, and he nearly died.

Well, he did not die. He is now alive, and alive with a life, you may believe, a thousand times more precious than if he had not come so near losing it, than it would be if for weeks it had not taken the form of feverish torture. He had been *réformé*. He is back where he started, a civilian; back where he started, but minus a finger. And yet you would not say he had lost out in the experience. Not if you could see the grave happiness in his eyes, that weight of satisfaction you can divine in him, the consciousness, of which he can never be robbed, of having risked and suffered for an idea, of having given of himself for the sake of something not himself.

As for Charles Navarre, our prize athlete and gymnast, some six months before the war he seemed to have found his place in society. He had become a "monitor" at the Rheims College of Athletes. This was an institution endowed by a rich marquis for the physical regeneration of France. For France at that time thought itself physically degenerate and morally decadent. She was persuaded this was the case, for had not the whole world said it to her to her face in a perseverant reiteration lasting some forty years, ever since eighteen-seventy? The world was talking through its hat; it had been influenced by the cunning, patient, and sinister campaign of Germany, by the hypocrite, scandalized, and pinched exclamations of Tory England—the England of Salisbury and the Boer War, the England which then deucedly resembled the Prussia it is now fighting, the England, gone now, gone for good a decade before this war, the England gone forever, we hope. As a matter of fact, France's exquisite civilization had not hurt her at all. Civilization does not hurt; it is only returns to barbarism such as the famed Teutonic *Kultur* which hurt. France, despite its art, the gentleness of its civilization, was still iron at the core, as the bawling Teutons have discovered to their cost, as the shocked Englishmen have discovered to their rescue. But France before the war thought itself in the abyss, and the Rheims College of Athletes was one of the efforts made to derrick her out of the abyss. There Navarre had found his vocation, which, as he put it to me in a letter, was to "construct men." He had always shown love and gentleness toward children and a marvelous understanding of them. He now specialized upon building up children—building them up into fine men and women. The ideals at the college were those of ancient Greece—sun, freedom of limb, beauty of line. We would see him once in a while on his vacation, and he looked like a browned god.

Well, when the war broke out, Navarre had a broken arm in a sling, something gained him in one of his crazy gymnastic feats; and so fate withdrew him from the frightful mêlée of the first days, when

France, enthusiastic, tumultuous, and unprepared, was shattering itself against the granite of Teutonic system, and falling like an innocent into the traps long set for it with evil meditation. When he had recovered, he was put into the quartermaster's department, again out of danger for some time. This did not suit him a bit, though, and within a month he had rejoined a battery of seventy-fives at the front. The artillery, it is popularly supposed, suffers little in this war. This is largely true of the heavy; when it comes to the seventy-fives, they are kept close to the actual fracas and used somewhat as machine-guns. Besides, there is in every battery one dangerous post; it is that of *officier de liaison,* the man who keeps the artillery in close communication with the infantry. He who has that work must be ceaselessly on the go between the cannon and the troops. Over ground savagely beaten, straight through tornado and tornado of infernal fire, he must wend his way with the message that may mean the poor trench soldier's life, which may mean the turning of the battle. Well, Navarre volunteered to be one of these men, and one of them he was for two years in the worst sectors, through the great Champagne drive, the attack on Verdun, and the Somme offensive.

I saw him once during that time. It was after the Champagne drive, and he was on a four days' furlough. He wired to me, and I met him in Paris, and went out to Créteil, the little island on the Marne. It was a beautiful summer day, and we passed every hour of it doing just the things we had been wont to do in the happy days of peace. We launched some of the skiffs,—they lay unvarnished and cracking on the horses beneath the shed, just as they had been put away the Sunday before war's thunderbolt,—we rowed, we swam, we threw the shot, we jumped, we vied in friendly rivalry. But how changed the relation between us! In the old days, to all these young fellows, I had been haloed a bit by my far origin in a strange, far country; I had enjoyed a rather meretricious repute as a "sportsman *émerité*" from the land of *"les sports;"* they had looked up to me because of those few shreds of technical athletic skill (the crawl stroke, the ability to catch a ball, and to bat it, etc.), which I brought to them from that region of the world where surely the corporal games have been taken most seriously and studied most scientifically. But now—why, I trotted alongside of him like a child alongside a god! Literally, he seemed seven feet tall to me, and I about seven inches. He was taciturn, as are all those who return from the trenches, bearing, as they do, secrets not fit for the living, but only for the dead and those, like them, consecrated to death. It was a gentle silence; his brown eyes shone softly; yet there was a somberness about it all, a velvety somberness. Lord! how small I was, how insignificant I felt, and what a passionate envy possessed me! I could swim my perfected crawl against him all I wished; nothing would ever restore again my fled superiority. For he had developed a soul since last I had seen him; his soul was fifty thousand times the size of mine; and I would never be able to catch up.

At the present time, I am happy to say, he has been transferred to a post where for the moment he is out of danger. On the day he passed with me in Créteil he deceived me in two particulars. First of all, all that day he carried in his pocket—not on his chest, but in his pocket —the *croix de guerre* just given him for extraordinary valor. I learned of it only when I saw the citation in the newspapers, and when I taxed him later with his lack of frankness, he said: "For an artillery-man to have the *croix de guerre,* that 's a *blague,* a bad joke. No artillery-man should have the medal till every one of those poor devils of infantrymen has his." And he has persevered in his refusal to wear this emblem so greatly prized. He deceived me again by failing to announce his impending marriage, to which I was called by telephone the next day. His wandering, but always violent, affections had found the final harbor for which so strenuously and so blindly they

had sought so long; he was marrying a charming, gifted, and very intelligent young woman, a school-teacher and also an athlete, since she danced the recreated Greek dances most beautifully. Since that he has become the father of a little girl, and has been transferred out of the first lines. France, in its great struggle, has now called upon its eighteen-year-old boys; but before sending them to the front, it is doing everything to make them fit for that hard life. And Navarre has been chosen as one of the men who develop those boyish bodies through careful and graduated physical exercises, something at which he had become an expert at Rheims and for which, with his patience, his love of the young, his passion for corporeal beauty, he is eminently fit. May he stay there to the end!

As can be seen, this, the daredevil of the group, has so far come through unscathed. So has its clown, Rouffeau, had the same good fortune. Held in a reserve corps till after the Battle of the Marne, after that, as infantryman, he fought the first winter of the trenches. I saw him after this first winter; he had not changed a bit. No patriotic fervor from him, no sacrificial flame. War was still to him a supreme idiocy, his officers were imbeciles, and very proudly he repeated his old slogan. "As for me, as things are in this country, I 'd just as leave be German as French," something which by this time was such a blasphemy it should have made all who heard him shudder. But they did n't. For in him the blackest saying rang with a resonant gaiety that captivated every one. He had had a hard time of it, for six months in a trench in water to the knees, in an infamous sea of mud. Of this he gave us a most naturalistic narrative and description, one, I suppose, which really was war as war is. Only we did not want to know of war as war is. At that juncture, for the sake of France, for the sake of all civilization, it was absolutely necessary that every one should deceive himself a bit as to what war is. I came out of the meeting with Rouffeau in absolute consternation.

"If things are like that, or if there are many men like that," I said, "then France is truly gone."

My companion, a Russian, walked along beside me silent a moment, then said:

"You don't understand the French. That is all talk, this stuff of Rouffeau. The French are supercritical, they keep the independence of their minds; but also, when they act, they are usually moved by the profound instincts of the race, even though their minds stand off and criticize. Now, to Rouffeau, this war is a supreme idiocy. He had no sentiment or faith in future existence. To him the only life is this present life on earth, and he wants to hold on to it. He wants to live. Not only for himself, understand, but for his wife and especially for his little baby girl. So he is beside himself with rage and disgust at seeing this life, the only thing he owns, placed in jeopardy by what he thinks are merely the intrigues of wilful higher-ups who themselves hold their skins out of it. But listen well to his description of the fighting, and you 'll notice one thing. That he is fighting just like the rest, just as well as the rest, with a sort of gay courage, in fact, that many others may lack. When the battle is on, you see, he is French; he is a part of France, and no longer Rouffeau, with the mind that pierces both shams and respectable illusions. Well, in Rouffeau you have the average Frenchman, and the reason why the Frenchman is so little understood, and the reason for that costly mistake of our German friends, who, with all their spying, their card-indexes, have gone so monumentally wrong in their prognosis in calculating they could push into the heart of France as though through butter."

I thought for a moment, and saw that indeed he was right. Rouffeau, with all his criticism of the quartermaster's department, of the generals, the colonel, and every one else, even while accusing his lieutenant of wearing a black cloak at night and his sergeant of yelling from behind a tree, "Forward, you cowards! Forward!" in a description of a charge, would say:

"Well, we run forward a few steps, bend low, then throw ourselves down on our bellies, nose in the mud; then up again a few steps, and down again. *'Tat-tat-tat-tat,'* the machine-guns go, and *nom de Dieu,* how we hug the ground! We nearly enter it. Then up again a few steps; and that 's all. It is n't a bit more interesting than that." And of the trenches: "You know, those Germans they are much better soldiers than we are. Yes, they are. But they have one dirty habit: often they bury their dead right in their trench. We got in a German trench one day. We 'd sniff and sniff; it was terrible. Then one of us scratched the mud, and a foot showed. 'Ah, the pig!' we cried. 'There he is, the pig,' and tried to cover him up deeper. But soon we saw there were others; the whole bottom of the trench, the walls, were stuffed with half-covered dead." You hated him for his picture, which spoiled the war for you; but certainly in nothing that he said was there the slightest sign that he was not doing his part. He betrayed himself despite himself.

Well, he went back to the front after his four days' leave, and a few weeks later he was back, pleased as Punch. He had been transferred to the artillery; he was being trained as a chauffeur of tractors used to draw the big pieces into position. His whole attitude was changed; he was *enchanté.* He was learning something new, something useful. After the war, he assured us, he was going to run a taxi-cab. He could already take his machine apart; he loved it. To drive a machine, he explained, that was far different from sticking in a trench (he said it as though he were to drive his cannon-tractor up and down the rue Rivoli). And then, he added in lower tone to me, "That way one doesn't kill any poor devils like one's self." He confided further that in all the time he had served in the infantry he had always tried to shoot so as not to hurt any one.

"I was n't going to be bothered the rest of my life with a recollection like that," he concluded.

During his entire stay, this time, he was the harlequin of old days. Every one who could went to the station to see him off for his second going, and he left in a tempest of laughter.

Well he is still laughing and intact, though he has been in the Somme offensive and at Verdun.

Paul, too, has so far come through unscathed. As has been said, he volunteered a few weeks after the start of the war. He trained a few weeks longer, in the light artillery, and has been at the front ever since, though I have been able to keep less close watch of him than of the others, for, since going, he has been acting upon a singular theory.

"Since one is liable to pass almost any instant," he announced, "what is the use of bothering one's friends? I 'm going to write to no one, and expect no one to write to me." And so he has done.

This is of a piece with the conduct of another friend of mine, Mirande, the caricaturist. Here was one who hated war and all violence, noise, and brutality. Yet when, the war having come, he was placed in a territorial regiment which was seeing no active service, he asked to be sent to the front, and has been at Verdun ever since. And when the system of furloughs was instituted, allowing each man to spend four days with his family about every four months, he refused his leave and stayed where he was. "No," he wrote, "since the life we live is one of brutes, and since I have become used to it, I 'm going to stay brute till the end of the war." He also has come through without a scratch so far and, incidentally, has rid himself of an old and stubborn dyspepsia.

I now come to the case of Raymond, the most interesting case, perhaps, of the lot. Before the war he was a pale intellectual, a fervent idealist, hater of war and all ferocities, touched by the love of beauty just enough to make the ordinary pursuits of our civilization a bore and an abomination to him, one who had come very near sinking altogether in the abyss and who, rescued by the wise tenderness

of a woman, had yet not quite found his right place in life. When very young he had served in the colonial infantry. When the mobilization was declared, he was still attached to that corps, and he was sent to the rear as *caporal-fourier,* a sort of half-clerkish position, in which he had charge of equipping the soldiers who in a constant stream were being sent to the regiment at the front to fill its losses. Of the entire little group he seemed the safest, ensconced in a forgotten corner. All those who knew him, who knew his anti-military views and his hatred of servitude, congratulated him.

But he was undergoing a moral transformation. The first I knew of it was through his wife. She had sent him, as all the wives of France, and the mothers and sisters were doing, a package of woolens, tobacco, chocolate, and small dainties to supplement the rigorous soldier's fare. He returned them all to her.

"Send them to my comrades at the front," he wrote. "I 'd be ashamed, I, at my shamefully soft post, to be thus coddling myself while my old friends are risking their lives."

A few months after this he was home on a four days' leave. I found him much tormented with his inactivity—not his inactivity, but his removal from peril and hardship, while so many were in danger and living hard. He was thinking of asking to be sent to the front. He asked for my opinion. I countered him with a question.

"Are you useful where you are?"

He answered on his *parole d'honneur* that he was. He was working eighteen hours a day; he had found the office in great disorder, and had reorganized it. There was no doubt he was useful; but still, but still—*voilà,* his life was not in danger, and all the lives of all his comrades were. I said:

"If you are useful, stay where you are. Leave it to your superiors to decide where you serve best."

I could see that this heartened him. But not for long. On his next leave I discovered in him the same state of mind as on his first coming, but intensified. He despised himself. It was really a piteous struggle he was going through. On one side a meticulous conscience was keeping him in contempt of himself, on the other hand, he feared. He owned sensitive nerves, a high-strung nature raw to all impacts of pain, of violence, of noise, even. Add to this a vivid imagination, one that pictured exactly to him the terror and the horrors of the front, or which even magnified them terrifically. Again I tried to calm his scruples by declaring that in such a gigantic thing as this war every one could not fight, that some must stay behind, more useful there than holding a gun.

"I think all that, too," he said, "but all the same"—He turned a wan smile on me. "When I am all through telling myself all this, my soul yells. 'Sophistry!' it yells."

Well, he went away again, still in torment, and then in a few days came the news. He had volunteered to go to the front. And he had done so in the worst possible conditions. The high command was forming in the colonial arms at the time thirty regiments of shock. They were to be composed half of Senegalese negroes, half of the most desperately reckless white men, and were to be thrown into any breach opened by a regular drive, to pass clear through or be annihilated. Raymond had volunteered to go as sergeant in one of these regiments. In any regiment the position of sergeant, as well as lieutenant, is an unhealthy one, for when a section leaves the trench for a charge, it is etiquette that its sergeant be the first one out. In this particular body of troops, though, it was a sort of glorified suicide.

They gave him a new leave just before the departure of the force, a favor which had the character of those small kindnesses yielded on the last day to one about to be hanged. But he came looking not as one condemned, but as one for whom life had opened. He wore a new horizon-blue uniform, with a sergeant's chevrons,

in which he looked very handsome. He was still the finely gentle, sensitive personality we had known; but he was happy, full of a cool tranquillity he had never known before.

Well, he departed. Luck was still with him, though. At the front his talents for accurate observation were discovered, allied to his craftsman's skill at drawing, and he was transferred to the colonel's staff. He went through the big Champagne offensive prodigal of himself, carrying orders under streams of fire, spending terrible nights in shell-holes. Twice he came back on leave, and the first time he was a second lieutenant, and the second time he was a first lieutenant. Again he was transferred, this time to the aëronautic department, his duty being to rise in captive balloons to observe. Just lately he has been wounded. I have the letter of his little wife before me. A fragment of shell went clean through his right thigh, embedding itself in the left. He was up in

a balloon at the time. Feeling his consciousness slipping, with the last of his strength he gathered the sketches he had been making through the day, let loose the parachute, and descended to earth, reaching it virtually a dead man. But he is recovering. Here is a part of the letter:

"You know, he was very, very badly touched." The French, moved by a sort of vast spiritual modesty, never refer to themselves as wounded, but merely as *touché*,—touched or tipped,—no matter what the terrible nature of the hurt. "The piece of shell went right through the right thigh and into the left. By a providential hazard, the bone was not touched, so that he will be able to walk as before, once he is cured. But he lost a terrible amount of blood,—a few drops more would have done for him, the surgeon says,—and the infection resulting from the pieces of uniform carried into the wound was one which gave way only after a long, desperate fight. He is so weak and wan now, my Chauquette! And so vexed at having been wounded; at having been wounded so foolishly, that is what he calls it! He was just on the point of being made a captain, and this will retard his promotion; that is all he sees to the things. But I can tell that away inside of him he is deliriously happy, deliriously happy to have been so useful, to have found himself so courageous. And I am, too, though I weep a little sometimes when I see him so weak and so pale, so like a little child."

I now come to the last man of the group, one not quite of it, yet on the outskirts of it, and this ends my enumeration as it began, an irony—the old irony of the Fates. You remember my speaking of that man, a brother-in-law of Navarre, an elderly, heavy man with a beard, living a small and sheltered and prudent life, a character as far removed from heroics as a flat, distended old slipper is from the boots of a musketeer. Well, on that day when Navarre was on leave, and we had gone to the small island on the Marne to live over again the old days, this man appeared as we lunched under the trees. There was a considerable company, Navarre's three sisters being there with the girl who was to become his wife the next day, and also the wives of Raymond and Rouffeau; and there was a deal of gentle gaiety. When he suddenly appeared, somehow he threw a subtle somberness on the scene. He was in a sergeant's uniform, and we knew that since the beginning of the war he had been stationed in an interior town far from the battle-line, drilling recruits. He sat with us some time, chatted in his usual manner, a little heavy, but kindly, then finally rose, shook hands with all of us, and said good-by. And it was only after he had been gone some time that I suddenly realized where he was going. He had been ordered to the front.

Well, he reached the front, and just as he reached the front, his regiment was ordered into the first-line trenches. And as he came into the first-line trench a bullet—a cunning sharp-shooter's bullet or a wild-spent bullet—struck him in the shoulder, twisted in its course, and touched the spine. Within an hour he was dead. It had taken just that long to transmute this burly, ordinary man into one of France's million sacrificial heroes.

And that is all. I shall not draw conclusions. The reader, however, can make the calculations of risks and perils, and see something else besides, perhaps.

# With Our Boys in France

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

Author of "Paris Reborn," "The New Map of Europe," etc.

The illustrations for this paper were specially taken by Captain W. C. Sherman, U.S.A., aide-de-camp to General Sibert, and by the Y.M.C.A.

Dr. Gibbons, who has long lived in Europe and has written of the Great War from many angles, at the instance of the French authorities has been lecturing recently to the people of France on the resources and promised aid of America. Since the arrival of the American expeditionary forces he has been given the interesting task of interpreting to them the spirit of France.—THE EDITOR.

ONE of the men who sat at the table told me that when British and American naval officers were discussing the advisability of giving out to the public the news of the arrival of American destroyers in European waters, a message was brought in which put an end to their perplexity. The telegram stated that the names of the American ships, with their tonnage, had been published the day before in the Berlin press. More than once have high American officials confided to me, "in strict secrecy, mind you," information that I had already acquired from reading the "Journal de Genève" or the "Zürcher Post," bought at a Paris kiosk. American correspondents are enjoined not to mention ports on the west coast of France outside of which submarines love to hang around until they are spotted and chased. A certain river valley, and certain other places in certain other parts of France from east to west, must not be named. Since it is difficult to know where to draw the line, one has no disposition to quarrel with the policy of anonymity. Best be on the safe side.

Inhabitants of the nameless port, and some Americans in France, knew *where* the landing was to take place. The reception of the first contingent has already been described in THE CENTURY by one who crossed with them. It gained in volume and enthusiasm during the first

weeks. Every American in Paris, from the man with his own automobile to the ambulance-driver on furlough, who joyously stood all night in the corridor of a third-class carriage, made the pilgrimage to the port. Hosts of *mercantis,* dreaming of a fortune in a fortnight from selling to the American soldiers, directed their booths and stocks thither.[1]

Helen (Mrs. Gibbons) and I were traveling in Brittany. In company with M. Robert Chauvelot, of the ministry of foreign affairs, I had been lecturing every night. I was telling the audiences, which included civilians as well as soldiers, how America was coming to help France save the world, and that our intervention would be felt upon the battle-front just as soon as it was humanly possible. M. Chauvelot followed with wonderful slides of photographs that he had taken in the United States, Alaska, and the Philippines, in order to give an irrefutable proof of the resources and power of France's new ally. When we heard the news of the coming of the first convoy there was luckily a free day on our schedule.

*"Cher ami,"* said Chauvelot, "why should n't we go to see those compatriots of yours? In your lecture you could bring down the house by declaring, 'Yesterday, at the nameless port, I saw—' and so on. After that only one word would have to be changed. Your eye-witness testimony would still have great force when you said 'two days ago,' 'a week ago,' 'a month ago.' And then I would flash upon the screen the photographs I take to-morrow."

Helen, who has seen every other kind of soldier in the last three years but those of her native land, was most enthusiastic. We called for the waiter to bring a time-table and hurry up the rest of the lunch. Two hours later, having changed at a small junction, we squeezed into a train from Paris, full of American pilgrims.

The nameless port reminded me of Havre in September, 1914, when the reinforcements of the immortal Eighty Thousand took possession, and of Alexandria, when the Australians were on their way to Gallipoli. We have more than the khaki uniform in common with our Anglo-Saxon brothers. In making ourselves at home the moment we set foot upon foreign soil, we are like Britishers and colonials. The English language must be spoken, and money must be spent. The second stipulation makes acceptable the first, and the "foreigners" with whom we come in contact are not offended when we think that by raising our voices we make them understand. For our money they overlook our manners. From the moment we left the railway station we were in the midst of noisy, jolly groups of boys in wide-brimmed hats, gesticulating and laughing, and buying whatever there was to offer. At the end of the street loomed up a gray transport, made fast to the wharf, and beyond, in the basin, other transports. Most of the shops along the street bore signs in English, and every corner was encumbered with hastily constructed booths. The Stars and Stripes floated everywhere.

Several miles from the nameless port, on a high plateau, we found the American camp. It looked like an exposition on the opening day, or, better still, thanks to the hats, a mining-camp in the first weeks of the rush. The streets were still strips of field, and the barracks lining them were not yet finished. One smelt freshly cut boards and tar. The steady *tap-tap-tap* of hammers was not drowned by the medley of sharp commands, oaths, laughter, and song. Chauvelot expressed his enthusiasm at witnessing what he called "the glorious turning-point of the war." Helen said, "This is home—home, I tell you!" Always curious about the other fellow's point of view, I wished that I could read the minds of the German prisoners working on the barracks and of the French soldiers bossing and guarding them.

Five o'clock was supper-hour. We sat on the ground with a group of officers, and ate roast-beef sandwiches washed

[1] To prevent the nameless port from becoming a boom-city, the authorities were compelled, in July, to put it in the *zone des armées,* and forbid visitors to go there without special military permit.

PRACTISING TRENCH-DIGGING

down by army coffee. This was almost as much of a novelty for Helen and me as for Chauvelot. Most delightful of all was the privilege of eating white bread again. We could hardly believe our eyes when we saw it. White bread! Did it still exist in the world? What marvelous people the Americans are! Chauvelot wrapped up a slice of it in his handkerchief, and tucked it carefully away in an inner pocket.

"Unless we show it to our audiences, they won't believe us," he said to the officers, who were regarding him with wonder and amusement. "Do not laugh. This bread means victory to us. We still have soldiers to confront the Germans; but white bread! God bless America!"

While we were smoking cigarettes of tobacco that I had not seen since college days the Y. M. C. A. secretary rose to his feet. There always is a Y. M. C. A. secretary in a camp, and he spots the visitor quickly. With a genial hand-shake and a smile that means business, he tells you that you are "just the man he had been looking for." Your duty is put before you in such a way that you have to see it.

"I must go to arrange the meeting," said the secretary. "I may not be able to come back to get you, but you can't fail to find the way. The band starts at six-thirty. You will hear it. Just follow the noise."

Oh, that band! Letters from men in the first contingent, and articles by writers who accompanied them or who followed them, give Americans at home the impressions of Americans upon arriving in France; but we were Americans here from the beginning of the war who had been longing for three interminable years to see our boys in France. From April 4, 1917, to June 24, 1917, we lived in a dream-land; but when the band over there started to play "The Marseillaise," we knew that our dream had come true. We rose to our feet. Helen took one hand, and Chauvelot's fingers gripped the other.

Before we reached the Y. M. C. A. the band broke into "There 'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," which helped us to appear before the boys as we really felt. The tears of those who had been waiting would not have been understood by those who had just come.

The Y. M. C. A. hall could be entered where one chose, for only the floor and part of the roof were finished. To many hundreds who were not sure about the speakers, the open sides afforded the op-

portunity to wait and see, and then slip away if they did not like what was being said. Piles of boards enabled a few to have grand-stand seats. Those who had elected to see the meeting through were standing in groups about the band. They sat on the floor with a thud when the Y. M. C. A. secretary clapped his hands and yelled:

"Boys, we have a Frenchman and an American to-night. The Frenchman will give you the first greeting."

That was all, but it was too much for my friend Chauvelot. The boys shouted, "Vive la France!" Chauvelot realized what was expected of him and protested.

"I don't know English well enough," he said.

"Sorry, but you have got to speak," I answered. "Turn about makes fair play. I talk every night in your language. You are in the U. S. A. here, and it is up to you."

M. Chauvelot, more modest than truthful, made himself understood without difficulty when he realized that there was no way out. He had the inspiration of a thousand faces looking up at him with sympathy and eagerness to understand. He told them what he thought, what his fellow-countrymen thought, of the American boys who had risked the submarines and were willing to give their lives to drive the Germans out of France. When he finished, he was greeted with cries of: "Bully for you, Mr. Frenchman!" and, "We 're in this with you to the finish."

After I had spoken, they called insistently for Helen. She asked the band for the latest two-step at home, and found dividing dances with claimants a harder task than speaking.

Although the Y. M. C. A., through lack of labor and lumber, did not have its building finished, it was none the less ready for the first contingent. In the heart of the camp a circus-tent sheltered the Y. M. C. A. canteen, and long tables containing magazines and newspapers from everywhere. Soft drinks and cake and cigarettes were on sale. Writing-paper and books from the circulating library were being handed out. Placards taught the mysteries of French coinage, recommended language-manuals, admonished against the sin of swearing, and urged writing to-day to mother.

The principal attraction of the hour before bedtime was the French lesson. We were told that the typical foot-ball player

HOW A TRENCH IS DUG UNDER FIRE

on a platform in the center of the tent was continuing a course of instruction begun on the voyage over. What he had done for Spanish on the Mexican frontier last year he was now doing for French, making it a popular study and getting his pupils to speak out from the very start. Speak out? Well, if you had been within a mile of them, you would have known that they were speaking out.

"DUG IN"

The teacher had a blackboard, a piece of chalk, a pair of arms, and a voice that never flagged. On the blackboard he wrote the sentence to be learned, translated it literally word for word, and then as a whole. Next he pronounced each word. He shook his fist toward the class, and they gave him back his word with a will. Now he was ready for the sentence in French. For this both arms were needed, and the sentence became a college yell. I find I have to illustrate to explain.

"Here, fellows, we have *Je ne le comprends pas*—I not it understand step. All French negatives are formed of *ne* before and *pas* after the verb. I have told you that a hundred times, but I want you to get it right down to the very bottom of your think-boxes. The *pas* is for emphasis. You see, the French make no mistake about it when they say 'No.' The Germans are on to that little trick of the French, are n't they, fellows? Now every one of you men get into this. *Je* [echo] *ne* [echo] *le* [echo] *com-* [echo] *prends* [echo]—*comprends* [growing thunder] *pas* [the lightning strikes]. All together, boys, after me, just like this! Let me say it first, and then watch my arms and try to catch the meaning:

*Je ne le comprends pas,*
*Je ne le comprends pas,*
*Je ne le, je ne le,*
*Comprends pas,*
*comprends pas,*
*Je ne le comprends pas,*
*Pas, pas, pas,*
*pas, pas.*

That means in good American, 'I don't get you,' but if you say it like that they 'll get you all right. Here 's another."

Swiftly the cheer-leader wrote on the blackboard, *Il n'y a pas de quoi.*

"This is a hard one, boys—hard not only because its literal translation does n't make sense, but hard because you won't feel inclined to say it as often as you ought to. When a person thanks you for anything, you are apt to answer with a grunt. But put right into your heads beside this sentence the fact that the French are a very polite people. When some one thanks you or asks your pardon, if you don't say, *'Il n'y a pas de quoi,'* they 'll think you are rude, and forget that you have done something nice to be thanked for, or that they have done something to you that made them ask your pardon. *Il n'y a pas de quoi* is just as important as calling every one *Monsieur* or *Madame.* Unless a girl is very young, *Madame* is safer than *Mademoiselle,* just as I told you *mon Colonel* is safer than *mon Capitaine* if you can't see the stripes. This sentence means,—I won't translate it literally, because you would n't see a bit of sense in it,—it means strung out altogether,

'That 's all right, or 'Don't mention it.' Now, boys, let 's have it:

*Il n'y a pas de quoi,*
*Il n'y a pas de quoi,*
*Il n'y a pas, il n'y a pas,*
*Il n'y a pas de quoi,*
*De quoi, de quoi, de quoi."*

When the thunder of it subsided, Chauvelot said to me in a tense voice:

"Now I 'm sure you mean business; I 'm sure. Send us enough of these boys, and the Germans are finished."

A week after landing eight hundred lucky soldiers left the nameless port. They had the honor not only of being the first to start for "the front," but also to celebrate our first Fourth of July as belligerents in the capital of France. The uncertainty of the time of arrival of a troop-train and the early morning hour did not deter the Parisians from giving our boys a welcome that lasted in warmth and volume all the way from the Gare d'Austerlitz to the Caserne de Reuilly. The eight hundred were not aware, possibly they are not yet aware, of the beautiful symbolism of going into quarters in the Caserne de Reuilly. At Reuilly the Americans who volunteered for France in August, 1914, put on the uniform of the Foreign Legion. The present has its rich, full meaning only when we link it with the past. To Americans in France the Fourth of July of 1917 was the *third,* not the *first;* for while our boys have only just now come under the American flag, many hundreds of them, like Lafayette and his friends in our war, have been in France's war from the very beginning. Since the Germans invaded Belgium and France not a passenger-ship, not a Canadian transport, has crossed the Atlantic without bringing Americans to give their lives for the common cause. The eight hundred lodged at Reuilly, vanguard of the American army in Europe, were following a path that already had been blazed, and when they reach the battle-fields of France, they will be on ground already made holy by American blood. As I write these lines I think of a little news item in this morning's Paris "Herald." The head-line tells the story: "TWELVE AMERICANS LEFT IN THE FOREIGN LEGION."

ENTRAINING SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

Paris saw the Americans for two days only. There was no time to be lost. The eight hundred hurried on to the valley of the nameless river, and were followed almost immediately by the rest of the division, which traveled across France by a shorter route.

Great changes have been made in the camp of the nameless port. Running water, electric lights, steam heat, permanent kitchens, a refrigerating-plant, and the latest wrinkles in sanitation offer not only the safeguarding of health, but even comforts, to the regiments which it will shelter during the coming year. Since General Sibert brought his division, other convoys have arrived at the nameless port, and have left as quickly. Anxious parents at home may look upon the crossing only as a great danger; but to our boys the submarines have made the voyage an adventure. Had there been no submarines to look out for, they would have been bored, they would have felt sold. As it was, the cannon thundered in their ears before they reached France. A Texan told me the whole story in one short sentence.

THE MORNING TOILET

"If there was any pluggin' done," he said, "we done it."

I have been in other nameless ports this summer, and have seen American boys there—sailors, marines, engineers, and others who are down on their luck because an army needs men for transport and quartermaster service in the rear. The Army-Navy Y. M. C. A. muslin sign "WELCOME" is stretched over shop-fronts and across streets in all the ports. In interior provinces far from the front I have stumbled across artillery and aviation camps. A French general showed me recently, in a place which German aviators could never reach, a camp that he was preparing for the American artillery with more stables than Chantilly.

If our land transport service was so admirably organized in the third month of belligerency that the first convoy could be moved to its inland training-quarters in a fortnight after arrival, the later contingents need not fear crowding in ports or a long period of inaction. The authorities at home have only to provide the army with materials asked for and the ships to transport the materials. American army officers in France will look after everything else.

I was unable to accompany the soldiers of the first division to the valley of the nameless river or to follow them in July; but at the beginning of August, after they had had two weeks to get settled down to their new life, the opportunity of visiting them came in a delightful and unexpected way. An American ambassador, in France for a short time, asked me to accompany him on a trip to reconquered Alsace. We left Paris by motor, intending to go to a certain town near a front. But this front was being heavily shelled that week, and Captain J——, our escort assigned by the ministry of war, felt responsible for the precious ambassadorial life. Our *laissez-passer* would take us wherever the ambassador wanted to go. When the map indicated that the American field headquarters did not necessitate a wide detour, we decided to spend a day or two with our compatriots.

Down a steep hill, with a sharp turn to the right, we came into the market-place of a town in the valley of the nameless river. There was a stone cross in the center of the market-place, and beside the cross a watering-trough. Two American army mules were drinking at the trough. Perhaps the "American" is superfluous; for mules are all American, and what other army than ours knows them? The driver and his mate were over at a shop choosing picture post-cards out of a tin whirligig affair. Four other soldiers, perched high on the mules' load of green branches, were throwing cigarettes into a dust-raising group of small boys.

They say that every American is a potential tourist. All he needs is the chance, and he 'll act like those who follow the man from Cook's. Our crusaders in khaki proved the truth of this adage. They have come over here to fight, but they miss no opportunity to distribute largess and to buy souvenirs and post-cards. They study a guide-book, anxious not to miss any of the sights pictured on the cards. I saw that the soldier with the whip, which he carried on his shoulder like a rifle, after completing his purchases, was trying to say something, and was not understood by the old woman of the shop. I went up to volunteer as interpreter. The soldier wanted to know if the church was old, if it was interesting inside, if it was open, and where it was, rather an ambitious question for the handler of mules, even though he had lived in New Orleans for two years and "knew a bit of the lingo," as he modestly confessed.

This first glimpse of our boys in the valley of the nameless river reminded me of one of the eight hundred sent to give eye-witness testimony to Paris that we had really entered the war with our army, and not merely with our banks and factories. Said the lieutenant:

"Now, understand, boys, you have to-day free. On the Fourth, to-morrow, we 'll be busy all day long with the celebrations, and right after the celebrations we get off to the front. Now, you, Jones, for instance, what do you plan to do to-day?"

The man from East St. Louis answered:

"I 'm going to get one of these here taxi-cabs and see all this town—the whole shootin'-match—before dark, and to-night I 'm going to do Mount Marter."

After the town where we saw the first American soldiers, and which was just outside the American zone, we motored for twenty miles through the valley of the nameless river. The half-dozen villages through which we passed before reaching the town in which divisional headquarters is located (discreet phraseology is rhetorically disastrous), were all in the hands of the Americans. We had come at a propitious hour, for the work of the day was finished, and all the boys were back in the villages. Some were eating at long tables and others were "just hanging around," as they themselves would express it. Companies of French soldiers were billeted in the same villages, and were, perhaps, as numerous as the Americans; but we seemed to see only our own boys. The Frenchmen in uniform, after three years of mobilization, are so familiar a part of the life of every town that they merge into the general impression of the place. Our soldiers, however, were the New World in the Old for the first time in history. Was it any wonder that they stood out in sharp relief against a background of a French village street, the long single street, drab-gray stone houses, with thatched roofs, and with barns and stables forming an integral part of the unbroken line?

Although the nameless town was not built to serve as a divisional headquarters for two armies, it has, like every community in France during the last three years, proved equal to the demands made upon it. Billets and *popote* (mess) quarters for the officers of the two staffs have been found, and all the soldiers are tucked away under roofs. Almost every house bears the names of two or more officers. Soldiers' cots elbow one another in attics and stable-lofts. The hôtel de ville, designed for the municipal needs of a small town, gives hospitality to the officers of the general who has the command of the — Regiment of Chasseurs, and General Sibert, commanding the first American division in the field in France. The staff of each general could use the whole building and find it insufficient. But soldiers are used to making small quarters do, and the nameless town's hôtel de ville has rooms as large as tents. Sleeping and eating and working in the nameless town, according to General Sibert, are symbolic of the close alliance now existing between France and the United States.

During the hour before dinner the am-

THE FIELD BAND

bassador and I wandered around the town without an escort. Ambassadorial dignity comes very hard to the ambassador, and it was a treat for him to be able to go incognito among our boys. They did not know who he was, and did not guess that through his kindly eyes, flashing with humor, the President of the United States, Commander in Chief of the Army, was inspecting the "first division" in the field in France.

Close quarters form friendships quickly. The groups of khaki-clad Americans on every street corner invariably included *chasseurs alpins,* blue from tam-o'-shanter down to cloth puttees. Gallant in action as well as actions, these men of the mountains represent most truly what is characteristically Gallic in the French race. They are quick-witted, good-humored, daredevil; in a word, debonair. An American officer said to me;

"We knew that these chasseurs had just returned from very hard fighting in the trenches. Immediately they commanded our respect, and we did not have to work long with them before they won our affection. If the French are all like General —— and his men, God only knows how glad we are that we have come over to help them."

And everywhere we walked we saw that our boys were not confining comradeship in arms to the chasseurs. Opposite the hôtel de ville is a well, the bucket and rope and windlass of which are not in the hands of the girls who come to draw water. Nor do the Rebeccas carry home the filled pails. Helping France has already begun in a small, but delightful, way. So has helping America. The ambassador sighed a wish-I-were-young-again sigh as he paused before an open gate. Under the arch a young girl sat on an upturned basket, knees crossed, and on the knees a book. Transatlantic heads on each side were peering into the book, while rival arms kept the girl upright, and brought the students nearer to their teacher. Eagerness to serve, desire to learn, absence of bashfulness, enterprise, appreciation of the beautiful—are not these American traits? What more natural than that we should see them exhibited in the nameless town?

We dined with the commander of the chasseurs, and breakfasted at seven in the morning with General Sibert. It was scarcely eight o'clock when we reached the training-ground outside the town, but the day's work was already under way. Let none who goes to France think that soldiering is an easy job or that it is ever mastered. "Everlastingly at it" is the motto of the French army, and the first and great lesson learned by General Sibert's division was that. The chasseurs had just come back from the trenches, and their *repos* consisted in going through a daily round of physical exercises, and following a course of instruction and practice just as strenuous as if they were novices instead of veterans of three years' standing. Being soldiers is not a question merely of getting into trim, but also of keeping in trim. It is a mistake to believe that perfection of machines of war makes the rôle of the soldier less individual, less important, less arduous. The contrary is true. Training has become more precise and far more varied. Trench warfare has

separated men from the direct control of superior officers, and imposes upon them the duty of knowing more than their own particular specialty.

Although they had been only two weeks here, our boys were already being instructed in all the various activities of the new warfare. The work is strenuous, but not monotonous. Infantrymen must know how to throw grenades, handle machine-guns and trench-cannon, use asphyxiating-gases, fire on aëroplanes, trace out and build elaborate systems of trenches, receive and transmit messages in every way, erect and destroy barbed wire, look after their own food-supply, carry wounded comrades, reconnoiter in advanced positions, and perfect themselves in the details of a host of other operations. They have to learn how to utilize the ground in advancing so as to proceed with the greatest speed and at the same time with the greatest measure of protection, how to enter and clean out successive enemy trenches, how to scatter when enemy aëroplanes come. Base-ball has proved a marvelous background for our boys in grenade work. Their accuracy of aim delights their instructors.

WHERE THE Y. M. C. A. ENTERTAINS OUR TROOPS SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

Our boys take very kindly to the system of physical exercises that has been developed in the French army along the lines of the famous college at Rheims. By companies, stripped to the waist, the Americans go through these exercises with a vim and a spirit that makes the spectator wish he were in the game. After the stunts are finished, the boys march and sing while cooling off. In field after field we came across them singing lustily:

"O Bill! O Bill! we 're on the job to-day!
O Bill! O Bill! we 'll seal you so you 'll stay!
We 'll put you up with ginger in
The good old Yankee way
While we are canning the kaiser.

We 're off to can the kaiser,
Hooray! Hooray!
In kaiserland we 'll take our stand
Until we can the kaiser.
Let 's go, let 's go, let 's go and can the kaiser!
Let 's go, let 's go, let 's go and can the kaiser!"

If the men of General Sibert's division had the say, they would start the "canning" process this autumn. When the French commander leads his chasseurs back to the trenches, our boys want to go with their comrades.

One cannot argue with them about the submarines and the difficulties of transport and the problems of organization. One cannot ask them to realize that it will take a long time before we are ready. They are shocked and grieved and puzzled. Regular army, National Guard mustered in, ten million men to conscript from for national service of every character, a hundred millions behind the armies and the Government—is all that a

myth? A husky chap, who boasted of knowing every army post in the U. S. A. and every tribe in the Philippines, "with the Chinks thrown in," looked rebelliously at the ambassador, humorously counseling patience.

"Boss," he declared, "we fellers were sent here followin' orders. We 're in the fight, representin' the U. S. A. When Americans get into a fight to help their friends, do they wait around doing nothin' but talkin' big while their friends get smashed, or do they go right in off the bat? I take it we 're Americans."

But our boys in France have been brought into close contact with their French comrades-in-arms, making heroic efforts to cover up shortage of number, fighting desperately, suffering, dying. An ex-Princeton junior, using his shirt to dry himself before putting it on, said:

"I never gave this war much thought, and did n't waste time worrying about the French. Guess I enlisted for the fun of the thing. But in two weeks—my God! I feel now that we are all like fellows standing on the shore and watching our friends drowning. We tell them that when we can get enough life-boats to save them all in the proper way we 'll do it. That 's how all this bunch feels."

The ex-Princeton junior speaks not only for his "bunch," but for all the division in the valley of the nameless river. They are not worrying yet about letters, boxes from home, wives and sweethearts —all the things that are going to bother them a lot after a while. They are worrying about the French and the war. What is most vital, believing that Uncle Sam, whose uniform they wear, is the biggest and smartest and most powerful and warmest-hearted fellow on earth, they are worrying about his honor.

# The Happiest Time of Their Lives

By ALICE DUER MILLER

Author of "Come Out of the Kitchen," etc.

Illustrations by Paul Meylan

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I–IV.—Mathilde Severance lives in New York with her beautiful mother, Adelaide, and her stepfather, Vincent Farron, "a master of men." Adelaide had divorced her first husband when she discovered that she was stronger than he, and is now deeply in love with Farron. She is, however, troubled because she feels that there is "something terribly wrong." Mathilde is eighteen and very beautiful. She meets Pierson Wayne, a young statistician, at a dance. He calls on her the next afternoon and meets the family, including Mr. Lanley, Adelaide's father, who is a wealthy, retired lawyer. Mathilde comes home from a dance that night engaged to "Pete." Adelaide is displeased, but decides to turn Mathilde from him by judicious sarcasm. She sends Mr. Lanley to call on Mrs. Wayne, who has a mission that reforms drunkards. He finds his hostess a charming, energetic woman. He takes her for a drive in his motor, but on the way home Mrs. Wayne's candor draws them into a discussion that Mr. Lanley takes as a personal reflection upon him. He is angry and hardly says good night when he leaves her. Coming in, weary and depressed, she tells Pete that she thinks she has "spoiled everything."

## CHAPTER V

MR. LANLEY had not reported the result of his interview immediately. He told himself that it was too late; but it was only a quarter before eleven when he was back safe in his own library, feeling somehow not so safe as usual. He felt attacked, insulted; and yet he also felt vivified and encouraged. He felt as he might have felt if some one, unbidden, had cut a vista on the Lanley estates, first outraged in his sense of property, but afterward delighted with the widened view and the fresher breeze. It was awkward, though, that he did n't want Adelaide to go into details as to his visit; he did not think that the expedition to the pier could be given the judicial, grandfatherly tone that he wanted to give. So he did not communicate at all with his daughter that night.

The next morning about nine, however, when she was sitting up in bed, with her tray on her knees, and on her feet a white satin coverlet sown as thickly with bright little flowers as the Milky Way with stars, her last words to Vincent, who was standing by the fire, with his newspaper folded in his hands, ready to go down-town, were interrupted, as they nearly always were, by the burr of the telephone.

She took it up from the table by her bed, and as she did so she fixed her eyes on her husband and looked steadily at him all the time that central was making the connection; she was trying to answer that unsolved problem as to whether or not a mist hung between them. Then she got her connection.

"Yes, Papa; it is Adelaide." "Yes?" "Did she appear like a lady?" "A lady?" "You don't know what I mean by that? Why, Papa!" "Well, did she appear respectable?" "How cross you are to me!" "I 'm glad to hear it. You did not sound cheerful."

She hung up the receiver and turned to Vincent, making eyes of surprise.

"Really, papa is too strange. Why should he be cross to me because he has had an unsatisfactory interview with the Wayne boy's mother? I never wanted

him to go, anyhow, Vin. I wanted to send *you.*"

"It would probably be better for you to go yourself."

He left the room as if he had said nothing remarkable. But it was remarkable, in Adelaide's experience, that he should avoid any responsibility, and even more so that he should shift it to her shoulders. For an instant she faced the possibility, the most terrible of any that had occurred to her, that the balance was changing between them; that she, so willing to be led, was to be forced to guide. She had seen it happen so often between married couples —the weight of character begin on one side of the scale, and then slowly the beam would shift. Once it had happened to her. Was it to happen again? No, she told herself; never with Farron. He would command or die, lead her or leave her.

Mathilde knocked at her door, as she did every morning as soon as her stepfather had gone down town. She had had an earlier account of Mr. Lanley's interview. It had read:

DEAREST GIRL:

The great discussion did not go very well, apparently. The opinion prevails at the moment that no engagement can be allowed to exist between us. I feel as if they were all meeting to discuss whether or not the sun is to rise to-morrow morning. You and I, my love, have special information that it will.

After this it needed no courage to go down and hear her mother's account of the interview. Adelaide was still in bed, but one long, pointed finger-tip, pressed continuously upon the dangling bell, a summons that had long since lost its poignancy for the temperamental Lucie, indicated that she was about to get up.

"My dear," she said in answer to Mathilde's question, "your grandfather's principal interest seems to be to tell me nothing at all, and he has been wonderfully successful. I can get nothing from him, so I 'm going myself."

The girl's heart sank at hearing this. Her mother saw things clearly and definitely, and had a talent for expressing her impressions in unforgetable words. Mathilde could still remember with a pang certain books, poems, pictures, and even people whose charms her mother had destroyed in one poisonous phrase. Adelaide was too careful of her personal dignity to indulge in mimicry, but she had a way of catching and repeating the exact phrasing of some foolish sentence that was almost better—or worse—than mimicry. Mathilde remembered a governess, a kind and patient person of whom Adelaide had greatly wearied, who had a habit of beginning many observations, "It may strike you as strange, but I am the sort of person who—" Mathilde was present at luncheon one day when Adelaide was repeating one of these sentences. "It may strike you as strange, but I like to feel myself in good health." Mathilde resented the laughter that followed, and sprang to her governess's defense, yet sickeningly soon she came to see the innocent egotism that directed the choice of the phrase.

She felt as if she could not bear this process to be turned against Pete's mother, not because it would alter the respectful love she was prepared to offer this unknown figure, but because it might very slightly alter her attitude toward her own mother. That was one of the characteristics of this great emotion: all her old beliefs had to be revised to accord with new discoveries.

This was what lay behind the shrinking of her soul as she watched her mother dress for the visit to Mrs. Wayne. For the first time in her life Mathilde wished that her mother was not so elaborate. Hitherto she had always gloried in Adelaide's elegance as a part of her beauty; but now, as she watched the ritual of ribbons and laces and perfumes and jewels, she felt vaguely that there was in it all a covert insult to Pete's mother, who, she knew, would not be a bit like that.

"How young you are, Mama!" she exclaimed as, the whole long process complete, Adelaide stood holding out her hand for her gloves, like a little girl ready for a party.

Her mother smiled.

"It 's well I am," she said, "if you go on trying to get yourself involved with young men who live up four flights of stairs. I have always avoided even dressmakers who lived above the second story," she added wistfully.

The wistful tone was repeated when her car stopped at the Wayne door and she stepped out.

"Are you sure this is the number, Andrews?" she asked. She and the chauffeur looked slowly up at the house and up and down the street. They were at one in their feeling about it. Then Adelaide gave a very gentle little sigh and started the ascent.

The flat did not look as well by day. Though the eastern sun poured in cheerfully, it revealed worn places on the backs of the arm-chairs and one fearful calamity with an ink-bottle that Pete had once had on the rug. Even Mrs. Wayne, who sprang up from behind her writing-table, had not the saint-like mystery that her blue draperies had given her the evening before.

Though slim, and in excellent condition for thirty-nine, Adelaide could not conceal that four flights were an exertion. Her fine nostrils were dilated and her breath not perfectly under control as she said:

"How delightful this is!" a statement that was no more untrue than to say good-morning on a rainy day.

Most women in Mrs. Wayne's situation would at the moment have been acutely aware of the ink-spot. That was one of Adelaide's assets, on which she perhaps unconsciously counted, that her mere appearance made nine people out of ten aware of their own physical imperfections. But Mrs. Wayne was aware of nothing but Adelaide's great beauty as she sank into one of the arm-chairs with hardly a hint of exhaustion.

"Your son is a very charming person, Mrs. Wayne," she said.

Mrs. Wayne was standing by the mantelpiece, looking boyish and friendly; but now she suddenly grew grave, as if something serious had been said.

"Pete has something more unusual than charm," she said.

"But what could be more unusual?" cried Adelaide, who wanted to add, "The only question is, does your wretched son possess it?" But she did n't; she asked instead, with a tone of disarming sweetness, "Shall we be perfectly candid with each other?"

A quick gleam came into Mrs. Wayne's eyes. "Not much," she seemed to say. She had learned to distrust nothing so much as her own candor, and her interview with Mr. Lanley had put her specially on her guard.

"I hope you will be candid, Mrs. Farron," she said aloud, and for her this was the depth of dissimulation.

"Well, then," said Adelaide, "you and I are in about the same position, are n't we? We are both willing that our children should marry, and we have no objection to offer to their choice except our own ignorance. We both want time to judge. But how can we get time, Mrs. Wayne? If we do not take definite action *against* an engagement, we are giving our consent to it. I want a little reasonable delay, but we can get delay only by refusing to hear of an engagement. Do you see what I mean? Will you help me by pretending to be a very stern parent, just so that these young people may have a few months to think it over without being too definitely committed?"

Mrs. Wayne shrank back. She liked neither diplomacy nor coercion.

"But I have really no control over Pete," she said.

"Surely, if he is n't in a position to support a wife—"

"He is, if she would live as he does."

Such an idea had never crossed Mrs. Farron's mind. She looked round her wonderingly, and said without a trace of wilful insolence in her tone:

"Live here, you mean?"

"Yes, or somewhere like it."

Mrs. Farron looked down, and smoothed the delicate dark fur of her muff. She hardly knew how to begin at the very beginning like this. She did

not want to hurt any one's feelings. How could she tell this childlike, optimistic creature that to put Mathilde to living in surroundings like these would be like exposing a naked baby on a mountain-top? It was n't love of luxury, at least not if luxury meant physical self-indulgence. She could imagine suffering privations very happily in a Venetian palace or on a tropical island. It was an esthetic, not a moral, problem; it was a question of that profound and essential thing in the life of any woman who was a woman—her charm. She wished to tell Mrs. Wayne that her son would n't really like it, that he would hate to see Mathilde going out in overshoes; that the background that she, Adelaide, had so expertly provided for her child was part of the very attraction that made him want to take her out of it. There was no use in saying that most poor mortals were forced to get on without this magic atmosphere. They had never been goddesses; they did not know what they were going without. But her child, who had been, as it were, born a fairy, would miss tragically the delicate beauty of her every-day life, would fade under the ugly monotony of poverty.

But how could she say this to Mrs. Wayne, in her flat-heeled shoes and simple, boyish shirt and that twelfth-century saint's profile, of which so much might have been made by a clever woman?

At last she began, still smoothing her muff:

"Mrs. Wayne, I have brought up my daughter very simply. I don't at all approve of the extravagances of these modern girls, with their own motors and their own bills. Still, she has had a certain background. We must admit that marriage with your son on his income alone would mean a decrease in her material comforts."

Mrs. Wayne laughed.

"More than you know, probably."

This was candid, and Adelaide pressed on.

"Well, is it wise or kind to make such a demand on a young creature when we know marriage is difficult at the best?" she asked.

Mrs. Wayne hesitated.

"You see, I have never seen your daughter, and I don't know what her feeling for Pete may be."

"I 'll answer both questions. She has a pleasant, romantic sentiment for Mr. Wayne—you know how one feels to one's first lover. She is a sweet, kind, unformed little girl, not heroic. But think of your own spirited son. Do you want this persistent, cruel responsibility for him?"

The question was an oratorical one, and Adelaide was astonished to find that Mrs. Wayne was answering it.

"Oh, yes," she said; "I want responsibility for Pete. It 's exactly what he needs."

Adelaide stared at her in horror; she seemed the most unnatural mother in the world. She herself would fight to protect her daughter from the passive wear and tear of poverty; but she would have died to keep a son, if she had had one, from being driven into the active warfare of the support of a family.

In the pause that followed there was a ring at the bell, an argument with the servant, something that sounded like a scuffle, and then a young man strolled into the room. He was tall and beautifully dressed,—at least that was the first impression,—though, as a matter of fact, the clothes were of the cheapest ready-made variety. But nothing could look cheap or ill made on those splendid muscles. He wore a silk shirt, a flower in his buttonhole, a gray tie in which was a pearl as big as a pea, long patent-leather shoes with elaborate buff-colored tops; he carried a thin stick and a pair of new gloves in one hand, but the most conspicuous object in his dress was a brand-new, gray felt hat, with a rather wide brim, which he wore at an angle greater than Mr. Lanley attempted even at his jauntiest. His face was long and rather dark, and his eyes were a bright gray blue, under dark brows. He was scowling.

He strode into the middle of the room,

and stood there, with his feet wide apart and his elbows slightly swaying. His hat was still on.

"Your servant said you could n't see me," he said, with his back teeth set together, a method of enunciation that seemed to be habitual.

"Did n't want to would be truer, Marty," answered Mrs. Wayne, with the utmost good temper. "Still, as long as you 're here, what do you want?"

Marty Burke did n't answer at once. He stood looking at Mrs. Wayne under his lowering brows; he had stopped swinging his elbows, and was now very slightly twitching his cane, as an evilly disposed cat will twitch the end of its tail.

Mrs. Farron watched him almost breathlessly. She was a little frightened, but the sensation was pleasurable. He was, she knew, the finest specimen of the human animal that she had ever seen.

"What do I want?" he said at length in a deep, rich voice, shot here and there with strange nasal tones, and here and there with the remains of a brogue. "Well, I want that you should stop persecuting those poor kids."

"I persecuting them? Don't be absurd, Marty," answered Mrs. Wayne.

"Persecuting them; what else?" retorted Marty, fiercely. "What else is it? They wanting to get married, and you determined to send the boy up the river."

"I don't think we 'll go all over that again. I have a lady here on business."

"Oh, please don't mind me," said Mrs. Farron, settling back, and wriggling her hands contentedly into her muff. She rather expected the frivolous courage of her tone to draw the ire of Burke's glance upon her, but it did not.

"Cruel is what I call it," he went on. "She wants it, and he wants it, and her family wants it, and only you and the judge that you put up to opposing—"

"Her family do not want it. Her brother—"

"Her brother agrees with me. I was talking to him yesterday."

"Oh, that 's why he has a black eye, is it?" said Mrs. Wayne.

"Black eyes or blue," said Marty, with a horizontal gesture of his hands, "her brother wants to see her married."

"Well, I don't," replied Mrs. Wayne, "at least not to this boy. I will never give my consent to putting a child of her age in the power of a degenerate little drunkard like that."

Mrs. Farron listened with all her ears. She did not think herself a prude, and only a moment before she had been accusing Mrs. Wayne of ignorance of the world; but never in all her life had she heard such words as were now freely exchanged between Burke and his hostess on the subject of the degree of consent that the girl in question had given to the advances of Burke's protégé. She would have been as embarrassed as a girl if either of the disputants had been in the least aware of her presence. Once, she thought, Mrs. Wayne, for the sake of good manners, was on the point of turning to her and explaining the whole situation; but fortunately the exigencies of the dispute swept her on too fast. Adelaide was shocked, physically rather than morally, by the nakedness of their talk; but she did not want them to stop. She was fascinated by the spectacle of Marty Burke in action. She recognized at once that he was a dangerous man, not dangerous to female virtue, like all the other men to whom she had heard the term applied, but actually dangerous to life and property. She was not in the least afraid of him, but she knew he was a real danger. She enjoyed the knowledge. In most ways she was a woman timid in the face of physical danger, but she had never imagined being afraid of another human being. That much, perhaps, her sheltered training had done for her. "If she goes on irritating him like this he may murder us both," she thought. What she really meant was that he might murder Mrs. Wayne, but that, when he came to her and began to twist her neck, she would just say, "My dear man, don't be silly!" and he would stop.

In the meantime Burke was not so angry as he was affecting to be. Like

"ADELAIDE WAS N'T GOING TO HAVE ANY SCENE LIKE THAT"

most leaders of men, he had a strong dramatic instinct, and he had just led Mrs. Wayne to the climax of her just violence when his manner suddenly completely changed, and he said with the utmost good temper:

"And what do you think of my get-up, Mrs. Wayne? It 's a new suit I have on, and a boutonnière." The change was so sudden that no one answered, and he went on, "It 's clothes almost fit for a wedding that I 'm wearing."

Mrs. Wayne understood him in a flash. She sprang to her feet.

"Marty Burke," she cried, "you don't mean to say you 've got those two children married!"

"Not fifteen minutes ago, and I standing up with the groom." He smiled a smile of the wildest, most piercing sweetness—a smile so free and intense that it seemed impossible to connect it with anything but the consciousness of a pure heart. Mrs. Farron had never seen such a smile. "I thought I 'd just drop round and give you the news," he said, and now for the first time took off his hat, displaying his crisp, black hair and round, pugnacious head. "Good morning, ladies." He bowed, and for an instant his glance rested on Mrs. Farron with an admiration too frank to be exactly offensive. He put his hat on his head, turned away, and made his exit, whistling.

He left behind him one person at least who had thoroughly enjoyed his triumph. To do her justice, however, Mrs. Farron was ashamed of her sympathy, and she said gently to Mrs. Wayne:

"You think this marriage a very bad thing."

Mrs. Wayne pushed all her hair away from her temples.

"Oh, yes," she said, "it 's a bad thing for the girl; but the worst is having Marty Burke put anything over. The district is absolutely under his thumb. I do wish, Mrs. Farron, you would get your husband to put the fear of God into him."

"My husband?"

"Yes; he works for your husband. He has charge of the loading and unloading of the trucks. He 's proud of his job, and it gives him power over the laborers. He would n't want to lose his place. If your husband would send for him and say—" Mrs. Wayne hastily outlined the things Mr. Farron might say.

"He works for Vincent," Adelaide repeated. It seemed to her an absolutely stupendous coincidence, and her imagination pictured the clash between them—the effort of Vincent to put the fear of God into this man. Would he be able to? Which one would win? Never before had she doubted the superior power of her husband; now she did. "I think it would be hard to put the fear of God into that young man," she said aloud.

"I do wish Mr. Farron would try."

"Try," thought Adelaide, "and fail?" Could she stand that? Was her whole relation to Vincent about to be put to the test? What weapons had he against Marty Burke? And if he had none, how stripped he would appear in her eyes!

"Won't you ask him, Mrs. Farron?"

Adelaide recoiled. She did not want to be the one to throw her glove among the lions.

"I don't think I understand well enough what it is you want. Why don't you ask him yourself?" She hesitated, knowing that no opportunity for this would offer unless she herself arranged it. "Why don't you come and dine with us to-night, and," she added more slowly, "bring your son?"

She had made the bait very attractive, and Mrs. Wayne did not refuse.

## CHAPTER VI

As she drove home, Adelaide's whole being was stirred by the prospect of that conflict between Burke and her husband, and it was not until she saw Mathilde, pale with an hour of waiting, that she recalled the real object of her recent visit. Not, of course, that Adelaide was more interested in Marty Burke than in her daughter's future, but a titanic struggle fired her imagination more than a pitiful little romance. She felt a pang of self-reproach

when she saw that Mr. Lanley had come to share the child's vigil, that he seemed to be suffering under an anxiety almost as keen as Mathilde's.

They did not have to question her; she threw out her hands, casting her muff from her as she did so.

"Oh," she said, "I 'm a weak, soft-hearted creature! I 've asked them both to dine to-night."

Mathilde flung herself into her mother's arms.

"O Mama, how marvelous you are!" she exclaimed.

Over her daughter's shoulder Adelaide noted her father's expression, a stiffening of the mouth and a brightening of the eyes.

"Your grandfather disapproves of me, Mathilde," she said.

"He could n't be so unkind," returned the girl.

"After all," said Mr. Lanley, trying to induce a slight scowl, "if we are not going to consent to an engagement—"

"But you are," said Mathilde.

"We are not," said her mother; "but there is no reason why we should not meet and talk it over like sensible creatures—talk it over here"—Adelaide looked loving round her own subdued room—"instead of five stories up. For really—" She stopped, running her eyebrows together at the recollection.

"But the flat is rather—rather comfortable when you get there," said Mr. Lanley, suddenly becoming embarrassed over his choice of an adjective.

Adelaide looked at him sharply.

"Dear Papa," she asked, "since when have you become an admirer of painted shelves and dirty rugs? And I don't doubt," she added very gently, "that for the same money they could have found something quite tolerable in the country."

"Perhaps they don't want to live in the country," said Mr. Lanley, rather sharply. "I 'm sure there is nothing that you 'd hate more, Adelaide."

She opened her dark eyes.

"But I don't have to choose between squalor here or—"

"Squalor!" said Mr. Lanley. "Don't be ridiculous!"

Mathilde broke in gently at this point: "I think you must have liked Mrs. Wayne, Mama, to ask her to dine."

Adelaide saw an opportunity to exercise one of her important talents.

"Yes," she said. "She has a certain naïve friendliness. Of course I don't advocate, after fifty, dressing like an Eton boy; I always think an elderly face above a turned-down collar—"

"Mama," broke in Mathilde, quietly, "would you mind not talking of Mrs. Wayne like that? You know, she 's Pete's mother."

Adelaide was really surprised.

"Why, my love," she answered, "I have n't said half the things I might say. I rather thought I was sparing your feelings. After all, when you see her, you will admit that she *does* dress like an Eton boy."

"She did n't when I saw her," said Mr. Lanley.

Adelaide turned to her father.

"Papa, I leave it to you. Did I say anything that should have wounded anybody's susceptibilities?"

Mr. Lanley hesitated.

"It was the tone Mathilde did not like, I think."

Adelaide raised her shoulders and looked beautifully hurt.

"My tone?" she wailed.

"It hurt me," said Mathilde, laying her little hand on her heart.

Mr. Lanley smiled at her, and then, springing up, kissed her tenderly on the forehead. He said it was time for him to be going on.

"You 'll come to dinner to-night, Papa?"

Rather hastily, Mr. Lanley said no, he could n't; he had an engagement. But his daughter did not let him get to the door.

"What are you going to do to-night, Papa?" she asked firmly.

"There is a governor's meeting—"

"Two in a week, Papa?"

Suddenly Mr. Lanley dropped all pre-

tense of not coming, and said he would be there at eight.

During the rest of the day Mathilde's heart never wholly regained its normal beat. Not only was she to see Pete again, and see him under the gaze of her united family, but she was to see this mother of his, whom he loved and admired so much. She pictured her as white-haired, benignant, brooding, the essential mother, with all her own mother's grace and charm left out, yet with these qualities not ill replaced by others which Mathilde sometimes dimly apprehended were lacking in her own beautiful parent. She looked at herself in the glass. "My son's wife," was the phrase in her mind.

On her way up-stairs to dress for dinner she tried to confide her anxieties to her mother.

"Mama," she said, "if you had a son, how would you feel toward the girl he wanted to marry?"

"Oh, I should think her a cat, of course," Adelaide answered; and added an instant later, "and I should probably be able to make him think so, too."

Mathilde sighed and went on up-stairs. Here she decided on an act of some insubordination. She would wear her best dress that evening, the dress which her mother considered too old for her. She did not want Pete's mother to think he had chosen a perfect baby.

Mr. Lanley, too, was a trifle nervous during the afternoon. He tried to say to himself that it was because the future of his darling little Mathilde was about to be settled. He shook his head, indicating that to settle the future of the young was a risky business; and then in a burst of self-knowledge he suddenly admitted that what was really making him nervous was the incident of the pier. If Mrs. Wayne referred to it, and of course there was no possible reason why she should not refer to it, Adelaide would never let him hear the last of it. It would be natural for Adelaide to think it queer that he had n't told her about it. And the reason he had n't told was perfectly clear: it was on that infernal pier that he had formed such an adverse opinion of Mrs. Wayne. But of course he did not wish to prejudice Adelaide; he wanted to leave her free to form her own opinions, and he was glad, excessively glad, that she had formed so favorable a one as to ask the woman to dinner. There was no question about his being glad; he surprised his servant by whistling as he put on his white waistcoat, and fastened the buckle rather more snugly than usual. Self-knowledge for the moment was not on hand.

He arrived at exactly the hour at which he always arrived, five minutes after eight, a moment not too early to embarrass the hostess and not too late to endanger the dinner.

No one was in the drawing-room but Mathilde and Farron. Adelaide, for one who had been almost perfectly brought up, did sometimes commit the fault of allowing her guests to wait for her.

" 'Lo, my dear," said Mr. Lanley, kissing Mathilde. "What 's that you have on? Never saw it before. Not so becoming as the dress you were wearing the last time I was here."

Mathilde felt that it would be almost easier to die immediately, and was revived only when she heard Farron saying:

"Oh, don't you like this? I was just thinking I had never seen Mathilde looking so well, in her rather more mature and subtle vein."

It was just as she wished to appear, but she glanced at her stepfather, disturbed by her constant suspicion that he read her heart more clearly than any one else, more clearly than she liked.

"How shockingly late they are!" said Adelaide, suddenly appearing in the utmost splendor. She moved about, kissing her father and arranging the chairs. "Do you know, Vin, why it is that Pringle likes to make the room look as if it were arranged for a funeral? Why, why do you suppose they don't come?"

"Any one who arrives after Adelaide is apt to be in the wrong," observed her husband.

"Well, I think it 's awfully incompe-

tent always to be waiting for other people," she returned, just laying her hand an instant on his shoulder to indicate that he alone was privileged to make fun of her.

"That perhaps is what the Waynes think," he answered.

Mathilde's heart sank a little. She knew her mother did not like to be kept waiting.

"When I was a young man—" began Mr. Lanley.

"It was the custom," interrupted Adelaide in exactly the same tone, "for a hostess to be in her drawing-room at least five minutes before the hour set for the arrival of the guests."

"Adelaide," her father pleaded, "I don't talk like that; at least not often."

"You would, though, if you didn't have me to correct you," she retorted. "There's the bell at last; but it always takes people like that forever to get their wraps off."

"It's only ten minutes past eight," said Farron, and Mathilde blessed him with a look.

Mrs. Wayne came quickly into the room, so fast that her dress floated behind her; she was in black and very grand. No one would have supposed that she had murmured to Pete just before the drawing-room door was opened, "I hope they haven't run in any old relations on us."

"I'm afraid I'm late," she began.

"She always is," Pete murmured to Mathilde as he took her hand and quite openly squeezed it, and then, before Adelaide had time for the rather casual introduction she had planned, he himself put the hand he was holding into his mother's. "This is my girl, Mother," he said. They smiled at each other. Mathilde tried to say something. Mrs. Wayne stooped and kissed her. Mr. Lanley was obviously affected. Adelaide wasn't going to have any scene like that.

"Late?" she said, as if not an instant had passed since Mrs. Wayne's entrance. "Oh, no, you're not late; exactly on time, I think. I'm only just down myself. Isn't that true, Vincent?"

Vincent was studying Mrs. Wayne, and withdrew his eyes slowly. But Adelaide's object was accomplished: no public betrothal had taken place.

Pringle announced dinner. Mr. Lanley, rather to his own surprise, found that he was insisting on giving Mrs. Wayne his arm; he was not so angry at her as he had supposed. He did not think her offensive or unfeminine or half baked or socialistic or any of the things he had been saying to himself at lengthening intervals for the last twenty-four hours.

Pete saw an opportunity, and tucked Mathilde's hand within his own arm, nipping it closely to his heart.

The very instant they were at table Adelaide looked down the alley between the candles, for the low, golden dish of hot-house fruit did not obstruct her view of Vincent, and said:

"Why have you never told me about Marty Burke?"

"Who's he?" asked Mr. Lanley, quickly, for he had been trying to start a little conversational hare of his own, just to keep the conversation away from the water-front.

"He's a splendid young super-tough in my employ," said Vincent. "What do you know about him, Adelaide?"

The guarded surprise in his tone stimulated her.

"Oh, I know all about him—as much, that is, as one ever can of a stupendous natural phenomenon."

"Where did you hear of him?"

"Hear of him? I've seen him. I saw him this morning at Mrs. Wayne's. He just dropped in while I was there and, metaphorically speaking, dragged us about by the hair of our heads."

"Some women, I believe, confess to enjoying that sensation," Vincent observed.

"Yes, it's exciting," answered his wife.

"It's an easy excitement to attain."

"Oh, one wants it done in good style."

Something so stimulating that it was almost hostile flashed through the interchange.

Mathilde murmured to Pete:

"Who are they talking about?"

"A mixture of Alcibiades and *Bill Sykes,*" said Adelaide, catching the low tone, as she always did.

"He 's the district leader and a very bad influence," said Mrs. Wayne.

"He 's a champion middle-weight boxer," said Pete.

"He 's the head of my stevedores," said Farron.

"O Mr. Farron," Mrs. Wayne exclaimed, "I do wish you would use your influence over him."

"My influence? It consists of paying him eighty-five dollars a month and giving him a box of cigars at Christmas."

"Don't you think you could tone him down?" pleaded Mrs. Wayne. "He does so much harm."

"But I don't want him toned down. His value to me is his being just as he is. He 's a myth, a hero, a power on the water-front, and I employ him."

"You employ him, but do you control him?" asked Adelaide, languidly, and yet with a certain emphasis.

Her husband glanced at her.

"What is it you want, Adelaide?" he said.

She gave a little laugh.

"Oh, I want nothing. It 's Mrs. Wayne who wants you to do something—rather difficult, too, I should imagine."

He turned gravely to their guest.

"What is it you want, Mrs. Wayne?"

Mrs. Wayne considered an instant, and as she was about to find words for her request her son spoke:

"She 'll tell you after dinner."

"Pete, I was n't going to tell the story," his mother put in protestingly. "You really do me injustice at times."

Adelaide, remembering the conversation of the morning, wondered whether he did. She felt grateful to him for wishing to spare Mathilde the hearing of such a story, and she turned to him with a caressing graciousness in which she was extremely at her ease. Mathilde, recognizing that her mother was pleased, though not being very clear why, could not resist joining in their conversation; and Mrs. Wayne was thus given an opportunity of murmuring the unfortunate Anita's story into Vincent's ear.

Adelaide, holding Pete with a flattering gaze, seeming to drink in every word he was saying, heard Mrs. Wayne finish and heard Vincent say:

"And you think you can get it annulled if only Burke does n't interfere?"

"Yes, if he does n't get hold of the boy and tell him that his dignity as a man is involved."

Adelaide withdrew her gaze from Pete and fixed it on Vincent. Was he going to accept that challenge? She wanted him to, and yet she thought he would be defeated, and she did not want him to be defeated. She waited almost breathless.

"Well, I 'll see what I can do," he said. This was an acceptance. This from Vincent meant that the matter, as far as he was concerned, was settled.

"You two plotters!" exclaimed Adelaide. "For my part, I 'm on Marty Burke's side. I hate to see wild creatures in cages."

"Dangerous to side with wild beasts," observed Vincent.

"Why?"

"They get the worst of it in the long run."

Adelaide dropped her eyes. It was exactly the right answer. For a moment she felt his complete supremacy. Then another thought shot through her mind: it was exactly the right answer if he could make it good.

In the meantime Mr. Lanley began to grow dissatisfied with the prolonged rôle of spectator. He preferred danger to oblivion; and turning to Mrs. Wayne, he said, with his politest smile:

"How are the bridges?"

"Oh dear, she answered, "I must have been terribly tactless—to make you so angry."

Mr. Lanley drew himself up.

"I was not angry," he said.

She looked at him with a sort of gentle wonder.

"You gave me the impression of being."

The very temperateness of the reply made him see that he had been inaccurate.

"Of course I was angry," he said. "What I mean is that I don't understand why I was."

Meantime, on the opposite side of the table, Mathilde and Pete were equally immersed, murmuring sentences of the profoundest meaning behind faces which they felt were mask-like.

Farron looked down the table at his wife. Why, he wondered, did she want to tease him to-night, of all nights in his life?

When they came out of the dining-room Pete said to Mathilde with the utmost clearness:

"And what was that magazine you spoke of?"

She had spoken of no magazine, but she caught the idea, the clever, rather wicked idea. He made her work her mind almost too fast sometimes, but she enjoyed it.

"Was n't it this?" she asked, with a beating heart.

They sat down on the sofa and bent their heads over it with student-like absorption.

"I have n't any idea what it is," she whispered.

"Oh, well, I suppose there 's something or other in it."

"I think your mother is perfectly wonderful—wonderful."

"I love you so."

The older people took a little longer to settle down. Mr. Lanley stood on the hearth-rug, with a cigar in his mouth and his head thrown very far back. Adelaide sank into a chair, looking, as she often did, as if she had just been brilliantly well posed for a photograph. Farron was silent. Mrs. Wayne sat, as she had a bad habit of doing, on one foot. The two groups were sufficiently separated for distinct conversations.

"Is this a conference?" asked Farron.

Mrs. Wayne made it so by her reply.

"The whole question is, Are they really in love? At least, that 's my view."

"In love!" Adelaide twisted her shoulders. "What can they know of it for another ten years? You must have some character, some knowledge to fall in love. And these babes—"

"No," said Mr. Lanley, stoutly; "you 're all wrong, Adelaide. It 's first love that matters—*Romeo* and *Juliet,* you know. Afterward we all get hardened and world-worn and cynical and material." He stopped short in his eloquence at the thought that Mrs. Wayne was quite obviously not hardened or world-worn or cynical or material. "By Jove!" he thought to himself, "that 's it. The woman's spirit is as fresh as a girl's." He had by this time utterly forgotten what he had meant to say.

Adelaide turned to her husband.

"Do you think they 're in love, Vin?"

Vincent looked at her for a second, and then he nodded two or three times.

Though no one at once recognized the fact, the engagement was settled at that moment.

It seemed obvious that Mr. Lanley should take the Waynes home in his car. Mrs. Wayne, who had prepared for walking, with overshoes and with pins for her trailing skirt, did not seem too enthusiastic at the suggestion. She stood a moment on the step and looked at the sky, where Orion, like a banner, was hung across the easterly opening of the side street.

"It 's a lovely night," she said.

It was Pete who drew her into the car. Her reluctance deprived Mr. Lanley of the delight of bestowing a benefit, but gave him a faint sense of capture.

In the drawing-room Mathilde was looking from one to the other of her natural guardians, like a well-trained puppy who wants to be fed. She wanted Pete praised. Instead, Adelaide said:

"Really, papa is growing too secretive! Do you know, Vin, he and Mrs. Wayne quarreled like mad last evening, and he never told me a word about it!"

"How do you know?"

"Oh, I heard them trying to smooth it out at dinner."

"O Mama," wailed Mathilde, between admiration and complaint, "you hear everything!"

"Certainly, I do," Adelaide returned lightly. "Yes, and I heard you, too, and understood everything that you meant."

Vincent could n't help smiling at his stepdaughter's horrified look.

"What a brute you are, Adelaide!" he said.

"Oh, my dear, you 're much worse," she retorted. "You don't have to overhear. You just read the human heart by some black magic of your own. That 's really more cruel than my gross methods."

"Well, Mathilde," said Farron, "as a reader of the human heart, I want to tell you that I approve of the young man. He has a fine, delicate touch on life, which, I am inclined to think, goes only with a good deal of strength."

Mathilde blinked her eyes. Gratitude and delight had brought tears to them.

"He thinks you 're wonderful, Mr. Farron," she answered a little huskily.

"Better and better," answered Vincent, and he held out his hand for a letter that Pringle was bringing to him on a tray.

"What 's that?" asked Adelaide. One of the first things she had impressed on Joe Severance was that he must never inquire about her mail; but she always asked Farron about his.

He seemed to be thinking and did n't answer her.

Mathilde, now simply insatiable, pressed nearer to him and asked:

"And what do you think of Mrs. Wayne?"

He raised his eyes from the envelop, and answered with a certain absence of tone:

"I thought she was an elderly wood-nymph."

Adelaide glanced over his shoulder, and, seeing that the letter had a printed address in the corner, lost interest.

"You may shut the house, Pringle," she said.

## CHAPTER VII

Pringle, the last servant up, was soon heard discreetly drawing bolts and turning out electric lights. Mathilde went straight up-stairs without even an attempt at drawing her mother into an evening gossip. She was aware of being tired after two nights rendered almost sleepless by her awareness of joy. She went to her room and shut the door. Her bed was piled high with extra covers, soft, light blankets and a down coverlet covered with pink silk. She took a certain hygienic pride in the extent to which she always opened her bedroom windows even when, as at present, the night was bitterly cold. In the morning she ran, huddling on her dressing-gown, into a heated bathroom, and when she emerged from this, the maid had always lighted her fire, and laid her breakfast-tray close to the blaze. To-night, when she went to open her window, she noticed that the houses opposite had lost courage and showed only cracks. She stood a second looking up at the stars, twinkling with tiny blue rays through the clear air. By turning her head to the west she could look down on the park, with its surface of bare, blurred tree-branches pierced by rows of lights. The familiar sight suddenly seemed to her almost intolerably beautiful. "Oh, I love him so much!" she said to herself, and her lips actually whispered the words, "so much! so much!"

She threw the window high as a reproof of those shivers across the way, and, jumping into bed, hastily sandwiched her small body between the warm bedclothes. She was almost instantly asleep.

Overhead the faint, but heavy, footfall of Pringle ceased. The house was silent; the city had become so. An occasional Madison Avenue car could be heard ringing along the cold rails, or rhythmically bounding down hill on a flat wheel. Once some distance away came the long, continuous complaint of the siren of a fire-engine and the bells and gongs of its comrades; and then a young man went past, whistling with the purest accuracy of time and tune the air to which he had just been dancing.

At half-past five the kitchen-maid, a young Swede who feared not God, neither regarded man, but lived in absolute sub-

"'ADELAIDE,' HE SAID IN A TONE THAT DROVE EVERY SENSATION AWAY—'ADELAIDE'"

jection to the cook, to whom, unknown to any one else, she every morning carried up breakfast, was stealing down with a candle in her hand. Her senses were alert, for a friend of hers had been strangled by burglars in similar circumstances, and she had never overcome her own terror of the cold, dark house in these early hours of a winter morning.

She went down not the back stairs, for Mr. Pringle objected that she woke him as she passed, whereas the carpet on the front stairs was so thick that there was n't the least chance of waking the family. As she passed Mrs. Farron's room she was surprised to see a fine crack of light coming from under it. She paused, wondering if she was going to be caught, and if she had better run back and take to the back stairs despite Pringle's well-earned rest; and as she hesitated she heard a sob, then another—wild, hysterical sobs. The girl looked startled and then went on, shaking her head. What people like that had to cry about beat her. But she was glad, because she knew such a splendid bit of news would soften the heart of the cook when she took up her breakfast.

By five o'clock it seemed to Adelaide that a whole eternity had passed and that another was ahead of her, that this night would never end.

When they went up-stairs, while she was brushing her hair—her hair rewarded brushing, for it was fine and long and took a polish like bronze—she had wandered into Vincent's room to discuss with him the question of her father's secretiveness about Mrs. Wayne. It was not, she explained, standing in front of his fire, that she suspected anything, but that it was so unfriendly: it deprived one of so much legitimate amusement if one's own family practised that kind of reserve. Her just anger kept her from observing Farron very closely. As she talked she laid her brush on the mantelpiece, and as she did so she knocked down the letter that had come for him just before they went up-stairs. She stooped, and picked it up without attention, and stood holding it; she gesticulated a little with it as she repeated for her own amusement rather than for Vincent's phrases she had caught at dinner.

The horror to Farron of seeing her standing there chattering, with that death-dealing letter in her hand, suddenly and illogically broke down his resolution of silence. It was cruel, and though he might have denied himself her help, he could not endure cruelty.

"Adelaide," he said in a tone that drove every other sensation away—"Adelaide, that letter. No, don't read it." He took it from her and laid it on his dressing-table. "My dear love, it has very bad news in it."

"There *has* been something, then?"

"Yes. I have been worried about my health for some time. This letter tells me the worst is true. Well, my dear, we did not enter matrimony with the idea that either of us was immortal."

But that was his last effort to be superior to the crisis, to pretend that the bitterness of death was any less to him than to any other human creature, to conceal that he needed help, all the help that he could get.

And Adelaide gave him help. Artificial as she often was in daily contact, in a moment like this she was splendidly, almost primitively real. She did not conceal her own passionate despair, her conviction that her life could n't go on without his; she did not curb her desire to know every detail on which his opinion and his doctor's had been founded; she clung to him and wept, refusing to let him discuss business arrangements, in which for some reason he seemed to find a certain respite; and yet with it all, she gave him strength, the sense that he had an indissoluble and loyal companion in the losing fight that lay before him.

Once she was aware of thinking: "Oh, why did he tell me to-night? Things are so terrible by night," but it was only a second before she put such a thought away from her. What had these nights been to him? The night when she had found his light burning so late, and other nights when he had probably denied himself the

consolation of reading for fear of rousing her suspicions. She did not attempt to pity or advise him, she did not treat him as a mixture of child and idiot, as affection so often treats illness. She simply gave him her love.

Toward morning he fell asleep in her arms, and then she stole back to her own room. There everything was unchanged, the light still burning, her satin slippers stepping on each other just as she had left them. She looked at herself in the glass; she did not look so very different. A headache had often ravaged her appearance more.

She had always thought herself a coward, she feared death with a terrible repugnance; but now she found, to her surprise, that she would have light-heartedly changed places with her husband. She had much more courage to die than to watch him die—to watch Vincent die, to see him day by day grow weak and pitiful. That was what was intolerable. If he would only die now, to-night, or if she could! It was at this moment that the kitchen maid had heard her sobbing.

Because there was nothing else to do, she got into bed, and lay there staring at the electric light, which she had forgotten to put out. Toward seven she got up and gave orders that Mr. Farron was not to be disturbed, that the house was to be kept quiet. Strange, she thought, that he could sleep like an exhausted child, while she, awake, was a mass of pain. Her heart ached, her eyes burned, her very body felt sore. She arranged for his sleep, but she wanted him to wake up; she begrudged every moment of his absence. Alas! she thought, how long would she continue to do so?

Yet with her suffering came a wonderful ease, an ability to deal with the details of life. When at eight o'clock her maid came in and, pulling the curtains, exclaimed with Gallic candor, "Oh, comme madame a mauvaise mine ce matin!" she smiled at her with unusual gentleness. Later, when Mathilde came down at her accustomed hour, and lying across the foot of her mother's bed, began to read her scraps of the morning paper, Adelaide felt a rush of tenderness for the child, who was so unaware of the hideous bargain life really was. Surprising as it was, she found she could talk more easily than usual and with a more undivided attention, though everything they said was trivial enough.

Then suddenly her heart stood still, for the door opened, and Vincent, in his dressing-gown, came in. He had evidently had his bath, for his hair was wet and shiny. Thank God! he showed no signs of defeat!

"Oh," cried Mathilde, jumping up, "I thought Mr. Farron had gone down-town ages ago."

"He overslept," said Adelaide.

"I had an excellent night," he answered, and she knew he looked at her to discover that she had not.

"I 'll go," said Mathilde; but with unusual sharpness they both turned to her and said simultaneously, "No, no; stay." They knew no better than she did why they were so eager to keep her.

"Are you going down-town, Vin?" Adelaide asked, and her voice shook a little on the question; she was so eager that he should not institute any change in his routine so soon.

"Of course," he answered.

They looked at each other, yet their look said nothing in particular. Presently he said:

"I wonder if I might have breakfast in here. I 'll go and shave if you 'll order it; and don't let Mathilde go. I have something to say to her."

When he was gone, Mathilde went and stood at the window, looking out, and tying knots in the window-shade's cord. It was a trick Adelaide had always objected to, and she was quite surprised to hear herself saying now, just as usual:

"Mathilde, don't tie knots in that cord."

Mathilde threw it from her as one whose mind was engaged on higher things.

"You know," she observed, "I believe I 'm only just beginning to appreciate Mr. Farron. He 's so wise. I see what you

meant about his being strong, and he 's so clever. He knows just what you 're thinking all the time. Is n't it nice that he likes Pete? Did he say anything more about him after you went up-stairs? I mean, he really does like him, does n't he? He does n't say that just to please me?"

Presently Vincent came back fully dressed and sat down to his breakfast. Oddly enough, there was a spirit of real gaiety in the air.

"What was it you were going to say to me?" Mathilde asked greedily. Farron looked at her blankly. Adelaide knew that he had quite forgotten the phrase, but he concealed the fact by not allowing the least illumination of his expression as he remembered.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I wish to correct myself. I told you that Mrs. Wayne was an elderly wood-nymph; but I was wrong. Of course the truth is that she 's a very young witch."

Mathilde laughed, but not whole-heartedly. She had already identified herself so much with the Waynes that she could not take them quite in this tone of impersonality.

Farron threw down his napkin, stood up, pulled down his waistcoat.

"I must be off," he said. He went and kissed his wife. Both had to nerve themselves for that.

She held his arm in both her hands, feeling it solid, real, and as hard as iron.

"You 'll be up-town early?"

"I 've a busy day."

"By four?"

"I 'll telephone." She loved him for refusing to yield to her just at this moment of all moments. Some men, she thought, would have hidden their own self-pity under the excuse of the necessity of being kind to her.

She was to lunch out with a few critical contemporaries. She was horrified when she looked at herself by morning light. Her skin had an ivory hue, and there were many fine wrinkles about her eyes. She began to repair these damages with the utmost frankness, talking meantime to Mathilde and the maid. She swept her whole face with a white lotion, rouged lightly, but to her very eyelids, touched a red pencil to her lips, all with discretion. The result was satisfactory. The improvement in her appearance made her feel braver. She could n't have faced these people—she did not know whether to think of them as intimate enemies or hostile friends—if she had been looking anything but her best.

But they were just what she needed; they would be hard and amusing and keep her at some tension. She thought rather crossly that she could not sit through a meal at home and listen to Mathilde rambling on about love and Mr. Farron.

She was inexcusably late, and they had sat down to luncheon—three men and two women—by the time she arrived. They had all been, or had wanted to go, to an auction sale of *objets d'art* that had taken place the night before. They were discussing it, praising their own purchases, and decrying the value of everybody else's when Adelaide came in.

"Oh, Adelaide," said her hostess, "we were just wondering what you paid originally for your tapestry."

"The one in the hall?"

"No, the one with the Turk in it."

"I have n't an idea,"—Adelaide was distinctly languid,—"I got it from my grandfather."

"Would n't you know she 'd say that?" exclaimed one of the women. "Not that I deny it 's true; only, you know, Adelaide, whenever you do want to throw a veil over one of your pieces, you always call on the prestige of your ancestors."

Adelaide raised her eyebrows.

"Really," she answered, "there is n't anything so very conspicuous about having had a grandfather."

"No," her hostess echoed, "even I, so well and favorably known for my vulgarity—even *I* had a grandfather."

"But he was n't a connoisseur in tapestries, Minnie darling."

"No, but he was in pigs, the dear vulgarian."

"True vulgarity," said one of the men, "vulgarity in the best sense, I mean,

should betray no consciousness of its own existence. Only thus can it be really great."

"Oh, Minnie's vulgarity is just artificial, assumed, because she found it worked so well."

"Surely you accord her some natural talent along those lines."

"I suspect her secret mind is refined."

"Oh, that's not fair. Vulgar is as vulgar does."

Adelaide stood up, pushing back her chair. She found them utterly intolerable. Besides, as they talked she had suddenly seen clearly that she must herself speak to Vincent's doctor without an instant's delay. "I have to telephone, Minnie," she said, and swept out of the room. She never returned.

"Not one of the perfect lady's golden days, I should say," said one of the men, raising his eyebrows. "I wonder what's gone wrong."

"Can Vincent have been straying from the straight and narrow?"

"Something wrong. I could tell by her looks."

"Ah, my dear, I'm afraid her looks is what's wrong."

Adelaide meantime was in her motor on her way to the doctor's office. He had given up his sacred lunch-hour in response to her imperious demand and to his own intense pity for her sorrow. He did not know her, but he had had her pointed out to him, and though he recognized the unreason of such an attitude, he was aware that her great beauty dramatized her suffering, so that his pity for her was uncommonly alive.

He was a young man, with a finely cut face and a blond complexion. His pity was visible, quivering a little under his mask of impassivity. Adelaide's first thought on seeing him was, "Good Heavens! another man to be emotionally calmed before I can get at the truth!" She had to be tactful, to let him see that she was not going to make a scene. She knew that he felt it himself, but she was not grateful to him. What business had he to feel it? His feeling was an added burden, and she felt that she had enough to carry.

He did not make the mistake, however, of expressing his sympathy verbally. His answers were as cold and clear as she could wish. She questioned him on the chances of an operation. He could not reduce his judgment to a mathematical one; he was inclined to advocate an operation on psychological grounds, he said.

"It keeps up the patient's courage to know something is being done." He added, "That will be your work, Mrs. Farron, to keep his courage up."

Most women like to know they had their part to play, but Adelaide shook her head quickly.

"I would so much rather go through it myself!" she cried.

"Naturally, naturally," he agreed, without getting the full passion of her cry.

She stood up.

"Oh," she said, "if it could only be kill or cure!"

He glanced at her.

"We have hardly reached that point yet," he answered.

She went away dissatisfied. He had answered every question, he had even encouraged her to hope a little more than her interpretation of what Vincent said had allowed her; but as she drove away she knew he had failed her. For she had gone to him in order to have Vincent presented to her as a hero, as a man who had looked upon the face of death without a quiver. Instead, he had been presented to her as a patient, just one of the long procession that passed through that office. The doctor had said nothing to contradict the heroic picture, but he had said nothing to contribute to it. And surely, if Farron had stood out in his calmness and courage above all other men, the doctor would have mentioned it, could n't have helped doing so; he certainly would not have spent so much time in telling her how she was to guard and encourage him. To the doctor he was only a patient, a pitiful human being, a victim of mortality. Was that what he was going to become in her eyes, too?

At four she drove down-town to his office. He came out with another man; they stood a moment on the steps talking and smiling. Then he drew his friend to the car window and introduced him to Adelaide. The man took off his hat.

"I was just telling your husband, Mrs. Farron, that I 've been looking at offices in this building. By the spring he and I will be neighbors."

Adelaide just shut her eyes, and did not open them again until Vincent had got in beside her and she felt his arm about her shoulder.

"My poor darling!" he said. "What you need is to go home and get some sleep." It was said in his old, cherishing tone, and she, leaning back, with her head against the point of his shoulder, felt that, black as it was, life for the first time since the night before had assumed its normal aspect again.

(*To be continued*)

## To a Soldier in France

By GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

Oh, if to-day you dream of home,
  Think of the road we know
Untangling a blue skein of hills;
  And how the birches grow
Against the light, and of that day
  Only a year ago!

For here alone those hills again
  Your little son and I
Are wishing the enchanted trail
  Would lead us round the sky
And drop us in a Flanders field
  To see you marching by.

And now the child is eager for
  A wonder-tale of Greece;
I tell him how you sailed away
  Like Jason for the Fleece,
To find a glory more than gold
  Beside the winding Lys.

But while his deep eyes glow and glow,
  It seems another tells
The tale, and beauty to my heart
  No word of meaning spells,
And the river on the valley-floor
  Flows over Flemish bells.

# The Forty-eight Defenders

## A Study of the Work of the State Councils of Defense

By FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

LESS than sixty hours after that historical moment when President Wilson left the luncheon table to sign his name to the declaration of a state of war a significant letter went out from the Council of National Defense. Or, rather, forty-eight letters went out. Signed by Secretary Baker as chairman of the council, and addressed to the governor of each State in the Union, they proposed the appointment of state councils of defense.

It was clear to the six cabinet officers who make up the Council of National Defense that just as the Federal Government could not meet the emergencies of war with an administrative machinery adapted to peace conditions, but must strengthen it by the addition of special boards and bureaus to deal with shipping and food and fuel and to marshal the resources of the nation, so the States were going to find themselves saddled with burdens which their hard-worked executive departments could not carry. Each State would need a new department, politically independent, representative of the best citizenship of the community, flexible enough to undertake a diversity of tasks, and far-sighted enough to prepare the ship of state for storms still low on the horizon. This was not a new idea. Several States had already formed energetic defense boards in the period between our break with Germany and the declaration of war. Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, for instance, had committees of public safety. In New York there was a Resource Mobilization Bureau, elaborately organized, under the adjutant-general. What the Council of National Defense did was merely to give the impetus of its approval to an already vigorous movement, and to increase its scope so that every State in the Union might finally be brought into a single scheme of work.

It is to the credit of the States that the system thus established grew by leaps and bounds. Every State sent delegates to the big National Defense Conference held in Washington on May 2 and 3, and eleven governors were present when the whole party trooped over to the White House to receive the welcome and encouragement of the President. The conference gave the idea new momentum. The Council of National Defense created a new department to carry on the correspondence with the state councils, to serve as a clearing-house for information about their activities,—so that each might have the benefit of the experience of the other forty-seven,—and to act as their Washington agent and representative and adviser. One by one the governors reported to this section on coöperation with States, the formation of councils. They began to form subordinate organizations in their counties and towns to bring their work home more closely to the people. At the end of six months not only was there a council in every State and the District of Columbia, but nearly every State was thoroughly organized locally; and the councils were constantly growing, constantly reaching out, constantly taking up and making effective new types of work.

The councils differ as radically in status and functions as the Maine fisherman differs from the Arizona cow-boy. Some of them were created by statute; others gained their official standing through appointment by the governor. A few of them are composed of certain regularly elected executive officers of the State; the

great majority are made up of representative civilians. Some have little actual power beyond that inherent in the prestige of their members and their position as the official war body of the State; others have authority almost unlimited. They have gone about their local organization in pretty nearly forty-eight different ways. Their financial resources range from dependence upon gubernatorial funds and private subscription to appropriations of five million dollars.

So great is the variety of the councils, in fact, that it gives a special impressiveness to the qualities which they have in common—their non-partizan character, and, still more significant, the type of men that they have brought into the service of the country. In Illinois, for example, the chairman is Samuel Insull, who directs the tremendous Commonwealth Edison Company, and his fellow-members include Victor Olander, one of the ablest labor leaders in the country, and J. Ogden Armour, president of the packing-house that bears his name. In Maryland the chairman is Carl R. Gray, a railroad president. In Massachusetts the Committee on Public Safety is headed by James J. Storrow, a banker of the highest repute, and Henry B. Endicott, one of the leading shoe manufacturers of the country. The Missouri chairman, F. B. Mumford, is the dean and director of the Agricultural College of the State University. Lafayette Young, ex-United States Senator and editor and proprietor of the Des Moines "Capital," who for a generation has been a leader in the fight for clean journalism, heads the Iowa council. George Wharton Pepper is the chairman in Pennsylvania. It is not necessary to extend the list.

"Never in my life have I been thrown in with so many different sorts of interesting people as in this state war work," said one of the New England committee heads to me recently. "Most of them never had any use for political life before the war. They called local politics a dirty business and kept away from it. But now they are finding public service the most fascinating game they ever took part in. It is queer to see them playing it side by side—capitalists and labor leaders, men and women of every creed, every party, every walk of life.

"You can't tell me that the new blood these people are infusing into our public life will not have a permanent strengthening and purifying influence, or that they will ever sit by after the war is over and let things slide back into our old happy-go-lucky government by quacks and crooks and phrase-makers. It is a hopeful sign. If state socialism comes, and I begin to feel that it is coming, it looks as if we should have the men to run it."

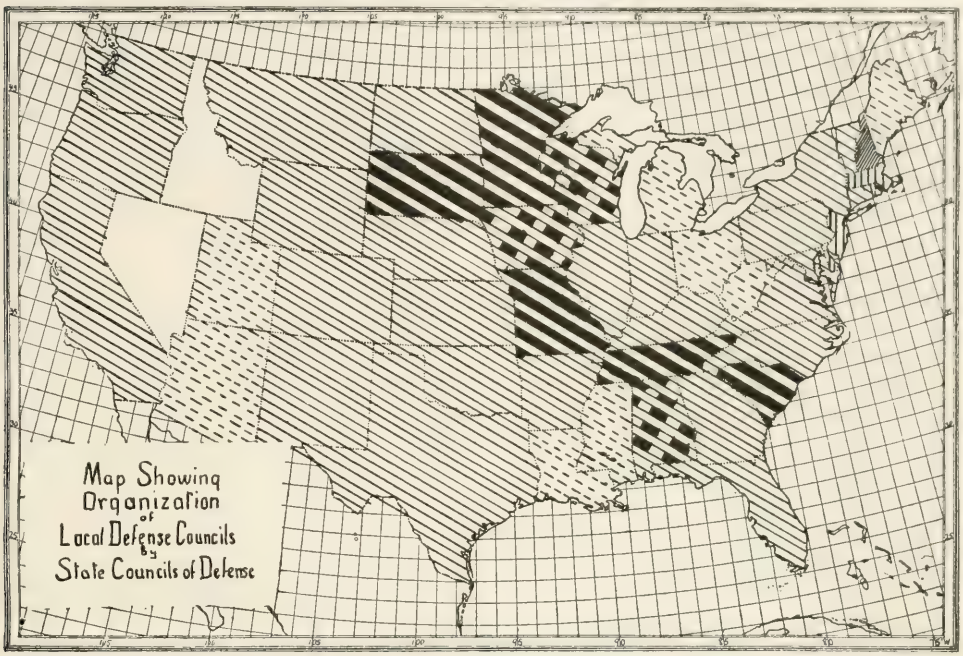
Typical of the achievements of the state councils is the work done by them everywhere to stimulate the production and conservation of food. Remember that when they began work there was no Food Administration in Washington. The Department of Agriculture was actively engaged in a campaign for increased production, but its county agents needed the backing of local authority and influence. The councils had a unique opportunity, and they grasped it.

By means of booklets and posters and leaflets and newspaper articles they advertised the necessity for planting and saving. Speakers explained the situation to the farmers everywhere. Several of the agricultural colleges lent their expert aid to the preparation of printed advice to the back-yard gardener and the amateur potato-digger. In South Carolina, where each county farm demonstrator was commissioned to form a county campaign committee and an auxiliary negro committee, they gathered together the farmers in each local unit for a series of farmers' conventions during "Planters' Week."

Several States distributed seeds to farmers at cost. In Wisconsin the council held a conference of the principal seed-distributors of the State, and the result was a low, uniform price. Here and there the banks were induced to make loans to the farmers at a special rate for the purchase of seeds. Some States established a system of seed exchanges. There were canning and drying campaigns. Several

States made agricultural surveys. In Colorado the council drew up a census of tractors, and so arranged for their economical use that many, furnished with

who had been brought up on the soil, how the California council built up a fish administration—all this would take many pages to tell. Suffice it to say that




PREPARED BY SECTION ON COÖPERATION WITH STATES, CORRECTED TO OCTOBER 1. SINCE THEN MANY STATES HAVE PERFECTED THEIR ORGANIZATION.

SYSTEMS OF MUNICIPALITIES COMPLETE
SYSTEMS OF TOWNSHIPS COMPLETE
SYSTEMS OF COUNTY COUNCILS UNDERWAY
SYSTEMS OF COUNTY COUNCILS COMPLETE
SYSTEMS OF COUNTY COUNCILS COMPLETE, TOWNSHIPS UNDERWAY
SYSTEMS OF COUNTY AND TOWNSHIP COUNCILS COMPLETE

head-lights, were kept going all night long. In New York a food commission purchased tractors and rented them to the farmers' organizations. Characteristic, also, are the Boys' Camps instituted in Massachusetts to add to the supply of farm labor; the New Jersey Junior Industrial Army; the labor exchanges maintained in many districts; and the Boys' Working Reserve, built up in the States, and later taken over and directed by Washington. All these movements have been of great assistance.

How the school children were put to work under the eye of men who understood boys, how employers were persuaded to release for farm labor those employees

although it was mid-summer before Herbert Hoover had full authority and appointed his state food administrators, who were urged to work in intimate association with the state councils and in most cases were council members, he found the great campaign for feeding the nation and its allies already in active and successful progress. And now the state food committees are working valiantly in behalf of the newly appointed state food administrators.

Any general account of the other achievements of the councils must differentiate between work done at the direction of Washington and work done on their own initiative. They have been the

willing agents of the Federal Government in assisting the recruiting campaign, in working with the Red Cross and the Liberty Loan committees, in pushing the recommendations of the Commercial Economy Board, in assisting the Department of Labor to make the Boys' Working Reserve a national institution, and in building up State by State the organization of the "Four Minute Men," an army of volunteers who speak briefly on the war in the motion-picture theaters. But it is the bewildering array of their spontaneous activities which testifies most eloquently to the initiative of the state councils. Something like eighty-two different varieties of work have been reported to Washington.

Where the state councils have been a godsend to the Government is in the institution and recruiting of home guards to take the place of the federalized and transported militia. Almost every State has tackled this job. New York State, for example, has supplemented the Home Defense League or Police Reserve of New York City with a Home Defense Corps on a military basis, with companies of from thirty-six to a hundred men composed of those ineligible for the National Guard, army, or navy. The Home Defense Corps is organized all over the State, and its members are called out to guard bridges and waterworks. From this typical body there is endless variation, until in the State of Washington we find the guards protecting the wheat-fields from incendiary fires, and planning to establish hilltop stations and signal from one to another by telephone in case of trouble, a custom which brings strangely to mind the hilltop beacons of colonial New England. In California and other States the guards are organized in automobile squads both to fight fires and to suppress disorder. In West Virginia they have the status of special constables, and there are camps for their training.

Several councils have registered aliens and are now working for their education. Several have met the difficult transportation problem by making surveys of railroad equipment or by organizing volunteer motor brigades to carry laboring-men to the fields and to transport perishables that the railroads have been obliged to embargo. Several, especially Massachusetts, have arbitrated strikes in war industries.

How the Illinois council handled the coal crisis—how they gathered together the operators and miners to agree on a price, and when no agreement was reached, announced that they themselves had the power to regulate prices, threatened to do so, and called a conference of sixteen state councils to take the preliminary steps, thus winning the attention of the whole country to the need for a federal fuel administrator—is commonly known. Not so general is the understanding of what the councils have been doing in behalf of the men in the training camps. Out in Wisconsin they have "pal committees" everywhere, every pal volunteering to be a big brother to a soldier, to write to him, to see that he has books to read while he is away, to look after the affairs of his family, and to be a friend to them in time of need. In North Carolina business aid committees, each numbering a business man and a lawyer among their members, have been doing the same sort of helpful and human work. And on each of the bulletin-boards which the Connecticut Council of Defense has had erected in towns and villages all over the State is written the roll of honor of those who are representing the town in the national service.

Maryland has a pioneer performance to its credit. It has equipped a complete hospital on wheels, to be rushed to the scene of fires and munitions disasters. Three railroads provided the cars, the council provided the money, and the chief surgeon of the West Maryland Railroad Company installed the equipment, which is complete to the last detail. Grumblers who claim that we Americans are too slipshod to prepare for emergencies until we are overwhelmed will have to take account of Maryland's hospital train.

As time goes on it becomes evident that no obligation lies more heavily upon the state councils than that of mobilizing pub-

lic opinion, of spreading the gospel of a war to win peace for the world. Missouri and Iowa do not compromise with sedition. When disloyal utterances are reported to Mr. Young, chairman of the Iowa Council, he writes to the supposed traitor and asks him point-blank to declare whether he is for the United States or for Germany. The chairman in Henry County, Missouri, the Reverend A. N. Lindsey, sends a white card of caution to any man reported disloyal. If the complaints continue, he sends a blue card of warning. If this does not serve, out goes a red card, asking the man to report to the local postmaster; the final step is to write the Department of Justice about the offender. At least that is the plan. As a matter of fact Mr. Lindsey has not found it necessary to send any red cards yet; the white and blue ones have done the trick.

One may approve of such methods or not, but the state councils happily have not been content with intimidation of the disloyal; they have generally realized that persuasion and education are the surest avenues to public unity. The Connecticut council distributes to the newspapers frequent "Made-in-Connecticut Interviews," explaining our war aims and exhorting Connecticut to back them unreservedly; and through the council's ingenious device of appointing a member of every newspaper staff as a special representative of the council and giving him an impressive commission, signed by the governor, these interviews are widely published. Speaking campaigns are becoming more and more general. New York State held in September a patriotic week during which nine teams of four speakers each toured the sixty counties, speaking every night at big meetings arranged by the local councils. The following week Kentucky held several hundred patriotic all-day meetings, and one by one the other councils are adopting similar means of converting apathy and tepid approval into a real community of purpose.

Community of purpose implies team work, and it is not the least of the responsibilities of the councils to fit the innumerable patriotic organizations of the State into a single scheme of work. Aid societies, philanthropic foundations, companies of women pledged to this or opposed to that, vigilance committees and chambers of commerce and leagues for preparedness—each must be given the place it wants to fill, and without confusion be brought into step with the rest. It is not easy to eliminate petty rivalries, to smooth down jealousies, to allot opportunities for service in a way that will keep enthusiasm warm; but the state councils have to do this, because they are the only war body which represents not one single arm of the national service (as do the Red Cross and the Liberty Loan Committees, for example) but the whole war interest of the State.

"Madam," said a state councilor to his hostess, after a week of diplomatic adjustments, "I have only one thing to ask: let us give complete rest on Sunday to the words 'coöperation,' 'coördination, 'duplication,' and 'overlapping.' If we don't, I think I shall go crazy."

Perhaps some people make a fetish of coöperation, as did the farmer who tried to persuade his cows to assemble in groups and swish their tails in concert to keep off the flies, so that there might be no lost motion and each cow might have the benefit of four tails; but to a state composed of individualists the coördinating committee is just as necessary as a coxswain to a crew. There may be discouraging moments when the coxswain feels that he is only so much vocative dead weight; but without him the oarsmen would pull every which way.

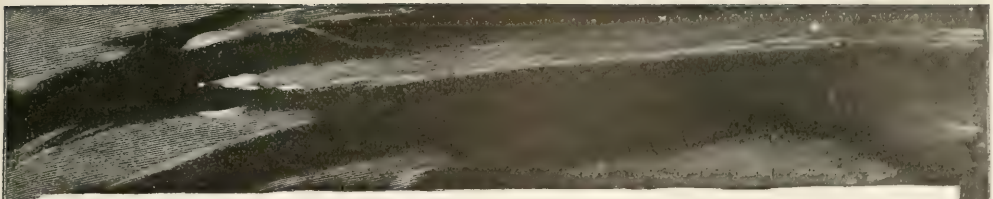
In Washington, too, there has to be coördination, although of a different sort. From the outside the "Government" looks like a single machine with a single mind. In reality it is a dozen or two rapidly growing organizations, and the lines of demarcation are not always distinct. It is the task of the Council of National Defense, through its section on coöperation with States, as the Washington representative of the state councils, to make

sure that these organizations take advantage of the state council system, to get from them the sort of assistance which the councils need, and to secure their friendly approval of this plan and that. Only with such oiling of the wheels can the machinery of government run smoothly.

One wonders whether ever before in American history there has been anything like this system of bodies appointed by the States, working together at the suggestion of Washington, and undertaking everything from the construction of warehouses to the supplying of free dental service and the distributing of patriotic pamphlets. Not that I mean to magnify their importance: they are merely one part of our war-time government, not perhaps the most vital. But surely they are one of the most significant.

On my desk lies a magazine published weekly by one of the councils. It contains a page of reports from the counties. Waukesha has completed an organization of home guards of one hundred men, I read. The county council is going to hold a banker-farmer picnic at North Lake with patriotic exhibitions. Sheboygan had a parade to accompany her drafted men to the station: there was a brass band, and the mayor and the county council went before, and the local exemption board followed after, and several thousand citizens joined the procession in automobiles. The Sheboygan County Council of Defense conducted a canning demonstration at the Plymouth Fair under the direction of Miss Nellie Maxwell of Neenah. And so on.

These homely incidents reveal the strength of the state council system. By the very looseness of its organization it enlists local pride and local energy in the cause not of the locality, but of the nation. Miss Nellie Maxwell of Neenah and the Sheboygan paraders are not submerged in the mass of those working for the administration. They are not oppressed with the thought of being very small cogs in a machine that pulls together one hundred million people. They are doing Sheboygan work in the Sheboygan way. They and millions like them in other counties and other States are taking part in government by the people, for the nation.



# Camels

By WILL THOMPSON

I

YOU may talk of horses, of the wild and speedy mares,
Thunderers fire-footed, where the prophet's weapon fares,
Saracens and Afghans out the highway of Jehad:
Give me strings of camels on the road to Astrabad!

II

Camels and processions on the road to Bagdad town,
Drawn like notes of music on the desert, gold and brown;
*Do, re, me*—I count them as they string along in line,
Laden with their treasure-chests and jars of Syrian wine.

III

Dream your wiry mustangs in the sage and chaparral,
Broncho-busters on the plains and ponies by the wall;
Horse-dealers and horse-stealers my heart cannot command:
*I* have strings of camels on the road to Samarkand!

IV

Orderly and dutiful, the little door of years
Opens up in wonder-land: the camel-train appears.
Who that knows the gorgeous East their magic can withstand—
Velvet-footed camels on the road to Samarkand!

# Spanish Pride

By WILLIAM CAINE

Illustrations by N. M. Berger

THE poet is said to be born, not made. I have my doubts about this; but whatever the truth of it may be, it cannot be said of the artist. He, it is true, has also to be born; but he has very much to be made, and the process is generally an unpleasant one for him.

While Luiz Mendoza was still a-making and was still under twenty years of age, one day he tried to find a short cut between central Paris and the garret which he then inhabited in Montmartre, lost his direction, and came suddenly into a tiny, quiet square which he had never seen before. The little place charmed him, and being hot and thirsty, he sat down at a table outside a small café and ordered a beer, for which he paid with his last two coins. Then he opened the portfolio which he carried. In it were ten of those sketches which in those days he used to peddle about for a few francs among the offices of the comic newspapers. Taking out a blank sheet of paper, he began to sketch the square. If to-day you could find one of those same drawings that Mendoza used to carry all over Paris, you would think yourself a lucky man; for, first, you would be possessed of a very exquisite work of art, and, secondly, you would be worth a great many more dollars than you had been a minute earlier. But those early Mendozas are not easy to get hold of, because all that escaped the waste-paper-basket and the *calorifères* of that period lie nowadays in the drawers of the richer collectors, and whenever they come into the market there is much active competition.

Mendoza's morning had been a thoroughly bad one. He had set out from his garret with ten sketches in his portfolio and twenty centimes in his pocket and one slice of bread in his stomach, and he was now returning with ten sketches in his portfolio, while the twenty centimes that had been in his pocket were now spent, and as for the bread, it had long ago ceased to make its presence felt. He had walked six miles, climbed many steps, and been told to go to the devil by at least five busy and unsympathetic men. But to-night he would do a lot more drawings, and to-morrow he would sell one or two of them; he was sure of it. Till that happened, however, there would be nothing to eat and drink save a loaf's end in the cupboard at home and such water, unlimited, to be sure, in quantity, as he might please to draw from the tap in the passage outside his room. Well, so much the more reason for enjoying the beer.

As he sketched he became aware of a stout old gentleman who took a chair at a neighbouring table. This old gentleman wore a big cape, though the day was scorching, and a broad-brimmed hat, and his white hair hung down nearly to his shoulders. In his buttonhole was a decoration that Mendoza knew was a high one. But he knew all about this old gentleman.

"*Caramba!*" he said to himself. "The Père Boyau! A mystery of Paris is solved. So this is where he takes his *apéritif,* the crafty old one! No chance of having to stand treat to anybody here." Monsieur Boyau's parsimony was as notorious in his own world as his pictures were famous both there and elsewhere. A marvelous artist, rolling in money, as stingy as an empty cask, but otherwise an amiable old thing, that was the Père Boyau.

Mendoza raised his hat in homage to Monsieur Boyau's art, and Monsieur Boyau raised his in recognition of the compliment. He gave an order to the café's

only waiter and, having lit a cigarette, leaned upon his stick, and regarded Mendoza benevolently. Presently he got up and stood behind Mendoza. Then he said:

"But it is admirable, Monsieur. For so young a man, you have a very considerable talent. But," —and he took a stick of charcoal from his pocket, —"if I might suggest, the lines of the kiosk might be strengthened with advantage to the whole composition. May I indicate my meaning? Your rubber can obliterate what you do not wholly approve."

"'THE PERE BOYAU'"

"I shall be honored, Monsieur," said Mendoza, who was by no means above taking a free lesson from Théophile Boyau.

"So," said Monsieur Boyau as he leaned over, and made a few marks upon the paper. "And thus. Am I right?"

"It is not," said Mendoza, "for me to pass judgment upon the work of a Boyau. This sketch is finished." He took a small bottle of fixative out of his pocket, sprayed the drawing, and put it away in his portfolio. "I am now," he said, "possessed of twenty strokes by Théophile Boyau. My morning has turned out a lucky one, after all."

Monsieur Boyau laughed gaily and pinched Mendoza's cheek.

"Little flatterer!" he said. Then, motioning to the waiter to bring him his *apéritif,* he sat down beside Mendoza. The boy had his beer, and, despite that hint of bad luck, Monsieur Boyau felt there was no danger. Besides, he was in a mood to be companionable.

At this very moment they became aware of a poor woman, who stood in front of them, holding out beseechingly a few bunches of wilted flowers. In her other hand was that of a child about six years old, an adorable little girl. Both were thin and very pale.

Monsieur Boyau frowned.

"Thank you; no," he said, and his voice was not kindly any more.

The woman sighed and began to move away; but, even as she moved, she staggered, and caught at the back of a chair to steady herself. Then she sat down suddenly.

At that, with great swiftness, Mendoza jumped up.

"Madame," he said, "take courage. I will see what I can do," and he darted into the café.

It was empty save for the waiter, a canary, and a woman of opulent figure who sat at the cash-desk making a piece of embroidery. Mendoza approached her, hat in hand, and opened his portfolio.

"Madame," he said in his courtly Spanish voice and his perfect, but rather rough-sounding, French, "I sell these drawings to editors for five francs apiece. Will you take one or all of them in return for coffee, bread, meat, and a bowl of warm milk? There are a woman and a child out there who look as if they might die."

"No," said the woman; "I do not care for pictures. But you are a Spaniard, are you not? Yes? My mother was a Spaniard. You shall have the victuals for your friends, my little fellow." And she gave an order to the waiter.

"Decidedly," said Mendoza to himself as, having overwhelmed the woman with thanks, he went out of doors again— "decidedly this is my lucky morning."

"Madame," he said, addressing the poor woman, "refreshment is on the way. Courage! And for the little one there down against him, with his arm round her.

"Madamoiselle's milk," said Mendoza,

"'SEE, MAMAN,' SHE CRIED, 'THE GENTLEMAN HAS MADE AN ELEPHANT'"

will be milk. Is all that as it should be?"

She smiled wanly at him.

"Monsieur is an angel," she said. "I was finished; but I shall be able to get home now."

Monsieur Boyau, who had hitherto looked very severe, now began again to illuminate his neighborhood with smiles.

"Heaven," he said piously, "will undoubtedly reward monsieur for his kindness," and he looked with interest, not unmingled with pity, at this shabby youth who flung his money about so recklessly. But that was youth. Appearances were certainly deceptive. He would never have supposed that the boy had the price of a meal for himself, let alone for two others.

Mendoza drew the child up to his knee. She came willingly, and at once snuggled

"will be here directly. Meanwhile let us offer madamoiselle such other poor entertainment as is in our power." He opened his portfolio, took out a sheet of paper, and began to draw. "The Jardin des Plantes," he said, "is popular with the very young, but it is far from where we sit. Still, many wonderful things are in the power of the draftsman. Behold, Madamoiselle, I transport us to the Jardin des Plantes. What is this that is coming into view? I swear, it is an elephant!"

As he spoke, a magnificent and most comical elephant appeared upon the paper. The child clapped her hands.

"See, *Maman,*" she cried, "the gentleman has made an elephant. And it is droll. Oh! but it is droll!"

"Madamoiselle would perhaps enjoy a

promenade upon the creature's back," said Mendoza. "Let her not be afraid. My elephants are very tame. But, that there may be no hesitation on madamoiselle's part, I shall make her very large, so that she will be able to control the animal's movements at her pleasure." And, behold! seated upon the elephant appeared a colossal little girl exactly like madamoiselle.

The portrait was undeniable. Madamoiselle screamed with pleasure. Her mother laughed to see. Monsieur Boyau, sipping from his glass, chuckled his appreciation of the performance. The waiter, who had just brought out the provisions, called upon his Maker to witness that the likeness was extraordinary.

"SAT AT THE CASH-DESK MAKING A PIECE OF EMBROIDERY"

"A lion," cried the child, "draw 'Toinette a lion."

"When madamoiselle has drunk her milk," said Mendoza, "a lion shall be produced, and a terrible one, if madamoiselle pleases."

"Oh, yes," she said, "let it be very terrible. 'Toinette is not afraid of monsieur's beasts, she is so enormous now." With admirable docility she began to consume her milk. Her mother fell greedily upon the ham, bread, and coffee that the waiter had set before her. Mendoza lit his last cigarette and drank beer.

When the milk was finished, the child pushed the bowl away and asked for 'Toinette's lion.

Mendoza obliged. Then he drew a tiger, a rhinoceros, a boa constrictor, a giraffe; and all these creatures were so funny that the child and her mother and the waiter, who could not tear himself away, and Monsieur Boyau were convulsed with merriment. At last madame the proprietress of the café, made curious by the laughter outside, joined the admiring throng. Although she did not care for pictures, she was so much delighted with Mendoza's beasts (and perhaps with his Spanish voice) that she ordered more meat and bread and coffee to be brought out; yes, and a pot of confiture for madamoiselle.

At last Mendoza, who had been observing old Boyau craftily out of the corner of his eye, stopped drawing and said:

"But who am I to be spoiling paper in the presence of a Boyau? Know, Madamoiselle, that this old gentleman is France's greatest living painter. Ask him to draw something for you. Then you will see beasts indeed."

"Ah, bah!" said Monsieur Boyau, prodigiously pleased, nevertheless. "Who am I to compete with such a magician? However, if madamoiselle permits, I will do my humble best to satisfy her." Ever

since the drawing had begun, his fingers had been itching to be at work, and his artist's soul had been hungering to taste the unalloyed flattery of the child's ecstatic appreciation.

Almost before he had finished speaking, one of Mendoza's blank sheets was before him.

"Not in charcoal, Master," said Mendoza in his ear. "It is too broad for a child's eye. Take this pencil. It is a good one."

The old man obeyed. He was very much disposed to be good. This was n't going to cost him a penny, yet he was about to do a kindly thing. And he liked to be kind so long as he did n't have to pay.

"Let me think," he said as he arranged the paper for his hand. "Monsieur has suggested more beasts for madamoiselle, but I cannot draw beasts that will compare with those of monsieur. Suppose—suppose—suppose I make a procession of gladiators."

"What," asked madamoiselle, "are gladiators? I think I would rather have more beasts."

"Not so," said Mendoza, pressing her with his arm persuasively. "There is nothing more beautiful than gladiators. Madamoiselle will see."

Monsieur Boyau bent himself to his task, and very soon the intention of his design became apparent.

The spectator, Cæsar for the moment, stared down upon the sand of the circus, which in the background towered, tier on tier to meet its vast, striped awning. And there stood the gladiators, their arms raised, shouting, saluting the emperor, under whose eyes they were about to die. What Monsieur Boyau did n't know about gladiators, as about many other things, was n't worth knowing, and he had placed his knowledge unreservedly at the service of his design. It was a very astonishing crowd of villains when it was done.

"So!" he said at last, leaning back and finishing his drink. "And what does madamoiselle think of it?"

"But where," asked madamoiselle, obviously disappointed, "are the gladiators? I see nothing but a lot of ugly men shouting."

Monsieur Boyau laughed genially and got up.

"My young friend," he said to Mendoza, "I was foolish to compete with you. I have failed. My compliments. You have defeated Théophile Boyau."

He rose, picked up his sketch, and was about to tear it across; but Mendoza's hand shot out.

"No," he said eagerly; "no, Monsieur. That is mine. That is my prize for defeating Théophile Boyau."

"That thing?" said Monsieur Boyau. "Ah, bah! You deserve something better than that."

"It is a memento," said Mendoza, "of a meeting that I shall not forget. I may keep it?"

"Surely, if you value it."

"And you will sign it?"

"Why not?" asked Monsieur Boyau, smiling. "Where I give, I sign." And he signed the sketch. "Between you, you have made me late for my luncheon," he said with mock severity. "The digestion of Théophile Boyau is not lightly to be tampered with. I hope you appreciate the enormity of your crime. And so good-day to you all, Monsieur, Madame, Madamoiselle."

He raised his hat three times and waddled away.

"And now," said Mendoza, "I will go and interview a gentleman that I know of. Do you, Madame and Madamoiselle, stay here. I will be back within the hour, and I hope to bring you good news. Waiter, my nearest road to the Opéra?" The waiter gave directions.

Mendoza placed Monsieur Boyau's drawing carefully between the covers of his portfolio and ran off.

Twenty minutes later he arrived, still running, at Lemaître's.

He went straight in.

"Monsieur Lemaître?" he panted to the person who appeared to be in charge of the gallery.

"Monsieur Lemaître does not see everybody," he was told.

"He will see me," said Mendoza. "I have here"—and he tapped his portfolio—"an authentic Boyau, a pencil sketch of gladiators." He hastily drew out the sketch.

"'YES,' SAID LEMAITRE . . . 'IT IS A CHARMING LITTLE THING'"

"Yes," said the other, "it is possible that Monsieur Lemaître would be interested to see that. Follow me, if you please."

Mendoza was shown into Lemaître's private room.

"Yes," said Lemaître, who had carried the drawing to the window, "it is a charming little thing. You wish to sell it to me? Yes; I will give you fifty francs for it."

"Monsieur Le Cocq of the Rue Royale would give me a hundred," said Mendoza; "but I am in a hurry, and you may have it for eighty."

"Seventy?" said Lemaître.

Mendoza put the sketch back into his portfolio and took up his hat.

"Well, well," laughed Lemaître, "eighty it is." And he gave the money to Mendoza.

Mendoza reopened his portfolio, took out the sketch, and handed it to Lemaître. Then his fingers slipped, for he was still panting, and not in perfect command of his muscles, and the portfolio fell to the ground. The carpet was littered with his own drawings.

Lemaître was a dealer and hard one, but he was a gentleman. He began to

help Mendoza to pick up the drawings. Suddenly he made a little exclamation.

"But," he said, "this is not without merit. Let me see the others, if I may."

"I am in a hurry," said Mendoza, "but you have been more generous than I had expected. Look at them, by all means, but please be quick. I have an appointment with two ladies."

"Two?" said Lemaître as he ran his eye over Mendoza's work. "For one so young you are fortunate. By whom are these sketches?"

"By Mendoza," said Mendoza.

"And who is Mendoza?"

"I am Mendoza," said Mendoza.

"You are, are you?" said Lemaître. "Well, Monsieur Mendoza, I think I like your work. Suppose you leave these things here and come back to-morrow with some more. It is only a suggestion, of course, and I promise nothing; but it may be worth your while."

"Very good," said Mendoza. "Then I may go?"

"You may, Monsieur Mendoza; but don't forget to come back. Tell those two ladies whom you are hastening to meet that Lemaître will be grateful to them if they will spare you to him to-morrow for half an hour or so."

"I shall be careful," said Mendoza, "to tell them so." He ran out of the gallery, jumped into a cab, and was driven back to the café. "Decidedly," he said to the boulevard—"decidedly this is my lucky day."

Arrived at the café, he descended hastily, changed a ten-franc piece with the waiter, paid the cab, and hurried to the side of madame and madamoiselle, who were still seated at their table.

"Madame," he said, "I told you I might bring you good news. I do. I have sold the picture with which madamoiselle was pleased to be dissatisfied for eighty francs. Here are seventy-eight of them. The missing two are charged to traveling expenses. Madame, I wish you good day. Madamoiselle," — and he kissed the child gallantly on the cheek,— "I wish you a handsome husband. And so, farewell!" He swept off his hat and departed, running, deaf to the cries which followed him.

When he was safe from pursuit he fell into a walk, and at the same pace made his way to his lodging.

"Thank Heaven!" he said as he let himself in, "I have that loaf's end in the cupboard. These exercises have made me peckish."

## Gods

By HELEN HOYT

WE looked in wonder at the feet of clay,
So clear to see, and yet not seen before;
We looked again, and sadly turned away,
And said that we would never worship more.
But the old need of worship we could not undo,
And so we found another god, and bowed anew.

A LANDSCAPE OF THE INTERIOR, BY IUÓN

# The Seasons in Russian Painting

By FRANCIS HAFFKINE SNOW

Author of "Ten Centuries of Russian Art," etc.

RUSSIAN landscape-painting, I take it, is a study in the psychology of the Russian people. For the fundamental mood of the Russian landscape is the fundamental mood of the Russian man, a vast dreariness, an endless brooding; and this means especially the gold and violet melancholy of autumn, the deep, white sadness of the heavy snows. Yet the spring madness, too, is in the Russian soul, the wildness of yearning which the still half-pagan Slav so violently experiences when the snows of winter are melting, and the fields are flooded with pools of water; when the inky-plumaged ravens chatter on the sap-filled branches of the birches, and one hears everywhere the rippling laughter of the *zelënnyi shum*.[1] And when, under an Italian sky, the ripe yellow corn and the buckwheat wave in the breeze, and the big stacks of hay exhale sweet odors, and the steppe stretches out like an undulating, golden ocean, the golden splendor of the Russian summer is also in the mooding of the Russian soul.

But what is this so-called soul of the Russian landscape, which, in its complex, is also the soul of the Russian people?

The Russian landscape is vast. Its impression is an impression of eternity. Man in these gigantic distances is the merest point in space. Like the human soul in one of Pascal's most poignant "Thoughts," we stand on these boundless plains as between two infinities, the infinity from which we come, the infinity to which we go.

In the Russian winter one may travel for a hundred, five hundred, a thousand miles, one may journey from the city of Peter to old Mother Moscow, and from Moscow south to Kieff, and behold nothing but a vastly dreary, unchanging panorama of flat, snow-covered plains and stunted, ice-rooted trees.

Here and there lies a hamlet, with its wooden houses and church, the golden cupolas of which gleam richly from afar; its narrow, winding, snow-covered streets beginning and ending nowhere. Oh, the

[1] Literally "the green noise," a popular Russian expression roughly translatable as "the sound of springtime growth."

"WINTER." A PASTEL BY SHÍSHKIN

"THE BLACKBIRDS HAVE FLOWN HITHER," BY SAVRÁSOV

brooding soul-sickness, the blank desolateness of the Russian provincial town!

The Russian painter Iuón has painted this Russian landscape of the interior in pigment and color, as Chékhof and Turgénieff and Leonid Andréiev have painted it in words, with all its sordidness, its dreariness, its despair, its sudden flamboyances of barbaric magnificence flaming like fire in a world of ice and snow. These provincial scenes—the clumsy, old-fashioned little houses, the squat pillars and droll verandas, the half-blind church windows, the multi-colored shops, with the topsyturvy blue-and-white letterings of their signs—assume in Iuón's paintings a poetic and strangely beautiful life. I am thinking of such pictures as his "Place of

"SUMMER," BY VENETSIÁNOV

Pilgrimage Sergiévo" or his "During the Carnival," masterly deconstructions of the mood of a Russian provincial town. All here is Russian: the gray sky; the long, snow-covered streets; the low, huddled houses; the heavy two-horse sleighs, with their high yokes rimmed with bells, Noah's arks of elegance, drawn by sinewy, thin, little horses; above all the barbaric aspect of strange architecture and the flaming, flaring, flamboyant, screaming reds, the Russian, I might almost say the Slavic, color par excellence.

And beyond lies the forest. No less desolate, yet wilder, of a stern and rugged grandeur, are the winter-clad, ghostly Russian woods of the North, where one cannot go out with face uncovered.

Shíshkin is the Russian poet in color, whose forest scenes still haunt my memory. These pictures of mysterious gloom, of a somberness intensified by the dull-blue whiteness of the heavy snows, leave an impression both profound and permanent. Here is an art almost photographic, and this is no reproach.

But the cycle of the winter revolves; the snow melts, the fields are full of stagnant pools, dark blotches of water on the white snow, making a piebald patchwork. And there is the "green noise," with the lilt and gurgle of running waters. The air, despite the lingering snow, is balmy, filled with an odd, new softness; the jetty blackbirds whir across the blue, and caw in raucous dissonance; and beneath the snow the yellow *drok* and *káshka* are stirring in nature's mysterious and ever-renewing alchemy.

There is one picture in the modern Russian heritage which, I prophesy, will never be forgotten. I refer to "The Black-

"CORN-FIELDS," BY SHÍSHKIN

"AN AUTUMN DAY," BY LEVITÁN

"A BIRCH-GROVE," BY KUINDZHÍ

birds have Flown hither" of Savrásov. This incomparable painting of a Russian spring dates from the seventies of the nineteenth century, when the precursors of the symphonic mood of Levitán sought an individual and poetic understanding of nature. In this remarkable painting of melting snow and of gnarled, bare branches, where a flock of blackbirds, cawing in the joyousness of the young spring, build their nests, there is a breath of soft poetry. One scents in it the faint, sweet perfume of the sod quickening beneath pools of melting snow; here for the first time we have the Russian landscape mood, that poetic and melodic undertone which led to the symphonized "poetry in painting" of Konstantin Koróvin, Sieróv, and Levitán.

"LITTLE HELEN," BY VASNETSÓV

The Russian summer holds a strange appeal. One of the early painters of the nineteenth century, Venetsiánov, already struck the note of the modern painters in his "Summer." On a terrace sits a peasant woman. She is clad in a white *rubáshka,* or blouse, and a crimson skirt. A sickle lies on the terrace by her side. Dark and aquiline, of an almost Dantesque austerity, her profile stands out against the rippling golden sea of grain below, which stretches to the heat-dimmed horizon. There is sadness here, brooding, that patience in humility which is so touching in the Russian peasant nature of today. The rich gold of the summer harvest is spilled over all the land. Why is its effect on the soul of the onlooker so different in Russia from that received in any other land? All harvests, surely, are alike. I may not know, as the Russians say; perhaps it is the underlying consciousness of all the sorrow and despair that lie concealed in Russia behind this fair and smiling landscape.

So the golden grain bends and rustles under the sky in Shíshkin's "Corn-fields." No human form is here. Blackly against the brightness of the vast and empty horizon is stamped in clear-relief the heavy foliage of the whispering trees. A road winds through the field and curves around behind the somber line of sentry trees. Beauty, silence, loneliness are everywhere.

Often in summer, while walking, clad in red *rubáshka* and heavy, half-leg boots, and with pilgrim staff in hand, through some remote country district, I have caught from the road, like the glimmer and gleam of the sea, the silvery fire of the white birches. In no country have I seen such birch-groves, such dazzlingly white resplendencies, as I have seen in Russia.

"OCTOBER," BY SIERÓV

Kuindzhí has painted one, bright, hot sunlight and deep, velvety shadow, a quiet brook in the center, a dark background of trees, a gleaming silver of slender birches facing the sunlit vista. This is a painting before which the lover of the Russian landscape may stand and dream. Dreams —they are the stuff of which Russian life is made, and the summer woods are the palace of their abode.

No painter of modern times has depicted the mood of loneliness and solitude amid the summer woods like the Russian artist Vasnetsóv. Vasnetsóv is a real mystic; the ancient mood of Byzantium and Novgorod is in him still, as his religious paintings in the Russian galleries amply demonstrate. All his work is stamped by that ecstacy of sorrow which his well-known painting "Alënushka," or "Little Helen," portrays. The woodland background, the little glade, the lonely maiden crouching barefoot by the quiet pool, the sorrow of the bowed head and melancholy gaze, produce an indescribable effect. The forest glade, where the bruised soul may creep and hide itself, is a favorite theme of modern Russian painters. Their love of the woods is deep and brooding, like the woods themselves. But their love of the woods is not only the love of sadness, the quest of balm of Gilead to life-bruised hearts; but also the temple where pure beauty dwells. In this mood came Levitán to the Russian woods—Levitán, the greatest nature-painter of the modern school, whose soul was so sensitive that it was said of him that he could hear by senses subtler than the brain the very grasses grow. Levitán, the mystic hedonist, to whom art was compounded both of joy and of despair, for that he loved her so and ne'er could do her the honor that was due; Levitán, who lurked, like some god half human, half divine, in the forest leaves, and spied on Beauty as she walked in splendor when the sunset came and cast its crimson glory across the boles of tall, slim, priestly trees; ecstatic, as in some strange Preraphaelitic dream they stand as if awaiting this investiture of magnificent stoles to celebrate the sacraments over the bier of swiftly-dying day.

Beautiful as Russian painting is in all

the seasons, it rises to its highest achievement in its evocations of the autumnal mood. With what delicate and magical art have Sieróv, Nésterev, and Levitán intoned the autumn symphony!

AUTUMN LANDSCAPE, BY LEVITAN

To the Russian spirit the winter symbolizes the chill hopelessness of Russian life. Spring is only a transitory and instinctive gleam of Old-World joyousness, and summer is full of poignant beauty and intense despair; but autumn is the reflection of the Russian soul in its most mystical and abstract manifestation. Autumn is the symbol of Russian life, its glory of hope and aspiration toward unattainable ideals.

In Sieróv's "October" we see the crisp fields of autumn stretch away in a luminous golden light. A Russian peasant-boy, seated in the middle of the field, repairs the harness; the shaggy horses graze; the outhouses of the peasant farmer rise against the brooding autumn sky. There are blue-shimmering woods behind; one seems to smell the pungent odor of smoke in the air, the fragrance of ripe apples.

Not Nésterev or Sieróv, but Levitán, is the supreme master of the autumnal landscape mood. His autumn painting is music, sad and poignant. Picture after picture of his in Petrograd or Moscow, either in private collections or at the Tretiakóvsky, depict the sadness of the "golden" autumn. They are mirrorings of Russian landscape in colors that haunt the memory like a symphonic chord: beautiful purple wefts of autumn atmospheres pervaded with golden light striking across still streams; dark farmhouses on rising land stamped somberly against a chill, but exquisitely beautiful saffron, sky; the afterglow on lake-encompassed towns.

Levitán never placed human figures in these paintings, but they are permeated with the emotion of one before an altar; they are the highest conceptions of the beauty seen through the prism of a religious temperament.

Russian art, like other national arts, is now going through the temporary madness of Post-impressionism. A Russian secession of superficial daubiness and carelessness of execution, with individualism, or, rather, eccentricity, the key-note of the whole cacophony. From this hideous jangling, after the European War is over and the arts of peace and beauty bloom again, may the high traditions of the symphonic school of Levitán deliver us; and may Russian landscape-painting learn again to sing the antiphonals of the seasons, as it sang them in the paintings of the great masters I have here interpreted.

# A Letter from an Italian Reservist

My dear ——:

You who have so many times braved the wrath of Father Neptune, and crossed the unruly Atlantic, undoubtedly know the strange sensation which I am about to describe—the sensation of a New-Yorker who, valises in hand, moves west from Eighth Avenue toward the dreary zone of the docks, bound for his steamer, due to sail in a few hours. Until he reaches Ninth Avenue he does not notice his neighbors. They are few indeed compared with the high tide of the business district, but they are New-Yorkers like everybody else. Then gradually he notices that other people who also tug baggage surround him, and he realizes that out of the gray flood of nondescript humans there stands forth a group of people also bound for Europe, perhaps Europeans whom he would have considered mere immigrants until a few moments before. Men whose loud talking in a foreign language he would have resented if he had heard it on Eighth Avenue a little earlier, now become honest foreigners, who have a right to move in a zone near the docks where lie ships of their own nations, and with whom he may soon share a cabin or exchange observations on the log in the smoking-room. A strange feeling of new fellowship develops in those neutral zones smelling of tar, olive-oil, and the rank rum which Patrick Flanagan pours out to foreign sailors in his bar, which flies the flags of all existing European states, in addition to that of his own Green Isle and to the required Old Glory, which his children have learned to salute in school.

Strange reminiscences of a world which I miss with daily nostalgic feelings come to my mind in this little club-room, thick with smoke, as I now write to you of my trip from Florence to Parma, for I felt much as I did on leaving New York for Italy. During the first hour on the train I seemed to be the only man bound for the Parma school. A hasty walk through the cars, with eyes open and ears intent upon conversations, revealed three companions by the time the noble, snowy Apennine range was crossed. We were twelve, talking, joking, and even singing, at Bologna, and about twenty before Parma was reached. In the gay crowd future companions-at-arms were discovered. Eyes looked into eyes; then came a timid, uncertain question:

"You don't happen to be going to the school?"

"Yes."

Then hand shook hand, and the *lei* (you) turned to the military *tu* (thou), and one was no longer alone, looking desolately from the well-heated car within to the snow and the ice outside.

When Parma was reached, at my suggestion we all ran for the cabs. There were only three, and we were due at the school at eight, and it was now seven-fifty. We had planned to rush there in groups of five per cab, but the three cabs were already engaged. I was frantic. My sprained wrist ached, and there were no porters to carry my suitcase. I ran for the tram, leaving my companions, and got to Piazza Garibaldi, where I hoped to find cabs. Not one! Then I took the

next car back to the station, where by that time one cab had returned, secured it, and by the payment of five times the tariff I was taken to the school. I shall never forget that trip, through heavy snow, with the driver walking by the horse, poor slipping beast, and holding him up. At the inner gate a fine, tall, blond young chap, a lieutenant of Alpini met me and told me that I might go to a hotel for the night. Back to the station we went, and I found a clean, comfortable, characterless, cheerless, well-heated "sleeping place," where I spent the evening enjoying the heat and looking at the snow outside.

It was still dark, and I found it incredibly early, when I ventured out at seven on the following morning. Little did I dream that soon *every morning* at six-thirty I should be walking through the dark, silent streets of Parma, with four hundred companions, all sleepy and prone to stumble over anything in our path. A gate was passed, and my new home entered fearfully and inquisitively. About fifty of us were brought together in the hall, and assigned to different companies with apparent fairness. The first man in the row was assigned to the first company, the second to the second and so on until the twelfth. I gave my name, profession, and residence, and one of the lieutenants, limping badly, came to me as soon as I had been assigned and said, "I have been thirteen years in the United States." I was assigned to the *Quinta Compagnia* (5th Company), to which you will please address my mail.

Then we of the 4th, 5th, and 6th were corralled by non-coms, and in rows of four walked to Caserma "Smeraldo Smeraldi," our barracks. "Emerald of Emeralds!" This precious name of an unknown worthy appeared in my imagination, ever dreamy and poetically bent, as a sort of Ponte Vecchio, or as an architectural embodiment of some fanciful page of the "Orlando Furioso." But the "Emerald Barracks" were something unexpected. They were, O idolater of Baedeker, nothing but the "Cloisters of the Church of San Giovanni, now secularized, and used as a barracks (no admission)." Take your traveler's bible and you will find something to that effect. At any rate, I remember trying in vain to enter the building only two months ago. Now I should find it equally impossible to get out, except with my entire company, before six P.M. every day, even to purchase something ordered by the doctor! Such is military discipline, about which I am nothing short of enthusiastic as medicine for a race permeated with ultra-individualism like mine. We are unruly bronchos, bound to make ideal horses if broken by a hand that will not yield.

Wonderful building, in full process of decay, propped everywhere, impossible to restore to its ancient glory; whitewashed, like all barracks, but with generous oases here and there, which seem to peep out like periscopes of art, gazing upon this tumultuous sea of preparation for war (Pardon the futurist simile). "Pax," says the inscription on the beautiful marble well in the center of one of the cloisters. There is fine wrought-iron all about it, and we hang our cartridge-belts upon it as we wash, thus unconsciously covering up that obsolete word. Eagles of stone, marble, and fresco look upon us from all parts of these cloisters, whose *genius loci* was St. John the Evangelist. I suppose that as long as I live I shall be unable to think of St. John without repeating to myself,

L'aquila grande, e di celeste vista
Che sopra ogni altro angello alzo suo volo.
El Vergine Giovanni Evangelista
Che s'elevò sopra il Terrestre Polo,[1]

and so on.

I have grown quite familiar with the literature and art of my four cloisters, but I have an idea that on that first day I did not even know that there were cloisters in my new abode. It is recent history, to be sure, yet I seem to have very vague

[1] The mighty eagle of aërial vision
Whose flight exceeds the flight of its companions.
The chaste Apostle, John of the Evangel
Who raised himself above the Pole Terrestrial.

ideas about the happenings of those neophyte days. For instance, I am totally unable to state whether we got any freedom at all that first day. I have a vague idea that I got my two hours, and that I trotted back and forth in the snow, doing nothing, accomplishing nothing, seeing nothing. But that may have been the second day. And how large a proportion of my uniform did I get the first day? Another mystery. I only remember hearing the lieutenant insist that the sergeant should get us into uniform as soon as possible. Then, after our meal, we were taken to a big room, ordered to undress, and were presented with a choice of trousers, shoes, waistcoats, coats, and caps. If we found what we wanted, well and good; otherwise we had to take *something* and come away in uniform. We could change later, but, fit or no fit, we had to be soldiers. Then we were given our four stars, and that settled it.

E le stellette
Che noi portiamo
Son disciplina
Di noi Soldà.[1]

Yes, four millions of us, perhaps more, toiling and struggling without a murmur of rebellion, without the intoxicating draft of a decided advance, without even the satisfaction of knowing that the world understands the grandeur of our War of Titans scaling Mount Olympus. And beyond our borders sixteen or seventeen millions more, also wearing stars or their equivalent, joining hands with us in the great crusade to set the world right, to free populations who will not be smothered, and to avenge two million more humans who also wore stars or their equivalent when they fell and were hastily covered with earth, or left like the corpses which Andrea da Firenze painted in the Pisan *camposanto*. All that passed before my eyes while I fastened the four shining stars upon my coat, the outward evidence that I had relinquished my freedom. From then on my will was the will of my superiors, my one aim to serve my country. My love of things different, individual, strange, must be wiped out; my greatest personal desires or ambitions must count for nothing as compared with the smallest, humblest detail of my daily duty, which acquires a huge importance because it is a wheel, no matter how tiny, of the big machine which is called "Italy engaged in a life-and-death struggle."

To your Anglo-Saxon mind these will seem bombastic words. But we Latins, up to this time prone to bombastic expression of our feelings just out of a false academic tradition, have now taken the middle course, not that of hating and discrediting big talk just because it is big, as Anglo-Saxons do, not that of loving big talk for its imposing sound, as we used to do, but simply measuring the talk with the deed, and gaging our approval or disapproval according to whether the talker is "delivering the goods." I only hope that I may "deliver the goods" when the moment comes. For the present I am trying to do my level best by accepting cheerfully all the many limitations of my freedom and of my comforts, which will be my schooling till the end of this course.

I think I have told you before that we were very few at first, and most of us civilians, until the effects of the *disboscamento*[2] poured in upon us legions of priests, *figli di papa,* and other nondescript human wreckage. We walked up and down those endless dormitories and rows of cots, wondering what sort of humans would inhabit them soon. I felt cold, icy cold, without and within. The lieutenant warned us that all signs of civil life must soon disappear.

"Even my fur coat?"

"Yes, of course."

Then the fear of spending long, sleepless nights like the night I had lately spent in the hospital at ——, with teeth chattering and ears intent upon the snor-

[1] A song of the Italian trenches. "And these stars we wear symbolize the discipline of us soldiers."

[2] The word *"unboscato,"* or "hidden in the woods," is the Italian equivalent for what the English call the "slacker." The *"disboscamento"* is the military routing out of such men. *"Figli di papà"* are "father's pets," sons of men of influence.

ing of my companions (who would tomorrow vow that they had not closed their eyes for the whole night) overtook me. I ran to a deserted dormitory, undressed, and put on every thing I could: three undershirts, three pairs of drawers, a sweater, and two pairs of the heaviest socks, and newspapers between layers. Then I found my *piantone,* or officer's boy (we have one for each squad of twelve), tipped him generously, and gave him all the other woolen garments I had, to keep hidden somewhere, to be delivered on request. "How shall I sleep? How shall I eat?" were the two questions which puzzled me most during those first days. Finding myself surrounded by things strange and new, not knowing what would come next, I suppose my mind ran to the essentials of life, eating and sleeping. Thus during those first days my two free hours were spent in restaurants and cafés, filling myself up, and in candy and grocery shops, storing up eatables. The only other occupation was that of writing, and mailing in the post-office, letters home.

Discipline always goes hard with me, but I must admit that it was applied in an admirable manner at the start, being neither of the Prussian nor of the French variety. The trumpet-signals, for instance, were repeated in all the dormitories, and were explained by non-coms. On the other hand, men who insisted upon smoking when officers passed were firmly told that it must not happen again. I remember that I had to present a paper to my captain. I knew that there were certain regulations, but not their nature, and I stood like a fool before him, paper in one hand and cap in the other, trying to salute with the right hand, which held the paper. He smiled and said:

"Never mind. You will learn that later on."

I consider that both just and clever. Every day the rules were made stricter, and now we are dealt with exactly like soldiers in every respect in order that we may all know how soldiers live when we have to command them. It is the American system, you see, of making the young employer do the work of the employee. Thus we cannot get our registered mail unless the lieutenant identifies us, we cannot talk politics, we cannot gather in groups of more than six in public places, we cannot go to theaters or cinemas without written permit; we must make up our own cots, we must not be seen in a café or restaurant after eight-thirty P.M., even during the one day in the entire course when each of us is allowed out until ten-thirty; and all the other limitations applying to soldiers apply to us also. There is only one difference, and that has nothing to do with our sacrifices and hardships, only with our dignity: we are treated with great respect by all our instructors, non-coms, whom we must salute as superiors, but who treat us like gentlemen. It is a splendid school and a splendid schooling, and I shall ever be proud to have been here.

Back to first impressions. For three days we did not have a single class. We had to be on tap constantly; every few minutes we would be called down-stairs, assembled, put in line, then dismissed. We cursed like Florentine cabmen, it all seemed so futile. Now I see that it was not. We learned two essentials of military life, to run at once when called, no matter how excellent the reason for not running might appear to a civilian, and to stand still out-of-doors in the snow, even if only for short periods of time at the start.

Then we got our *corredo,* or complete outfit of appurtenances. I wonder, indeed, whether you understand all that this word includes in a modern army, from the smallest instrument for the quick repairing of a rifle down to the most complete packet of "sewing things"—pins, safety-pins, needles, light and dark cotton, scissors, thimble, small and large buttons, and so on. And all these little practical devices are recent accessions; when Italy entered the war, soldiers had no equipment of a practical kind. (The captain just passed through our dormitory, where I am defying all military rules by writing in bed

after taps; but he *found me asleep!*), just as they had no intrenching-tools, no gas-protectors, no Gatling-guns, no wire-cutters. By the way, yesterday I cut wire for the first time, and to-day I tested on myself the various kinds of gas-masks, those against chlorine, lacrymose shells, and prussic acid. But that is another story. Let me insist again on the beauty and completeness of the present *corredo* of the Italian infantryman. The grayish-green cloth is excellent wool, light and warm, even if badly cut. Our bed-covers are large, thick, and really comfortable. Our shoes are awful-looking and hard, but I, who have insisted upon wearing nothing else since the first day, although my feet ached so that I could have groaned with pain, have found out during these winter days that neither snow nor slush have any effect on them; they are of pure leather and well stitched. Indeed, all our leather, which binds us on all sides and holds up numberless odds and ends,—rifle, cartridge-boxes, dagger, etc. is excellent, and smells typically of the real thing. Let me add that we are each given an excellent woolen undershirt, which must surely cost the Government ten or twelve *lire,* and an abdominal band, which we must wear winter and summer, and which is thick and warm. Many of my companions balked when they saw all these things, and grumbled that a gentleman ought not to be made to wear such stuff. I said nothing, but looked at it all lovingly and admiringly, thinking with pride of the malleability of a country which has jumped overnight from utter unpreparedness to painstaking attention to details; thinking with admiration of the spirit of sacrifice of a country where poor people go on shouldering an ever-increasing burden of taxes that their nation may quickly take the place she deserves among the leading nations of the globe. Italia, thou art well worth living for or dying for, at thy choice.

Thus the first days passed, neither in happiness nor unhappiness, but merely in obedience and effacement of personality. A free spirit like myself soon learned how to conceal things from a superior; a scrupulous soul like mine in matters of property (and you can vouch for me in that respect), soon learned how to steal from a neighbor his shoe-brush or leather strap, lest I should be found lacking it by the inspecting captain. I soon learned that there is no such thing as *force majeure* in the army. If you are not sick at six-fifteen A.M., and you get sick later in the day, the only thing you can do is to pretend that you are well until six-fifteen the following morning, unless you succeed in developing fever or can show an open, bleeding wound on your person. I learned how to forget completely art, postage-stamps, old inscriptions, pretty girls, and all friends and relations but you and my people. I learned how to scan a crowd, weed out all civilians, sort the officers from the soldiers and non-coms, irrespective of winter ulsters, and how to salute them indoors and outdoors, in a hotel lobby or a café, when they were alone, or when they had company, good, bad, or indifferent.

Now things have changed somewhat, and I have grown sophisticated and astute. I have found time to dine out with friends at the leading restaurants, and to fortify myself by means of marsala or a drop of cognac, with half a dozen little cakes, against the cold and snow into which I must go forth. I have also listened to a series of concentrated lectures on army subjects, and have learned how to make trenches, how to establish a listening-post, how to work a Gatling-gun. But during the first days, before classes met, before I had found out how to secure the extra hour required for dining out, barrack life was only a constant struggle of will power over despondency. Discomforts, poor health, inaneness of superiors who may be heroes, but will never see vast horizons, or use any imagination in the conduct of the war, seemed to drag me down. The big bell of the Correggio-frescoed *duomo* awoke every morning at 5:45 a weary soul, still unrested after the long night,—morally, at least, if not physically, —and claiming loudly the three extra hours of customary "beauty sleep." For

the next fifteen minutes, while only the distant whistle of a train or a loud yawn broke the silence, I would look around the cell, lighted by an unnecessarily strong electric lamp, at my three sleeping companions, wondering what the monk who used to occupy these quarters would think of our desecration. Then the trumpet would ring out, and to the creaking of hundreds of cots, half-dressed forms, wrapped in all sorts of weird woolens, would rise, curse the cold in all the dialects of the peninsula and the islands, and disappear in the darkness down-stairs. Near the two jets of running water, by the wrought-iron grating of the well in the middle of the court, between the high piles of snow, and often under a soft pouring of white flakes, the most courageous of us would feverishly scrub hands and faces. Then up-stairs again, where hot coffee was being poured into our basins, warming stomachs and hands. Then the trumpet would sound the *adunata,* and I would hasten down-stairs, slipping on the hobnails all the way down. The rows of four men were really rows of five or six, everybody trying to be in the middle, so as to conceal better the light of the cigarette, hidden under the cloak, and deftly extracted when no superior was near. And while from up-stairs the stragglers ran, buttoning trousers and coat under cover of the darkness, the gray snake unwound itself through the silent streets to the other side of the town.

Three hours of orderly hanging around, doing nothing and being ever ready to do something, and then lunch, warm, plentiful, stodgy, and always the same. Those who sleep in the main building have an hour after lunch; we don't. We gather in the snow and icy wind just at the moment when we would like a warm, quiet siesta, and back to barracks, under the eyes of the whole city, promenading out for the forenoon constitutional. At our barracks we get thirty minutes for washing and studying: *now* I use them in writing to you, and have even learned how to steal five minutes at each end. But since this is a recital of my green days, I cannot report such an efficient utilization of my noon period. Instead, I crouched on one corner of my cot, trying to collect my ideas and to realize just what I was doing. The trumpet would wake me from my lethargy, and the dreary round of crossing the city to hang around in the distant school would begin again. A shoe-brush must be stamped with my number, a broken strap must be replaced, a sharp nail on the side of a shoe must be beaten down. It meant asking a noncom, who would ask an officer, who would grant me a permit, which would take me some miles away into the dark bowels of the big building.

Four-thirty, then ill-seasoned *pasta asciutta* (boiled macaroni), a slice of Argentine meat, potatoes, and cheese. And then back to barracks at sunset; and when dusk came upon this dull city, and the slippery streets swarmed with officers looking in vain for some gaiety and animation worthy of the swell uniform and elegant physique of the average Italian officer, my hour and a half of freedom was spent in utter waste of time, walking through the most deserted streets and rejoicing in my liberty, grinning like an idiot at the idea that nobody could stop me or divert me from my course. An hour and a half is not long when its recipient is always fretting lest his time-piece should be wrong, or the ice too slippery to permit progress. Soon enough I was back in my cell, removing the outer of my many layers of garments, and lying down to the signal of *silenzio,* that most poetic and descriptive of all trumpet sounds. In the bitter cold of the ever-damp sheets I ultimately found rest of mind, if not of body, while a chorus of varied snores rose all around me, and the sound of the fountain down-stairs heralded the cold of the morning douche. What a grubby present, what a grim future, for one with so unclouded a past!

But "Are we down-hearted?" Not on your life!

Your affectionate,

DAGO.

# IN FAIRY-LAND

*Three illustrations*

by Ben. Kutcher

*for Stories*

by

Oscar Wilde

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER

THE STAR CHILD

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE INFANTA

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER

THE STAR CHILD

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE INFANTA

# The West Faces the Land Question

By ALBERT JAY NOCK

IT is always interesting to come out here at this time of year, when the great spring drive is on. Plowing-time and seed-time are past. The crops are in and under cultivation,—they are "coming on," as the technical term is,—and it is now the season of devout expectancy, of restrained and decent optimism, tempered by thoughts of hail, drouth, pest, blight, and the multitude of contingencies that make the hazards of agriculture.

But one is doubly interested in being here this year, when every possible pressure has been brought to bear on farm production. The Government, the press, the schools, and every public agency that can be enlisted are all campaigning for production. There is a prospect of top-notch prices, which has set the bureaus of agriculture and the farmers' associations hard at work planning emergency methods to increase productivity. One can now begin approximately to see the results of all this, and one finds them very impressive. Really, they are bound to be, since farming is the greatest single industry in the United States.

One remembers Mr. Jefferson's idea that we should never be anything of a manufacturing people, but depend on our farm products and our natural resources to pay our way in the world. It might not have been a bad plan, taking one thing with another. It would have saved us the Civil War, our share in the present war, our troubles with industrial immigration and a protective tariff, and the accumulation of huge industrial fortunes, five items which in themselves foot up to a decent total, to say nothing of the indirect benefits to which they give rise. Our reaction on the rest of the hemisphere and on Europe might have been different and doubtless better. There is not much use in thinking about such things now, but they do well enough to entertain oneself with against the tedium of train travel through these immense stretches of agricultural land.

The land of the free and the home of the brave may be open to criticism in some respects, but certainly not in point of size. Its most notable feature is that there is plenty of it. Notable, too, is the apparent reluctance on the part of the free and the brave to come out here and farm it. One wonders about this. There is a strange inconsistency visible here; and not only visible, but held so steadily before one's eyes that after a short time one can scarcely see anything else. I refer to the prodigious, almost inconceivable amount of idle soil. It makes one doubt the sincerity of all the talk about shortage. If things are as bad as they say, why does one see such a boundless wilderness of land that is not only untouched, but looks as though it never had been touched? There is no end of it. Farming naturally has its best foot forward along the railways, of course; yet to one who has the average European standards always more or less in mind it seems even there to be a sadly hamstrung industry. One ends a day's journey with the feeling that the earth's resources are merely fumbled. In comparison with the amount of idle land, the farmers seem few and the production scanty. The train stops at some settlement; one sees people grubbing in two-penny dooryards, and school-children feebly pottering over vacant town lots, with apathy in their gestures and rebellion in their hearts; and then one journeys on for hours in view of an untouched, unproductive, interminable, and monotonous outdoors! The contrast is striking and unpleasant. One great railway company,

owning thousands of acres of first-class prairie land, idle, has plowed its station-lawns, and put them down in vegetables!

One can never forget the impression that all this makes—the impression of levity or a kind of histrionic or movie-attitude toward what is said to be, and really seems to be, a great emergency. It raises importunate questions. Why are there so few farmers? Why is production so slight and methods so wasteful? If we must feed ourselves and the greater part of Europe, too, why not put this land to work? If we are so hard up for food that there is talk in Congress about confiscating the supply, why not pay some adequate attention to the source of that supply?

The thing seems inexplicable in its defiance of the simplest logic. The farm is the final market of all industry and commerce, since every one must eat, and food is rapidly becoming scarce and dear in the markets of the world. Then, with these dismal prospects in view, to come out here and be haunted day after day by this phenomenon of idle land, one can scarcely believe one's eyes. Either the talk of famine is a bogus scare, or else some economic law which does not stop at famine is at work. There is no escaping that dilemma. I thought for a while that possibly my sense of proportion was giving way a little and that things were really not so bad as they looked, therefore as soon as I could get hold of the census reports I examined the statistics of the situation, and they gave me the cold shoulder with a vengeance.

At this moment of hue and cry for increased production, with the papers forecasting "drastic" food-control, "drastic" rationing, "drastic" measures against food-hoarding and speculation, "drastic" price-fixing, when people spade up tennis-courts and lawns, and even the poor politically exploited school-children languidly poke about in the rubbish-laden vacant lots—at this moment there are four hundred million acres of idle land in the United States of America! Seventy-three per cent. of the arable land of the country is therefore idle. Forty-five per cent. of the actual laid-out farm-land—nearly half—is idle![1]

One feels like descending to the slang of the street and asking, Can you beat it? There is only one inference to make; any one would make it. Drop a man down from the moon into the midst of that state of things, and the moment he set eyes on it he would say, "There is a country with a first-class problem of land-tenure on its hands."

And so indeed it is. In point of importance, urgency, and difficulty, this problem transcends and effaces every other social and political interest in the West. In my judgment, too, the best sign of the deepened and stabilized life of the West is seen in the fact that at last a sense of this has dawned clearly into its consciousness. Heretofore the West has not paid much attention to the basic economics of farming. The farmer has not thought beyond prices and distribution problems, chiefly those personified by the middleman. The exploiters of the farmer, naturally, have done all they could to keep his mind from straying beyond these superficial matters. But now the farmer has become aware that improved farm methods and prices and distribution control do not help him much, that they are a mere economic stimulant with an equivalent reaction. Like the backwoodsman's flint-lock, they kick as far as they carry. He has discovered that something is the matter with production itself, and that the disorder is constitutional.[2]

[1] In view of this, can anything surpass the fatuity and silliness of the Prohibitionist contention against using any of the product of our precious grain-land in brewing and distilling? Perhaps one thing only: the cry raised by a professor of economics in one of our Eastern universities against permitting tobacco-growing in the two million acres or thereabouts that is now devoted to that crop. It may be going a bit out of one's way to call attention to such matters in the columns of a literary publication, but really, if economic antics like these are not handled with severity before a literary tribunal, there is small chance of it elsewhere.

[2] In speaking of the farmer, I mean the working farmer as distinguished from the mere owning farmer. I may believe we entered the war several associations of working farmers, for example, the Granges of five States, the Farmers' Non-Partizan League, and the National Farmers' Alliance—had already made public pronouncements on this problem. Subsequent circumstances, of course, have thrown it up into a much stronger light.

The awakening is late, but such seems to be the way of our slow-witted race with what might be called the low-visibility type of social disorder. If a mad dog comes to town, a posse organizes itself almost instantly; but a polluted water-source is sometimes allowed to spread typhoid for years before anything is done about it. So the farmer has always been keen about prices and markets, but only now has come to see that his real difficulty has its economic root struck far deeper; that no matter what prices he gets or how completely he controls distribution, the general economic status of his industry is not improved.

Beside the immediate pressure on production due to the war, another agency has signally helped to precipitate and clarify the more or less turbid and diffuse thought of the West on this subject; namely, the course of recent events in other countries that are struggling with the same problem. The Northwest, for instance, has for a next-door neighbor the aggressive and powerful Grain-growers' Association of Canada, and has been for years an attentive observer of its campaign for free trade and fiscal reform. Possibly the new agrarian movement led by the Farmer's Non-Partizan League had its inception in the example of the Grain-growers; at all events, it owes much of its economic enlightenment to that cause. The Southwest, too, could not fail to be affected by the Mexican Revolution, with its program of freedom of access to the land. The boldly confiscatory attitude of the new Mexican constitution toward land and natural resources, and the Revolution's candid showing-up of the relation between monopolization of these resources and industrial peonage, could not help catching the attention of the neighbors. Meanwhile the Russian Revolution came along, and while the press has consistently minimized the importance of land monopoly as a factor in this historic struggle, and in general has said as little as possible about it, an inkling of it has nevertheless leaked out and seeped through large portions of our population.

The result of all this is that the subject of land-tenure is now very much to the fore. Even some of the college professors are writing about it, and one could scarcely say more than this. It has undergone one of those curious and sudden transformations whereby the heresy of yesterday becomes to-day's orthodoxy, or to-day's radicalism becomes to-morrow's commonplace. Economic diseases are like any other; some of them are long unfashionable and never talked about, and then suddenly come in for a great run of interest. We all remember when the current economics of transportation or of chattel slavery or of protective tariffs were acquiesced in as part of the settled order of the world, and any attempt to question them was regarded as mere indecency and crankery; yet somehow, no one perhaps can quite say how, the spot-light of general attention suddenly focused on them, and they were then for the first time seen as they really are. Similarly the West has come to see the current economics of agriculture with a critical vision, and no longer to accept them with a gesture of vague acquiescence.

Nothing like it has taken place in the country before. There have been organized movements to improve the condition of the farmer, but their apprehension of the problem was superficial and inadequate, and their leadership invariably ignorant and usually meretricious. The Free-Soil Democrats seem to have had a glimpse of a sound principle. In their resolution of 1852, "that the public lands of the United States belong to the people and should not be sold to individuals nor granted to corporations, but should be held as a sacred trust for the benefit of the people," there is a kind of echo of the doctrine of public property laid down by Mr. Jefferson. But their proposal that "it should be granted in limited quantities, free of cost, to landless settlers" was economically about as unsound as the policy against which they protested. Later agrarian movements, however, failed with both principle and method; the Populists, for instance, strayed off into fantastic

oddities like the free-silver doctrine. Mr. Bryan himself, curiously, has never shown a spark of intelligent interest in the basic economics of agriculture, though he hails from Nebraska, where all his life their book has been open before his eyes. No more may be said of Roosevelt, Wilson, Hiram Johnson, or any other national figure of the so-called Progressive type, no matter how advanced. In a country of mere instrumental statesmen like ours, where the coach-dog theory of political leadership is the only one permitted to prevail,—that a leader's function is to see which way the political coach is going, and then run out in front and bark,—this is pretty good evidence that the American people as a whole have never been much preoccupied with their relation to the land.

So perhaps it is no very remarkable fact that the United States has never had a land policy. In the early days Mr. Jefferson seems to have been the only one to have a clear view of the relation of population to the land, and to foresee the possibility of a serious problem of land-tenure. Hamilton's idea, which on account of its penny-wise ease and simplicity carried an irresistible appeal to vulgar minds, was that the vast area of the West should be sold off as fast as possible and the money used to "reduce taxation," to carry on the Government and wipe out the public debt. On this most extraordinary theory an enormous amount of land was actually sold at a price between one and two dollars per acre. After two or more years of this the plan was modified somewhat to favor bona fide settlers. Then presently came the fat and joyous season of land grants to railways and other corporations. The dancing was good while it lasted, and very lively; but about thirty years ago—or one may put it with sufficient exactness in 1890—the piper suddenly called it off and demanded his pay. In other words, the supply of free land ran out. Then came the final factor in the calamitous sequence, the investor. When the supply of a necessary commodity shortens, the price goes up. When it stops,—that is to say, when it becomes a monopoly,—the price goes up as high as it can. When the supply of free land ran out in 1890, investors were quick to see that land would henceforth bear a monopoly price, and they swarmed down on the West like Vergil's harpies,

> uncæque manus, et pallida semper
> Ora fame.

Ever since, or for approximately thirty years, land in the United States has not been priced according to its earning capacity, but according to its speculative value. Farm-land in the West has not been bought for farming purposes; bless you, no, farming was never thought of except as bait on a prospectus. It was bought as an *investment*. From 1900 to 1910, for example, while available acreage in the United States increased five per cent. and the number of farmers increased a trifle under eleven per cent., the value of farm-land increased *one hundred and eighteen per cent.*

That tells the story so completely that any enlargement on it is mere verbiage. If one merely wished to prove the existence of a first-magnitude problem of land-tenure in this country, one might save time and trouble and some wear and tear on the reader's patience by stopping with those three percentages. But there is more to it than that. These land values are increasing at the rate of five per cent. a year or better,[1] and their ownership is concentrated into very few hands. Three per cent. of the population own nearly all the land values in the United States.

As soon as one gets a sense of this

[1] They increased twenty-five per cent. from 1912 to 1916. The decline of immigration may tend to check this rate a little for a year or two, though I think its effect will be balanced by the great increase in industrial and agricultural activity. I shall be greatly surprised if the rate falls below five per cent. This fact suggests a simple way to protect oneself against heavy war-taxes, if one can afford to forego interest and dividends for a few years: simply take one's funds out of productive industry, put them in vacant land, and then hold the land idle until the period of war-taxes is past. Producing no income, the investment escapes the federal tax, and all state and local taxes on the land itself are deducted as an offset in the income-tax returns. There may be tricks worth two of this, but I do not know what they are.

clearly in mind there is no trouble about explaining this phenomenon of idle land. It seems like the acme of absurdity to say so, but as an industry there is not one cent of money in farming. All the profits are in the rise of land values. No matter, therefore, how great the pressure on production, no matter how much an increase of the food-supply is needed, these immense stretches of land remain idle because it does not pay to cultivate them. They are held at a monopoly price so far ahead of their earning capacity that the capital charges eat up too much of the income. Obviously, too, this is quite irrespective of the price of farm-products, for as prices go up, land values go up ahead of them; thus any attempt to make farming profitable by raising prices—like the proposal for three-dollar wheat—becomes the proverbial game of outrunning the constable. I observed that California, for instance, has carried collective marketing to a point far beyond most of the West, and her agricultural industries are in a position to command good prices and get them; yet good land is priced there at eight hundred and a thousand dollars an acre, which no one can possibly pretend is a capital measure of its earning capacity or anything like it. It is a monopoly price based on speculative value. Therefore one proposing to become a working farmer even in California cannot make his land earn fair returns on what he pays for it. California was very courteous to me, and I do not wish to single her out unfavorably; so I hasten to say that the fault is not with the California landlords, but with the absence of a land policy in the United States.

In other words, farming as an industry is a failure. As an investment only has it any financial soundness. Probably one farmer in three is paying for the privilege of working his farm, and trusting to the rise in land values to "square" him in the long run.[1] In fact, the landholding monopoly of the West does not really want farmers or settlers. It asks for them, advertises for them, but only by a polite and well-understood fiction. What it really wants is *customers,* investors; and investors only have a chance of profit. All of which is very well in its way, but meanwhile agriculture goes mostly on three legs, and agriculture, after all, is the thing one has to look to in view of a food-supply. One can not get a food-supply out of investments in idle land.

One notably disabling consequence of this fine game of fast and loose with the economics of the soil is the rapid rise of tenant-farming. What first called my attention to the apparent prevalence of tenants was the slack and broken-down appearance of many farm properties. It seemed a simple inference that no one in his right mind would treat his own property that way, so I began inquiries. I then made the curious discovery that at the present ratio between costs and earnings it pays better to rent a farm than to own one; and, besides, a man of small means cannot hope to buy a farm and pay for it out of its earnings, because any possible rise in the value of farm-products is capitalized long before it becomes effective.

Tenant-farming increased, according to the census reports, from twenty-five per cent. in 1880 to thirty-seven per cent. in 1910. I have already mentioned that forty-five per cent. of our farm-land is idle; well, forty-two per cent. of the remainder is worked by tenants, and twenty-one per cent. by nominal owners who have more or less a tenant status, since they operate under mortgage. This is a bad showing. But why should I comment upon it when I can clip convincing paragraphs from the report of the Industrial Relations Commission, and save ink and brain-fag? Speaking specifically of tenant-farming in the Southwest, they say:

The prevailing system of tenancy in the

[1] This is the opinion of the Department of Agriculture in the case of about five hundred farms investigated in a farm-management survey six years ago. Half these farms were operated by their owners and half by tenants. Computing capital income for the first group at five per cent., the average service income was $408. In the second group tenants received a service income of $870, and the landlords a capital income of three and a half per cent. Allowing a capital income of three and a half per cent. for the first group instead of five, the service income would come to about the same as for the tenants in the second group.

Southwest is share tenancy, under which the tenant furnishes his own seed, tools and teams, and pays to the landlord one-third of the grain and one-fourth of the cotton. There is, however, a constant tendency to increase the landlord's share, through the payment either of cash bonuses or of a higher percentage of the product. Under this system tenants, as a class, earn only a bare living through the work of themselves and their entire families.

So it would seem from appearances. They are as wretched as any European peasantry that I have ever seen. The report also states:

A very large proportion of the tenants are hopelessly in debt and are charged exorbitant rates of interest. Over 95 per cent. of the tenants borrow from some source, and about 75 per cent. borrow regularly year after year. The average interest rate on all farm loans is 10 per cent., while small tenants in Texas pay 15 per cent. or more. In Oklahoma the conditions are even worse, in spite of the enactment of laws against usury.

Furthermore, over 80 per cent. of the tenants are regularly in debt to the stores from which they secure their supplies, and pay exorbitantly for this credit. The average rate of interest on store credit is conservatively put at 20 per cent. and in many cases ranges as high as 60 per cent.

The leases are largely in the form of oral contracts which run for only one year and which make no provision for compensation to the tenant for any improvements which may be made upon the property. As a result, tenants are restrained from making improvements, and in many cases do not properly provide for the upkeep of the property.

And much more to the same effect, which I shall spare the reader because the whole matter can be summed up in this one sentence, sharp and strong, from the heavy hand of Farm-Loan Commissioner Herbert Quick. "The tenant farmer, as a class, is on an economic level with the most exploited of sweat-shop workers."

Just so; and *forty-two per cent.* of our farm-land is being cultivated by tenant labor.

Several measures are being urged in the West for the relief of the land-tenure problem, all of them involving some form of confiscation, as is obviously necessary when dealing with any closed monopoly. The most radical proposal is for out-and-out nationalization; that the state should acquire and hold all the land, and all farmers should be tenants of the state. Another, admitting the principle of private ownership, advocates a small-holdings plan somewhat resembling the one which England trifled with a few years ago as a political sop to the land-reform party. The trouble with it is that as it leaves the way open for alienation, it does not destroy the speculative value of the land. Stein did better when he confiscated the Prussian estates and cut them up into small holdings, because he prohibited alienation. A *Bauer-gut,* or peasant property, had to remain a *Bauer-gut;* there was no such thing as buying up a batch of them and combining them into a landed estate.

Still another policy is presented by the disciples of Quesnay, Turgot, and Henry George, who seem, by the way, to be looking up in numbers and influence throughout the West. Their plan is to eviscerate land speculation by use of the taxing power; by exempting all labor products, and levying taxes against nothing but the social value of land—the confiscation of ground rent, in short. This might be disturbing in the cities, though its advocates say not; but unquestionably it would solve the problem of farm-land tenure, and that is the side of it that chiefly interests the West.

However, it is not important to dwell on this or that remedy, for as soon as a social disorder is really understood it is already more than half cured. Diagnosis is the important thing, and no doubt the West has at last its finger firmly on the cause that has put its staple industry in a bad way. The many special measures of

public control that are now being proposed in Congress and the newspapers serve to strengthen the West in the logic of its analysis. Does shortage in coal production justify seizure of coal-producing lands? Well, then, why does not shortage in food production justify seizure of food-producing lands? If hoarding food is to be made a crime, how about hoarding the source of food; how about hoarding almost half the available food-source of the United States? If the principle of the excess-profits tax is sound, why exempt the one business of landowning, especially since its profits are so immense and unearned by any kind of work on the part of the one who gets them? If railways and public-service enterprises can come under state regulation on a basis of investment value, how is it that speculative land prices, based on monopoly value, are regarded as legitimate capitalization?[1]

I do not pretend to be able to answer these questions, nor shall I care to try. The point is only that they are being asked with great unanimity and insistence. The purpose of this paper is merely to show as well as an outsider may what the West is thinking about; and as first and foremost it seemed to me to be thinking of its problem of land-tenure, I have tried to report the general terms of the problem as they see it.

My only comment is that at this turn of affairs no line of thought could be more useful in serving a larger purpose than even the immediate one of rescuing and reëstablishing a great industry. It comes along just in time to light up the immense difference, the great gulf fixed, between economic democracy and political democracy, the kind of democracy that our politicians all talk about and that we have gone to war to uphold. Perhaps it may be the mission of the West to make this difference clear to the world. There could be none more worthy. But, at all events, I think it will be impossible for the West to listen to much more vague and fluent recommendation of mere political democracy without turning, perhaps in some impatience, and saying, "But we have *had* political democracy in this country for one hundred and forty years."

[1] To show how wide-spread the sense of this economic disorder is, and how far beyond the purview of the politician it reaches, when the Secretary of Agriculture talked about the possibility of conscripting farm labor for idle land, the United Mine-Workers, who cannot be assumed to have many points of economic contact with farmers, protested, saying that such a course would only "increase the value of idle lands to the further enrichment of landlords, create a still larger class of landless men," and tend to the ultimate establishment of "a landed aristocracy and a miserable peasantry."

# Freedom of Speech

By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

IT is probably the poet who has done it. He celebrates the land "where, girt with friends or foes, a man may speak the thing he will." He does not add, "and suffer the consequences." He appears to overlook, for example, the libel laws. He writes as if freedom of speech included freedom from the consequences of speech. And many among us, in the last few troubled months, seem to have assumed the same theory of freedom.

There never has been a country in which speech enjoyed any such immunity. In the poet's England, neither in peace nor war, could a man speak the thing he would without being held responsible for his utterance. There, as here, if he uttered a libel, he could be prosecuted for it and prevented from repeating it. He could be punished for giving voice publicly to blasphemies or obscenities, for speaking in contempt of court, for inciting to a breach of the peace, and so forth. He enjoyed freedom of speech only as he enjoyed freedom of action. If he offended against the laws either by speech or action, he could be punished, and he could be prevented from repeating the offense. His right to freedom of speech was a right merely to say the thing he would say without first submitting it to the censorship of authority.

The same restrictions have always been put upon the freedom of the press in the most liberal democracies, and the man who printed a libel could always be punished for publishing it and prevented by a court injunction from repeating it. His freedom ran only as far as this: he could not, by court order or any other process of law, be prevented from publishing it the first time. He could be prevented from circulating it after it had been published and adjudged a libel. He could be prevented from sending it through the mails if the post-office authorities considered it a misuse of the mails to send it. But he had the right to print it once and take the consequences; to print it again, if he wished to be punished again; and finally to spend his life in jail if he pleased rather than give up his right to reprint it. In the freest of countries, in the most peaceful of times, freedom of speech and freedom of the press were never more than the limited freedom to say what you pleased and print what you pleased and take the consequences.

One of the consequences in war-time is likely to be a charge of treason. What you say or what you print may be construed as "giving aid and comfort to the enemy." You may do it innocently, you may do it purposely. To punish you, after you have given the enemy aid, does not further the purposes of war, and most of the European countries have established censorships of the press, the mail, and the telegraph to prevent the enemy from getting aid or comfort either from the innocent or the guilty. Here, in this country, we have been unwilling to give our Government the right to censor and suppress our utterances in official secrecy. We have preserved our peace-time right to say what we please and take the consequences. We have enlarged the official power to deny the use of the mails to publications that give aid and comfort to the enemy; but that power cannot move until the offense has been openly committed, so that public opinion may act as a restraint upon arbitrary authority. We have permitted a sort of censorship of enemy utterances in our alien press. Our loyal native press has submitted to a modified censorship voluntarily. But, on the

whole, we have preserved the principles of freedom of speech and freedom of the press, with only a slight increase of the restrictions put upon such freedom in our freest days before the war.

And the cry that is now raised for freedom of speech and freedom of the press is raised by persons who have enjoyed those freedoms and been judged guilty of abusing them. What they demand, apparently, is the right to continue to circulate utterances that have been held inimical to the interests of the community. They demand not only freedom of speech, but freedom from the consequences of speech. They cry not for liberty, but for immunity from the responsibilities of liberty. They expect to be not only free, but privileged, exempt, irresponsible, and protected by some holy right of sanctuary in a temple of established freedom which they shall be free to defile.

# The Story of an Architect

ANONYMOUS

WHEN I was ten or eleven years old I was playing by myself on the beach at East Hampton. It was the first summer that my family had spent there, and I had not met many of the boys; so I went down alone to the beach in the pleasant July afternoon and began to build sand castles. I had worked alone for an hour or two, very well contented with my success, building up as well as I could the towers and steep roofs which I remembered from Howard Pyle's drawings in "Prince Otto," when a pleasant-faced young man came along and, sitting down beside me, watched me work. Presently, when he found me in trouble with the structural difficulties connected with the use of wet sand as high retaining walls, he asked me if I would let him help me, and did it in so quiet and tactful a way that instead of being scared off, I was pleased to have a grown-up play with me. I was more than pleased when I found that he was a real master of the art of building sand castles. Towers, strengthened by supporting sticks of wood driven deep into the sand, grew to unexpected heights; roofs, inlaid with seaweed, looked like roofs instead of like shapeless mounds of sand; deep-recessed windows in unexpected places afforded wonderful points of vantage from which the defenders of the castle could repel their assailants. Finally a castle was completed the like of which I had never seen before, and which still remains in my memory the most wonderful architectural creation that I have ever seen.

I do not remember if it was that afternoon or during one of the other afternoons when we built castles together that he told me he was an architect; told me what architecture was, and asked me why I, too, did not become an architect. It was the first time I had even heard of the profession, for it was little known and less regarded in the days of my childhood.

I think it was fortunate for me that my first acquaintance in what has since become my profession was a man so earnest, kindly, capable, and enthusiastic as the young fellow who used to walk the three miles from his house at Wainscott to play with me. His interest in me and his apparent desire to have me become an architect did not cease with building sand castles. For a number of years after that he used to send me from time to time, copies of the "American Architect" containing illustrations of drawings he had made or of houses he had built. He died when he was a man of only thirty and I was about fourteen. It has always been a regret to me that he could not have lived to fulfil the promise which his early work showed, and I was very glad to learn a

year or two ago that one of the three little girls who were his only children had in her turn started to work as an architectural draftsman in Philadelphia.

It was not long after I made my first friend in the profession that my father built a new house, and employed a firm at that time very well known in New York to make the drawings for him. They, too, were charming, cultivated men, and with the senior member of that firm I have ever since continued the very pleasant acquaintance which was begun when as a little boy I showed him the drawings which *my* architect had sent me. Perhaps if my first two friends in the profession had not been men of such admirable personal character and of such earnest enthusiasm, I would not have been further interested in architecture; but I think that from that first day on the beach at East Hampton I was determined to become an architect myself.

I never had any real architectural training. My family were just as ignorant about what an architect should learn as were most other families; so when it was time for me to go to college I decided upon one that I liked rather than upon one that offered a good architectural course. As by that time I had learned that architecture is often considered one of the fine arts, I chose the course which led to the degree of bachelor of arts.

I suppose I was about as ignorant of architecture as any human being could be, but in my junior year I began to elect all the courses that seemed to me to have any bearing on architecture, as the history of art, the history of painting, and things like that.

I do not believe that every course except strictly technical courses are a waste of time, but I do think that one might be "liberally educated" and still learn something of practical benefit. The only course which has been of constant practical use to me was one in descriptive geometry, which at the time seemed to me from its name to be so far removed from architecture that I loafed through both terms, flunked both examinations, and required a number of extra examinations before I finally passed. Yet all architectural drawing is applied descriptive geometry; and though my instructors knew that I intended to become an architect, not one of them had common sense enough to inform me of this very vital fact.

After my graduation from college, I had expected to go to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, the great French school of architecture, and there really begin to study for my profession. I thought the school was open to anybody who would apply, and offered a three-years' course leading to a degree. Fortunately for me, although it did not seem so at the time, my father's business went to pieces during my senior year, and I had to go out and get a job. One of my father's friends promised me a position as a clerk in his brokerage house, and my idea was that I would work a year or two, studying at night, and save up money enough to go to the Beaux-Arts, where perhaps I would have money enough to take the course, helping myself out by work which I would pick up in Paris.

I was deflected from this laudable and well-intentioned scheme by the offer of a fellowship from my university in the department of fine arts. I can never be sufficiently grateful to the kindly and far-sighted professor who recommended me for this fellowship, because I could not have entered the Beaux-Arts or supported myself if I had entered.

Very few people outside the men who have actually been there understand that the Ecole des Beaux-Arts admits only twenty foreigners a year, and these only after the strictest sort of technical competitive examination; and as the applicants for these twenty positions usually run well up into the hundreds, I should have stood no chance to get into the school.

The requirements for a fellowship at my university were that a man must have averaged "first group" for his entire course, and should not have fallen below "second group" in any subject during his entire college course. Under the rules I was ineligible. My average standing was "third group," just above the middle of

the class, and I had been conditioned in a number of courses; but my friend the professor told me that his recommendation was based on my aptitude in his special department, and that the faculty would abide by his decision. I therefore worked only for the summer in the broker's office, and went back to college in the autumn as fellow of fine arts.

This was my best year at college. The required work for a fellow was very little. My class had gone, and I had few friends left in college, so I spent the year in desultory reading on all sorts of subjects allied with architecture, in working as I pleased, and in constant and close companionship with one of the most admirable men and wisest teachers in America. He was good for me in every way. His instruction was never *ex cathedra,* always suggestive, and he very frequently had me to dine at his house, talking all through dinner and through the evenings about subjects in which he desired to interest me. It was personal education of the finest sort; one learns much more in that way than can ever be learned in the classroom.

At the conclusion of this year my real work began. My professor furnished me with letters of introduction to four or five of the best-known architects then practising in New York, and after trying two or three I secured a position with one of them at a salary of eight dollars a week.

The man I had roomed with in college was studying law, and we arranged to room together through the winter, paying three dollars and a half apiece for our room, which left me the magnificent sum of four dollars and a half for food, clothes, car-fare, entertainment, and other expenses; for by that time I was thrown absolutely on my own resources.

I reported for work with a full architectural equipment of T-square, triangles, drawing-instruments, and pencils, the hardest I could find, a mistake characteristic of the beginner, since most offices supply everything except drawing-instruments, and the architect uses no hard pencils, but those which run from ordinary writing pencils to the softest pencils which can be made. The drafting-room in which I began my architectural career occupied most of the top floor of an old loft building, a great, bare, barren place, with drawing-tables and chests of drawers to hold the drawings scattered all through it, and with a man at almost every table. Electric lights suspended by long cords from the ceiling, tied up with string so as to shed light on particular spaces of each drawing-board, cluttered up the room. The floor was of bare cement, and about half covered with scraps of tracing-paper and cigarette-butts and pencil-shavings. The men were in shirt-sleeves or in dirty working blouses, for it was hot, the hottest week in the hottest summer we have ever had. It was a most unprepossessing place for any one to work. The men did not look bright or attractive, and the room was ugly beyond description.

Nor was my first office experience in other ways a satisfactory one. The office was big, the head of the firm was an old man who had lost that intimate touch with his employees which is an essential to success, the office itself was full of dissension and intrigue, the head draftsman had no respect for his employer, and very often I found myself wondering if those were the inevitable accompaniments of every business office or if they were conditions peculiar to the offices of architects. The head draftsman was a middle-aged man of great ability who had twice begun independent practice, and twice had failed to establish himself because of a reputed fondness for drink; and although I cannot recall any occasion when he appeared in the office even touched by liquor, the rumor of his weakness prevented us from properly respecting him. The head of the firm—the "boss," as he is always called in an architect's office—knew of his weakness as well as anybody else, and when the designs for a building were completed, he would turn over to one of the younger men the care of the working drawings and the execution of the work. This was greatly resented by the head draftsman, and the office took sides, some with the head draftsman, and some with the men who were actually in

charge of work. The differences became so bitter that half the draftsmen were not on speaking terms with the rest. I was too insignificant to be counted on either side, and found even in this disorganized and unhappy office, what I have always found in every office since, that the draftsmen were more than willing to help the beginner, to encourage him, to teach him, to do his work for him, and to cover up his mistakes. With such help one must learn something.

I never shall forget the first piece of independent design with which I was intrusted—a railing and gate to divide the private from the public office in some business concern. I suppose I worked on it for about two solid days, assisted and encouraged as far as I was capable of receiving assistance by the men at the neighboring tables. When finally the head draftsman came around to look at my effort, I was a very proud person; but when, after looking at the drawings for a minute or two, he started to make some criticism, and, unable to control himself, began to laugh so hard that everybody else came around to see what he was laughing at, I was about as disappointed as anybody ever was in the world. The head draftsman was not only a great artist, but a big man. He did not take the job away from me, as he should have done; he told me where it was wrong and why it was wrong, apologized for laughing at it, and gave me in these few minutes my first toehold in comprehension of architectural design. It was then that I began to learn.

I suppose this was about four months after I entered the office; four months later I was so convinced of my increase in knowledge that I thought I ought to have a corresponding increase in wages. I am now perfectly sure that there was n't one week in which I had earned the eight dollars that were paid me, and, as a matter of fact, I think I had probably been a loss, because of the diversion of other men's time to help me, and in a smaller office I never would have been kept on at all. I finally got up my nerve to ask for a raise, and when I was told that investigation proved that I was n't worth any more I made up my mind to change offices.

At that time a Boston architect who had achieved considerable prominence had just moved his office to New York. He was one of the younger men, much talked about by the architectural draftsmen, and it was to him that I decided to apply. About a year before I had got a Boston girl whom I knew pretty well to supply me with a letter to him; but by the time I had been working eight months I realized that probably the Boston girl was n't the best judge of my knowledge and ability and that a letter of introduction from her would be a detriment rather than a help. I therefore went over to his office without the letter. I was met at the door by a moon-faced office boy—Wallace, the Untamable Liar, as I afterward knew him. He told me that Mr. Murray was "not taking on any draftsmen"; I could leave my name and telephone number, but I could n't see Mr. Murray. So it looked to me as if my chances in that office were very slim indeed. The next night, when I got home, however, I received a telephone message, asking me if I could come to work at once, at the princely salary of fifteen dollars, which was about ten dollars more than I could earn.

The new office was as different from the old as can well be imagined. Mr. Murray was in the drafting-room at least half of every day, an inspiration in himself; and I don't suppose that there has ever been a nicer, kindlier, or more capable lot of draftsmen gathered together in one place. There was n't a man of the lot who has not since made good in independent practice, and there was n't a man in the lot who did not believe in the ability of his employer or who was not most anxious to make good. Everybody was hard-working, earnest, and enthusiastic; there was no time-clock; the men appeared to come and go pretty much at will, and yet I think there was n't one of them who did not spend at least his full forty hours a week in the office, and most of them habitually put in half an hour or so more every day. Every one of them was kind

to me when I first came in; curious about me, as to how much I knew, as to how I got into the office, but genuinely friendly, and anxious to have me please them and the boss.

It is upon the drafting-room that in the end the success of every architect depends. He may be able to get work and he himself may be a man of ability; but no one can turn out anything like the vast number of drawings required even for a simple job, and the architect must stand or fall as his drafting-room force is capable and sympathetic.

The men in Mr. Murray's office were, as I have said before, of unusually fine quality, most of them college trained, the others taking extension courses in Columbia or working in the system of ateliers which has been built up by the American graduates of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts.

Fifteen dollars a week looked like a good deal to me, but I found that during the first eight months I had not been able to buy any new clothes, and had even gone into debt for small extras at some of the places where I had credit; so that I really did not have much more money to live on than before. My room-mate and I continued to live in the same place, although now we stopped eating in the cheap lunch-rooms, and acquired the dignity of a real boarding-place, at three dollars and fifty cents a week for breakfast and dinner. The place was literally a cabman's eating-joint, and I suppose the food must have been pretty bad, although I did not then think we were having a hard time, and I do not suppose we were. However, I have never been able to eat scrambled eggs with tomatoes since. We had them for breakfast every morning for a year, the purpose of the tomatoes being obviously to disguise the eggs. Occasionally we used to treat ourselves to a real dinner at some forty-cent table-d'hôte, and I remember that the first time I went to a popular one on Tenth Street the draftsman who went with me said:

"You don't have to eat so much bread, Mike. They give you lots else."

I am not telling these things so much because they were my own experience as because they were the common experience of virtually all the men with whom I came into contact, and I have never met a happier or a nicer lot of fellows.

I have spoken of the ateliers conducted by the societies of former students of the Beaux-Arts. These are really coöperative schools. One has to be elected, since they are virtually clubs, and all the members of the ateliers contribute equally to the expenses, which include the promise of a salary to an instructor chosen by the members from the graduates of the Beaux-Arts. Though the salary is as a rule more of a promise than a reality, many of the best of our architects, purely from a desire to help the younger men in the profession, are willing to devote two or three nights a week to teaching and criticism. I joined one of these ateliers, and though it has been of great service to me, it was in the offices that I really learned my architecture. There is no instruction so valuable as the actual doing of the work, especially when the boss is himself a capable architect. In the ateliers draftsmen improve their technic, learn how to make colored perspectives and prettily drawn plans, and it is in the ateliers that most draftsmen make the drawings for their first jobs.

I was still in Mr. Murray's office when *my* first job came to me—the alteration of the city house of a friend of my mother's. Nobody will ever have another job like his first, and my first client got as competent service as any architect ever furnished, because the whole of Mr. Murray's office, including Mr. Murray himself, criticized, advised, and helped in the preparation of the drawings, and Mr. Murray's superintendent and specification-writer prepared the specifications and told me why specifications are written as they are. He was both specification-writer and general superintendent in the office, and had been both a practising architect and a builder. Of all the men doing that sort of work with whom I have come into contact, I think Pop Jones is the best. He used to come and help me superintend; in fact, all the fellows used to come around to the

building and criticize the moldings, and suggest improvements in the details of the trim, and advise as to small changes in the plans, and for all this help and assistance I never was able to pay anybody one cent.

My commission on this first job was six hundred and twenty-five dollars; I promptly put four hundred and eighty-five of it into an engagement-ring, and gave the office a dinner with about half of what was left. The proportion of the proceeds devoted to my personal use was n't very large, but it certainly was a fine ring.

The time that I spent in Mr. Murray's office was perhaps the most valuable in my whole career. The office was busy; the boss did not believe in putting a man on one job and keeping him there until he died, so the work was varied, always interesting, and instructive. Of course it was hard for me to keep up. Almost every drawing that I made involved questions which were to me unanswerable, and about which somebody had to tell me. Indeed, this condition lasted for some time after I left that office, for during the first four years that I worked as a draftsman I never had one single thing to do that I had ever done before. Of course, under conditions such as these, I developed rapidly,—I had to, or lose my job,—and while I had the feeling that I was getting along, I did not know whether I was really making good or whether I was n't, because the boss had a kind word for everybody, though never hesitating to criticize anybody.

The fact that we were able to come and go as we wished was a great convenience to me in doing my first job, since I could run up in the noon-hour, getting back fifteen or twenty minutes late, and making up the time at night or on Saturday afternoon, without slighting my office work. One night about six o'clock (the office was supposed to close at five), Mr. Murray came out of his private office, found me working in the drafting-room, and asked me why I was staying so late. I told him that I had taken a little extra time off at noon and was making it up. He stood looking over my shoulder at the drawing I was working on.

"I wonder if you realize how you have improved," he said. "You are really drawing pretty well, and you could n't draw at all when you came to the office."

"Nobody could help improving in this office," I answered, hardly aware of how tactful a thing it was to say.

He stood there for a moment longer and then he said:

"You tell Mr. Mulford [that was the bookkeeper] that your salary is eighteen dollars from this week on." And before I could even thank him he went back into his private office. In a minute or two he came back.

"You had a letter of introduction to me, did n't you?"

I told him that I did n't think a letter of introduction from an eighteen-year-old girl was worth much, and he said:

"That is the reason I employed you. I was told you had that letter, and I was pleased that you did n't try to use it."

It was n't long after this that I was taken out of the office and made "clerk of the works" on one of the biggest buildings that Mr. Murray had designed. Clerk of the works is a sort of resident superintendent, and while at the time I resented my transfer from office work to superintendence, it was not long before I realized it was the best thing that could have happened; for nobody can be a competent architect until he knows the processes by which buildings are put together, as well as the drawings which indicate those processes. Pop Jones used to come over to the job about twice a week, sometimes oftener during the first month or two; but when he found that I was getting along pretty well with the contractors and that I was reading the specifications as carefully as I could, and trying to understand them, he came over less and less. Of course it gratified my vanity to think that two years after leaving college I was virtually boss of a three-million-dollar job. Another thing which pleased me enormously, and which should be the rule in

all offices, was to find that my decisions in regard to matters of workmanship and material were backed up by the office. In the first place, it made me careful in making decisions, and in the second place it greatly strengthened my hand. No office where the decisions of the subordinates are not backed up by the superiors, unless the decisions are distinctly detrimental to the work, can possibly run well.

Of course I was as green as grass, but I found the same kindly spirit among the rough lot of workmen with whom I then became associated that I found in the office. I found the same willingness to help and inform (not infrequently coupled with the desire to play jokes on the green man) that I had previously found in Mr. Murray's office, and the year that I spent as clerk of the works was in its way as valuable a year as I have ever had.

It taught me to some extent to manage men. I found the union regulations, which seem arbitrary to the outsider, have in most cases for their foundation a sincere desire to promote the welfare of the workman without interfering with the proper conduct of the work, and I also found that a successful superintendent must know the union rules as thoroughly as he knows the building code if he is to be successful.

It was while I was clerk of the works that I got my first house to build. I had gone into two or three competitions, just as all draftsmen do, without any success, but I had not had any real work except the city-house alteration.

I have spoken about buying an engagement-ring. One does n't buy those rings without a reason, and I had been having trouble with the family of my reason. Her father did n't like me. I had n't any money, although I do not believe that worried him except as he wanted to see his daughter properly supported, and I had no prospects as far as he could see; so I was forbidden to come to the house. The engagement-ring, instead of being worn on the finger, was worn on a ribbon around the neck. Nevertheless, it was from her father that I got my first independent job, and at a time when I was in theory not on speaking terms with any of the family. I have always thought that he wanted to test me.

I made the drawings. The house cost a few hundred dollars under what he told me he wanted to spend; it was built, and he liked it as much as I have ever had a client like a house. It still remains one of the houses I am proudest of. However, my father-in-law-to-be was by no means appeased. He was willing to talk to me, but nobody else could, and it was very embarrassing at times, for I had to find out the wishes of each separate member of the family through him.

The house was so much of a success that I was given one or two other commissions in the same little suburban town, and really began to feel like an architect; but that did not help me any in the good graces of my father-in-law. When he found that I was earning only twenty dollars a week (they raised me two dollars when I became clerk of the works), he could n't see me for a minute, and finally, to get rid of me, took the whole family away to Europe.

I began to get impatient with my position about this time. I had had five years of college; had been working for nearly three years, and was earning only twenty dollars a week, although this was supplemented by over-time pay for night and Sunday work, and I had one or two country houses to design. This meant that I worked every night and every Saturday afternoon, and got up at six o'clock every morning. I thought that if I could go into another office where I could get a little more salary and where the work was a little more varied it would be better. So I talked the matter over with Mr. Murray. He urged me to stay, but, being a good business man as well as a decent employer, did not "urge" me to the extent of a very substantial rise, so I began to look for a better position.

I never shall forget one of the places where I tried. This man had sent word to me that he wanted a sort of office head. He had only a small office—three or four

men—and he asked me to come and meet him at twelve-thirty. I left Mr. Murray's office at a quarter after twelve, got a piece of apple-pie and a glass of milk, and hurried up to see my prospective employer, and found that he was not in. I waited until a quarter-past one, when I should have been back in the office, before he came in. I stood up as he entered his door and told him who I was.

"Sit down," he said, and went into his private office. I could see him sitting with his feet on his desk reading the newspaper. I waited for about twenty minutes more, getting madder and madder every minute. Finally he came out and said:

"You want a job with me, don't you?"

"No, I don't," I said. "I just waited to tell you so," and walked out.

I think it was in the next office I tried that I did succeed in getting a position.

This office differed very materially from either of the others in which I had worked. The heads of the firm were two young men, both of them wealthy and of good social connection, who had gone into architecture partly because they liked the work, but more, I think, because it was a nice, light job suitable to a gentleman. Neither of them had any particular knowledge of construction, and though both had good ideas as to design, they were not sufficiently skilled as draftsmen to be able to work them out. The work, therefore, was handled by their head men. One was a Frenchman, a graduate of the Beaux-Arts, and to him virtually all the design was intrusted; the other was a young Irishman who had started as an office boy, and because of his patience and earnest anxiety to succeed had worked himself up to a place of responsibility in one of the large New York offices, and had been recommended to this firm when they began business.

It was a curious sort of office in that nobody really knew the business of architecture. The Frenchman knew nothing about construction, and the practical man knew nothing about design, and because of his entire lack of technical training, his knowledge of structure was only that which a good carpenter might have picked up on a job. The whole atmosphere of the office was very different from that which prevailed in Mr. Murray's. In place of confidence in and loyalty to the chief, there was a constant undercurrent of jocular contempt among the draftsmen for the abilities of the firm; and as we grew to know his limitations, this contempt extended to the practical man. He, poor fellow, was probably as aware of them as we were, and must have led a dog's life in trying to cover them up from his employers and from the men he was supposed to command. His methods were not always sportsmanlike; whenever anybody did anything particularly nice, he was very forward to claim credit for it, while, if an error was made anywhere, he would always endeavor to shift the blame. At the time I disliked him as cordially as I ever disliked anybody, and despised him, too. Now, as I look back upon it, I see that he was really in a pretty difficult position, but his handling of that position was neither capable nor tactful. He was constantly irritating the men by insistence upon trifling details of routine; never made a correction in a pleasant manner; and as many of his "corrections" were incorrect, there was little good feeling. I remember on one of the drawings I was making he noted that the angles were wrong and after verifying them three or four times, I told him that I was sure my figures were right and asked him to go over them with me. I found then that the poor fellow did not know that sixty minutes made a degree; he thought it was one hundred. I remember on another occasion he made me spell "wainscot" "wainscoat" and when one of the firm noticed the error and called me down for my spelling, he stood by and let me take it. I did not like to tell on him, like a school-boy.

Of course in an atmosphere like this the quality of the work was far below what it should have been, although the opportunities were many and varied. The family influence wielded by the members of the firm brought in many jobs, and the very

delightful personalities and real artistic appreciation of both these men impressed many of their acquaintances with a sense of their ability that was unjustified by their attainments.

Nevertheless, as in every office in which I have been, I found among the draftsmen several who were, as they have continued to be, good friends of mine, and I found the same willingness to help the beginner and to lend information or books or money or anything else that I have found among draftsmen everywhere. It was in that office that I was first able to begin to repay to still younger men the very great kindnesses I myself had received from older draftsmen.

Every once in a while I managed to get a job of my own. Most of them were abortive, but one or two little houses or small alterations actually went through. The money I received from them was either used for buying pieces of furniture which I thought we might need in the house I hoped to build, or was put away in the bank to await that time. Incidentally, I think this is the only period in my life that I have been out of debt. I was still forbidden to visit my fiancée's house; but her father went to South Africa on business, and the Boers, thoughtfully declaring war on England about that time, locked him up for six months, so that when he returned he found that our engagement was announced. He took the matter rather more calmly than I had expected, and as a wedding present gave my wife a little piece of land on which we were to build a house of our own.

I was married in the first house I ever designed, and the wedding really was an architectural affair, as all the ushers were draftsmen, and there were probably twenty-five or thirty draftsmen who were not ushers. I got a two weeks' vacation, the first I had had since I began work. Most of this vacation was spent in making drawings for our own house. We began it as soon as we came back, and it was finished in about four months. One of the upper rooms I made into a little office for myself, and as I continued to get small jobs from time to time, it was there on nights and Sundays and early in the mornings that all of the drawings were made during the next two years. Once in a while some one of the fellows in the office would come out and help, but most of it I did myself; and while I can't say that I was ever unhappy during that time, I wished often that there might come a Saturday or a Sunday or an afternoon or an evening when I did n't have to work.

My experience in this respect is that of most of the young men who begin work for themselves. The average architectural draftsman works seven hours a day in the office unless he has over-time work, and two or three hours besides at night on his own work in the ateliers or perhaps helping out some other architect. Nobody who did not really love the business could get along under such conditions, and I have found that most architectural draftsmen herd by themselves. They do not often go to parties, they do not go much to the theater; they are always walking about the Metropolitan Museum or some picture show or taking trips out to see old colonial houses or working on problems in the ateliers. The salaries they get are below those of the bricklayers and carpenters who execute the work from the drawings they make. There is certainly something in the profession that gets the men as does no other profession that I know of.

I was enormously pleased when one of the magazines took some pictures of my own house and my father-in-law's house and asked if they could publish them. It was probably the best thing that ever happened to me, because the houses were small and were of different types, and there were not many good small houses being built in those days; so almost as soon as they were published I began to get letters about them from people all over the country, and from them I got four or five jobs. It was really the start of my independent practice, although I continued to work for other men for two years, and for a number of years after that was accustomed to go around to different

offices to help out on competitions or to give assistance in some one of the lines in which I had become proficient.

I left this office because I could n't get along with the head draftsmen, and although the manner of my going was not pleasant, I have since become good friends with both members of the firm. I remember that the head called me in and told me that he could n't have anybody work in his office who could n't get along with the head draftsmen selected by the firm, with the criticism of the firm's intelligence which that implied; and then, righteous indignation overcoming him, he said the quicker I could make my arrangements to go the better.

This happened at just twelve o'clock. I walked down-stairs to another office, got a position, came back up-stairs, packed up my things, and went in and told him I was going. It was of course a great satisfaction to take him at his word, tempered somewhat by the fact that they paid me two weeks' advance salary, and said that if I wanted to come back and they could arrange for me to take independent charge of work, they would like to have me do it.

The new office was a very different sort of place from any I had been in before, and especially from the last one. There was no discipline of any sort. The men worked on the basis of so many cents per hour, and put in their time-cards every week for what time their consciences dictated to them; and while the work was well and rapidly done, I can't exactly see how an office could continue under such conditions. The firm was made up of three men, one of whom I never saw in the office, although I understand he did occasionally secure new business; the second was supposed to run the office, but as a matter of fact was entirely dominated by the aggressive personality of the third partner, who had reduced his position virtually to that of head office boy.

The draftsmen were capable, attractive, and got along well together. In fact, they got along too well, so that the head draftsman and two of the others who were interested in pistol-shooting used to set up a target in one end of the drafting-room and practise in the late afternoons. I heard only two remonstrances concerning this, and both were put tactfully, to say the least. The office manager on one occasion said:

"The next time you boys want to do target practice, get a book of your own. You 've shot two telephone-books to pieces, and we have n't got another one left."

And the other was when he was coming out of his office and had to cross the range.

"Hey, wait a minute, boys! I want to get out," he said.

Of course offices like this are rare, and yet I am not sure but the firm got as good work from their men as they could have by any other way of managing them, although I think none of the draftsmen felt the real respect for their employers on either the technical or personal grounds that was the case in Mr. Murray's office.

I stayed in this office until two years later I finally decided to open an office of my own. I took this step with some hesitation. For the last year I had been earning from forty to fifty dollars a week as a draftsman, with over-time occasionally running the amount up much higher, and I had been under no office expense. Beginning for myself meant rent, salaries for an office boy and a stenographer at least, expense for light, cleaning woman, telephone, and numerous petty items that even in a small office amount to a considerable sum annually. But the number of people who came to me for houses had increased so steadily that it was necessary for me to begin for myself. It meant less income than I had earned during the previous two years, but it was physically impossible for me to go on as I had been going; the work had taken too much out of me. I had had no time for recreation of any sort and I went from one day to the next under a constant strain, feeling that I had a lot to do that I had not been able to get done, and I was always tired out. I had not had a vacation except for the two weeks at the time I was married, and I did not have another for five years after I began work for myself; but at least I was relieved

from the continual pressure of night work, and how much I needed such relief was proved by the fact that in the five weeks after I opened my own office I gained thirty-five pounds.

I secured a little office in connection with another man who, too, was just beginning. We were not partners, but simply took the office together to lessen the expense to each of us, and this arrangement continued until we both outgrew it. But with every effort to keep expenses down by doing as much work myself as I could and by paying as little as I could for the overhead account, I was nevertheless often very hard up. When my first daughter was born I did not have a cent in the world, I owed everybody that I knew, and it seemed as if I just must get some money somehow. Having no new work in hand, I went into one of the competitions which are always open to the young men, and finished up the drawings on the same day that my daughter arrived. Anybody who has had a youngster of his own knows that this is not the most favorable time for constructive work. Imagine my happiness when two weeks afterward I received a check for a thousand dollars, being that portion of the commission which was payable at once to the winner.

Since that time things have smoothed themselves out, and there is little of interest to tell. My work has grown steadily, and my office force has increased with it; the only thing that has not grown is the gain to be made out of the profession. It is not a profession in which the faithful practitioner can ever become wealthy unless he is one of the few men who do big work. The average country house needs as many drawings as a loft building, and the drawings cost just as much. The loft building is built of fire-proof material and trimmed with marble, while the country house is built of frame and trimmed with painted wood; the architect's fee is a percentage of the cost.

I am in a way a successful architect, I might almost say a very successful architect; yet I have not been able to live in comfort and put away money. In fact, my reason for writing this story is that I may add something to the little surplus which would be available for the support of my family should I receive the commission for which I have applied and be called to the front.

Nevertheless, I would n't change professions with any one I know. One has always the feeling that one is creating something of permanent beauty.

I do not mean that all buildings designed by architects are beautiful. The profession varies greatly in skill and ability, and there is no way in which things of at least fair quality can be turned out by a man who has no conception of beauty *per se*. Each problem is a new one, and is a question of comprehending the tastes of one's clients and of expressing them in a way which will be satisfactory to them as well as to the designer, and there are no rules by which this can be done.

There is one side of architecture not commonly commented upon that is to me one of the most interesting things about the profession. I mean the relations which the architect enjoys with his clients. I have met so many pleasant people and have seen so many delightful places in the course of my work that that alone is almost enough to repay me for my efforts, although some people are inclined to regard the architect as an impractical person whose suggestions must be looked upon with suspicion. With such people work is difficult in the extreme, and it is almost impossible to secure the best results not only in an artistic sense but in the correct fitting of the scheme to the client, as a tailor fits clothes.

Yet the profession as a whole is underpaid even for the best of clients, and apparently it always has been. When an old house in New Haven was torn down a few years ago, these words were found cut in the corner-stone and signed by the architect:

"I have caused this beautiful building to be erected for your use as well as for mine, and have taken much pains to accommodate you for which you will never pay."

# But Once a Year

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Illustrations by Thelma Cudlipp

THE calendar seems to me a shocking device. My mechanical days had been flowing along in a staccato stream. By this alone I had heretofore been aware of the "holidays." Business had speeded up. Hours clicked off like the flick of a kodak-shutter. It was dark and it was light with about the same promptitude. One moment I was rushing through cold, blue-lamped streets to a steam-heated supper under reflected lighting, the next I was going down in an elevator, to be swallowed up by a subway and a business day. I was busy, but my peculiar niche in business did not necessitate constant consultation of the calendar. Therefore when I suddenly looked at it one morning it smote me with the horror of a flashlight "taking" a yacht-club banquet. It was December 20.

The calendar is peculiarly heartless. December 20 was a Thursday. Further than that the blank desk-pad would vouch-

"BUT SOME ONE VERY IRRITATINGLY SNICKERED"

safe no solace to my suddenly feverish mental activity. You know why. You know what I was thinking. There was Aunt Emma.

Yes, Aunt Emma; Uncle Josiah;

Second Cousin Amiel; his sister; the Lubbocks, of course; Uncle Ephraim Potter; James Nagle; John Nagle; Lillian Nagle; Norman Monument; Cousin Clara; Great-Aunt Anna Amusement; the Peacocks, next door; Bob Griffin; and the Chauncey Rogers, and the Infields, and the McWhalens.

"The gift without the giver is bare." Lowell was right. Clammy fear had clasped my vitals. And yet suddenly the upper cardiac region began to experience a rosy glow. I was very busy. Yes, but I consigned business to Gehenna. *This* Christmas— It was twelve o'clock noon when I started.

They all had to be appropriate, of course, I said to myself as I dived into the subway. The subway ejected me like Jonah at the basement of a large department store. "Jonah" is substantially correct. I moved into that heaving sea.

". . . as if other folks were made o' *putty!*" said a glare in my direction. But I beamed with the happy Christmas spirit. Then there was a counter before me, and it was all scattered over with such lovely handkerchiefs. They were so *dégagé,* rumpled in all sorts of interesting fashions, and some of them were so interestingly decorated with thumb-marks. There were some retiring blue and pink ribbons visible among them. I lifted a handkerchief by one corner and was for shaking it out. I was wondering whether Cousin Clara would not like a set of hand— But some one very irritatingly snickered. They were not handkerchiefs. I knew that Cousin Clara would not appreciate it— from me. The tide billowed me on.

There was a comparative back-water among a lot of very shiny tin buckets. I could not think of any one who would like a tin bucket. Uncle Ephraim, with his

"IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO GET OUT AT THE INTENDED FLOOR"

name stenciled, surrounded by forget-me-nots? No. Then there were cogged machines with handles. One was a clothes-wringer or a meat-chopper. Suddenly all of my relatives seemed to be vegetarians and to exist in a state of nature. At any rate, this was certainly not the kind of thing one either gave or received. It was too useful. I was borne past a field of waving, yellow brooms and Bustle carpet-sweepers, without a pang. Out from a covert of kitchen granite-ware I made for the elevator.

It was impossible to get out at the intended floor. I beat upon the amazons about me, but was only crushed the closer. Stout Cortez's feminine counterpart broke up the interference, however, at the seventh level. I felt again the firm floor beneath my feet. That is, until I began to

"RUGS ARE VERY TENACIOUS. THEY HAVE ONE OF THE PROPERTIES OF AIR, INERTIA"

trip over extra rugs. Rugs are very tenacious. They have one of the properties of air, inertia. Especially when rolled. There were a great many of them. There were men unrolling them and showing them. There were ladies sitting on and before them and inspecting them through lorgnons and lorgnettes. I, too, was sitting upon a pile of rugs. Even if I could have thought of any one on my list who needed a rug—Rugs are so expensive.

"BUT I DID GET SOMETHING AWFULLY NICE FOR SECOND COUSIN AMIEL"

You can get curtain-poles on that floor, too. Some of them open like accordions. Where there are no rugs, there are slippery floors: one skates. And then if the clerk is showing an extension curtain-rod to a dowager as one rounds the counter—

My right eyes persisted in watering, and the skin on my left shin was really considerably abraded. The elevator would not disgorge me again until the restaurant floor, and there is nothing but a picture-gallery there. The pictures were for sale, but I could not think of anybody who cared anything for such pictures. Some of them were very moving, of course: the picture of the young man, in a degenerate topper, pink tail-coat, and jockey-boots, kissing the girl with curls and a blue-satin directoire, in the rose-arbor, with the fox-terriers in the foreground. Or there was one of "Baby's First Lesson." All the frames were prettily gilded. I was quite attracted by them myself.

I decided to descend the staircase. Then I came to what they called a "bridge," and crossed to another part of the store. There were some very stunning dresses hanging up in endless rows. There were plenty of mirrors. There were some

ladies. I remembered the handkerchief episode, and I stepped into an elevator where the globe blushed an angry red.

You can't give your neighbor's wife a pair of shoes? Why did my own go to Bermuda with the children? I know the Lubbocks detest photography, and the last thing I should think of giving Aunt Anna Amusement would be a wrist-watch. One of the very handsome Oriental vases I picked out finally for Bob Griffin proved to be a store ornament. There are always pairs of gloves, pairs of stockings, if you know the sizes. I did n't! Of course, if you 're going to be extravagant! I did n't see anything except a pig-skin trunk for John Nagle, and that was fifty dollars.

Your head gets to whirring like a clock always just about to strike, and your eyes begin to film slowly. You buy something useful, like a package of carpet-tacks or a nail-file, and continue to rotate in the whirlpool. Faint shrieks of insane laughter fitfully rise and fall about you. It 's a good deal like the ending of a Russian novel.

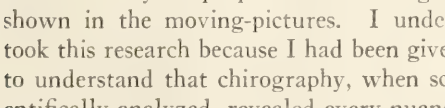
It was 5:30, quite dark and auto-headlight-lit, when I slid into the street. The surface cars looked as if gigantic bees were swarming on them. I thought of the papers on my desk at the office. I had thought that in an extra half-hour— But I did get something awfully nice for Second Cousin Amiel. You know those plain silver-plated photograph frames?

# The Writing on the Screen

By LAWTON MACK ALL

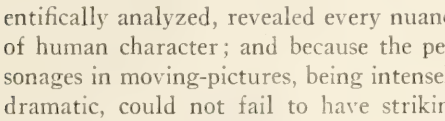
BEING interested in human nature in all its manifestations, I have lately made a study of people's handwriting as shown in the moving-pictures. I undertook this research because I had been given to understand that chirography, when scientifically analyzed, revealed every nuance of human character; and because the personages in moving-pictures, being intensely dramatic, could not fail to have striking individualities as penmen. The results of this investigation have not only borne out all my expectations, but they have even declined to bring any of them back.

Let me give some of the interesting examples which I found. Here, for instance, is a confidential communication from a great financier to one of his associates:



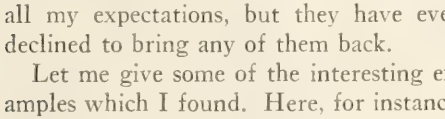

Observe in what a firm, steady hand this is written. It shows that the great financier can be cool even in a crisis. No wonder he is successful. He always looks ahead; he never crosses a T until he comes to it. Clear-visioned he is; his I's have their specks on straight. Such a man will go far without being missed.

The next specimen is a letter written by the dashing young hero to the heroine. It reads:


Dear Bessie
I love you madly. Your father despises me because I am poor but honest. Elope with me at midnight in my racing machine
Beverly

Stanch and dependable. His passion is intense, yet he is too loyal to betray it. Note the uncompromising uprightness of his L's. You just can't help trusting him, because, as he says, he has n't any money.

Here is a letter penned by a wayward wife. Fraught with tense emotion, it is indeed a moving human document. She writes:


Dear Bertram
I am leaving you tonight for ever Try to understand—and forgive me My hand trembles so that I can scarcely write I hope you will be happy Goodbye
Arnica

What a wealth of sorrow this handwriting displays! Poor, unfortunate woman, tearful and yet volatile! Her M's are bowed with grief, and yet they have an arch look. Out of touching deference to her first love she makes a desperate effort to be neat; she is not willing that her husband's last memento of her should be a sloppy one. Even when about to commit a sin, she still retains that refinement of nature which he has always reverenced, that indescribable feminine delicacy which was wont to reveal itself in such little acts as shrinking visibly at the touch of unclean overshoes.

There are innumerable other examples which might be cited, handwritings of every conceivable kind; but the endless variety of them would merely tend to bewilder. Therefore I shall give only a few more and without extended comment; for, indeed, their characteristics jut out quite protuberantly.

The little six-year-old child raises her face wistfully from her piece of angel food and scrawls:

Dear Daddy

Mama and me wish you would come home.

Martha

Truly a revelation of the artistic nature. In contrast to this, let us examine what Jimmie the Dope, escaped convict, scribbles to his confederate:

Steve

Be there wit yer tools at one o'clock tonight ready to do the job. But look out for that Italian named Isaac McDavish, he's a stool pigeon.

Jimmie.

This particular specimen has a tragic interest for us. It demonstrates the failure of our modern institutions. Here is a man forced by society into a felon's trade who was capable of earning an honest liv-

"WHY, MARGERY! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?"
"I'VE JUST BEEN BAPTIZED."
"WHAT—"
"WELL, IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, MAMA, YOU CAN GO UP STAIRS TO THE BATH-ROOM AND ASK GOD."

ing. He might have been a teacher of penmanship.

Comparing all these examples of chirography under the microscope, I have reached an important discovery; namely, that there is a certain degree of similarity between them. If this is indeed true (and I feel confident that later scientific research will corroborate my findings), shall we not attribute it to the fact that human nature is everywhere fundamentally the same?

# The Perfect One

By LAURENCE HOUSMAN

Author of "Inside-out," "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," etc.

MANY ages ago there lived in Persia a certain teacher and philosopher named Sabbah who seemed as a shining light to all who looked on him. His courtesy and dignity, his wisdom and humility, his imperturbability of temper, and his charity to all, won for him many followers; and among these there grew toward him so great a devotion that they could see in him nothing amiss. This, they said, was the perfect man whom all the world had been looking for. And because they found no flaw in his character and perceived no limitation in his wisdom, so far as things human were concerned, they called him "the perfect one," and fixing upon him the blind eye of imitation, but shutting upon him the eye of understanding, they sat daily at his feet and hearkened to his sayings; they spoke as he spoke and did as he did, hoping thereby to come in time to a like perfection.

So when, in the contemplation of deep things, the perfect one combed his beard with his fingers, they (such as had them) combed theirs, and those who had not, made combings in the air where presently their beards would be. And when he ate they ate, and when he fasted they fasted, and when he spat they spat, so as to be at one with him in all things appertaining to conduct. And they were happy in these things, and thought by discipline to come presently to the perfection wherein he seemed perfect.

So when, his hours of teaching being over (for he sat daily in the mosque and taught all that would hear him), he rose to return to his own house, those that doted on his example would rise and follow him; and where he trod they trod, and if he stayed to look on a piece of merchandise, or to handle a fabric and ask the price of it, they also would stay and look and handle and inquire. And because of these things they were a nuisance to the merchants, and the procession of the perfect one was imperfectly welcomed in the bazaars of that city. So presently the merchants would request the perfect one to go by other ways if he wished not to buy, but to go their way when buying was his intention; for when he bought, then those that followed him bought also.

Now, every day when the perfect one reached his house thus accompanied and attended, he went in and shut the door, and they saw no more of him; and going sadly to their own homes, they wondered and questioned among themselves what he did when the door was shut, so that they also might do likewise, and by that much be nearer to perfection.

And this grew to be so great a debate among them that at last one, greatly daring, making himself spokesman for the rest, said:

"O Perfect One, when you go into your house and shut your door, so that we see no more of you, what is it that you do then? Let us know, that we also may do it and be perfect, as you are."

And the perfect one answered:

"I do many things. If I told you them all, you would not remember."

"Yet you may tell us the first thing," said he who spoke for the rest.

"The first thing?" said Sabbah; and musingly he combed his beard with his fingers, while all the rest did likewise. "The first thing that I do is to stand on my head and stick out my tongue and twiddle my toes, for I find great joy in it."

So that day when all his followers had parted from him and returned each to their own houses, they stood on their heads and stuck out their tongues and twiddled their toes, and found great joy in it.

"Now we be growing perfect," said they.

But the next day one of his followers said to him:

"O Perfect One, why do you do this thing? For though we find joy in it, we know not the celestial reason or the correspondency which makes it seem good."

And Sabbah answered:

"I will tell you first what I do, and I will tell you the reasons afterward."

So they said to him:

"O Perfect One, what is the next thing that you do?"

And Sabbah said:

"The next thing that I do? I tell my wife to beat me till I cry out for mercy."

So when his followers returned to their houses that day and had finished their first exercise in perfection, they told their wives to beat them till they cried out for mercy. And their wives did so.

The next day, a little crestfallen and sad, his followers came back to him, and one of them said:

"O Perfect One, after your wife has begun beating you, *when* do you cry out for mercy? There is a difference of opinion among us, and truly it matters."

Sabbah answered:

"I do not cry out for mercy."

At this answer they all looked much astonished and very sorry for themselves, and one who had come that day looking more crestfallen than the rest said:

"But I, Perfect One, have ten wives!"

Sabbah smiled on him.

"I have none," said Sabbah.

His followers sat and looked at him for a while in silence, then said one:

"O Perfect One, why have you done this?"

And the perfect one answered:

"When I go into my house and shut my door, then it is for the relief of being alone and quit of the mockery wherewith you mock me, pretending that I am perfect. It is for that, and to realize the more fully my own imperfection, that I stand on my head and twiddle my toes and stick out my tongue. Then I know that I am a fool. And that is the celestial reason and the correspondency which make me find joy in it.

"Then it is, because I know I am a fool, that I tell my wife to beat me until I cry out for mercy. And truly—and this shall be my last answer—the reason that I have no wife is because I am a wise man."

Then the perfect one arose from his place and went home, according to his custom; nor did any of his followers that time bear him company. But they gazed after him with the open eye of understanding, and, plucking out the blind eye of imitation, cast it from them, and went home full of thought how best to solve the domestic problem which there awaited them.

"Now I am at peace," said the perfect one, shutting his door.

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# FINANCE AND BANKING

By THOMAS MORRISON

## The Second Loan

AT the time this article is written the number of participants in the Second Liberty Loan has not been announced. It is not important. The splendid oversubscription of the Loan and a participation apparently by everyone is important and is a cause of gratification to those who have worked so faithfully all over the country in making the Second Liberty Loan a huge success.

It is reported that in the New York District alone there were 2,500,000 subscribers. That is a great many. Before the first government issue, the total number of buyers of any and all kinds of bonds in the United States was not over 300,000. And the Second Liberty Loan is taken in the New York District alone by more than eight times that many buyers. It was the result of organization well conceived and well carried out. It reached right down to the last man in every concern and institution all over the country.

The campaign in progress was an inspiring sight. On one of the last few days I was in the office of the President of a large corporation. The local committee arrived evidently by appointment to present the matter to the employees as a body. The President said, "All right gentlemen, we are ready for you." The whistle was blown—the machinery stopped and three thousand employees gathered to listen to the speakers. Two or three days later in New York I heard this conversation on an elevator. The first speaker was a Western Union messenger boy. He addressed the elevator man: "Well, I 've bought my Liberty Bond." The elevator man said, "You 've got to show me." The boy produced the bank envelope from his hip pocket—"Here 's the start," he said, smiling, "two dollars down and two a week till I get the hundred."

On the evening of October 24th, I heard Elihu Root and Dr. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation talk to an audience that packed a large theater to overflowing so that perhaps a thousand had to be turned away. It seemed ridiculous that so large an audience should come together to hear men talk about buying bonds. Just in front of me was a boy perhaps twelve years old. He had brought his father and mother, and showed by the way he repeated misunderstood phrases, that he was anxious they should not miss a word of the splendid addresses delivered that night. The country is getting from all this a value not to be measured by the money involved in the loan.

### The Savings Banks and the Loan

It was only natural that the savings banks should be somewhat apprehensive of the Loan at the higher rate of interest. The reports regarding deposits are reassuring. Withdrawals from the big mutual savings banks of New York City and State were insignificant and reports from Washington on the Postal Savings system indicate that the only traceable effect was a slight diminution in the rate of increase. Generally the country bankers state that while these were withdrawals for the purpose of paying for Liberty Bonds, they were not large and the amounts were soon recovered.

These reports are in agreement with the experience of savings banks in other countries involved in the war. A statement from the National City Bank says:

"In Russia savings deposits increased largely in the first two years of the war, a fact attributed in part to the prohibition of vodka. In Germany savings deposits have increased. In Great Britain they have remained about at a standstill. The country in which conditions are most analogous to those of the United States is Canada, and here the showing is the more remarkable, because the common rate of interest on savings deposits is 3 per cent., while the war bonds return better than 5 per cent. The chartered commercial banks have most of the savings deposits in departments created for the purpose. These deposits on the dates named have been as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| December 31, 1913 | $624,692,000 |
| December 31, 1914 | 662,830,000 |
| December 31, 1915 | 720,990,000 |
| December 31, 1916 | 845,000,000 |
| March 31, 1917 | 888,765,000 |

There are only two incorporated savings banks in Canada, and these are important institutions, located in Montreal and Quebec. The returns for these and for the postal savings system together show $97,275,000 in 1913, $94,600,000 in 1914, $92,200,000 in

# *War Tax Analysis*

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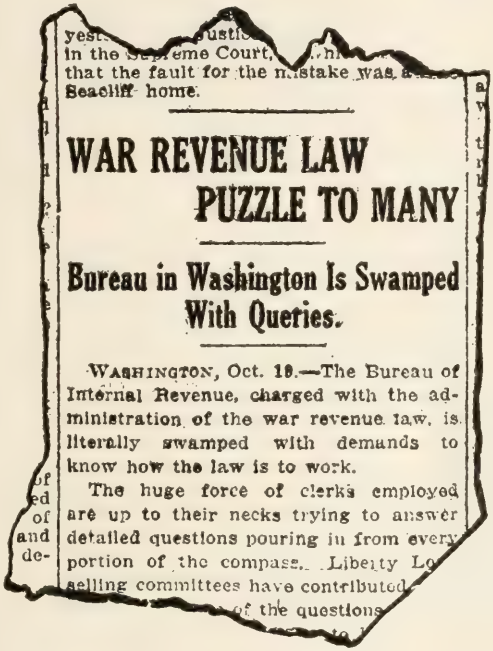
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that the fault for the mistake was a...
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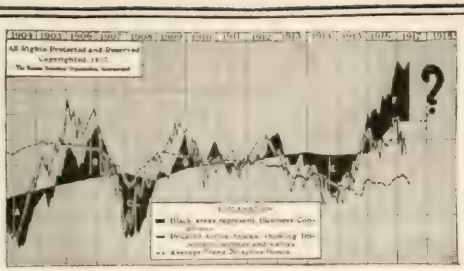

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## FINANCE AND BANKING

(*Continued from page* 86)

1915, $93,930,000 in 1916, and are estimated as practically unchanged in 1917.

The explanation of this indifference of the average savings depositor to the higher rate is believed to be due to the fact that he regards the deposit as ready money, available whenever he may need it, while he looks upon a bond as a permanent investment. The question of safe-keeping is also an important one with bond-buyers of this class.

For the year ended June 30, 1917, the savings banks of New York State received deposits aggregating $503,048,944.15, not including dividends credited, which amounted to $71,022,361.29. Withdrawals aggregated $465,850,758. Thirty-four paid dividends at the rate of 3½ per cent., two at the rate of 3¾ per cent., and 105 at the rate of 4 per cent.

## INVESTMENT LITERATURE

If we can be of service to readers of The Century in obtaining for them without charge any of the following financial literature, we shall be glad. Please address letters to Financial Service, The Century Magazine, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Text of the War Tax Law: *The National City Company, New York City.*

Regulation of Exports under the Espionage Act: *Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway.*

The Premier Investment: *Wm. R. Compton Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

Should Business Men Buy Stocks? *Babson's Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass.*

Analysis of the War Tax Law: *The National City Company, New York City.*

The Will and the Way: *The Metropolitan Trust Company, New York City.*

Making Money Work: *McClave & Co., 67 Exchange Place, New York City.*

Sugar Stocks: *Hartshorne & Battelle, 25 Broad Street, New York City.*

France and America: *Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway.*

Peace and Foreign Government Bonds: *Hartshorne & Battelle, 25 Broad Street, New York City.*

Income Tax Record (for recording next year's taxes): *Wm. R. Compton Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

Acid Tests of Investments in War Times: *S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York City.*

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# A Source of Irritation

By STACY AUMONIER

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Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty

TO look at old Sam Gates you would never suspect him of having nerves. His sixty-nine years of close application to the needs of the soil had given him a certain earthy stolidity. To observe him hoeing, or thinning out a broad field of turnips, hardly attracted one's attention, he seemed so much part and parcel of the whole scheme. He blended into the soil like a glorified swede. Nevertheless, the half-dozen people who claimed his acquaintance knew him to be a man who suffered from little moods of irritability.

And on this glorious morning a little incident annoyed him unreasonably. It concerned his niece Aggie. She was a plump girl with clear, blue eyes, and a face as round and inexpressive as the dumplings for which the county was famous. She came slowly across the long sweep of the downland and, putting down the bundle wrapped in a red handkerchief which contained his breakfast and dinner, she said:

"Well, Uncle, is there any noos?"

Now, this may not appear to the casual reader to be a remark likely to cause irritation, but it affected old Sam Gates as a very silly and unnecessary question. It was, moreover, the constant repetition of it which was beginning to anger him. He met his niece twice a day. In the morning she brought his bundle of food at seven, and when he passed his sister's cottage on the way home to tea at five she was invariably hanging about the gate, and she always said in the same voice:

"Well, Uncle, is there any noos?"

Noos! What noos should there be? For sixty-nine years he had never lived farther than five miles from Halvesham. For nearly sixty of those years he had bent his back above the soil. There were, indeed, historic occasions. Once, for instance, when he had married Annie Hachet. And there was the birth of his daughter. There was also a famous occasion when he had visited London. Once he had been to a flower-show at Market Roughborough. He either went or did n't go to church on Sundays. He had had many interesting chats with Mr. James at the Cowman, and three years ago had sold a pig to Mrs. Way. But he could n't always have interesting noos of this sort up his sleeve. Did n't the silly zany know that for the last three weeks he had been hoeing and thinning out turnips for Mr. Hodge on this very same field? What noos could there be?

He blinked at his niece, and did n't answer. She undid the parcel and said:

"Mrs. Goping's fowl got out again last night."

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"Ah," he replied in a non-committal manner and began to munch his bread and bacon. His niece picked up the handkerchief and, humming to herself, walked back across the field.

It was a glorious morning, and a white sea mist added to the promise of a hot day. He sat there munching, thinking of nothing in particular, but gradually subsiding into a mood of placid content. He noticed the back of Aggie disappear in the distance. It was a mile to the cottage and a mile and a half to Halvesham. Silly things, girls. They were all alike. One had to make allowances. He dismissed her from his thoughts, and took a long swig of tea out of a bottle. Insects buzzed lazily. He tapped his pocket to assure himself that his pouch of shag was there, and then he continued munching. When he had finished, he lighted his pipe and stretched himself comfortably. He looked along the line of turnips he had thinned and then across the adjoining field of swedes. Silver streaks appeared on the sea below the mist. In some dim way he felt happy in his solitude amidst this sweeping immensity of earth and sea and sky.

And then something else came to irritate him: it was one of "these dratted airyplanes." "Airyplanes" were his pet aversion. He could find nothing to be said in their favor. Nasty, noisy, disfiguring things that seared the heavens and made the earth dangerous. And every day there seemed to be more and more of them. Of course "this old war" was responsible for a lot of them, he knew. The war was a "plaguy noosance." They were short-handed on the farm, beer and tobacco were dear, and Mrs. Steven's nephew had been and got wounded in the foot.

He turned his attention once more to the turnips; but an "airyplane" has an annoying genius for gripping one's attention. When it appears on the scene, however much we dislike it, it has a way of taking the stage-center. We cannot help constantly looking at it. And so it was with old Sam Gates. He spat on his hands and blinked up at the sky. And suddenly the aëroplane behaved in a very extraordinary manner. It was well over the sea when it seemed to lurch drunkenly and skimmed the water. Then it shot up at a dangerous angle and zigzagged. It started to go farther out, and then turned and made for the land. The engines were making a curious grating noise. It rose once more, and then suddenly dived downward, and came plump down right in the middle of Mr. Hodge's field of swedes.

And then, as if not content with this desecration, it ran along the ground, ripping and tearing up twenty-five yards of good swedes, and then came to a stop.

Old Sam Gates was in a terrible state. The aëroplane was more than a hundred yards away, but he waved his arms and called out:

"Hi, you there, you must n't land in they swedes! They 're Mister Hodge's."

The instant the aëroplane stopped, a man leaped out and gazed quickly round. He glanced at Sam Gates, and seemed uncertain whether to address him or whether to concentrate his attention on the flying-machine. The latter arrangement appeared to be his ultimate decision. He dived under the engine and became frantically busy. Sam had never seen any one work with such furious energy; but all the same it was not to be tolerated. It was disgraceful. Sam started out across the field, almost hurrying in his indignation. When he appeared within earshot of the aviator he cried out again:

"Hi! you must n't rest your old airyplane here! You 've kicked up all Mr. Hodge's swedes. A noice thing you 've done!"

He was within five yards when suddenly the aviator turned and covered him with a revolver! And speaking in a sharp, staccato voice, he said:

"Old Grandfather, you must sit down. I am very much occupied. If you interfere or attempt to go away, I shoot you. So!"

Sam gazed at the horrid, glittering little barrel and gasped. Well, he never! To be threatened with murder when

you 're doing your duty in your employer's private property! But, still, perhaps the man was mad. A man must be more or less mad to go up in one of those crazy things. And life was very sweet on that summer morning despite sixty-nine years. He sat down among the swedes.

The aviator was so busy with his cranks and machinery that he hardly deigned to pay him any attention except to keep the revolver handy. He worked feverishly, and Sam sat watching him. At the end of ten minutes he appeared to have solved his troubles with the machine, but he still seemed very scared. He kept on glancing round and out to sea. When his repairs were complete he straightened his back and wiped the perspiration from his brow. He was apparently on the point of springing back into the machine and going off when a sudden mood of facetiousness, caused by relief from the strain he had endured, came to him. He turned to old Sam and smiled, at the same time remarking:

"Well, old Grandfather, and now we shall be all right, is n't it?"

He came close up to Sam, and then suddenly started back.

*"Gott!"* he cried, "Paul Jouperts!"

Bewildered, Sam gazed at him, and the madman started talking to him in some foreign tongue. Sam shook his head.

"You no roight," he remarked, "to come bargin' through they swedes of Mr. Hodge's."

And then the aviator behaved in a most peculiar manner. He came up and examined Sam's face very closely, and gave a sudden tug at his beard and hair, as if to see whether they were real or false.

"What is your name, old man?" he said.

"Sam Gates."

The aviator muttered some words that sounded something like "mare vudish," and then turned to his machine. He appeared to be dazed and in a great state of doubt. He fumbled with some cranks, but kept glancing at old Sam. At last he got into the car and strapped himself in. Then he stopped, and sat there deep in thought. At last he suddenly unstrapped himself and sprang out again and, approaching Sam, said very deliberately:

"Old Grandfather, I shall require you to accompany me."

Sam gasped.

"Eh?" he said. "What be talkin' about? 'Company? I got these 'ere loines o' turnips—I be already behoind—"

The disgusting little revolver once more flashed before his eyes.

"There must be no discussion," came the voice. "It is necessary that you mount the seat of the car without delay. Otherwise I shoot you like the dog you are. So!"

Old Sam was hale and hearty. He had no desire to die so ignominiously. The pleasant smell of the Norfolk downland was in his nostrils; his foot was on his native heath. He mounted the seat of the car, contenting himself with a mutter:

"Well, that be a noice thing, I must say! Flyin' about the country with all they turnips on'y half thinned!"

He found himself strapped in. The aviator was in a fever of anxiety to get away. The engines made a ghastly splutter and noise. The thing started running along the ground. Suddenly it shot upward, giving the swedes a last contemptuous kick. At twenty minutes to eight that morning old Sam found himself being borne right up above his fields and out to sea! His breath came quickly. He was a little frightened.

"God forgive me!" he murmured.

The thing was so fantastic and sudden that his mind could not grasp it. He only felt in some vague way that he was going to die, and he struggled to attune his mind to the change. He offered up a mild prayer to God, Who, he felt, must be very near, somewhere up in these clouds. Automatically he thought of the vicar at Halvesham, and a certain sense of comfort came to him at the reflection that on the previous day he had taken a "cooking of runner beans" to God's representative in that village. He felt calmer after that, but the horrid machine seemed to go higher and higher. He could not turn in his seat and he could see nothing

but sea and sky. Of course the man was mad, mad as a March hare. Of what earthly use could *he* be to any one? Besides, he had talked pure gibberish, and called him Paul something, when he had already told him that his name was Sam. The thing would fall down into the sea soon, and they would both be drowned. Well, well, he had almost reached threescore years and ten. He was protected by a screen, but it seemed very cold. What on earth would Mr. Hodge say? There was no one left to work the land but a fool of a boy named Billy Whitehead at Dene's Cross. On, on, on they went at a furious pace. His thoughts danced disconnectedly from incidents of his youth, conversations with the vicar, hearty meals in the open, a frock his sister wore on the day of the postman's wedding, the drone of a psalm, the illness of some ewes belonging to Mr. Hodge. Everything seemed to be moving very rapidly, upsetting his sense of time. He felt outraged, and yet at moments there was something entrancing in the wild experience. He seemed to be living at an incredible pace. Perhaps he was really dead and on his way to the kingdom of God. Perhaps this was the way they took people.

After some indefinite period he suddenly caught sight of a long strip of land. Was this a foreign country, or were they returning? He had by this time lost all feeling of fear. He became interested and almost disappointed. The "airyplane" was not such a fool as it looked. It was very wonderful to be right up in the sky like this. His dreams were suddenly disturbed by a fearful noise. He thought the machine was blown to pieces. It dived and ducked through the air, and things were bursting all round it and making an awful din, and then it went up higher and higher. After a while these noises ceased, and he felt the machine gliding downward. They were really right above solid land—trees, fields, streams, and white villages. Down, down, down they glided. This was a foreign country. There were straight avenues of poplars and canals. This was not Halvesham. He felt the thing glide gently and bump into a field. Some men ran forward and approached them, and the mad aviator called out to them. They were mostly fat men in gray uniforms, and they all spoke this foreign gibberish. Some one came and unstrapped him. He was very stiff and could hardly move. An exceptionally gross-looking man punched him in the ribs and roared with laughter. They all stood round and laughed at him, while the mad aviator talked to them and kept pointing at him. Then he said:

"Old Grandfather, you must come with me."

He was led to an iron-roofed building and shut in a little room. There were guards outside with fixed bayonets. After a while the mad aviator appeared again, accompanied by two soldiers. He beckoned him to follow. They marched through a quadrangle and entered another building. They went straight into an office where a very important-looking man, covered with medals, sat in an easy-chair. There was a lot of saluting and clicking of heels. The aviator pointed at Sam and said something, and the man with the medals started at sight of him, and then came up and spoke to him in English.

"What is your name? Where do you come from? Your age? The name and birthplace of your parents?"

He seemed intensely interested, and also pulled his hair and beard to see if they came off. So well and naturally did he and the aviator speak English that after a voluble examination they drew apart, and continued the conversation in that language. And the extraordinary conversation was of this nature:

"It is a most remarkable resemblance," said the man with medals. *"Unglaublich!* But what do you want me to do with him, Hausemann?"

"The idea came to me suddenly, Excellency," replied the aviator, "and you may consider it worthless. It is just this. The resemblance is so amazing. Paul Jouperts has given us more valuable in-

"THEY ALL STOOD ROUND AND LAUGHED AT HIM, WHILE THE MAD AVIATOR TALKED TO THEM AND KEPT POINTING AT HIM"

formation than any one at present in our service, and the English know that. There is an award of five thousand francs on his head. Twice they have captured him, and each time he escaped. All the company commanders and their staff have his photograph. He is a serious thorn in their flesh."

"Well?" replied the man with the medals.

The aviator whispered confidentially:

"Suppose, your Excellency, that they found the dead body of Paul Jouperts?"

"Well?" replied the big man.

"My suggestion is this. To-morrow, as you know, the English are attacking Hill 701, which for tactical reasons we have decided to evacuate. If after the attack they find the dead body of Paul Jouperts in, say, the second lines, they will take no further trouble in the matter. You know their lack of thoroughness. Pardon me, I was two years at Oxford University. And consequently Paul Jouperts will be able to prosecute his labors undisturbed."

The man with the medals twirled his mustache and looked thoughtfully at his colleague.

"Where is Paul at the moment?" he asked.

"He is acting as a gardener at the Convent of St. Eloise, at Mailleton-en-haut, which, as you know, is one hundred meters from the headquarters of the British central army staff."

The man with the medals took two or three rapid turns up and down the room, then he said:

"Your plan is excellent, Hausemann. The only point of difficulty is that the attack started this morning."

"This morning?" exclaimed the other.

"Yes; the English attacked unexpectedly at dawn. We have already evacuated the first line. We shall evacuate the second line at eleven-fifty. It is now ten-fifteen. There may be just time."

He looked suddenly at old Sam in the way that a butcher might look at a prize heifer at an agricultural show and remarked casually:

"Yes, it is a remarkable resemblance. It seems a pity not to—do something with it."

Then, speaking in German, he added:

"It is worth trying. And if it succeeds, the higher authorities shall hear of your lucky accident and inspiration, Herr Hausemann. Instruct *Ober-lieutenant* Schultz to send the old fool by two orderlies to the east extremity of Trench 38. Keep him there till the order of evacuation is given, then shoot him, but don't disfigure him, and lay him out face upward."

The aviator saluted and withdrew, accompanied by his victim. Old Sam had not understood the latter part of the conversation, and he did not catch quite all that was said in English; but he felt that somehow things were not becoming too promising, and it was time to assert himself. So he remarked when they got outside:

"Now, look 'ee 'ere, Mister, when am I goin' to get back to my turnips?"

And the aviator replied, with a pleasant smile:

"Do not be disturbed, old Grandfather. You shall get back to the soil quite soon."

In a few moments he found himself in a large gray car, accompanied by four soldiers. The aviator left him. The country was barren and horrible, full of great pits and rents, and he could hear the roar of artillery and the shriek of shells. Overhead, aëroplanes were buzzing angrily. He seemed to be suddenly transported from the kingdom of God to the pit of darkness. He wondered whether the vicar had enjoyed the runner beans. He could not imagine runner beans growing here; runner beans, aye, or anything else. If this was a foreign country, give him dear old England!

*Gr-r-r! bang!* Something exploded just at the rear of the car. The soldiers ducked, and one of them pushed him in the stomach and swore.

"An ugly-looking lout," he thought. "If I wor twenty years younger, I 'd give him a punch in the eye that 'u'd make him sit up."

The car came to a halt by a broken wall. The party hurried out and dived behind a mound. He was pulled down a kind of shaft, and found himself in a room buried right underground, where three officers were drinking and smoking. The soldiers saluted and handed them a type-written despatch. The officers looked at him drunkenly, and one came up and pulled his beard and spat in his face and called him "an old English swine." He then shouted out some instructions to the soldiers, and they led him out into the narrow trench. One walked behind him, and occasionally prodded him with the butt-end of a gun. The trenches were half full of water and reeked of gases, powder, and decaying matter. Shells were constantly bursting overhead, and in places the trenches had crumbled and were nearly blocked up. They stumbled on, sometimes falling, sometimes dodging moving masses, and occasionally crawling over the dead bodies of men. At last they reached a deserted-looking trench, and one of the soldiers pushed him into the corner of it and growled something, and then disappeared round the angle. Old Sam was exhausted. He leaned panting against the mud wall, expecting every minute to be blown to pieces by one of those infernal things that seemed to be getting more and more insistent. The din went on for nearly twenty minutes, and he was alone in the trench. He fancied he heard a whistle amidst the din. Suddenly one of the soldiers who had accompanied him came stealthily round the corner, and there was a look in his eye old Sam did not like. When he was within five yards the soldier raised his rifle and pointed it at Sam's body. Some instinct impelled the old man at that instant to throw himself forward on his face. As he did so he was aware of a terrible explosion, and he had just time to observe the soldier falling in a heap near him, and then he lost consciousness.

His consciousness appeared to return to him with a snap. He was lying on a plank in a building, and he heard some one say:

"I believe the old boy 's English."

He looked round. There were a lot of men lying there, and others in khaki and white overalls were busy among them. He sat up, rubbed his head, and said:

"Hi, Mister, where be I now?"

Some one laughed, and a young man came up and said:

"Well, old man, you were very nearly in hell. Who the devil are you?"

Some one came up, and two of them were discussing him. One of them said:

"He 's quite all right. He was only knocked out. Better take him in to the colonel. He may be a spy."

The other came up, touched his shoulder, and remarked:

"Can you walk, Uncle?"

He replied:

"Aye, I can walk all roight."

"That 's an old sport!"

The young man took his arm and helped him out of the room into a courtyard. They entered another room, where an elderly, kind-faced officer was seated at a desk. The officer looked up and exclaimed:

"Good God! Bradshaw, do you know who you 've got there?"

The younger one said:

"No. Who, sir?"

"It 's Paul Jouperts!" exclaimed the colonel.

"Paul Jouperts! Great Scott!"

The older officer addressed himself to Sam. He said:

"Well, we 've got you once more, Paul. We shall have to be a little more careful this time."

The young officer said:

"Shall I detail a squad, sir?"

"We can't shoot him without a court-martial," replied the kind-faced senior.

Then Sam interpolated:

"Look 'ee 'ere, sir, I 'm fair' sick of all this. My name bean 't Paul. My name 's Sam. I was a-thinnin' a loine o' turnips—"

Both officers burst out laughing, and the younger one said:

"Good! damn good! Is n't it amazing, sir, the way they not only learn the lan-

guage, but even take the trouble to learn a dialect!"

The older man busied himself with some papers.

"Well, Sam," he remarked, "you shall be given a chance to prove your identity. Our methods are less drastic than those of your *Boche* masters. What part of England are you supposed to come from? Let 's see how much you can bluff us with your topographical knowledge."

"I was a-thinnin' a loine o' turnips this mornin' at 'alf-past seven on Mr. Hodge's farm at Halvesham when one o' these 'ere airyplanes come down among the swedes. I tells 'e to get clear o' that, when the feller what gets out o' the car 'e drahs a revowlver and 'e says, 'You must 'company I—' "

"Yes, yes," interrupted the senior officer; "that 's all very good. Now tell me —where is Halvesham? What is the name of the local vicar? I 'm sure you 'd know that."

Old Sam rubbed his chin.

"I sits under the Reverend David Pryce, Mister, and a good, God-fearin' man he be. I took him a cookin' o' runner beans on'y yesterday. I works for Mr. Hodge, what owns Greenway Manor and 'as a stud-farm at Newmarket, they say."

"Charles Hodge?" asked the young officer.

"Aye, Charlie Hodge. You write and ask un if he knows old Sam Gates."

The two officers looked at each other, and the older one looked at Sam more closely.

"It 's very extraordinary," he remarked.

"Everybody knows Charlie Hodge," added the younger officer.

It was at that moment that a wave of genius swept over old Sam. He put his hand to his head and suddenly jerked out:

"What 's more, I can tell 'ee where this yere Paul is. He 's actin' a gardener in a convent at—" He puckered up his brows, fumbled with his hat, and then got out, "Mighteno."

The older officer gasped.

"Mailleton-en-haut! Good God! what makes you say that, old man?"

Sam tried to give an account of his experience and the things he had heard said by the German officers; but he was getting tired, and he broke off in the middle to say:

"Ye have n't a bite o' somethin' to eat, I suppose, Mister; or a glass o' beer? I usually 'as my dinner at twelve o'clock."

Both the officers laughed, and the older said:

"Get him some food, Bradshaw, and a bottle of beer from the mess. We 'll keep this old man here. He interests me."

While the younger man was doing this, the chief pressed a button and summoned another junior officer.

"Gateshead," he remarked, "ring up the G. H. Q. and instruct them to arrest the gardener in that convent at the top of the hill and then to report."

The officer saluted and went out, and in a few minutes a tray of hot food and a large bottle of beer were brought to the old man, and he was left alone in the corner of the room to negociate this welcome compensation. And in the execution he did himself and his county credit. In the meanwhile the officers were very busy. People were coming and going and examining maps, and telephone bells were ringing furiously. They did not disturb old Sam's gastric operations. He cleaned up the mess tins and finished the last drop of beer. The senior officer found time to offer him a cigarette, but he replied:

"Thank 'ee kindly, sir, but I 'd rather smoke my pipe."

The colonel smiled and said:

"Oh, all right; smoke away."

He lighted up, and the fumes of the shag permeated the room. Some one opened another window, and the young officer who had addressed him at first suddenly looked at him and exclaimed:

"Innocent, by God! You could n't get shag like that anywhere but in Norfolk."

It must have been an hour later when another officer entered and saluted.

"Message from the G. H. Q., sir," he said.

"Well?"

"They have arrested the gardener at the

"'WELL, UNCLE,' SHE SAID, 'IS THERE ANY NOOS?'"

convent of St. Eloise, and they have every reason to believe that he is the notorious Paul Jouperts."

The colonel stood up, and his eyes beamed. He came over to old Sam and shook his hand.

"Mr. Gates," he said, "you are an old brick. You will probably hear more of this. You have probably been the means of delivering something very useful into our hands. Your own honor is vindicated. A loving Government will probably award you five shillings or a Victoria Cross or something of that sort. In the meantime, what can I do for you?"

Old Sam scratched his chin.

"I want to get back 'ome," he said.

"Well, even that might be arranged."

"I want to get back 'ome in toime for tea."

"What time do you have tea?"

"Foive o'clock or thereabouts."

"I see."

A kindly smile came into the eyes of the colonel. He turned to another officer standing by the table and said:

"Raikes, is any one going across this afternoon with despatches?"

"Yes, sir," replied the other officer. "Commander Jennings is leaving at three o'clock."

"You might ask him if he could see me."

Within ten minutes a young man in a flight-commander's uniform entered.

"Ah, Jennings," said the colonel, "here is a little affair which concerns the honor of the British army. My friend here, Sam Gates, has come over from Halvesham, in Norfolk, in order to give us valuable information. I have promised him that he shall get home to tea at five o'clock. Can you take a passenger?"

The young man threw back his head and laughed.

"Lord!" he exclaimed, "what an old sport! Yes, I expect I can manage it. Where is the God-forsaken place?"

A large ordnance-map of Norfolk (which had been captured from a German officer) was produced, and the young man studied it closely.

At three o'clock precisely old Sam, finding himself something of a hero and quite glad to escape from the embarrassment which this position entailed upon him, once more sped skyward in a "dratted airy-plane."

At twenty minutes to five he landed once more among Mr. Hodge's swedes. The breezy young airman shook hands with him and departed inland. Old Sam sat down and surveyed the familiar field of turnips.

"A noice thing, I must say!" he muttered to himself as he looked along the lines of unthinned turnips. He still had twenty minutes, and so he went slowly along and completed a line which he had begun in the morning. He then deliberately packed up his dinner-things and his tools and started out for home.

As he came round the corner of Stillway's meadow and the cottage came in view, his niece stepped out of the copse with a basket on her arm.

"Well, Uncle," she said, "is there any noos?"

It was then that old Sam really lost his temper.

"Noos!" he said. "Noos! Drat the girl! What noos should there be? Sixty-nine year' I live in these 'ere parts, hoein' and weedin' and thinnin', and mindin' Charlie Hodge's sheep. Am I one o' these 'ere story-book folk havin' noos 'appen to me all the time? Ain't it enough, ye silly, dab-faced zany, to earn enough to buy a bite o' some'at to eat and a glass o' beer and a place to rest a's head o'night without always wantin' noos, noos, noos! I tell 'ee it 's this that leads 'ee to 'alf the troubles in the world. Devil take the noos!"

And turning his back on her, he went fuming up the hill.

# The Passing of the Black Hand

By FRANK MARSHALL WHITE

Author of "The University of Sing Sing"

THE Signora Longo had been worrying with increasing intensity about the failure of little Francesco to return from school ever since the close of the afternoon session on the afternoon of Wednesday, May 13, 1914, and it was not until nearly eight o'clock that evening that the letter that explained his detention reached his home in Bleecker Street, not far from Washington Square, where his father conducted a small bakery on the ground floor of the house where they lived. Francesco, who was a bright and pretty child of six years, was a pupil at Public School No. 3, at Grove and Hudson streets, only a few blocks away. He had gone to school as usual that morning, with five cents in his pocket to buy a sandwich for lunch, and had been expected home soon after his prison-house released him for the day. Many of the children in the neighborhood of the bakery attended School No. 3, and long before dusk the signora had been to their homes to question them as to when they had last seen her small son. Most of them remembered that he had been at school in the morning, but none could be certain that they had seen him after the noon recess. The signora had visited the closed school, had talked with the janitor, and had even called upon some of the teachers who lived in the neighborhood. She could find no one, however, who had any positive recollection of having seen Francesco at the afternoon session of the school. When supper-time came and there was still no sign of the little fellow, Signora Longo had journeyed again to the institution of juvenile learning in Grove Street, her lips continuously moving in silent prayer to Santa Lucia, whom Italian mothers believe to have the welfare of small children in her special keeping. She had inquired at every candy-store, toy-shop, and fruit-stand along her route thither by one course and back by another, whether a very handsome and clever little boy named Francesco had perchance stopped there since the schools closed to make a purchase, but no information of the missing child rewarded her efforts. There were hundreds of children playing in the streets of the populous neighborhood, and every few moments the signora's heart came into her throat when she caught sight of a boy who looked in the distance like Francesco. In the earlier fractions of those moments she would decide to drag him home, box his ears, and send him to bed hungry; but when she found, as she invariably did, that the youngster was not Francesco, she would bitterly reproach herself for the cruel thought, promising herself that when he got home, as of course he would before dark, he should have *raviuoli* and frosted cake for his evening repast, and that then she would hold him close in her arms until his bedtime. The paternal Longo, of whom Francesco was a namesake, had pooh-poohed the idea of undue anxiety on the boy's account. The child had perhaps gone home with some of the children of the neighborhood and did not realize how rapidly time had passed, he told his wife; or perhaps he had strayed out of his usual path on his way from school and become lost, in which event the police would pick him up and doubtless soon telephone them to come and get him. In the heart of each parent there was, nevertheless, a haunting fear that neither would put into words, and the father was just about to telephone to the police himself instead of waiting to hear from them when the ominous letter arrived.

It was a special-delivery letter, addressed in rudely constructed printed characters, and it had been mailed in Brooklyn at 5:30 that afternoon, according to the post-mark. The letter itself was inscribed in illiterate Italian in the same awkward characters as the envelop. Translated into English, it read:

DEAR FRIEND: Beware not to seek your son Francesco. He will be found in good hands, and we want the sum of $5000. Beware not to have anything to do with the police, because it will be worse for you and your son Francesco. If this comes to the attention of the police, you will receive the body of your son by parcel post. Wait and keep your eyes open.

The letter confirmed the fears that had been torturing the signora and her husband since little Francesco's failure promptly to return from school that afternoon—fears that they had not dared to formulate. He had been kidnapped and held for ransom. Save for some miracle of detective work he would be killed if the ransom was not paid, for that fate had already befallen five Italian children kidnapped in New York within as many years, and would have befallen no one knows how many score more had not Italian parents, on pain of the death of the captives, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred obeyed implicitly the instructions of kidnappers not to notify the police when the Black Hand demanded money after abducting their little ones. There were between 500,000 and 600,000 honest, and industrious Italians living in settlements by themselves in the five boroughs that compose the City of New York, and preying upon them were from 3000 to 5000 ruthless medieval criminals of their own race, ex-convicts of the Mafia and the Camorra, as conscienceless as so many wolves, who laughed at the ridiculous regulations by which the Government sought to prevent their entrance into the country and at the laws intended to detect and punish their subsequent depredations. Living by robbery, extortion, and blackmail, accompanied by murder whenever murder furthered their ends, Italian outlaws had perpetrated so many sanguinary outrages in New York and throughout the United States since the beginning of the century that the narration of their crimes in the newspapers had almost ceased to interest, much less to horrify, the average citizen. That their victims have almost invariably been men and women of their own race moving in the humbler walks of life and dwelling in communities by themselves is accountable for the facts that no real effort has ever been made by the Federal Government to keep the jailbirds out of the United States and that the weaker of the reputable Italians in the country were virtually outside the law's protection. Of the more than half a million Italians in New York at the beginning of 1914, according to an estimate made by Dr. Alberto Pecorini, editor of the Italian uplift newspaper, "Il Cittadino," the only ones who were not being exploited by the Black Hand were those who had made fortunes and did not live in the Italian settlements, together with the skilled workers, such as cooks, waiters, chauffeurs, barbers, tailors, mechanics, and masons. Ninety-five per cent. of the rest, Dr. Pecorini declared,—the tradesmen, shopkeepers, and unskilled workers,—were paying regular tribute to the bandits among them. Perhaps of all the crimes committed by the Black Hand that of kidnapping has caused the greatest amount of suffering, since for fifteen years no mother of small children in the Italian colonies could feel sure of their safety when out of her sight.

The baker Longo was not of the timorous type of Italian that made it an easy matter for the outlaws of his race to live by the exploitation of the others. He had hitherto been immune from the petty exactions of the lesser brigands by reason of his open defiance of them, and because he was a big and brawny man upon whose resolute countenance was writ large the motto of Scotland. Two years before his brother-in-law, Felippo di Fiore, a blacksmith in West Houston Street, had been

a victim of Black-Handers, who had stolen his four-year-old son Giuseppe and held him for ransom. Longo had made Fiore report the kidnapping to the police, and had almost come to open feud with him when he broke faith with the detectives who were working on the case and, unknown to them, paid the ransom that brought the boy back. As soon as he had read the special-delivery letter received on that Wednesday afternoon in May, Longo rushed to his brother-in-law's home and burst in upon him in a fury.

"Had it not been for your cowardice in yielding to the demands of the Black Hand in 1912," he cried to Fiore, "my son would not have been stolen from me to-day. Beyond peradventure the same fiends are implicated in both crimes. Hitherto you have refused to name the man to whom you paid ransom for your Giuseppe. You say that the Black Hand will take your life if you do. Well, I will take your life if you do *not*. Come with me now to the police and reveal everything you know—every shred of information, every deduction from occurrences, every particle of evidence, direct or circumstantial, that will assist in delivering your sister's son from death."

Fiore, preferring not to die a violent death at all, nevertheless considered that there was a better chance of escaping the vengeance of the Black Hand than that of his brother-in-law. He accompanied Longo to the Macdougal Street police station, where they were fortunate enough to find on detective duty Lieutenant Rocco Cavone, one of the first Italians in New York to become a member of the police department, and a former co-worker with the martyred Petrosino on the original Italian squad. Cavone's duties had thrown him among the Black Hand for the previous ten years, and he was familiar with their methods. He had worked on the Fiore case two years before, and had not yet given up the idea of bringing the kidnappers to justice. Urged by Longo, Fiore told the detective that the men he had met in connection with the ransom of his son were Nicolo Rotolo, a baker in Bedford Street, only a short distance from Bleecker Street; and two brothers named Zarcone who had lived in Islip, Long Island. Fiore had gone to Islip with Rotolo two years before to discuss with the Zarcone brothers the terms of the boy's ransom, and had paid to Rotolo in his shop the amount agreed upon.

The kidnapping of little Francesco Longo was reported to Commissiner Woods on the evening of the day of its occurrence. He at once gave orders to Captain Tunney, the head of the bomb squad, to use all the resources of the police department to secure the return of the child and the arrest of the kidnappers.

"Take the matter in charge yourself," said the commissioner, "and drop everything else until you get the boy. Use every member of the detective bureau, if you find it necessary. Make, of course, the boy's safety the first consideration, but spare no time or effort in fastening the crime upon its perpetrators, so that we may infallibly prove it upon them in court. It may be more or less easy to get the subordinates in the case, but I want the principals as well. Take all the time necessary, and make a complete job of it."

These instructions resulted in one of the most perfect examples of detective work of a certain kind on record. There was nothing of the subtle or mysterious about it; it was simply the matter of spreading a police net with such care and skill that its captives were hopelessly enmeshed before they knew that their crime had been discovered. It was not until the ten members of the kidnapping band were simultaneously arrested, forty-nine days after the event, that any one of them suspected that the police were on his trail.

The search for the Longo kidnappers began on the night Francesco disappeared. The one clue the detectives had was Fiore's confession to Cavone that two years before he had paid the ransom for his son to Rotolo, after discussing the amount with the Zarcones in Islip, though it was by no means certain that the same miscreants were involved in both the Longo and Fiore cases. Fifteen minutes

after Fiore had told his story to Cavone, Longo's shop and that of Rotolo were under surveillance, and detectives were on their way to Islip, only to find that the brothers Zarcone no longer lived there and had left no trace behind. The following day Captain Tunney hired rooms opposite Longo's and Rotolo's shops, and during the following forty-eight days and nights any person of at all suspicious aspect leaving either place or loitering in the neighborhood was followed away by *four* detectives. This was with a view to ascertaining whether any one coming from either place was in communication with a third person or with each other. Suspects from Longo's shop were tracked and their homes located on the random chance that the trail might lead to the place where Francesco was hidden, or perhaps cross the trail of other suspects, and serve to furnish a clue to his whereabouts or to the identity of his kidnappers.

There was a reason why four "trailers" followed each suspect. The Black Hand were a wary folk, and when on business errands were wont to take extraordinary precautions against being tracked, not only dodging frequently into doors and around corners, but doubling on their own steps and frequently turning to look behind them. In the Longo case they were unaware that their crime was known to the police, but had one of them in the course of his peregrinations through the streets, on looking back over his route, seen the same person more than once within a certain period of time, his suspicions would have been roused, and the difficulty of tracking him greatly increased. Furthermore, suspicion that detectives were on the trail of the kidnappers might result in the death of their victim.

Consequently four detectives within sight of one another started after each suspect. If that person seemed to notice the first "trailer," the detective paid not the slightest attention to him, but walked past him, affecting not to see him, and turned the next corner without looking back. To pass the suspect was the signal for the second "trailer" to take the place of the first, and the same procedure was followed by the third and the fourth when necessary. If the fourth seemed to be noticed by the suspect, the pursuit was given up for the time.

Captain Tunney's bomb squad numbered twenty men, about one third of whom were Italians, and he often had as many as ten more detectives working with them on the case. Suspects were followed to all parts of the city and its suburbs and to places outside of the city,. on Long Island, in Westchester County, and to Perth Amboy in New Jersey and Bridgeport in Connecticut. No sooner was the dwelling-place of a suspect ascertained than a detective other than the one who had located him would visit the house in the guise of a letter-carrier, as the driver of a dry-goods delivery-wagon, or in some similar capacity, and make searching inquiries as to the occupants. If there seemed to be any reluctance on the part of the householder to answer these questions, a man in the uniform of a health-department inspector would call immediately afterward, show his badge, and go through every room in the house in search of an imaginary gas leak. The "trailers" wore different disguises every day, dressing as laborers, business men, street-car conductors, firemen, chauffeurs, and motormen, the same men never being detailed to follow the same suspect twice. No trace of the hiding-place of the kidnapped child was found until after his liberation, however.

It was more than two weeks before the work of the "trailers" began to bring results. About the first of June they reported that suspects they had followed from both Longo's and Rotolo's shops had met in the store of Francesco Macaluso, a grocer and dealer in yeast, who had a store in East 76th Street and lived in the same thoroughfare. This meant that the police were on a live trail. Macaluso had been known to them for ten years as an associate of Giuseppi Morello and Vincenzo Lupo, two of the original Black Hand leaders, then serving long terms in the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta.

Macaluso had been connected with several kidnapping cases before, but the police had never been able to prove anything against him. Captain Tunney now hired another room for his detectives opposite Macaluso's grocery, and a watch was kept upon his visitors, one of whom proved to be Antonio Siragossa, a flour-dealer in East 12th Street, also known to the police, and with whom Longo had once had business dealings. Other Italians who daily visited Macaluso and then called upon Siragossa and Rotolo were followed and identified as Pasquale and Colgaro Milone, brothers, living in East 75th Street; Antonio di Amico, living at Coney Island; and Achillo La Rosa, a baker in Elizabeth Street. A man who frequently visited La Rosa, Macaluso, and Siragossa proved to be Nunzio Paladino, who lived in Goerck Street, near the East River, and spent most of his time in cafés that were Black Hand rendezvous.

Lieutenant Cavone was assigned to keep in touch with the elder Longo, who was under constant surveillance by the Black Hand; and as for him to have been discovered in communication with a member of the police department would have meant the death of little Francesco, the detective used to meet the baker along his bread route in the early mornings. Cavone would go before daylight to the house of one of Longo's customers who was also a trustworthy friend, and there await the baker's coming. The two would then rapidly exchange information, and an hour after Longo had driven along his route the detective would make his exit over the roofs of adjacent houses, issuing from a door some distance down the street. Three additional letters from the kidnappers were received by Longo before the middle of June, each one demanding the immediate payment of the five thousand dollars on pain of Francesco's torture and death, but none of them giving an address to which to send the money, an omission that the detectives took to mean that the writers were still in doubt whether the father of the boy had informed the police of his loss. As soon as Captain Tunney had established the connection between Macaluso and Siragossa, Cavone directed Longo to call upon the latter as a former business acquaintance and ask his advice in the matter of the calamity that had befallen him. When Siragossa heard Longo's story with deep sympathy and sent him to his friend Macaluso, there was no longer any doubt that the men the police had under observation were members of the band that held Francesco captive. Neither was there any doubt that the kidnappers were absolutely unaware of the fact that the police knew that the boy had been stolen.

Macaluso seemed to be much affected by Longo's misfortune, and promised as a matter of pure benevolence to interest himself in the case. He had been able to ascertain who the kidnappers were, he reported to the baker on his second visit, but all that he had been able to do on the latter's behalf was to induce them to empower him to act as their agent in dealing with him. Longo did not have five thousand dollars or even one thousand dollars, and after two weeks of haggling Macaluso told him that his son would be returned to him on the payment of seven hundred. This was agreed to, and on the afternoon of Tuesday, June 30, the father called at the other's grocery and handed him that amount in bills that had been marked by the police. He was told that Francesco would be brought to the bakery in Bleecker Street at six o'clock that evening. Captain Tunney, on receiving this information, sent detectives to watch the houses of twenty of the suspects whom they had been "trailing" for the last seven weeks, for he was confident that the boy would be brought out of the home of one of these men, and for obvious reasons he wanted to know which one had been harboring him. Francesco did not return to his home until six o'clock Wednesday night, and during the intervening twenty-four hours not one of the thirty detectives engaged in the case left the post that had been assigned him pending the boy's recovery. Any arrest that night would certainly have cost the life of the six-year-old

hostage. It was not until the child was safe in its mother's arms that Captain Tunney dropped his net over the ten members of the band of kidnappers. Most of them were arrested in their beds the same night, sleeping the sleep of those who do not know that their sins have found them out. It was Francesco himself who pointed out the house where he had been imprisoned and brought about the arrest of his jailer, Vincenzo Acena, and his wife. The kidnappers were arraigned in court the next day, where the small boy identified La Rosa as the agent who had lured him away from school the day he was stolen, Acena and his consort as the pair who had kept him in durance during the forty-nine days, and Pasquale Milone as the man who had come to them for him when his ransom had been paid. The month following their arrest Milone and Acena were convicted and sentenced to fifty and thirty years imprisonment, respectively. Macaluso pleaded guilty, and got off with a sentence of twenty-five years. It was found impossible to connect La Rosa, Siragossa, or Rotolo with the kidnapping criminally, but the last-named was given a sentence of two and a half years for having concealed weapons in his shop. The others are still awaiting trial for reasons involving the punishment of other Black Hand crimes.

The sudden and unexpected arrest of the ten malefactors in the case, not one of whom was aware that he was under police espionage, much less that they had all been under close observation since the time their crime was committed, came as a bolt from the blue to the Black Hand. It ended kidnapping in the Italian settlements in New York, and was the beginning of the end of Black Hand crime.

The most frequent crime committed by the Black Hand was that of bomb-throwing, thus wrecking houses and killing and maiming the inhabitants, as a delicate protest when the householder failed to respond to a demand for money. Indeed, the police measure of Italian crime was in the number of arrests for bomb-throwing, other crimes having been found to be approximately on the same scale. Hence the bomb squad gave its first attention to cutting off the bomb supply, on the theory that if the Black-Hander could not get hold of a bomb he could not throw it. A simple expedient put a stop to this practice, persons having a legitimate use for explosives being required to account to the police for all dynamite coming into their possession. It was discovered at first, nevertheless, that while bomb-throwing was gradually growing less frequent, it did not entirely cease, which meant that somebody was making dynamite for the Black-Handers. Detectives shadowed scores of suspects for weeks at a time, but were compelled to continue a random search for nearly two years before the right man was spotted. He was Leonardo de Vizio, and a search of his house disclosed a dynamite and bomb factory on the premises. He was sentenced to seven years imprisonment, and since that event bomb-throwing has virtually come to an end.

Close surveillance, quick arrest, and, by arrangement with the district attorney, immediate trial in the event of crime committed, was Commissioner Woods's policy in dealing with the Black Hand. No matter how trivial a case of extortion or blackmail it might be, it was followed up with all the energy and resources of the police department. The incorrigible criminals among the Italians began to discover that what they considered to be their constitutional rights were not being respected by the police. Their homes were searched for stolen property, whether there was likely to be any stolen property there or not, at all hours of the day or night, and protest often resulted in rough handling. It became so that Black-Handers, who for years had been swaggering among their honest compatriots in the Italian settlements, could not come into the streets without being hustled by policemen in uniform or "plain-clothesmen," who bade them to pursue themselves elsewhere in a hurry on pain of arrest for disorderly conduct, with the penitentiary in view. The result of these indignities constantly practised upon them was that hundreds of

the Black-Handers shook the dust of New York from their feet within a year after Woods became police commissioner. Today the people in the Italian settlements sleep as tranquilly as other residents of the city.

Responsibility for the fact that criminals of their own race were able to create a reign of terror that lasted for nearly fifteen years in the Italian settlements not only of New York, but throughout the United States, lies at the door of Congress. The great rush of Italian immigration began with the century. Between 1900 and 1905 more than a million Italians came through the gates at Ellis Island, and up to the end of 1917 the total reached nearly three millions. The jailbirds of the race were among the earliest arrivals. Conditions here could not have been better contrived for these outlaws, driven from their native land by the rigorous punitive supervision of the police. Not only were they unknown to the authorities of law and order in America, but wherever they might go throughout the country they found themselves among southern Italians, numbering something like eighty-five per cent. of the total immigration from Italy, who were already familiar with the operations of the Mafia and the Camorra, of the principles of which most of them were tolerant before those principles were applied to their own undoing.

It was at this period that our newspapers were accusing Italy of unloading the riffraff of her population upon America, when, as a matter of fact, Italy, for the sake of her own good name, was doing her best to prevent the exodus of her criminals, while the Congress of the United States was inviting them hither. As early as 1901 a royal decree had been issued in Italy forbidding prefects and other authorities to grant passports to "persons liable to be rejected from the country of their destination through the force of local laws of immigration," which had particular reference to Italian ex-convicts leaving for America. No Italian subject was allowed to leave Italy from any of her seaports without a passport. An infallible method, therefore, of preventing the ingress into the United States of an Italian ex-convict was to ask him for his passport, since no Italian would have been permitted to go aboard a ship leaving Italy without one. There was nothing to prevent the jailbird from crossing the Italian border and sailing from Germany, France, Austria, or England, however. Consequently Congress virtually said to him:

"Come to our country on another than a ship sailing from an Italian port, and we shall be delighted to receive you. In these circumstances you will not be asked for a passport, but you will be asked whether you are an anarchist or an ex-convict or coming into the country under a labor contract. Simply reply that you are neither anarchist, ex-convict, or contract laborer, and you may come right into the United States and at once begin robbing and killing the respectable Italians who are helping to build up the country. Passports are not an American institution, and it is better that the United States should become a sanctuary for foreign criminals than that we should depart from a custom."

The Italian jailbirds accepted the invitation of Congress, and under the symbol of the Black Hand piled up a record of crime here unparalleled in a civilized country in time of peace. The bringing of these desperadoes under police control in New York has crippled their activity throughout the United States, and there is every reason to believe that the words black and hand in conjunction will soon cease to have a sinister connotation in this country.

# The Romance of a Great Sculptor

## Ivan Meshtrovich (Meštrović) the Shepherd-Artist

By E. M. CHADWICK

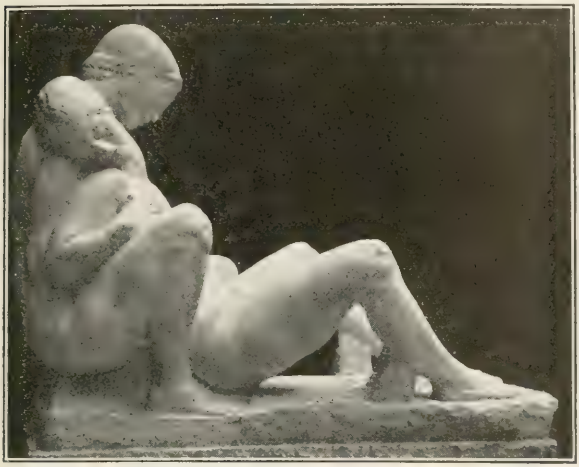
A SMALL lad sat on a bleak Dalmatian hillside, guarding sheep. Above him great mountains lifted gaunt peaks to heaven, all black save where in crevices the snow still hid from the sun. Below him stretched a table-land, stony and rough, covered with great, fantastic boulders. Beyond his sight the table-land dropped to the sea, where fertile fields and ancient cities make a beautiful border to the land of stone; but around him there was little of green except the coarse grass that his sheep fed on and the scanty crops of his people about the village below. It was a lonely world.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppé

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S MOTHER

The small shepherd, however, was far from lonely. No child ever had more stirring companionship than the heroic figures with which he had peopled the wild hills—not wholly imaginary figures, for he was steeped in the vivid folk-lore of his country and had no need to invent the personalities that filled his endless dreams. Read he could not, or write; but from the great ballads of his people he had learned the glory of the ancient Empire of Serbia and the splendors of the Croat kings whose ruined castles dotted his country-side. Blind old minstrels had passed through his village, chanting the story of Kosovo, the terrible "Plain of the Blackbirds," where Serbia fought and agonized to keep the Turks out of Christendom, sacrificing her all in the effort. He knew the deeds of every hero of that fatal day; of Milosh, who

slew the sultan; of the good King Lazar, and a hundred more, and his sensitive imagination realized with uncanny clear-



Photograph by E. O. Hoppé
"THE TWO WIDOWS"

ness the misery that had darkened the land while the Turks held it. He had thrilled to the story of that heroic forlorn hope, led by Kara George and the other blind minstrel, Vishnyich, that ended in the freeing of Serbia.

He himself was growing up in a land poor and in bondage, but throbbing with memories of ancient greatness, with unrealized possibilities, and a desperate longing for the release that the cousins over the border had already won. It was a land burning with unrest, where the oppression and injustice of ages were ripening to the inevitable harvest. On all sides the child, even in his remote hills, heard of political agitations, passionate efforts for reform, of struggles against the dead weight of alien authority, of blind and furtive persecution following those who tried to raise the banner of freedom, which had long trailed in the dust.

The intensity of national feeling that was everywhere throughout the country found ready echo in the heart of the small shepherd. Already there had come to him, as to very few, the vision of the destiny of his people. He knew, child as he was, the meaning of the bondage from which they were trying to emerge, and with the prophetic sense of genius that was his he could see the heights toward which the high memory of liberty was leading them.

Within him was a passionate need to speak his vision, to clothe it in some form that others could understand. His people are a nation of poets, but the minstrel's way was not for him. He was a child of the stone, of the rock, of the great bare mountains; and it was to them that he turned for help in saying the things that he had to say. The rocks and the mountains formed his spirit on their own heroic lines and gave him a

Photograph by E. O. Hoppe
"CHRIST WITH THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA" (PLASTER RELIEF)

breadth of vision, a purity and nobility of thought that no after-contact with evil could spoil, and a mystic quality of soul that held him aloof from all mean things. In those early years most of his time was spent alone with his sheep on the hills, with his dreams of the future and visions

Photograph by E. O. Hoppe
"A MOURNING WIDOW"

of the past, absorbing half unconsciously all that was later to give to his utterance that vitality and urgent sincerity that distinguish him from lesser men.

Time out of mind the peasants of his mountains have carved wood and cut frescos in plaster that still carry with them strange traces of the old Chaldean atmosphere wherein they had their birth. His father taught him their simple technic, and in the long days on the hills, with the clean wind of the heights blowing through him, he tried with wood and stone to find concrete forms for his thoughts.

So it happened that when the star of Ivan Meshtrovich's genius first rose above the European horizon six years ago, it brought with it a double revelation, which subsequent years have only tended to confirm. Not only was it clear that a great artist and consummate craftsman was speaking, but the vital urgency of the message he had to deliver was such that not even the most indifferent could ignore it.

The little shepherd of the hills had grown up. Increasing technical mastery had set free his power, and into the colossal sculptures with which he electrified Europe at the International Exhibition in Rome he had poured the whole soul of his race. Seldom, if ever, has so vivid a realization of the inmost heart of a people been crystallized into visible form. To an every-day world, wandering long among foot-hills, he brought a fresh vision of the heights; but it came through a mist of suffering, the darkness of age-old iniquities, and the blaze of a bitter retribution at hand.

In the bowed forms of his "slaves" was all the agony of a spirited people in fetters. His towering "heroes" had the pent-up strength and valiant endurance that carried the Serbs through their martyrdom. . Most noble and most heroic of all, his marvelous figures of Serbian womanhood revealed the quality of the race. Suffering and silent, mourning with head erect, strong in faith and patience, they seemed to hold the future, as they had held the past, in their steady hands. But about that Serbian pavilion in Rome, gray and still in the midst of sunny courts, there hung a terrible actuality, driving home to the beholder that here was no mere lament for past tragedy, but a rage of present anger ripening to passionate fruition. One turned away fearful from those grim figures, wondering, When will the storm break?

It was 1911 then. One short year later the sudden flaring up of the Balkan War seemed a triumphant proof of the inspiration of Meshtrovich's utterance. Kumanovo redeemed Kosovo, and after five hundred years the heavy hand of retribution flung the Turk out of the last of the Serbian lands.

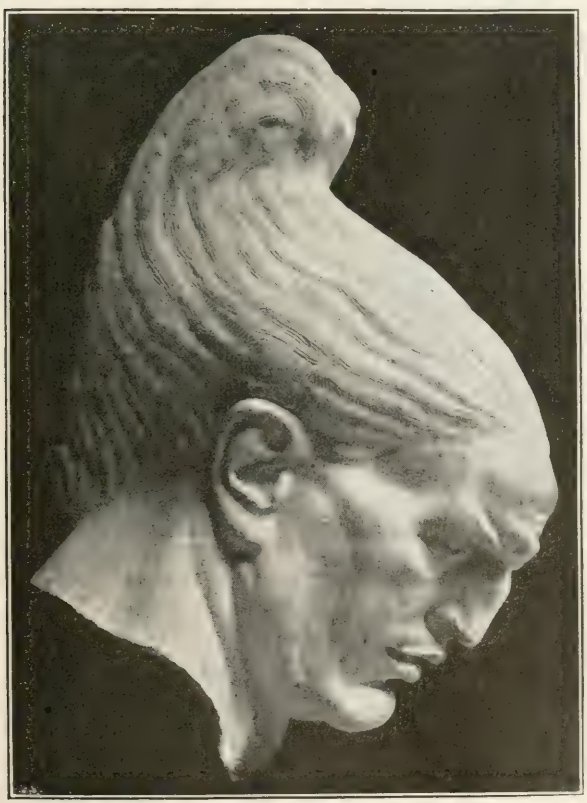
Meshtrovich was twenty-eight years old at the time of the exhibition at Rome that placed him once for all in the immortal little group that stand supreme among sculptors.

The work he had done by himself as a child, the little figures he had made for presents to his friends, brought him in time to the notice of art-lovers in the cities who recognized the quality of his gift and tried to make some provision for his education.

At seventeen he came down from his mountains to meet an unknown world. He was a slender figure of a lad, with a mass of dark hair, features the delicate refinement of which nevertheless showed a curious fidelity to the immemorial peasant type, and dreaming eyes that for all their far-away air were alert to observe every detail of the new scene. His hands, the fine strong, nervous hands of the artist, set him most definitely apart from the traditional labors of his people. Spiritually and mentally developed far beyond his age and education, with faith firm and purpose clear to realize the vision that had been with him since childhood, he came from his solitude to seek the help he needed.

He came to Spalato, on the Dalmatian Riviera, to be apprenticed to a marble-worker and maker of busts. There he fell upon every opportunity for learning with the furious energy of a creature possessed, and brought into play that unbelievable memory of his, which seems to retain everything with which he has ever come into contact.

He outgrew the marble-worker in a very short time, and after about a year in Spalato he departed, armed with a slender bursary from the town council, for Vienna, where he entered the Academy of Arts and began to work under Metzner. There again, with the same passionate intensity that characterizes all his activities, he ate up instruction as quickly as it came to him. His capacity for work seemed limitless; no difficulties held him back, and a guiding hand to set him on the right track was all he needed. Seldom does a human being come into the world with so much instinctive knowledge as he seemed to possess. Each fresh step forward acted like a key to unlock some secret store of learning he already held. It seemed to those who watched him in Vienna that every day gave more freedom to the great artist who was just waiting for the craftsman to develop. His unfailing instinct carried him miles where others moved yards.

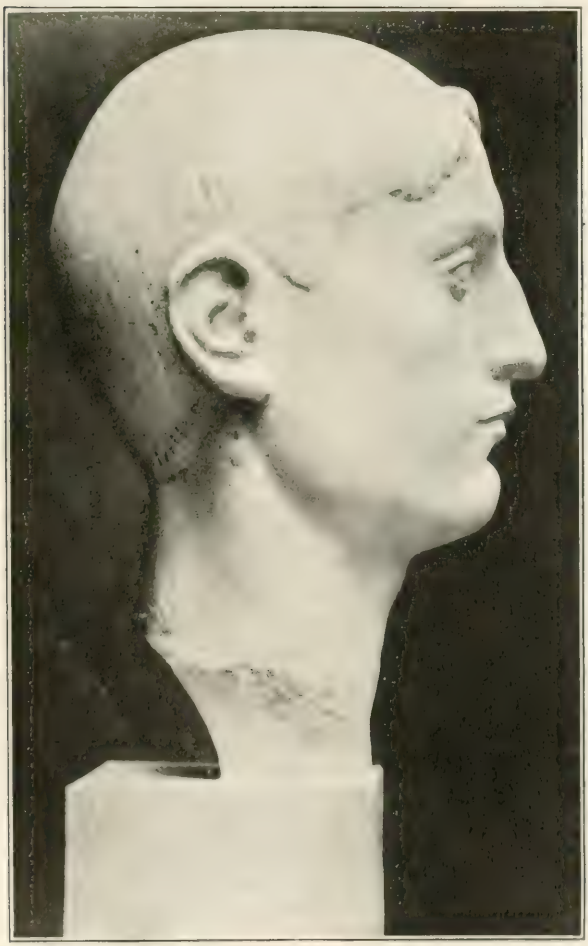


Photograph by E. O. Hoppé
HEAD OF THE HERO MILOS

At the end of a year in Vienna he was already exhibiting with éclat at the "Sezession."

But the blazing patriotism that was the mainspring of his existence inevitably carried him into other activities than those that belonged to his art. His avidity for work left him little enough leisure, but what he had he gave to the young leaders of his own people who were battling against the blind indiffer-

ence of the Vienna Government for some measure of reform in the administration of the Southern Slav territories. Those were the days when the misrule of Count Khuen-Hedervary in Croatia was at its infamous worst, and the possibility of securing bearable conditions for the Southern Slavs within the monarchy seemed further away than ever. Not a little did the brave young leaders of the Serbo-Croat party owe to the inspiration of the lad whose power was unfolding itself rapidly before their eyes. They were the first to realize that in the young mountain shepherd their people had found a spokesman who could say for them to the outside world what it was hard to say for themselves.



Photograph by E. O. Hoppé

PORTRAIT OF A BOY

It was not very long before this same fact came home with startling force to the Austro-Hungarian Government. Young Meshtrovich the student who took part in Croat demonstrations against Khuen-Hedervary was not an alarming person, and could be easily disposed of by arrest and imprisonment, as indeed he was on one occasion; but Meshtrovich the sculptor was a different and more disconcerting problem, for his works were beginning to draw interested attention to inconvenient facts.

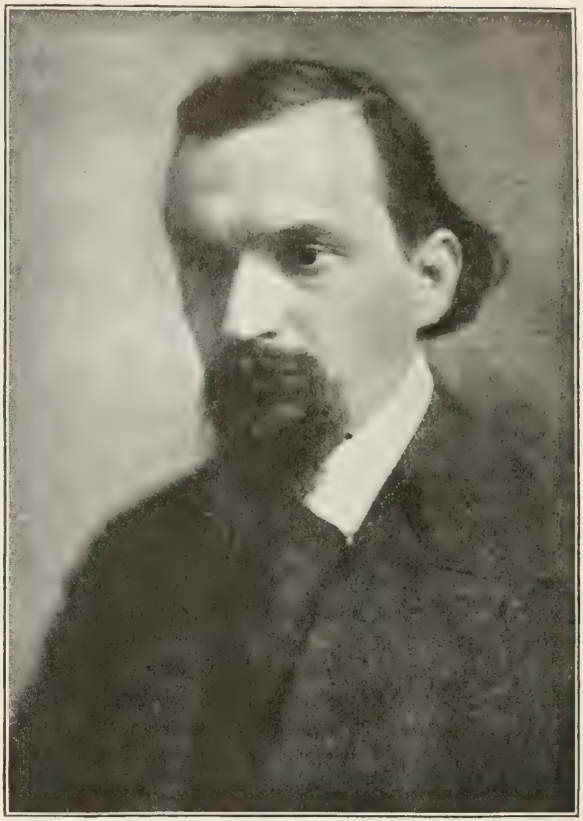
For generations every effort of Austro-Magyar diplomacy and force has been directed toward driving a wedge between the two halves of the Southern Slav people, the bond and the free; Croats and Slovenes on the one hand, Serbs on the other. But this man was demonstrating the essential unity of the race in terms which went deep to the hearts of the imaginative Slavs and appealed to older and higher impulses than the intrigues of a Khuen or a Cuvaj could touch.

To young Meshtrovich had come his greatest inspiration, and he was beginning to work on it. He had conceived the idea of a Southern Slav pantheon, a temple of heroes, to be built some day on the field of Kosovo. The sacred battlefield was still in the hands of the Turks, and redemption then seemed far away; but he began to give form to some of the heroes of tradition who were to people the halls of his temple when the time should come. It was these figures of national heroes that had a disturbing effect on the authorities. A great sculptor could not be handled like a refractory student, and the boy was rapidly becoming a very great sculptor indeed. Meanwhile in his amazing statues Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes alike recognized the em-

bodiment of their most cherished traditions, and through them each part of the nation realized anew its kinship with the rest.

In the years between his first work for the temple and the exhibition at Rome (1905-1911) the Austrian authorities offered Meshtrovich every imaginable inducement to desist from his making of heroes. They might well have spared themselves the effort and the humiliation, for money and honors made no appeal to his utter selflessness, and his refusal was given with all the scorn of which his fiery young spirit was capable.

These years were not wholly given to his work for the temple. Out of this period of storm and stress, of rapid growth and experiences crowded one on another, came many other works, among them a number of portraits. Probably the most entirely beautiful work he has yet done is the portrait of his mother, executed during this time. His reputation grew rapidly beyond the Austrian borders. Several exhibitions in Paris brought him notable success and the friendship of many of the French artists. Auguste Rodin, with the generosity and the fine judgment of the great artist he is, looking at the young Slav's heroic figures, exclaimed, "That was my dream!"



Photograph by E. O. Hoppé
IVAN MESHTROVICH

Political affairs, too, claimed much of his thought and energies during these busy years. In 1908, in the midst of the sorrow and unrest caused in Bosnia-Herzegovina by the Austrian annexation, he left all his work in the city and went to the country to work among the people and give them what help he could. Despite his youth—he was only twenty-five—he had already become so much a national figure that his influence with his own people was incalculable. His unshakable faith in their future, combined with the nobility of his outlook and the gentle charm of his personality, brought new hope and comfort to the heartbroken Bosnian Serbs. The Bosnian crisis drove him finally to despair of Austria ever keeping faith and to open acceptance of Serbia as the one hope of his people. From that time onward he was frankly a Southern Slav only, and an Austrian subject simply by force of circumstances.

The exhibition at Rome gave him his opportunity to make his profession of faith and his plea for his people to the world at large, though even there efforts were made to dissociate him and his works from Serbia and the Southern Slav movement.

Of the art of Meshtrovich it is difficult to speak in comparative terms; he stands by himself. His vastness of conception seems to belong rather to the age of Persepolis than to our own. In the wooden model of the Temple of Kosovo, which

Photograph by E. O. Hoppé

PORTRAIT OF AUGUSTE RODIN

is all that he has yet been able to build, something of the stern magnificence of his design can already be discerned. His sculpture goes back to the first ideal of the art, and belongs to the realm of architecture rather than to that of statuary, as we are accustomed to it. Whether on the heights or in the delicate perfection of his smaller works, there is the same breadth of treatment; he seems incapable of an insignificant thought.

The suppleness of his expression is almost without parallel in sculpture. He is obviously familiar with all the great schools, but his individual inspiration and unfettered craftsmanship leave him free to choose at will the form of expression that best fits each thought; and he cannot be labeled as a follower of any school. His heroic sculptures have a half-barbaric magnificence that belongs to the earliest days of the art; yet the Milosh, for instance, side by side with this shows the lofty spirituality of the great Christian masters. Again, the torso of Strahinic Ban, "the glorious hero," has the pure perfection and the sheer joy of beauty of the Greeks, and there is a certain head of a boy which might well have come from the best days of Rome.

Some realization of the national import of his work is essential to an adequate understanding of the man's significance; but what makes him a great artist is, after all, not the national, but the universal, quality of his art. Truly no artist was ever more universal. He expresses the fundamental and eternal emotions of humanity with a simplicity and an urgent directness that cannot fail in their appeal, while his technical power makes him extraordinarily easy to understand. His widows are Serbian peasants mourning for Serbian dead, his caryatids bear on their steady shoulders the burden of Serbia; but the humanity that informs them has a message for the whole world, and speaks in these days of burdens nobly borne and heroes mourned in other lands than Serbia. And so with all his work. The "Mother" has everything that humanity has ever seen in motherhood.

The personality of the man himself is something of a paradox, but only on the surface. The first impression of him is that he does not in the least correspond to

his work. The second, and permanent, impression is that such work could have come only from just such a man as he is.

My own first meeting with him is something that I am not likely to forget. On the heels of an embarrassed maid, wrestling with an unmanageable name, there walked one day into my sitting-room in London a figure that seemed to have come out of a medieval picture of Christ. It made no difference that he was garbed like any modern gentleman paying calls, or that I knew it was Ivan Meshtrovich, or even that he had come by an appointment made over the telephone, the impression of some sacred picture out of early Italy was undeniable. The extreme gentleness of his manner fitted in with the picture, the more because one could feel unmistakably the immense strength that lay behind it. Never was an artist freer from the mannerisms of art. He seems to have absolutely no affectations and no pretensions. The lionizing of the last few years has only taught him to flee incontinently from anything remotely resembling a function. It has not touched his utter simplicity and almost unbelievable modesty.

He is a delightful talker when he is among friends, and his powers of assimilation have made him a positive mine of diverse information. He has, too, a keen sense of the ludicrous that is refreshingly young and human, and a little vein of gentle sarcasm that balances his air of having walked out of some holy picture. He will not talk of his work any more than other men will talk of religion. After all, art as he understands it, used as he uses it, is religion in one of its broadest forms.

He is at his best when he is talking of his own people. He has all the gift for suggesting a great deal in a very few words that characterizes other brilliant men of his race, and his sincerity and carelessness of effect are very convincing.

One pregnant remark that he made to me when he heard that I was coming to America to try to help in the work of relief for Serbia touched me more than many of the tragic details of which such work is full.

"Ah, Mademoiselle," he said, "if you can convince the Americans that we are not barbarians only, you will do us a greater service than by raising money."

The Great War, engulfing his nation in a darkness deeper than that of Kosovo, has made the inevitable impression on him. He has given all, and more, of his old vigor to the Southern Slav committee which is working with the Allies for the release of his people, and has taken a large share in its practical labors, the most good-humored and most efficient of committeemen. As for his art, he has for a time, at any rate, ceased to make heroes. He has held up to his people in the way which they best understand the lamp of his sublime confidence in their destiny. Now, carving sacred sculptures with the old fierce intensity and a yet more exquisite pitifulness and insight, he seems to be drawing on superhuman strength for the consolation that in this hour of supreme trial is the need of even the strongest soul. His unfailing purity of conception invests these sacred reliefs, in which he has returned to his earlier media of wood and plaster, with a transcendent spirituality that seems to belong rather to the elder days of faith than to our casual generation.

The profound impression made in Great Britain by the exhibition of his works at the South Kensington Museum in London and afterward in other English cities in 1915 proved the catholicity of his appeal as perhaps nothing else could have done; for, despite the kinship of democratic instinct and the closer kinship induced by the hour, the circumstances of British and Southern Slav life are poles apart.

Certain it is that from this young Slav, working under inspiration so direct and vivid that he seems rather to be carrying out the behests of some other power than imaginings of his own, has come the one voice strong enough to ring through these tremendous days.

# Blind Vision

By MARY MITCHELL FREEDLEY

FOUR months of pleasant meetings led to the superficial intimacy that war makes possible, so that I regretted the moving of the hospital and the need of a rest which took me to Paris.

It was there, one dreary evening in late November, that Marston's name was brought to my dim little apartment, with the request that, if possible, I receive him at once. I was about to sit down to a lonely dinner, and the prospect of his company delighted me. Then he came into the room.

I had last seen him with his friend Esmè as they stood together waving me good-by, the rich, heavy summer sunshine all about them, though something more than a trick of golden light flooded their faces. They were both vitally alive in widely different ways; and yet they strangely seemed to be merely parts of each other. Esmè was an erratic dreamer and seer of visions, and lacked always, even in the unimportant aspects of living, any sense of the personal, the concrete; Marston, in curious contrast, was at all times practical, level-headed, full of the luster of life.

The man who stood hesitatingly just inside my door was not Marston, but some stone-sculptured image of the gay, glad boy I had known.

The cry I could not choke broke through his terrible immobility, and he spoke, the words sounding unreal, as though he had memorized them for a lesson and rehearsed their very intonation.

"I had to come. I had to tell some one. Then I will go away. I don't know where; just away. You knew him, knew I loved him. Will you let me tell you? Then I will go away."

It flashed across my mind in the second before I found words that I had half wondered why Esmè was not with him. It seemed impossible that even their bodies could be separated.

I tried to lead him to the fire and remove his overcoat, but he pushed me from him.

"No, no; don't touch me. You don't know, don't understand. I 've hunted two weeks trying to find some one—you, any one who knew us to whom I could tell it." He hesitated, and I waited. His voice took on a curious quality of child-like appeal as he went on: "You know I loved him, know I 'd have given my life for his, don't you?" Such phrasing was utterly unlike Marston, but I had seen their friendship in all the glory of its intensity, and I knew no sacrifice would have been too great. I assured him of this, and, remembering my nursing, insisted that he eat, promising to listen to anything he wanted to tell me.

We sat facing each other across the spread table, but neither of us thought of the food after the first few mouthfuls. Twice in the early part of his story I filled his glass with claret, but I cannot recollect his drinking any.

"You must think this strange of me, but I 'm not really mad, not now. You see, I 've lived with the horror ever since they gave me leave—just afterward, trying to find some one I could talk to, some one who would help me go on and finish the things we 'd—

"I want to make it all as clear as possible, but I 've got to tell it my own way, and that is n't clear.

"Do you remember Brander? We brought him over once or twice. He was a mighty decent sort of fellow. Somehow, though, I hated his being such friends with Esmè, I 'd been his only one for so long, you see. Brander was born in India, and somehow Esmè found it out; from hearing him curse in a dialect, I think.

They used to talk some unheard-of jargon to each other and enjoyed it.

"Well, one day Brander got smashed in a fight up the lines, along the British front, and was dying. He kept asking for Esmè, calling his name, and when Esmè got word of it, of course he started at once. He took one of the baby Nieuports; they 're fast, and not much of a target from below. He knew the Germans had a masked battery which he 'd have to cross.

"I thought I 'd like to see him across the enemy country, so I let him get a good start, and then I went up. I lost sight of him in a cloud-bank, and must have flown beyond him, for when I cleared it, he was behind and below me, and coming toward him a big German fighting-plane.

"Esmè's was n't a fighting-machine, and he should have tried to get away; but he must have seen the German a second after I did and judged it too late. He fired his revolver once, then suddenly seemed to lose control of his machine, and dropped to the level of the other. He must have thought he was done for and made his decision on the instant, counting it better to try to ram the German plane and go down to death together than to take the millionth chance of landing and let the enemy escape. He went head on at the other, and they fell, woven as one machine, just inside the German lines.

"Somehow I got back to our fellows; God knows I wish I had n't.

"Every man in our escadrille paid in his own way unconscious tribute to Esmè's memory. We were awfully and justly proud of him,—it 's something to have died for France,—but for all of us the fun, the excitement, of the work had gone, been snuffed out. No one turned corkscrew somersaults, Esmè's great stunt; no one did any of his special tricks any more, not even to show off before the new men.

"We got one of those French immortelle wreaths, tied to it his name and the number of the machine he was driving, and dropped it inside their lines. The next morning just at sunrise one of their men flew over our hangars and threw down a stone. Painted on it in German was, 'Your dead sends thanks'! That 's just like them, brutal, and the last word on their side.

"There 's always work to be done in war, each day's effort to be made, and the mercy of constant doing helped me. I used to try to forget the fighting and the horrors and go back to the old days.

"Esmè never was like other men in certain ways—all the early things that were unconsciously part of him, I suppose. Even as a little shaver at school he could n't be made to understand the 'why' of a school-boy's code. He used to rush headlong into anything and everything, and he generally came out on top. He did the most outrageous things calmly, unthinkingly, and we always made excuses, forgave him, because he was Esmè. At college the men were sometimes rather nasty to him, partly because he could n't understand their points of view; and he used to stare a minute and then loll away. He never hurried,—perhaps it was his Oriental blood,—but he always got there, and could make his very lolling an insult.

"I used to wonder just what it was that made Esmè a great aviator. He was a phenomenally good pilot, although he himself never seemed to realize his remarkable ability. His losing control of his machine that day was inexplicable. But one can't tell. That high up the slightest thing uncounted on means death. Those days after—

"A month went by. One morning our anti-aircrafters started, and we rushed to see what was doing, and there, just a blot against the unclouded sky, was a plane turning corkscrew somersaults one after another as it came lower and lower. I went mad for a few minutes; *only* Esmè could turn corkscrews in such a way. I got the captain, and begged him to give orders for our gunners to stop. I must have made him feel the certainty of the wild thing I believed, for he gave the order. It was one of our own machines, in it Esmè, alone—Esmè in the flesh before us, drawn and haggard and old, but Esmè.

"At first he couldn't speak. We called

it strain; perhaps in any other man we should n't, even in our minds, have given it its real name—emotion. He was like a girl. When I put my arm across his shoulders in the old, familiar way, he began to weep silently.

"The fellows were awfully decent and drifted away out of kindness, leaving him alone with me. We went to our tent, the one we 'd shared together, and there, after a little while, he told me how it all happened.

"When the two machines fell together in a tangled heap, by some miraculous chance he was unhurt. The German was dead before they landed, he thought.

"Then began the slow, torturing weeks. They kept at him day and night, night and day. They never left him alone, not just guards, but some one always near him whose only business it was to *watch* him.

"He was a marked man. The Germans knew him to be our best, perhaps the best aviator in all the Allied armies, and they needed him. They tried every sort of hellish torture on him, things one must n't think about, to get him to take up one of their photographers over the French trenches, knowing he could do certain notorious tricks which would prove him our man and so render the taking of the necessary pictures comparatively safe. He stuck it out, growing weaker and weaker, until the order came that he was to take up their man in his own machine (they 'd used their diabolical skill to reconstruct it), or— Perhaps if it had been an order to shoot him then and there, his courage would have held out; but the other— He was broken, weakened, driven; he gave in.

"They 'd taken photographs for miles along the French and British fronts when Esmè noticed the strap which held the camera man was loosened. The man was busy adjusting the films for a new set. Esmè pulled, the strap gave way; he lurched the machine suddenly, and turned it over,—his famous somersault trick,—and then, without looking back or down, made for our camp.

"Sometimes one forgets to guard one's expression. I suppose mine showed the horror I could n't help feeling. He put his hand out to touch me, but I jumped up and moved away. 'Marston,' he said, 'what 's the matter? Are n't you glad? There was n't any other way but to give in to them. *You* don't know what it 's like to feel yourself dying by inches, a little piece more every day, all the time knowing you can't die *enough,* and then the chance to be free once more, in the air, clean; you only fifty miles away, and one man between us—one man. What was his life among so many? It 's war, Marston; war.'

"I failed him then. I did n't stop to think of his overwrought condition, mentally and physically. He simply was n't responsible. I had a quick vision of the way the other men would take it, of how I 'd try and try to explain Esmè's action because it was Esmè's, and all the time I 'd know the explanations were n't any good. We have a code all our own; no rules, no mention ever made of its interpretation—just an aviator's honor.

"Now, looking back, I can't think why Esmè's dropping the man out seemed so hideous. It did, though, and I failed him. He wanted to hear me say the words of welcome he 'd counted on, and I just stood and looked at him. He was making queer, whimpering little noises, with his mouth wobbling all over his face, and I watched him. He was suffering, and I looked on.

"After a while the whimperings turned into words, and the words started with giggles. 'A-are n't you g-glad, Marston? A-are n't you g-glad? A-are n't you?'

"I turned on him, all the friendship and the memories of the years behind swept away. I did n't know what I was saying. I 'm not sure now; something about the things one does n't do, that it was n't war the way we fought it to drop a man thousands of feet who was only doing his duty. It was murder. Over and over I said it—that word murder. He was n't my friend; he was a murderer!

"I went out of the tent to escape his staring, pleading eyes—child's eyes. Even

while I was saying the words I knew he did n't understand. He had done what he thought justifiable, necessary, he wanted to get back to me, and I called him a murderer.

"Once just as I started for the mess to get him something to eat I thought I heard him call my name; but I went on. I needed more time.

"I was gone perhaps ten minutes. When I reëntered the tent it was empty. Esmè was nowhere about, but I did n't think of looking for him then, for I thought he 'd probably joined one of the other men. Later I got worried, and we started a search. He was n't in our camp. No one had seen him.

"We waited and wondered. I prayed. Then I found a little scribbled note knocking about among my things.

"We never found any trace even of him or the smallest clue, just the note; that 's all I have left of Esmè. Here it is":

"You 've tried to tell me your opinion of the trick I played on an enemy. In any other arm of the service what I did would have gone, been all right, been smart. Is n't that what you meant, Marston? But with our boys, because we 've chosen to have a different, a higher standard, because we fight cleanly, what I did was—dirty. Well, I understand. You and the other men *are* different; I 'm not, but I can pay. I 'm going back. Don't try to stop me before I reach their lines. You can't. I go to render unto Cæsar. A life for a life. To give them at least my death, since I can no longer offer even that proudly to France.

"There has been bravery and heroism in the war, but Esmè went back; he knew to what—yet he went.

"God grant he is dead! I tried to make words express an inexpressible thing. All my life to live out—remembering, knowing I killed my friend!"

Perhaps Marston went on speaking; I don't know. I only remember the broken stem of his glass, the stain that was spreading slowly over the white cloth, and the dripping, dripping red of his hands.

# The Minuet

By DOROTHY LEONARD

A SONNET 'S like a measured minuet
That poets step in, statelily and slow.
Forward and back its powdered couplets go;
Its quatrains keep their own appointed set.
With formal grace the company is met,
In periwig, grizette, and furbelow,
Scented with ambergris and bergamot,
And no more free than finches in a net.
So when it 's done, I like to fling my stiff,
High heels away and run outdoors to find
Adventure far from candled halls; and if
A thorn should prick me or a pebble hurt
Or bramble-bushes tear my silken skirt,
At least I 'm going where I have a mind.

# FOUR PORTRAITS

CAPTAIN GEORGES GUYNEMER

M. Guynemer, with fifty aerial victories to his credit, was considered the most brilliant and daring aviator of the war. Only twenty-one years old at the time of his death, in September, 1917, he had achieved some of the greatest feats in air-fighting, and France had bestowed nearly every military honor on him.

BY MME. LOUISE CATHERINE BRESLAU

M. VALO DE CHRISTMAS

A French aviator, now at Monastir. In the war in the air Valo de Christmas has been one of the real factors, and many a German machine has made its final descent to the earth as a result of his activities.

M. LARBOUSKY

M. Larbousky, a painter, is the father of two sons who, on account of poor health, could not be mobilized; therefore he himself at the age of fifty-five enlisted as a simple soldier. He has been decorated by the French Government for bravery. This is Mme. Breslau's favorite portrait.

A TYPE OF FRENCH SOLDIER

An officer in the Fourth Zouaves and a brother of Valo de Christmas, the subject of this portrait was wounded at Charleroi.

# The American Labor Situation in War-Time

BY ORDWAY TEAD

WAR has the effect of bringing weakness of all kinds into high relief. Under its cloud a nation's unsolved problems loom in their true proportions and give unmistakable evidence of their ramifications. The ultimate effects of such a revelation are happily salutary and invigorating, but the immediate results may be fraught with danger. For not only are panic-engendered palliatives resorted to, but many rise up to insist that a crisis is not the time in which to depart from familiar pathways. In consequence, the progressive's desire to make capital out of the calamity by introducing first steps toward sounder development is viewed on every side with grave distrust or downright hostility. How in such a situation to prevent weakness from turning to fatal defect is the concern of all who face facts with an honest mind.

America's labor problem is an unsolved problem of the first magnitude. Before the war we had not found anything approximating a remedy or solution, and naturally we cannot expect to find the problem solving itself during the war. But its existence can play havoc with our military and moral successes, and until the problem is faced in the open there will be no assurance that we are on the road to the kind of victory we deem it worth while fighting for. Our declaration of democratic purposes in the international arena may turn to mock us if we make no consecutive effort to harmonize our industrial aims with our political intentions. For the war's lesson that national political institutions gain whatever measure of integrity they may have from the soundness of the underlying economic institutions is patent.

In the war experience of England this truth is exemplified with such clarity that it is idle to attempt an interpretation of the effects of the conflict on our own labor situation without reference to the outstanding characteristics of the British experience. For while the English labor policy has had its elements of muddle, it has secured the adherence of the working-class to the Allied cause; and the practical unanimity of England's conduct of the war is certainly not to be completely dissociated from her methods of political and industrial organization and control.

The broad outlines of this policy may be summarily stated under six heads: (1) England has specified what are the indispensable war industries. She has made clear to employers and workers alike that in these industries special terms and conditions favorable to production will be enforced. (2) England has established a national agency of arbitration, the so-called Committee on Production, to hear and decide all major controversies between masters and men in the war industries. For the period of the war arbitration is compulsory, and strikes are thereby made illegal. (3) England has taken into the high government councils, into the cabinet and ministries, the accredited representatives of labor, and for the lesser administrative departments she has selected trade-unionists as "labor advisers." (4) England has encouraged the establishment of shop committees to deal with employers in matters of shop practice, in regard to which there are sharp differences of interest and opinion. (5) England has entered into a national agreement with the trade-unions involved in the war industries, to the effect that all established union standards of employment that, in the interest of maximum output, are abrogated during the war will be restored after the war. (6) England has fostered discus-

sion and proposals which look to the creation, after the conflict, of representative deliberative bodies in each industry to consider not only problems of demobilization and reconstruction, but to continue permanently in existence in order to bring about better understanding concerning such fundamental policies as limitation of output, regularity of employment, introduction of scientific management, and adjustment of production to demand. There has even been created a reconstruction ministry to give immediate force and impetus to the agitation for drastic industrial reorganization.

On the whole the successes of the English policy have been remarkable. Where there has been failure or weakness, the causes have always been illuminating, and suggestive of the errors which we can profitably avoid. It is therefore of value to summarize the respects in which the situation has not been wholly harmonious or effective. Indeed, this has been authoritatively done for us by the several commissions on industrial unrest which reported to Parliament at the end of last summer. While testifying to the loyalty of the working-class as a whole, the commission did not deny that disaffection existed and admitted that there were probably justifiable grounds for it. They gave these grounds as (1) the excessive profits of investors despite the excess-profits tax; (2) the cost of living, which had risen out of all proportion to wages; (3) the slowness of wage adjustments under the Committee on Production; (4) the confusion as to the distribution of man power that arises from the simultaneous demands of navy, army, factory, and field; (5) the abuses to which the "leaving certificate" gives rise.[1]

This is not the place to discuss the industrial unrest of England, but it is in line with our purpose to point out that if the policies, as we have outlined them, had been consistently applied throughout the English administration, much trouble might have been averted. For example, it seems unquestionable that if the Committee on Production had included representatives of the interested parties, decisions would have been reached more quickly, and might have met with greater favor when they finally came.

No one supposes, however, that English practice can be superimposed intact upon America. There are serious differences to be taken account of in any comparison of the labor situation of the two countries. Most prominent of these disparities is the lack of homogeneity in the American working-class population. In our land there are probably twelve million foreign-born workers, who come from all quarters of the globe and in all too many instances speak no English. In England, moreover, one worker in four belongs to a trade-union; in the United States only one in seven or eight is a union member. And when to this is added the fact that the English unions have been in the business several decades longer, and during the last thirty years have been interpreted to the other classes by the patient efforts of the Fabians, it is no wonder that on its economic side the institutional organization of England is far more mature than our own. Indeed, in this lies the peculiar value of English experience to us. In their compact and readily viewed microcosm we see at work all the forces that are contributing to modern economic readjustment; we see the tendencies clearly indicated; we see England a little ahead of us on the road that the capitalistic system is traveling in Anglo-Saxon countries on its journey toward a more equitable organization of our producing and distributive agencies.

In contrast with the approximately well-defined and readily understood form which the English war experience therefore takes, the incoherence of our American situation is characteristic. We have no definite understanding as to which are war industries, and in consequence there is no serious attempt to steer labor, capital, and material away from the manufacture

[1] In war industries no employee could leave his employer without receiving a leaving certificate from a local tribunal. The original intention of this was to prevent employers from competing for one another's workers. This provision has caused such great dissatisfaction that it has been eliminated by the Munitions Act of 1917.

or less vitally needed goods. We have a variety of agencies to which the wage controversies of certain industries shall be brought for settlement, but no one agency committed to the promulgation of a national labor policy that may be likely to assure a radical reduction in the number of strikes. With several noteworthy exceptions, we have not taken the leaders of labor into government councils, we have not concerned ourselves to provide for workers in each plant some organized way of dealing with their employers on problems of shop practice, and we have not encouraged any broadcast discussion of the meaning and practical implications of "industrial democracy." On the contrary, it has been officially intimated that any remarks calculated to relate the present war to the peculiar characteristics and causes inherent in our scheme of producing goods would be severely discountenanced.

Our deficiencies are by no means as serious, however, as might be inferred from this array of negatives, and before discussing the results of our present policy, or lack of policy, it is important to point to the progress thus far made in meeting and adjusting the war-time demands of labor. For these demands are a factor which must be reckoned with, and they show signs of becoming increasingly insistent regardless of whether we condemn labor as unpatriotic or approve of the attempt to conserve its status. And we may as well anticipate our argument by suggesting here that the importunity of these demands bears a close relation to our hesitancy and apparent timidity in avowing a responsible labor policy for the war industries of the nation.

The most notable event in the Government's contact with labor during the war has been the collective agreement negotiated between representatives of the Navy Department, the Emergency Fleet Corporation, and the international unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, which are involved in the work of ship construction. This agreement carries with it provisions for (1) union standards of wages, hours, and conditions; (2) a representative board composed in part of the employer and the employees interested, to which access is always to be had in the event of disputes arising; (3) a district examiner in each administrative area to act as local agent, investigator, and conciliator for the adjustment board; and (4) an agreement to abide by the decisions of the adjustment board for six months after their promulgation.

This is the most thoroughgoing and satisfactory piece of machinery which the war has brought into the whole field of American industrial relations. In comparison with it the working arrangements in the government departments appear to be lamentably unsystematic, and the proposed work of the National Labor Adjustment Commission of nine seems peculiarly ill defined and lacking in standards of concrete value. For while this latter commission, the personnel of which has not yet been made public, has broad "jurisdiction over disputes concerning wages and conditions of employment in all establishments having contracts with the Government," it ignores important questions of union recognition and union standards. But so far as *future* (after August 9, 1917) government contracts are concerned, the commission has powers which are far more drastic than those laid down in the shipyard agreement. For in all new contracts both parties, employers and employees, bind themselves to abide by the decision of the commission if disputes occur; and the eight-hour laws are made applicable, so that all work under these contracts shall be on the basis of an eight-hour day, with time and a half for overtime. The former of these provisions is decidedly open to criticism when we consider how difficult it is in practice for workers to know when they are on government contracts; and even assuming that they do know, it may create serious difficulties about leaving employment when a dispute has been unsatisfactorily settled.

The interdepartment committee of three for the settlement of disputes in arsenals and navy-yards suffers under the handicap of including no representatives of the em-

ployees. In its first adjustment of wages it attempted to determine the "average wage" in the communities where government plants are located, and to use this as the norm in arriving at the departmental rates. Such definite acceptance of the union standards of pay as was provided for in the shipyard agreement, however, comes far closer to an acceptable, fair, and adequate basis of determination than any "average" figure. And, as a matter of fact, the union rates have for some time been tacitly accepted as the basis of negotiation in the wage controversies of the War Department and the Navy Department.

The investigation by the President's Labor Commission into the activities of the I. W. W. and into other Western controversies is now under way, and it is still too early (November 1) to have reports of its findings. That this body is undertaking a vital piece of inquiry goes without saying. Its creation six months after our entrance into the war emphasizes the previous lack of any impartial and authoritative fact-finding body. It is unfortunate that its efforts must be, for the present at least, restricted merely to one portion of the country, and it is perhaps not overweening to suggest that had the commission been able to divide its forces, more ground might have been covered, with equal satisfaction to all.

The board of control for the manufacture of army garments exemplifies still another method of overseeing which has sound possibilities, for to this board is given the responsibility of seeing that army clothing is made under proper conditions. It has the advantage of devoting its major attention to inspection, and thus of being able to perfect a technic of shop and home inquiry, which is essential to the control and safeguarding of conditions of manufacture. It labors under the disadvantage of having to add to its work of fact-finding the work of arbitrating labor disputes, a combination of executive and judicial functions which has rarely proved effective in industrial government.

These are the most important specially created agencies of adjustment. On paper they make an imposing array, and as their administrative machinery is put in order and their financial resources enlarged, they will do an increasingly valuable work as the war goes on. Why, then, is the labor problem still so pressing? Why the strikes and rumors of strikes? Why the strong undercurrent of unrest and disaffection noted by every first-hand observer?

In answer to these questions we can recite almost without alteration the account of the sources of unrest as revealed by official inquiry in Great Britain. Our working-class, too, is resentful at the war profits of the big corporations. The fact that our excess-profits tax fell short of that imposed in England has become widely known. Our working-class is feeling the pinch of the high cost of living. The wage advances of the last year hardly suffice to keep the purchasing power of the dollar what it was when war broke out; they have not increased the workers' incomes. In numerous instances our working-class has also experienced the irritation of prolonged delay in the settlement of its claims, and in many cases, as for example, in government contract shops where the contract was made prior to August, 1917, there is still no official body to which the worker can turn to complain or register demands. Our working-class is distrustful and suspicious of certain of the labor leaders who have come closest to the Government. Their feeling ranges all the way from a suspicion that these leaders have sold out to a certainty that they have been badly cajoled and flattered into situations where they are unable to make good their promises to either side. Our working-class does not feel at all sure that the distribution of man power between draft army and industrial army is being conducted with discrimination. They know that, despite the cry for labor, workers are drafted out of necessary trades into the army. Finally, the workers know that in many cases working standards have been reduced since the war, and there is keen anxiety about their restoration.

These anxieties, questions, and atti-

tudes are not an academic compilation; they are realities. Indeed, they are only a few of the realities which might be cited as giving rise to present discontent. And they are profoundly meaningful in the every-day life of the families of thirty million workers. They are the occasion of heart-searching and pondering on the part of wage-earners to which the country can continue to be blind only at the expense of our national safety and integrity. The press of our land can for its own reasons refuse to record the number and extent of acute industrial conflicts during the war, but as a nation we can afford to adopt no such ostrich-like policy. This problem of controlling our economic juggernaut is sufficiently disruptive to our common life in peace times; at this fateful moment the influences making for cohesion and coöperation must not be denied their full expression. Regardless of the direction in which these influences may carry us after the war, our present vitality is dependent upon following England's lead. We cannot stop to look back; we can satisfy no one and settle nothing by half-way measures; we can go forward only along the lines clearly recommended by experience. What does this involve?

In the first place, it involves the formulation of a national labor policy. What such a policy should be has already been intimated. It should include acceptance of the principle of representation in the settlement of disputes. Each party to a controversy should be represented in deliberations which attend the settlement of that controversy. Our policy should include the acceptance of collective agreements between interested parties in all war industries, contracts in which those parties bind themselves to abide for a stated time by the decisions of a stipulated arbitrary body. It should include the adoption of union standards of wages, hours, and conditions as the fair standards. It should include provision for a fact-finding body in all war industries, which should, of course, be specifically listed, a body to know the terms and conditions of employment in those industries, to enforce those terms and conditions, and to forestall as far as possible, through periodic investigation, the appearance of serious trouble by keeping the causes of such trouble at a minimum. Such a national bureau on industrial relations should work as the "examiner" par excellence for all existing adjudicating bodies. It would thus tend to lessen and make more satisfactory their work, since it would place before them all the salient facts of each case with which they must deal.

The implications of such a policy go a long way toward providing the features which were found essential to English harmony. They presuppose that labor representatives are on all adjudicating bodies; that workers of each industry have an assured channel of complaint and redress; that strikes, while not prohibited, are largely eliminated through arbitration by mutual consent.

With such a policy outlined, the second step is to create the coördinating, administering, and investigating body which will register all trade agreements, supervise their enforcement, and inform itself as to the terms and conditions of employment in war industries. The cost of this agency, if it were energetically administered, would be saved in six months, because time now lost in strikes would be minimized, and because the confidence of the working-class in the good intentions of the Government would be permanently assured by the activities of the bureau.

Admittedly the pursuit of this course would alter the complexion of our industrial life after the war, even though we attempted to return to pre-war conditions. Trade-unions would have secured a position heretofore conceived by many as both impossible and imprudent. The working-class would have gained a real sense of taking part, as the English Commission on Unrest said, "in the affairs of the community as partners rather than as servants." The workers in the shops would have found themselves dealing with managers on the more profound and complex matters of shop administration about which the latter now dictate without

question. Whether all this would be good or bad, fortunate or unfortunate, for the future of our country, it is well nigh beside the point to consider. The primary consideration is that unless our Government acts in the directions we have been outlining, the workers here and now will not be doing their full share toward the conclusion of a successful peace. And they will most assuredly defend their indifference to the war's outcome by asserting in phrases that may be inarticulate and confused, that democracy in international affairs is, as far as they are concerned, bought at too high a price if it is paid for by the constriction or postponement of democracy at home, a sentiment with which the rest of the country may be in absolute disagreement, but which stands as a truth to hard-pressed laborers.

The fact is, however, that after the war a new temper must almost inevitably register itself in our industrial life, and the war will assuredly have left us demoralized if it does not reveal something of what this new temper is to be. Two characteristics of it may already be discerned. We shall first grapple with problems on a new scale, and in a country of a hundred million people this is no small achievement. To abandon a parochial, restricted, class-blinded conception of neighborliness and justice is the beginning of wisdom. And, secondly, we shall recognize that our economic readjustments are no longer simply problems of the terms under which we work, but problems of status. The workers will increasingly be less concerned for five dollars a day than for a measure of control in the formulation of factory policies, a motive which will come to dominate the industrial struggle in no distant future.

We should, in fact, set ourselves even before the war ends to consider our industrial problems on an adequately comprehensive scale, and to realize that thoroughgoing readjustment must look toward a more equalized status among our several classes. We shall then find that the industrial aspects of the war are being administered with new precision and success. We shall find also that we are in possession of a criterion by which palliatives may be estimated and the alarms of reactionaries quieted; and that weakness in our body politic which is to be attributed to the acuteness of the labor problem will, as our point of view changes, be found to be gradually disappearing. In its stead will be growing up in our national life a strength and high courage which will be born of the unequivocal promise of our fundamental institutions.

# Spain and the Great War

By T. H. PARDO DE TAVERA

IN this tremendous armed conflict, which has drawn into it the greater part of the nations of the civilized world, Spain, by the desire of almost all her citizens, has been and continues to be neutral. What does this attitude mean? That Spaniards look with indifference upon this catastrophe or feel an equal degree of sympathy for each of the belligerent alliances? Not at all. Spaniards desire to remain neutral because the majority of them are Germanophiles, or, rather, because they are thorough enemies of England and France as well as of the United States. As it is impossible for them to take an active and open part on the side of the Central empires, they wish to preserve their neutrality at any cost, because, should they abandon it, their only field of action would be to range themselves upon the side of the nations that they detest.

The Spanish people, generally speaking, are thoroughly conservative, tradition-bound, reverent of its past, determined to continue living within the confines of its own mentality, which it calls "the Spanish soul"; hostile to every change, firmly convinced that it can progress without imitating what is thought or done abroad, and that it is sufficiently endowed morally and intellectually to be genuinely national. In the eyes of those who think thus the mistake made by Spain consists in not having always and everywhere followed the policy of the most Spanish of its sovereigns and the most Spanish of Spaniards, King Philip II.

It is from the time of this monarch that the deep hatred against the Englishman dates—a hatred founded primarily on religious, and later on political, motives. While Philip II was proclaiming himself the champion of the Roman Catholic Church, and while in America, Flanders, and wherever else opportunity offered he was exterminating heretics, England was becoming the bulwark of Protestantism and the most formidable foe of the papacy. Politically, the discovery of America and the Strait of Magellan caused Spain to conceive the idea of making herself the ruler of the seas. There, too, England went forth to meet the Spaniards, and from that moment the dominion over the sea, of which Philip II had dreamed, passed without difficulty to that nation which thenceforth was called "perfidious and proud Albion."

Spanish hatred of England has continued ever since, though nowadays new reasons are given to explain it. As time passed, other events happened, especially the occupation of Gibraltar, which the Anglophobes invoke to-day as a justification of their attitude.

In the eyes of this majority of Spaniards, satisfied with its religion and with the monarchy, living under that form of civilization known as the military and religious, France also is a detested nation. These Spaniards do not forget the Napoleonic invasion, though, to be sure, they do not even remember the name of Wellington, who freed Spain from the French yoke. The so-called War of Independence left a deep impression on the Spanish soul—an impression which in the course of time has been revived by the recent expulsion from France of the religious orders. These communities have settled in Spain, and neither they nor the inhabitants of Spain can forgive the neighboring republic for taking such a step, especially as this democracy, by setting such an example, overturns the traditional policy of the monarchists.

Besides these causes for antagonism against England and France, there exist in Spain a feeling of admiration for Germany and a fervid sympathy and venera-

tion for the autocratic and military form of her institutions. The Spanish nation, to put it in a nutshell, wishes, like every nation, to be well governed, but its political conception of good government is that of genuine paternalism, by means of which a tutelary government makes the nation strong, contented, rich, and powerful.

Moreover, the clergy and the monastic orders hope that, if the Central empires are victorious, the pope will again become, largely by the will of Austria, sovereign lord over Rome.

In general the Spanish army is Germanophile, and the same is probably true of the navy.

A minority, led by intellectual elements of high worth, is resolutely pro-Ally, and these men are the ones who dare by word and by writing to struggle against Germanophile public opinion, which is merely "public sentiment," stimulated by the thousands of Germans who do everything possible in Spain to keep alive the prejudices and hatred against their enemies.

Representative government in Spain is a fiction. In order to form a ministry, the king summons a politician at the head of a party which possesses the majority in the Spanish Parliament, or which is at least capable of forming a cabinet made up of men who enjoy its confidence. If the Parliament responds to the policy of the ministry, all goes well; but if the Parliament shows hostility, it is dissolved, and another is elected, which *always* has a satisfactory ministerial majority! This fictitious method of procedure has brought the system into discredit, the result being that Spaniards do not live under a government of laws, but under one of politicians.

From the beginning of the war the governments have shown a tendency to range themselves upon the side of the Allies, though they have been forced to maintain a certain attitude of reserve in view of the fact that the Spanish army is openly Germanophile. Some think that the army's sentiments are not of such intensity as to make it lose the sense of military discipline and cause it, for example, to refuse to fight against the Central powers. Recently, an event of the greatest seriousness has proved that the army is determined to impose its will upon the Government rather than to obey it. An organization of officers has been formed, called the Council of Defense, including officers from the rank of second lieutenant to that of colonel, confined originally to the artillery and cavalry, but spreading later to the infantry. Two months ago the Government, alarmed by the attitude of these councils, ordered the Captain-General of Catalonia to dissolve the council of the infantry. When the heads of this organization refused to obey, the captain-general, following instructions from Madrid, had the colonel-president arrested. Thereupon a conflict of the most serious kind broke out; the subordinate officers and colonels of all the regiments told the captain-general that they would proceed to free the arrested men unless the latter were immediately set at liberty. This incident caused the downfall of the ministry of the Marquis of Alhucemas, and the triumphant military men saw their commanders freed, and proved that the Government could not manage the army as it pleased.

These councils have officially published their aims. They have declared that the army is completely disorganized, and it lacks munitions and rifles and machine-guns; that it would not be able to resist an European enemy, no matter what nation it might be, and that the officers found themselves compelled to make these statements public in order that, in case of a catastrophe, the nation might know that the army was not to blame, but rather the governments which one after the other have ruled in Spain. Although constitutionally the king is not responsible, naturally public opinion realized what a tremendous blow had been dealt to the king by this deplorable occurrence. In order not to be branded as selfish, the councils declared that they would not limit themselves to procure reforms for the army, but would concern themselves with all that was neces-

sary for the public welfare. In this way the proceedings of the officers achieved popularity.

A few months before this happened the liberal cabinet, presided over by Count de Romanones, fell. On the very day after his resignation, before another ministry was formed, he did not scruple to publish a document explaining that he retired from the Government because, as the moment had arrived when Spain should abandon neutrality and range herself on the side of the Allies against the Central empires, he was unable to bring this about because he was not permitted to adopt such an attitude. The reference was clearly leveled at the king, although, of course, he was not named.

Señor Maura is the leader of the Conservative party; he is considered the strongest of Spanish politicians. On various occasions after he ceased to head the Government there have arisen crises in which, to judge from public opinion, he should have been reinstated in power. But the king has always passed over Señor Maura. Lately, in a sensational speech, this eminent politician made two statements of immense importance. He said that in his opinion Spain should not abandon her neutrality not only because she should not favor England or France, but because there was not the slightest reason for her declaring war upon Germany. By his second statement he made the king appear guilty of the ill-advised appointment of those whom he called upon to head the Government.

After this speech, and on the occasion of another crisis owing to the fall of Alhucemas, the king, contrary to the forecast of the friends and even of the enemies of Señor Maura, did not call upon him to form a government, but summoned instead the present premier, Señor Dato, a seceder from the party of Señor Maura.

It is said publicly that the crown is slipping from the head of the king, though the monarchists are confident that the army will always support the throne. The officers of the Councils of Defense have adopted an ambiguous form for expressing their sentiments on this point, so that, according to the interpretation made of it, they will be willing to support the throne —or a republic, should this be the form of government chosen by the Spaniards.

Toward the middle of last August the leaders, for the space of four days, succeeded in organizing a general strike, which I myself witnessed in Barcelona. This strike was not started by workmen to assert the rights of their class; on the contrary, its object was to unite its efforts to those of all Spaniards who desire a remedy for the political and economic ills under which they suffer, and to oblige the Government to give its attention to the interests of the country rather than to the personnel of officialdom.

All the factories were closed, no workmen went to work, the street-cars ceased running, not a single carriage, private or for hire, was to be seen in Barcelona, the attendants at the stations disappeared, and travelers were compelled to carry their baggage themselves. The shops closed one after another, only a few trains continued to run, and it was said that the gas and electric-light plants would not be in operation that night. The civil governor, when he saw the extent of the trouble, gave up the government to the captain-general, and shortly after noon a squad of engineers passed along the street with an officer, who proclaimed martial law. At the same moment forces of engineers, cavalry, civil guards, and artillery occupied strategic thoroughfares of the city, placing no fewer than six light cannon in the Plaza de Cataluña, the very heart of Barcelona.

The infantry was rigorously confined to its barracks. The people trusted it, and the Government distrusted it. In view of the attitude of the Councils of Defense, the Government feared that the infantry would take advantage of the strike to assume a threatening demeanor. In order to be able to repress any movement of this kind, the Government had located the above-mentioned cannon to preserve the supremacy of force. It was known that the workmen hoped that the infantry would espouse the side of the people.

The Government had no fewer than twelve thousand men in Barcelona, and it was lucky that, in carrying out their acts of violence, the workmen had nothing but little pocket-revolvers; for had they had a few hundred rifles, the trouble would have reached very serious proportions. With these pocket-weapons some workmen and many ill-intentioned persons fired at the troops, mostly from the tops of houses or from hiding-places behind trees, at very long range. The fire was vigorously answered everywhere, and the houses from which the firing of revolvers did not cease were bombarded by the artillery, which thus did not remain idle. It was said that most of the soldiers killed or wounded were struck by Mauser-bullets, the weapon used by the army, which is not to be wondered at in view of the frequency of their volleys in every direction.

The conflict lasted four days in Barcelona. In Madrid, Valencia, Bilbao, and Santander especially, and also in other towns of more or less importance, there were troubles of the same character. Public opinion accused the Allied governments of having provoked these disorders with their money; it was said that England and France paid the republican, socialist, and liberal leaders of all sorts to foment revolution and overthrow the monarchy. This was the opinion of the Germanophile majority.

Yet neither France nor England have any reason for seeking a change of government in Spain—a change that would bring in its wake the usual disorders, from which those nations could not profit in the least. On the other hand, it was easy to believe that German agents had provoked the disorders, as they had done in Greece, Argentine, Brazil, and the United States, for the purpose of diverting the attention of the Government to matters of internal policy and order, thus driving from its mind the idea and possibility of intervening in the international domain.

The Spanish Government knows full well who fomented these disorders; it is also aware that the German submarines take on supplies along the coast of Spain and in the Balearic and Canary Islands, that vessels from Spanish ports help in every way possible the aforementioned submarines. But how is this to be avoided? The Government has not the means of effectively policing its coasts.

In the meantime the situation of the Spaniards becomes worse. The cost of food-stuffs rises; there is lack of coal, a dearth of wheat. Wages, say the employers, cannot be raised; there are not enough workmen. Postmen first, and later the municipal guards, have formed their Councils of Defense, imitating the officers; but the Government laughs at them, because they do not threaten with rifles and cannon, and the fear of losing their employment keeps them from taking more decisive steps.

The army thinks itself ill prepared to meet a foreign foe, but in the meantime it is strong enough to impose its will at home upon its fellow-citizens and even to continue the war in Morocco. Its officers are perfectly right when they demand efficient organization of the army and remind the Government that public needs are neglected, yet its attitude is not that of an army which obeys, but rather of one that wishes to direct, and to exact obedience. Moreover, it is probable that Councils of Defense may be organized among the soldiery, as in Russia. Should this occur, the officers may possibly wish to rally round the throne; but it would not be at all strange if the councils of soldiers should form the nucleus for the forces which the republic needs in order to be victorious in Spain.

Apparently things in Spain are going very badly, and the consensus of opinion among upholders of the monarchy and among its foes is that the monarchy is in grave peril, which means that a royal crisis is imminent in Spain.

In Spain the present war is looked upon as a great struggle between Germany on one side and England on the other; France and Austria are considered secondary figures. With the exception of a few men, few believe that there is in the balance nothing less than the free and

democratic institutions of the world, assailed by the autocratic and military power represented by the Central empires. It is because they do not understand this that the Germanophile Spaniards declare that they do not wish to hasten to the trenches of France in order to defend Franco-English interests. They likewise fail to understand that the Allies wish no such coöperation from Spain, since they are aware of the state of her army. What the Allies hope, if Spain joins them, is that the Germans may no longer be able to secure supplies for their submarines in the Mediterranean, that the German and Austrian merchant steamers held in Spanish ports may be put to commercial uses and, finally, that the Germans enjoying their liberty in Spain may be interned and thus prevented from serving the interests of their country against the Allies, as they do at present.

The troubles of the Spaniards are due to two causes. First, they spring from foreign sources, on account of the World War, of the deficiency in transportation facilities, by which difficulties are placed in the path of exportation and importation, and economic problems become more serious every day. Second, there are troubles traceable to internal causes, to the bad government which each political party wishes to correct by obtaining power, only to give evidence of the same lack of ability as all others; to administrative disorder; to the lack of coöperation from the people, which expects everything from the Government, and lacks initiative for forming a useful and well-grounded public opinion.

It is quite natural that Spain should wish to maintain her neutrality, and nobody is justified in criticizing her for this. That she will be able to preserve this neutrality is a matter on which prophecy cannot be ventured; but it would seem that she may fail in endeavoring to preserve it not only because of the measures adopted by Germany, which may eventually alienate Spanish good will, but owing to the possibility that England, France, or the United States, or the three together, may force Spain to adopt a policy that may displease Germany in order that an end may thus be put to the provisioning of submarines in the Mediterranean and the Canary Islands.

At present there is in Spain a large number of Germans (some say twenty thousand) who speak Spanish, who know the country and the customs, uses, defects, good qualities, and idiosyncracies of the inhabitants, their political views, industries, commercial methods, social ways, etc. These Germans are men of education, capable of taking advantage in every possible way of the interesting practical lesson provided them by their enforced, but fortunate, residence in Spain. One cannot doubt that they are laying their plans for future industrial, commercial, and political domination when international life shall have resumed its normal flow, which will mean that Spain will be a colony of Germany without a flag.

All these Germans serve their fatherland in the ways that may be imagined, for which reason Spain is now the most important news center and focus of activity possessed by the Central powers in the outside world. As I have said, they have the sympathies of the army, the clergy, the aristocracy, and the great majority of the middle class, and as they are ably led by the diplomatic and military authorities of their native lands, the result is that they constitute a genuine obstacle in the path of any Spanish Government entertaining the idea of intervening in the war on the side of the Entente powers.

Whether the Spanish monarchy is to be preserved or a Spanish republic erected is a matter that concerns only the Spaniards; rightly or wrongly, they have the indisputable right of governing themselves as they see fit. But it may be emphatically stated that neither in France nor England nor the United States is there the slightest desire to see the monarchy overturned, but only a wish that the Spanish nation may not suffer much in this conflict which effects all the nations of the civilized world.

The question of Catalonian regionalism is greatly exaggerated outside of Spain.

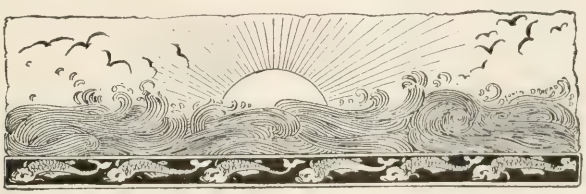
There is no such menace, no such plan of national disintegration, in the minds of the Catalonians. These people, who have preserved and perfected their rich mother-tongue, wish to obtain within Spain the greatest degree of autonomy in their local concerns, being firmly convinced that this will in no wise weaken national unity, but rather tend to decrease the causes of complaint occasioned by an ancient and disastrous centralization. Unfortunately, neither the Government nor the non-Catalonian Spaniards look at the matter in the same way, but maintain that, were such autonomy granted, Catalonia would become separated from the rest of the kingdom, the unity of which, as they see it, is assured by the present form of centralized government. The idea of the Catalonian regionalists is too modern for most Spaniards, and, since they fail to grasp its real significance, they will stand against it in united opposition for a long time.

When a foreigner gives his opinions about the Spaniards, they at least accuse him of not knowing them; at times they say he is slandering them or attacking them through antagonism or envy. Yet Spain by no means lacks men of great talent and a high degree of education capable of recognizing and correcting their shortcomings. In books and pamphlets, in the newspapers and from the speaker's platform, Luis Simarro, Rafael M. de Labra, Azcárate, Baldomero Argente, Luis Araquistain, Gaziel, Federico Urales, Castellvi, Marcelino Domingo, Cambó, and many others have the courage to speak the truth and all the truth, and declare that Spain needs to modernize herself, to enter upon an era of reconstruction and progress.

Up to the present time Cæsarism seems to have more partizans in Spain than in Russia, and, even granting that Spain, so far as the legal form is concerned, possesses a constitutional Government, it is also true that in fact and practice she has a Government not of laws, but men, which is so far from being a representative government that, in order to correct its defects and modify its wrong methods, it will not suffice to have recourse to pacific measures of evolution, such as are appropriate to genuinely constitutional governments, but to revolution, as in nations governed by autocratic methods.

If, as some prophesy, a revolution should come soon and create the Spanish republic, then the prophecy may be completed by adding that, with the fall of the monarchy, there will begin a period of anarchy which may even bring foreign intervention. In Spain it is not a question of making a revolution or effecting a change of régime which will bring about a beterment of conditions such as rightly worry and disgust Spaniards; it is a question of the evolution of the people toward a higher plane of education, by virtue of which there may arise a majority of citizens who can coöperate in public life —a majority which, unfortunately, does not exist to-day.

But, to return to the hypothetical cases of revolution, a republic, anarchy, and foreign intervention, I must add that the latter would probably be effected by means of the army which is now in Morocco, and which, led and supplied by the powers, would impose order upon its own country and establish a government capable at least of making itself obeyed.



# Chance, the Juggler

By WILLIAM CAINE

Author of "Spanish Pride," etc.

Illustrations by Tony Sarg

SHORTLY after Mendoza had entered into possession of that tiny house in Swan Walk, Chelsea, which for two or three years was his London home, the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation of Cleveland, Ohio, asked him to design a poster for it, to be used in the colossal campaign of advertisement by means of which it purposed to drive all British makers of safes into the bankruptcy court and to place at its mercy every British householder who should in future find himself in need of a burglar-proof and private lockup for his valuables.

Mendoza being perfectly willing to further this laudable project upon the terms that were offered him, the matter was quickly settled, and a day or two later a magnificent dark-green safe, with brilliant brass embellishments, was unloaded at his door, carried by strong men into his dining-room, and deposited in the corner by the window. The Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation was a very bloated and imperious corporation indeed, but—or, perhaps, because—it did its business in a large and generous way; and so you are to understand that while Mendoza had asked for nothing but the loan of a model for his picture, the corporation had met this request by a presentation.

"No," Mr. Abbott, the manager of its London branch, had said—"no, Señor Mendoza, we don't do things that way, *believe me*. It will be a very real pleasure to us to know that we 're taking care of the jewelry of the wife of the gentleman whose art will have helped us to scalp all these old dodos who profess to build safes on this side; and we shall consider that pleasure real cheap at the cost of one of our very newest and best Thesauri. I will send a man along to your home this afternoon, and I shall be grateful if you will tell him what precise shade of what exact color you wish it painted, so that it may harmonize perfectly with its future surroundings. For, take it from *me*, my dear Señor Mendoza, when that Thesaurus comes into your house, it comes to *stay*."

Though Mendoza had no wife and no jewelry and no conceivable use for a safe, he could not summon up the courage to decline a present thus handsomely and imperiously inflicted upon him; and so it came to pass as Mr. Abbott had predicted: the safe arrived and it stayed. Mendoza amused himself for half an hour or so in learning from the book of instructions how to do the two varieties of Chinese puzzle which opened and locked the thing, and then he lost all interest in it save that which it held for him as a model. He locked it up for the last time, put the key in a pot on the chimneypiece, stretched a piece of paper, and sat down to make a rough sketch for his poster.

Mendoza was only one of a small army of people that the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation was employing in its assault upon the British safe-making industry, and the reproductions of his poster, which were to appear upon all the hoardings and blank walls of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, may be described as only one species among a countless variety of high-explosive shells with which the invader purposed to batter down the obsolete defenses of his effete and superannuated rivals. Many other artists had been enlisted under the American flag, and there was besides a whole host of

writing people and advertising agents and canvassers and other energetic persons of the sort. But we are not here concerned with these activities. It is for the history of Mendoza's poster alone that I desire to engage your sympathies.

"SAT DOWN TO MAKE A ROUGH SKETCH FOR HIS POSTER"

This picture represented—it could not very well do otherwise—the defeat of a burglar by one of Mr. Abbott's impenetrable Thesauri.

Mendoza's cracksman was a man of rather more than middle age. Thus was indicated the person of experience, the virtuoso, the perfect master of his profession, whom to baffle was a task for no ordinary Thesaurus. Again, he was none of your low-browed, broken-nosed, square-jawed Bill Sykeses in moleskins, with a life-preserver sticking out of one pocket and the butt of revolver sticking out of the other. Such a type would be a foe hardly worthy of the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation's steel-plates. No, the criminal whom Mendoza had imagined was a most decent-looking character, with a benign, philosophical face, large spectacles, and a keen, intellectual face, to which a pair of mutton-chop whiskers added the last refinement of respectability. In his hands was no vulgar jimmy, but a complicated chemical apparatus, which emitted a fierce little jet of white flame. He was seated on the floor beside a superb green Thesaurus, the paint of which had, to be sure, yielded to the application of his instrument, but which remained otherwise as intact as on the day when it had issued from its native manufactory. Upon

the burglar's face was an expression of profound despair, and under the composition was the legend, "Foiled at last." These words, I may say, were the choice of Mr. Abbott.

Mendoza was satisfied with his design, but no more. This was the kind of job which he was quite ready to undertake at a price; but the advertisements that he was always being commissioned to do seldom yielded him any extraordinary pleasure, for upon such work his genius was always necessarily hampered by commercial considerations. But, for what it was, he decided that it was pretty good, and he sent it off to Mr. Abbott without any fear that he had not properly earned his money. Then he dismissed the whole matter from his thoughts and turned his attention to other things.

He was justified in his confidence. Mr. Abbott wrote enthusiastically about the poster, and indeed he had good reason to do so, for the thing was to the last degree arresting and provocative of comment, with its bold spaces of bright green and black and white, its very unusual burglar, and his very remarkable safe-breaking tool.

Time passed, and one day Mendoza's burglar was suddenly everywhere to be seen. At once he was rolling his desperate eyes over the streets of every town in the British Isles. The news of his defeat at the hands of the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation became public property simultaneously everywhere between Penzance and Thurso, Lowestoft and Valentia.

It was a colossal triumph of transatlantic organization.

Two days later Mendoza received the following letter:

Skinner's Inn.

Dear sir:

Our client, Mr. Robertson Jeffrey of Streatham, has directed our attention to your poster design, which has lately been issued and placed upon the hoardings of the United Kingdom by the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Company. Mr. Jeffrey is unable to conceive your object in thus pillorying him in the character of a burglar, nor can he imagine how, since he has not the honor of your acquaintance, you have succeeded in producing a likeness of him so entirely unmistakable. But that is not his concern.

Since, however, he is a gentleman of spotless reputation, a deacon of his Congregational Church, and the superintendent of its Band of Hope, a member of the local vigilance association, a vestryman of ten years standing, and honorary treasurer of the Streatham Vale Branch of the Society for the Discouragement of Crime, he feels that his duty to himself imperatively demands that this unprovoked and heartless libel should be punished and that in an exemplary fashion.

He has therefore instructed us to issue writs against yourself, the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation, the printers of the poster, and all the firms of bill-stickers who have placed it on the walls and hoardings of the metropolis and other cities and towns of the United Kingdom. He has also directed us to apply for an injunction against the further use of the poster, but this is probably a matter of no interest to yourself.

We shall be happy to hear from you whether and, if so, where and when you will accept service of the writ, or with the name of your solicitors, should you prefer that we should serve it upon them.

We are, dear sir,

Yours truly,

Benjamin, Benjamin & Benjamin.

Mendoza forced himself to finish his breakfast, and then repaired to the office of his friend Frederick Wetherby, junior partner of that well-known firm of West End solicitors, Wetherby, Crumpton & Co.

Wetherby, when he had read the letter of Messrs. Benjamin, said:

"I need n't ask if you have ever seen this Mr. Jeffrey or heard of him before in your life?"

"You need n't," said Mendoza. "It is pretty obvious, is n't it?"

"Yes," said Wetherby; "you mean that

the mere fact of your having drawn him as a burglar in this way proves conclusively that this resemblance of which he complains is an accident. Unfortunately, such a proof won't help you very much in a court of law. Mr. Jeffrey has you on the hip, my poor bloke. That is to

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Abbott, solemnly, after the introduction had been made by Mendoza, "this is a very pretty little affair, don't you think? Of course I don't even ask Señor Mendoza if there 's anything in the claim of this Mr. Jeffrey. The likeness is, of course, a pure

"MENDOZA AND WETHERBY LOOKED FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH TO THE POSTER AND FROM THE POSTER TO THE PHOTOGRAPH"

say, if he can establish this likeness; and if he could n't, you 'd never have got this letter. These Benjamins are pretty wide-awake people, but they 're not blackmailers. Mr. Jeffrey's case is certainly a good one. I can only advise you to throw up your hands and let me make the best terms I may for you. It 'll save you a world of trouble and extra expense."

"Don't you think, Freddie," said Mendoza, "that we 'd better, perhaps, first go along and see what these Maddison people have to say about it?"

Wetherby agreed, and they went to the offices of the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation.

accident; but it 's quite undeniable. Look at this," and he laid before them a photograph. "That," he said, "is Mr. Jeffrey. Messrs. Benajmin inclosed it in their letter to us. The original poster, Mr. Wetherby, is on the wall behind you."

Mendoza and Wetherby looked from the photograph to the poster and from the poster to the photograph, but they might look till their eyes dropped out and they could discover nothing which did not confirm the likeness between the two. Photograph and poster must to any ordinary eye appear to have had the same original.

"Was there ever such a bit of bad

luck?" said Mendoza. "If the man had sat to me, I could n't have made that burglar more like him. Mr. Wetherby," he added, "advises me to settle. I suppose you will do the same. We stand no chance at all, it seems."

"Settle!" cried Mr. Abbott. "Settle a case that will be discussed in every town throughout the length and breadth of the British Islands! Take down our half-million posters before the country has had a chance to talk about them! My *very* dear sirs! Let me tell you that the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation is going to fight this injunction to the House of Lords. By that time, however it goes, this existence of my company and its goods will have been rubbed pretty thoroughly into the consciousness of the British nation, don't you think? And then there will be the libel actions, with every bill-sticker in the four countries a defendant. Hully Gee! I tell you, gentlemen, that my only regret in this whole affair is that this Mr. Jeffrey's appearance on the scene is not due to my own forethought. I tell you, gentlemen, that till this moment I believed myself to be possessed of a sort of gift for procuring publicity, but by the side of Madam Chance I don't know enough to come in out of the rain. No, sir! No, Señor Mendoza, you are *not* going to settle. You are going to *fight,* sir, and the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation is going to fight alongside of you. Have no fear of the consequences to yourself. The whole resources of the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation are behind this war; and if this Mr. Jeffrey, this gift of Heaven, should happen to win a paltry ten or twenty thousand dollars damages from you, why, it is the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation that is going to see you through."

Messrs. Benjamin had in their letter to Mendoza rather underestimated than overestimated their clients' respectability. When the injunction case came on for trial, Mr. Robertson Jeffrey produced affidavits, sworn by himself, and a perfect cloud of unimpeachable witnesses to prove his moral superiority to the rest of mankind. It came out that over and above the Congregational deaconship and other worthy offices which Messrs. Benjamin had mentioned, he held the honorary treasurership of a slum mission hall and the honorary secretaryships of at least four charitable committees. He was a subscriber to several hospitals, guarantor of a lad's club, president of a branch of the Foresters, and past worshipful master of a Lodge of Freemasons. He was also, it was shown, an amateur investigator in chemistry and physics, with a considerable reputation among the people who follow those branches of learning.

This illustrious man, to continue, appeared in court, and was there compared with Mendoza's poster. His lordship observed that the likeness was remarkable, very.

Six expensive barristers did their best for the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation and others, but in vain. His lordship granted the injunction, thereby laying upon the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation the obligation of causing its half-million posters to be removed from the walls and hoardings of the British Isles.

The Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation and others, by the lips and voice of Sir Horace Bloodgood, K. C., M. P., gave notice of appeal.

So terminated this preliminary skirmish of the opposing forces.

The British Islands now began to buzz with the names of Mr. Robertson Jeffrey, the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation, and Mendoza. Soon there was hardly a British eye which had not rested curiously upon Mendoza's poster, hardly a British tongue which had not learned to pronounce the name of the American company. Within a week at least thirty writers of music-hall songs had prepared facetious ditties which had for their refrain those remarkable words, "Foiled at last," in anticipation of the day when the cause of Jeffrey *versus* the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation and others should no longer be *sub*

*judice.* Meanwhile, "Foiled at last" became household words.

Mr. Abbott was enchanted. Had the injunction been refused, he must have cut his throat. Instead, he got, in the company of two of his junior counsel, his own solicitor, Wetherby, and Mendoza slightly drunk.

This party began at the Café Royal, was continued at Mr. Abbott's club, and was concluded in Mr. Abbott's Knightsbridge flat. Mendoza did not get away until after three in the morning. He and Wetherby walked down Sloane Street together to Wetherby's house in Sloane Gardens, and then Mendoza went on to Swan Walk alone. When he finally passed through his garden gate it was ten minutes to four of a dark, foggy morning.

He put his hand into his pocket and discovered that he had not brought his latch-key out with him.

Now, Mendoza was a kind-hearted creature, and the annoyance which this discovery occasioned him was due entirely to his unwillingness to disturb the slumbers of his small domestic staff and cause one of them to leave his or her warm bed and come down through the cold house to let him in. For himself it was nothing to stand on the doorstep for a few minutes; but for Mrs. Bond, his housekeeper, or Ellen, his parlor-maid, or Anfitrion, his valet, such a resurrection and descent must be horrible.

"I wonder," he thought, "if I can open a window anywhere."

Yes, he had his penknife.

He went quietly over the grass of the lawn to the side of the house where was the French window of the dining-room. The intention to commit a burglary, even if it is of his own establishment, inevitably induces caution in a man's movements, and Mendoza went along like a cat. But as he approached the window it was like a shadow that he moved, for a thin ray of subdued light had flashed for a moment between its slightly open wings, and to his ears there had come the sound of a man's stifled curse.

Mendoza's hand went behind him, and the next moment a tiny revolver was in it. During a long experience of nocturnal

"HIS HANDS ROSE, WITH GROTESQUE EFFECT, ABOVE THE DOOR OF THE SAFE"

Paris he had acquired the habit of carrying this weapon—a habit of which he had never been able to gain sufficient confidence in the police of London to break. Now this unlawful conduct was to find its justification. His other hand descended into the pocket of his overcoat, and emerged, holding an electric torch.

Then softly, softly, he stole up to the window and laid an eye to the chink. This is what he saw.

Vague against the dark background of the room a man knelt on the floor beside the safe, which was open. Its door concealed his head, but the back of his neck was visible through a large, round hole, which showed where the locks had been cut out from the heavy steel. In one hand he held an electric torch, and by its light he was exploring the interior. On the floor, beside his feet, lay an apparatus not unlike that with which Mendoza had equipped the burglar of his poster. It comprised,

among other things, a small steel cylinder and a flexible pipe with a sharp metal nozle.

Mendoza wasted no time. He slipped the barrels of his revolver and his torch through the window and said:

"I have you covered. Put up your hands. High."

The man gave a slight start, but obeyed at once. His hands rose, with grotesque effect, above the door of the safe. At the same moment his torch went out. But Mendoza's continued to burn brightly.

"I have one myself, you see," he said as with a finger he widened the opening of the window until he could get his knee into it. "And now," he went on, pressing the wings apart and stepping into the room, "let 's have a look at you."

Upon this the man, with admirable docility, raised his head above the door of the safe. Mendoza's eyes grew large.

"*Caramba!*" he said. "*Car-r-ramba!*"

Philosophical face, spectacles, mutton-chop whiskers, and all, the grossly injured plaintiff in the cause of Jeffrey *versus* the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation and others was before him.

To his exclamation there succeeded a short, but pregnant, silence, during which Mendoza continued to stare at Mr. Jeffrey, while Mr. Jeffrey, his hands in the air, blinked mildly through his spectacles into the vivid beam of the torch. His face was composed. No trace of shame or rage or any other emotion convulsed it. Only a faint astonishment was discoverable there.

He looked just as some innocent elderly enthusiast might have looked whose absorption in his collection of butterflies or postage-stamps had suddenly been broken.

"Admirable Mr. Jeffrey," said Mendoza, "were this matter only between ourselves, I swear that I would let you go. For your nerve is surely the most colossal that has yet been witnessed upon earth, and you excite my sympathies enormously. You have a sense of humor that I cannot but respect. Yet I may not let you go. This is obviously not your first safe, and I must, as a responsible citizen, see to it that it is your last for some years to come. But what do you suppose they will say in Streatham, Mr. Jeffrey?"

"Why, my dear sir," said the other, "they must, of course, say what they please. But, from what I know of the canting fools, it will not savor too much of charity. And now do you not think you had better tie my hands behind my back without more ado? For a man of my years it is rather troublesome to hold his arms in the air for very long at a time, as Moses, you may remember, discovered long ago."

"Delighted to oblige, Mr. Jeffrey," said Mendoza. "Stand up, please. Turn your back to me, lower your hands behind you. Cross your wrists. So! And now stand perfectly still. I will not answer for the consequences of a movement on your part. May I trouble you for your handkerchief? Thank you."

He twitched out the silk handkerchief which protruded conveniently from Mr. Jeffrey's sleeve, made a slip-knot in it, and the next moment its owners' hands were secured.

"Now," he said, "sit down in that chair, if you will be so good." Mr. Jeffrey obeyed. Mendoza turned on a light by the fireplace. "With your permission," he said, "I will have a whisky and soda. I have never before caught a burglar, and the experience, I find, has taken it out of me a little. May I mix one for you, Mr. Jeffrey? I shall be delighted to hold it for you."

"Not for me, thank you," said Mr. Jeffrey. "I have been a teetotaler all my life. In my business it is wonderfully advantageous to be a teetotaler."

"You smoke, at least? A cigar, Mr. Jeffrey?"

"Thank you," said Mr. Jeffrey; "I should enjoy a cigar."

Mendoza cut a long cigar and placed it between his guest's teeth, held a match to it, and Mr. Jeffrey was accommodated.

Mendoza mixed a whisky and soda and sat down.

"I want to tell you," he said, "that I

am very sorry that this has happened. I would much rather have come home to find you gone. But as it is, you yourself see that I have no choice in the matter.

"FOR SO OLD A MAN—INDEED, FOR ANYBODY WHOSE HANDS WERE TIED BEHIND HIM—HE MOVED WITH PRODIGIOUS SPEED"

It is one thing to admire a man's sense of humor, but it is another to betray that society without the protection of which one's life would be that of a beast in a jungle."

"Quite so," said Mr. Jeffrey; "I 'm not blaming you in the least. I 'm only blaming myself for being such a fool. It 's ten years since I did anything of this kind, and I might have known that to start it again would prove rather too strong a temptation to Providence. When I was a young man, Mr. Mendoza, I was very successful in this line of business. I made altogether between fifty and sixty thousand pounds at it. And I was never caught, not once. And I never came across a safe that I could n't open. That was my undoing. The challenge of that poster of yours was more than I could resist. And as it came out in court that the safe in your poster had been drawn from one which the Maddison Corporation had given to you, why, there was simply nothing else for it. Yours was the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus that had to be opened, obviously."

"Obviously," said Mendoza. "And opened it was."

"Yes," said Mr. Jeffrey, with a smile, "that will always be a comfortable thought for me, even though this safe of yours was the emptiest I ever had to do with; but if you 'd interrupted me three minutes earlier I should not have had quite such *complete* satisfaction. For, of course, I should have known that I could have finished the job. Nothing can stand against that gas of mine. I myself invented it long ago, and I 've never given the secret away. The flame cuts through any steel like cheese. A beautiful little apparatus, Mr. Mendoza. Just that small cylinder of compressed gas—you can carry it in your overcoat pocket—and a yard or two of flexible pipe. That 's all; but it 's an Open Sesame, if ever there was one. It 's done the business of precisely four hundred and thirty-three unbreakable safes. And by the way, this

won't be a very good advertisement for the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation, will it? They won't be very grateful to you, Mr. Mendoza, I 'm afraid."

"I can't help that," said Mendoza. "They are a company and, having no conscience, they would probably be quite happy to compound your felony on the terms of your abandoning your actions; but I am a private citizen, and I have to do my duty."

"Yes," said Mr. Jeffrey as he puffed reflectively at his cigar—"yes, I 'm not blaming you. But, Mr. Mendoza," he went on after a short pause, "though I don't dream of asking you to let me off, there 's one favor that I should like you to grant me."

"What 's that?" Mendoza asked.

"Why, simply this. Supposing things should so fall out that you found yourself able to keep silence about what has happened in this room to-night, would you do so?"

"I don't understand," said Mendoza. "How could they?"

"I don't say they could or that they could n't. But if they *did?* You see," he went on, "it 's about my wife—thank God I have n't any children!—that I 'm thinking. She knows nothing about how I made my money. I accounted for my occasional absences from home at night by telling her that I was attending the meeting of some scientific society or that I had a temperance address to make somewhere. She is a very simple woman and a very good one, and this will certainly kill her. And so, if it *should* happen that you find yourself able to keep silence—"

"Well," said Mendoza, "I don't mind promising you that. But I don't see—"

"No," said Mr. Jeffrey, "perhaps you don't; it 's only in case. Then I 've your promise?"

"You have, if it 's any good to you."

Mr. Jeffrey heaved a sigh of relief.

"Thank you," he said; "that 's all I ask. And now, shall we be moving along to the police station, Mr. Mendoza?"

Mendoza also sighed.

"I suppose so," he said as he got up. "Come along."

"Age before honesty, I presume," said Mr. Jeffrey, with a little laugh. He rose and preceded Mendoza to the window, cigar in mouth, and hands fastened behind his back. They passed through the garden into Swan Walk.

The house was at the Embankment end of the street, and Mr. Jeffrey turned at once in the direction of the river. "There 's a constable at the bridge," he said. "He 'll take me over from you, and then you can put your revolver away. I don't like those things at all. I never carried one. They 're apt to go off when you don't mean them to."

"Oh," said Mendoza, "if it inconveniences you—" and he put the thing in his pocket.

"Thank you," said Mr. Jeffrey; "you 're very obliging." At the same time he thrust out a foot in front of Mendoza, who tripped, stumbled, and fell sprawling on the pavement.

He was up again in a second, but Mr. Jeffrey had the start of him. For so old a man—indeed, for anybody whose hands were tied behind him—he moved with prodigious speed. Mendoza was pretty quick on his feet, but the course they ran was a short one, and Mr. Jeffrey beat him to his goal by a couple of yards. That goal was the wall of the Embankment.

Mendoza saw him leap high in the air, land on the top, and, without a second's pause, spring outward. He uttered no cry. He simply disappeared.

Mendoza, reaching the wall, thrust his head over into the murky blackness. A few yards below him the swollen river, just at the beginning of the ebb, tore chuckling down to the sea. He snatched his torch from his pocket and, running with the stream, threw a ray over the water. Something down there rolled once heavily to the surface. He saw a white face, eyes that glared through shining spectacles; and then the water closed finally over that which it had taken to itself.

Thus it came about that Mendoza was

privileged some days later to read this in the columns of the "Evening Wire":

An inquest was held this afternoon upon the body of Mr. Robertson Jeffrey, late of Streatham, which, it will be remembered, was found by some boys floating in the Thames off Rotherhithe. The deceased gentleman was the plaintiff in the remarkable case of Jeffrey *versus* the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation (of Cleveland, Ohio) and others which was lately reported in these columns. It will be recalled that a poster which this company had issued represented a burglar in the act of endeavoring to open a safe, and that by a remarkable coincidence the features of this burglar were identical with those of Mr. Jeffrey.

Mr. Jeffrey was a gentleman of property, a man of unblemished character, a scientist of wide reputation, a person, lastly, who during his whole life had been engaged in works of a religious and charitable nature.

It is supposed that the reflection upon himself which the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation's poster thus occasioned must have preyed upon the unfortunate gentleman's mind to such an extent that he was at last driven to self-destruction; he appears to have secured his hands behind his back with his own handkerchief, first tied in a slip-knot, then drawn tight, and finally knotted and reknotted until it was impossible for him to release them (a feat which is not so difficult as it may perhaps at first seem), and then to have thrown himself, thus incapacitated from making any effort to escape death, into the river.

This afternoon the coroner jury returned a verdict of suicide while of unsound mind.

Mr. Jeffrey leaves a widow, with whom general sympathy must be felt.

The Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation, with that strong generosity which characterizes all its dealings, has undertaken to suppress the poster the publication of which has had so tragic an issue. The appeal and the libel actions pending as a result of such publications have accordingly all been abandoned.

The Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation desires to express its unbounded regret that an action, on its part wholly innocent, should have led to so terrible a disaster.

But as the premier safe-making company of the world the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation scorns to be satisfied with a mere expression of regret. It has therefore presented the wife of Mr. Jeffrey with five thousand pounds of its ordinary stock in the hope that this attempt at making compensation to her for the sad loss which she has sustained may do something toward softening her resentment against the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation for what is, after all, a purely accidental injury, however terrible a one it may be.

There is something large and fine and American about such conduct on the part of the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation, and the British public will, we doubt not, properly appreciate it.

It is interesting also to note that henceforward every advance in the prosperity of the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation will be reflected instantaneously in the improved circumstances of the family of Mr. Robertson Jeffrey.

"So it will," said Mendoza to himself, with a grin. "Now I wonder what the insertion of this half-column cost my friend Mr. Abbott."

# The Tired College Man

BY M. E. RAVAGE

Author of "Absorbing the Alien," etc.

I PRESUME that, in the American's point of view at least, it ill becomes me, an immigrant, to set up as a critic of the land that has adopted me. Your native rather fancies the picture of the alien taking flight from the enslaving tyranny of the Old World and seeking asylum under the spacious, protecting wing of the American eagle. It is an engaging picture, at once flattering and true,—which is more than can be said for a good many pictures,—and it makes his generous heart vibrate with a deep sympathy for suffering humanity and with a high pride for the radiating blessings of his own country. As for the ensuing developments, as to what goes on in the alien soul when it comes into collision with the American reality, his vision is somewhat blurred. He looks about him with a kind of parental satisfaction and observes vaguely how the new-comer avails himself of his opportunities and in an astonishingly short time takes hold not only of the means of prosperity, but of the American mode of life as well; so that it is small wonder if he tells himself with an expansive exultation that there is no cause for worry. Now and then, to be sure, as chance leads him to contemplate the seething human hives of the foreign colony, with its imported wares and its un-American garrulity and gesticulations, he might for one disquieting instant reflect on the problem that the immigrant "in his midst" presents. But it is seldom, indeed, if ever, that the realization comes home to him of the huge problem that America is to the immigrant.

It is, therefore, not hard to imagine his amazement, to say nothing of his resentment, when I, who owe to America, if not life, at least liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, "suddenly" drop the mask and throw down the critical gauntlet to my benefactor. Not that he is unused to criticism or intolerant of it. There is no one in the whole world like the American for inquiring of all who come his way what they think of him and his institutions. But it is not from this quarter that he looks for it. Commentaries are a luxury that may be understandably indulged in by the great and the famous of civilized foreign countries; but that the alien, whom he has, as it were, picked off the street and given the privilege of his home, should take on airs and make comparisons, strikes him as in the worst possible taste. It is at the very least a violation of the established rules of hospitality. What is worse, it spoils the traditional picture of America as the alien's paradise of contentment. Wherefore I shall quite readily understand him if, in his righteous irritation, his first impulse is to disregard the point at issue altogether, and inform his self-constituted critic that if America does not suit him, there is no law against his returning whence he came.

And yet, whether you like it or not, it cannot be too emphatically asserted or too often repeated that the alien in America is taking his new home most soberly. This at any rate I can say from immediate knowledge and experience, the alien in the East Side Ghetto is very far from accepting America unquestioningly; and when it is remembered that no foreigner wafted to these shores has a nobler ideal of this land of his aspirations, or greater cause to be grateful for its blessings, it may well be assumed that whatever is true of him in this respect will hold good in at least equal measure of all other im-

migrants. It ought to require no extraordinary penetration to grasp the reasons for this apparently unwarranted attitude. The new-comer may love America, and I think that he usually does, but his is not, and cannot be, a blind love. He is without exception keenly alive to the debt he owes her, but even that will not prevent him from keeping his eyes open. He is by the very nature of his case, and against his own will, forced to look about him critically. Unlike the native, he possesses a racial memory, an imported point of view, an inherited background, which continually thrusts upon him the odious task of making comparisons. He may find the reality surpassing the ideal, or he may find the ideal an exaggeration of the reality, but one thing is certain, he will never cease measuring the one against the other. He is like a widower who has married again. He is unmistakably fonder of his new spouse, but she is not the first passion of his youth, and the fact that there once was a first has furnished him with a criterion of judgment which it is inevitable that he should use. It may not be flattering to be told this, but let the American who really cares to understand his future fellow-citizens make a careful note of it.

I regard it as a fortunate incident in my career that circumstances prevented me from entering any of the institutions of learning in New York City. No doubt I should have been quite as well trained academically at Columbia or at the city college as I was in the middle West, perhaps better; and no doubt, also, I should quite as certainly have risen, as the phrase goes, from the ranks of the sweat-shop proletariat into the professional classes. But one thing I know I should have missed, and that thing is what I have come to look upon as by far the most vital element in my education—I should not have come to know America as I know her. In the Eastern universities, and particularly in those situated in the large cities, the immigrant element from the "colonies" is very considerable, and the natural tendency for them is to cling closely together, to form, as it were, a branch of the colony within the walls. When their day's work is over they return to their foreign homes and families, so that while America brushes them, so to speak, in passing, they can hardly be said to blend with her older population or to become of it. In the middle West matters went differently with me. I was virtually the only one of my kind, and whether I liked it or not, I must mingle with the world about me and in a measure adopt its ways or perish. I must study America and become an American myself purely for self-preservation.

I had heard many things about the American both in Europe and on the East Side, and few of them to his credit. He was, by all accounts, a kind of modernized barbarian. He had no spiritual interests and no ideals. He was active and intelligent, yes, but whether or not he had a mind, there was certainly no evidence of his having a soul. His civilization was a thing of steel and electricity, of engines and smoke. To the East-Sider especially, with his profound idealism, his omnivorous intellectual appetites, his worship of knowledge for its own sake, his deeply spiritual nature, his social point of view, his high regard for literature and the drama and the arts as vital things in human life, the American seemed, indeed, a crude individualist and a rank materialist. Himself of the lower classes economically, he had expected that the American, who was in his own country and master of its varied opportunities, would develop a culture and a *Weltanschauung* that the world might well look up to. But he has talked with his native friends or customers, he has followed them to their "shows" and their games, he has tried to read their popular books, he has looked over people's shoulders in the street railways and caught a glimpse of what interested them in their newspapers and their periodicals, and it is small wonder that he has come away with a feeling that, whatever might be said for Americans, of the fullness of life and of the things of the spirit they know as little as children.

I had heard all this and much more be-

sides, and yet I started off to college in great hopes and high expectations. No doubt, I told myself, much of this adverse impression of the American on his cultural side was warranted. But it was, after all, an impression gained from only one American city, a city which the East-Sider, like all foreigners, was too apt to regard as an epitome of the United States, but which in point of fact was as uncharacteristic of the great country as anything could well be. New York was cosmopolitan; it had always had its face turned to the East; it was huge and chaotic and undigested; it was no more typical of America than Nice was of France, or Constantinople of Turkey. I was going to the middle West, to the heart and backbone of the country, where the American tradition and the American culture remained what they had been from the beginning, pure and unalloyed and free from Old-World contacts. What is more, in New York the business type predominated, and he was hardly a proper criterion to measure the spiritual temper of a community by, whether the community happened to be New York or Berlin or Damascus. I was going to college, where the best in the land foregathered — the idealistic youth, the thirsty after knowledge, the standard-bearers of the mind. I remember with what a medley of fear and hope I set about my preparations. I was only too keenly aware of my own crudeness, of my sweat-shop career, of my hasty, made-to-order, night-school education. How, I kept asking myself, would I, a foreigner, a factory hand fresh from the sewing-machine, fit into the lofty *milieu* of a college with its traditional atmosphere of culture and scholarship? To be sure, the Ghetto had had its intellectual ferments, its noble yearnings; but what was that, after all, but an aspiration? The college, ah, that would be the reality.

Perhaps it was this foolish expectancy, this over-zealousness of mine, that led to my disillusionment. Undoubtedly, if my calculations had been saner, if I had made the proper allowances for the humanity of the college man, I should have in the end been more just to him. As it was, it was inevitable that my very prejudice in his favor should ultimately be converted into an exaggerated emphasis on his foibles. However that may be, I was not in college very long before I began to feel that my East Side friends' estimate of American spirituality applied quite as well to the college man as it did to the business man. It was, of course, conceivable that his ideals and mine should not be the same, or even that I should fail to put my hand on the things that were ideals to him. Many a foreigner has returned from his travels over alien lands to inform his astonished countrymen that the inhabitants of this country or that had nothing that could possibly be termed a religion or a philosophical outlook upon life, only to discover on further investigation that he had brought his own special standards to bear on a set of phenomena that were a law unto themselves. But it was impossible for me to go astray on the dreams and aspirations of my fellow-students, because they continually talked of them and held them up high for the contemplation and the admiration of all comers.

No, there was nothing of the mysterious about the philosophy of the American youth; and yet I was hard put to it to get at the heart of it. It was during my first month at the university that I made an attempt to break the ice with my tablemates at the dining-club by introducing the subject of Ibsen's plays. What did they think, I asked them, about the great Norwegian's earlier prose dramas as compared with his more recent deviations into symbolism and mysticism? Did n't they prefer such a well-knit, electrical tragedy as, say, "Hedda Gabbler," to the rambling, groping kind of thing of which "When We Dead Awaken" was the type? I was altogether modest in my inquiry. I gave no hint of any pretension to understanding Ibsen. But in my little radical world on the East Side it had been the custom to let no great literary movement pass undiscussed. That was the way, we thought, one came to understand literature—by argument. It puzzled me, there-

fore, to observe that my fellow-students received my advances coldly and diffidently and took the first opportunity to change the subject. Had I stepped on their literary toes, I wondered?

On the next occasion I tackled Socialism and fared even worse. On this topic, I found, my friends did have an opinion which they were ready to express. One fellow immediately volunteered the information that Socialism was wicked and immoral because it proposed to rob the man with initiative and ability for the benefit of the incompetent and idle. Another declared that he could see no justice in a system which was in favor of dividing up everything. A third cried with a good deal of passion that the whole thing was only an excuse for riffraff and malcontents to make trouble, and ended up by asking me whether I would not rather see a rich man coming down the street than a poor one. And all agreed that if the Government were to confiscate the property of the wealthy and the ambitious, the laboring man and the have-nots generally would be the first to suffer from the change.

Thenceforth I carefully avoided returning to radical authors and radical economics. It was not my object to obtrude my point of view on anybody. I was merely longing for an argument, a battle of wits such as I had been used to. Literature did not end with Ibsen, and the possibilities of discussion were greater than socialism; and my friends' constant protestations that they were wide-awake, progressive, modern young men, interested in life and the world's doings, rather spurred me on to provoke them to argument. There were sex and religion. Most of us were studying evolution or had studied it. I wanted to know whether my table mates did not agree with me that the revelations of contemporary science were bound to dislocate some of our traditional ideas of faith and the family relation. Moreover, the world was in a turmoil. Whatever one thought of unionism and socialism as doctrinal matters, the class struggle with its periodic eruptions into blood and flame, the ever-growing demands of labor, the feminist unrest, were practical questions that insisted on being answered. It was not so much how one thought about them; but surely no one who pretended to have even the merest passing concern in the affairs of the actual world could stand by and have no thought on the subject at all. It was all very well to say: "We are Americans. What do we care about Bosnia or Morocco?" The things that were happening in these insignificant places were bidding fair to upset the always rickety peace of Europe, and the peace of Europe, as I hope we all know by this time, meant nothing less than the peace of the world. China was on the verge of revolution, and America, in the midst of prosperity, was undergoing a financial crisis that made statesmen and publicists scratch their heads in despair. What was the college man thinking about all these things?

I tried repeatedly to approach various students and to get their point of view. The main building was a veritable beehive of debating and literary societies the eloquent vociferations of which might be heard of a Saturday night clear across the campus into the dormitories. I had often been invited by my room-mate to attend his own organization, and had been promised that I would hear some clever speaking. Well, one night I went, and I confess that I could find no fault with either the logic or the oratory. But with all my pretensions of being interested in affairs, I had to admit that the question whether the board of trustees of our university should or should not immediately establish the honor system in examinations was one to which I had not given much thought. I told my room-mate so, and I think it irritated him, because the next time I tried to approach him with one of *my* pet subjects he lost his temper and told me more than I had bargained for.

"What in the name of sense do you take me for, anyhow?" he shouted. "I am no reformer or high-brow. I don't give a continental for your Ibsen and

your socialism and all the other stuff that you call world problems. You have an idea that simply because a fellow is in college he must worry his head about every fool thing that comes out in books and in newspapers. But I have n't the time. I have some reason for getting an education and toiling like a slave between classes and in vacations for it [my roommate was earning his way through college]. Do you suppose that literary discussions are going to get me a job or help me to succeed when I get out into the world?"

All this was exceedingly enlightening to me and, I say it without irony, very admirable. It was admirable in its honesty, for one thing. To be sure, very few men in an East Side sweat-shop would have openly said such a thing, but it would not have been because they did not in their hearts feel that way, but because they would not have dared. Besides, it helped me to understand so many things that had hitherto baffled me. Another time a fellow with whom I associated a great deal expressed this attitude even more strikingly. I had begun to notice early that although most of the boys rooted at the game with a will, and jumped to their feet whenever the band struck up the college anthem, and talked proudly of the "varsity," and hated with a personal venom the neighboring institution which beat us regularly every Thanksgiving at foot-ball, a considerable number of them, and my associate among them, were not completely happy at college. One day I asked him what was fretting him. He seemed to be glad to open his heart to some one.

"Look here," he said, "can't you see that this precious business is an awful waste of time? It is mostly chaff with about a grain of wheat to the bushel. If I were here to study a profession it might be all right. But my real work is out in the world. I don't intend to become a prof. I want this to give me a start in life, and I can tell you right off that I have been here long enough to see that it is not going to do it. Here is a silly course in lit that I give about one-third of my time to—outside reading and weekly themes and a semester paper. If it would at least help a fellow's English! But it does n't a bit. People don't talk like Shakespere nowadays, not in offices, anyway. To hear the old prof go into raptures over the stuff you would think there was nothing else in life. I don't say that it does not have its place, but how is it going to do me any good? And it is the same mighty near all the way through. Here is a schedule with three hours' lit, three hours' French, and three hours' math—more than half pure waste. The other six I picked myself. They tried to palm off the usual thing on me, classical archæology and psychology, but I held out for chemistry and economics. Now you might think that there would be some earthly sense to these at least, but they are nearly as bad as the rest of them. Maybe you can tell me what good I am going to get out of all this theorizing about the ether and the ultimate nature of matter, or, as far as that goes, all the eternal discussion about just what determines value? I can't."

If my friends on the East Side had heard this passionate oration they would most likely have cried, "I told you so; the American is a crass materialist, and that is all there is to it." What they would have thought if they had come to grasp my collegian's definition of "life" and the place he accorded to literature and related matters I can only imagine. But I had heard and seen too much of the American philosophy to fly so readily to conclusions. I had learned, among other things, that his practice was, as a rule, better than his theory. If I were to take his protestation of mechanical single-mindedness literally, what was I to make of that very human epigram that he so liked to repeat about never letting his studies interfere with his education? That clearly showed that he was not quite so practical and purposive as he liked to be painted. I knew, furthermore, that his proud insistence that he was too masculine and too level-headed to be interested in

the things of the mind and the spirit was nothing but a pose. Every day between lunch and the two o'clock class he would sneak off into the periodical room of the library and forget his troubles in a certain page of the St. Louis and Chicago papers. He devoured quantities of stories in the all-fiction magazines, and subscribed to the five-cent weekly from the East and the comic journals from New York. If he did not care for literature, how was I to account for his peals of thunderous laughter, and in examination week at that, over Bill Nye, and for his consistent patronage of the opera-house, where, despite the disapproval of his church, he not only listened breathlessly to the singing chambermaids and the comedians' diverting quips, but gathered enough of the action to come home and unselfishly share his delight with his friends and his roommates afterward.

No more was one to take literally his pretended indifference to the fine arts and the lives of great men, even literary men. He was, on the whole, certainly more musical than I was, although he did not like to advertise the weakness too much. The chambers in the dormitories, thanks to his esthetic enterprise, were so completely plastered up with athletic posters and mottos and magazine covers that I was compelled to hang my maps out in the hall. As for great men, he was as servile a hero worshiper as I had ever known. His admiration for the President of the United States was downright idolatry. He continually read biographies of him and of Mr. Edison and of some great railroad promoter in the West whose name I have forgotten. He might sneer all he cared about my devotion to Ibsen and Tolstoy and Whitman. The game was up. I had caught him at the same thing. He had his literary divinities just as much as I did. Eugene Field was his Ibsen, although further inquiry revealed the fact that what he admired about the man was, first, that he had been expelled from our own university and, second, that he had made a phenomenal success. In my fellow-student's estimation the two incidents were related as cause and effect. This and that other more pointed tradition of the millionaire who once gave a building to his college in gratitude for its having driven him into the world were greatly relished by the student body because they proved that a college education was not only not necessary in the race to success, but a direct hindrance.

No, the East Side charge against the American that he was a materialist was slander, or at best a half-truth. What was true was that he worshiped success and those who had attained success, but that is quite a different matter. It was, for example, not the money that success usually brought with it that fired his spirit, or if it was, it was altogether a secondary consideration. It was success in the abstract that was the virtue, and abstractions are of the stuff of idealism. It was just the soul-satisfying consciousness that one had started out to get something big —oh, it must be something big—and has got it, has brought the trophy back with him. To be recognized, to strike out into some untrodden field perhaps, to grapple with the odds of life, and to end up by feeling that one has won out—that was what spurred my friends into disagreeable tasks, even into college, and if that is sordid materialism I should like to know what is spirituality. Failure was the deadly thing, not because it was unremunerative—not chiefly,—but because it made for dejection and self-distrust and a consciousness of insignificance, and tended to radiate an atmosphere of paralysis and pessimism.

That was why my fellow-students took so little stock in the professor. I remember how deeply shocked I was at their irreverence toward him when I first arrived at college. "The Oven," our satirical monthly, never missed a chance to "roast" the faculty; the law students' annual mock trial was an elaborate take-off on them; every "stunt," big or little, was in large part devoted to a recital of their foibles. Ostensibly all this was no more than good-humored waggery, aimed at individual persons, and an exercise of the

right of free speech on the part of free men. It required, however, only a scratching of the surface to show me that it had its roots in the American's philosophy. The professor, from this point of view, was not laughable, but contemptible, and not as a person but as a class. He was a failure, if ever there was one. As one of my friends put it: "If these fellows, who set up as our betters, had been ambitious, if they had been made of the proper stuff, they would have gone in for the big things, for a kind of work that matters in the world, instead of piddling away their lives over little text books and specimens and kids' themes. If they had had red blood in their veins, their own impulses would have thrust them into the arena of real life to battle with other red-blooded men instead of retiring into the sheltered cloister to be content with second-hand experience."

And the worst of it was that, theoretically at least, there was altogether too much justice in the American's attitude toward the man who gives himself up to purely intellectual pursuits. For it is to be observed that the clergyman and the man of letters shared the same stigma with the professor. In a country where the active life and its visible "results" were so highly prized, it was clearly the man who was unfitted for everything else that chose the underpaid and the undervalued professions. All human beings are sensitive to the praise and the esteem of their fellows; therefore a man who deliberately elected to forfeit not only the prizes of material success, but the regard of society and the worship of the sex that has happiness and love in its grasp, must be either a fool or a failure or both. That a man might be prompted to such a course by idealism or by a special kind of taste or even by a fine spirit of courage and renunciation; that the business of teaching young men and women in a university demanded talents of quite as high and admirable an order as those of the commercial promoter or the industrial captain—these considerations, requiring as they did somewhat extraordinary penetration, one could not, of course, expect to enter the head of a mere college student.

I say that theoretically it was quite true that the university professor in America must be an incompetent and a backward-looking person without any sort of interest in the realities of life. In practice, however, it fell out just the reverse. My fellow-student, fresh from the high-school and the farm, saturated from his infancy with the pioneer's reverence for the big man and the big thing, might fancy that because business was as broad as life, therefore the business man's horizon was broad and his vistas long. But I had been in business before I went to college, and I knew that this ideal of the man of the world as a bustling, practical, wide-awake, keen-sighted person, knowing life and understanding men and keeping his hand on the pulse of affairs, was sheer romantic moonshine. I had seen the giant creature in any number of specimens, and my impression of him was not the least bit so formidable. It was not, as I could judge, the college professor, cooped up in his four walls, concerned with dead languages and stuffed fowls, who was the academic dreamer. He could not be if he wanted to. He had too much on his hands. Technically, it is true, he belonged to a specialized department, and his world consisted in his little "subject," but as a matter of actual fact, the whole university, or, I should say, the whole universe, was his specialty. He must study history as a background for literature, and he could not understand history without going into political science, and politics was but a subdivision of sociology, and sociology rested on biology. If he did not want to be a crabbed student of mere books and tried to cultivate his interest in the human and artistic side of literature, he must have at least a smattering of esthetics and a good deal more than a smattering of the plastic arts, and these led him into the history of art and archæology. He must read the newspapers and the current publications in order to keep fresh and equip himself with telling illustrations from daily life for his lectures. And

as for human contacts, let him who thinks that it is an academic undertaking to teach a roomful of cantankerous students, every one of whom has his own particular idea of what he wants to learn and his own special opinion of the "prof," try his hand at it.

No, it was not the professor, but the "man of affairs," whom I had found to be narrow both in experience and in outlook, in his habits and in his interests. What he was pleased to call real life was an affair of eight feet by six, secured against the clamors of a seething universe without by a "Private—No Admittance" sign on the door, and linked with it only by a telephone, which under the guardianship of a faithful and watchful operator, transmitted only what he wanted to hear. Of his own particular line, which was usually no broader than the imaginary line of Euclid, he knew perhaps quite as much as the professor, and he gave himself up to it with a pathetic devotion which arose from his illusion that the world depended on it. He took himself as seriously as a schoolboy, with his files and his appliances and his high talk. As for his universal attachments and concerns, ah, well, I have since seen him at his clubs and his frolics, and there is no denying he is human. When he is too tired to talk business he loves to forget himself in his games and in his fishing, things utterly removed from what his student-worshiper regards as life. To watch the fury with which he plunges into his play you would hardly accept him in the part he likes to take of a weary monster in search of recuperative change. And I harbor a suspicion that even in business hours he reads the sporting page with a greater and a more genuine avidity than he bestows on the stock-market reports.

Now it was this Peter Pan whom the college man worshiped as a god and held up as an example to be followed, while at the same time he sneered at the professor for his remoteness from reality and his incapacity to succeed. I would have been inclined to quarrel with him for this idolatry of his if I had not early recognized that it was something very much deeper than that. We all have our aspirations, our spiritual outreachings, our super-selves, and it goes without saying that they are not the same for any two of us. Well, the big man and the big thing were not my educational ideals, but there could be no mistaking the fact that they were his. They controlled his thoughts, his ambitions, and the habits of his life. They colored all his conceptions, his hopes, and his fears. I had not understood at first why my fellow-students regarded a philosophical, searching attitude toward fundamental matters like religion, history, sex, and economics as morbid; or why even the most refined among them had a positive dread lest they should be classified as effeminate; but with this ideal before me all these things became as clear as day. It was not intellectual timidity, as I had imagined. It was simply a determination to keep sane and wholesome and normal against the great battle for success.

I began, moreover, to see into the apparent contradiction in his attitude toward culture and the finer things of existence. To take the arts and the humanities seriously was a confession that one was a high-brow, and to be a high-brow was to be a weakling and a failure and a "sissy." The cultivation of music and painting and the social refinements was well enough for the effeminate races of Europe. A robust healthy man who was intent on making something of himself might find pleasure in reading an entertaining story and even derive some benefit from it by relaxing his mind; but that was another matter from attaching any serious importance to literature. Books were valuable and broadly useful, but literature was an affectation of the idle, the sentimental, and the weak. What was true of books was also true of the other arts, of science, and even of women. A hymn or a rousing college song was a fine stimulating thing; playing the piano or the mandolin was a pleasing accomplishment and highly restful to overworked nerves; pictures on the wall contributed very materially to the comfort

and the coziness of a room; calling on a girl of a Sunday evening or marching side by side with her to a game, gave a man a sense of completeness and brought out a great deal that was good and noble in him. But what man of earnest purpose could afford to let these things encroach upon his time or his vital thoughts? They were not life. They were but the frivolities and the relaxations of life. They had their place in the scheme of things, no doubt, but obviously it must be a subordinate place. Real life was the pursuit of tangible results.

In my quality of a dispassionate observer I could not but be impressed with the excellent side of this unique creed, but on the other hand neither could I help seeing the mischief it was causing. The insistence on results was itself producing some strange and lamentable results. It was, in the first place, undermining the American's great confidence in the essential good faith of mankind. It had become impossible for a man to undertake anything disinterestedly. That feeling in the air that it was the personal benefit, the individual advancement, that counted, made people ask at every point: "I wonder what it is going to bring him." If a fellow made a spectacular touchdown and gained popularity in consequence and was perhaps elected to a fraternity, the order of cause and effect was turned around, and it was surmised that he had made a touchdown *in order* to win the honors. If a student took a deep interest in church work and was made a member of the Y. M. C. A. cabinet, or if he toiled hard at his studies and won admittance to the Phi Beta Kappa, it was generally taken for granted that the reward had furnished the inspiration. In later life I found this blight to prevail all over the air of America, far beyond the walls of a university. The President could not urge upon the Congress a first-rate piece of social legislation without having it insinuated against him that he was playing politics and currying favor with the labor vote. Mr. Roosevelt could not offer himself for heroic sacrifice for his country without incurring the accusation that he liked to play the hero for ulterior motives.

Of course you could not long go around with such an attitude and not open the doors to the unworthy and the insincere. Let it be known that it is the result and not the spirit of good work that is of consequence, and before very long you *will* have people going in for the big things who care nothing at all for the service and a great deal for the proceeds and the glory. If I ask myself why it is that so much of our politics is corrupt, and why so much of our literature is half-hearted, and why so much of our public work is slipshod, I think of the things I learned in college and am answered. In college, too, the student leaders were altogether too often the fellows with the push as opposed to the quality, and the medalists were not always the scholars, and many a masculine chap there conquered his dread of effeminacy, and went in for literary work without either the taste or the ability for it. The worst of it is that in such an atmosphere the earnest man and woman is discouraged and repelled, and in the end the nation is the loser.

# Front Line

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Standing on the fire-step,
  Harking into the dark,
The black was filled with figures
  His comrade could not mark.
Because it was softly snowing
  Because it was Christmastide,
He saw three figures passing
  Glittering in their pride.

One rode a cream-white camel,
  One was a blackamoor,
One a bearded Persian;
  They all rode up to the door.
They all rode up to the stable-door,
  Dismounted, and bent the knee.
The door flamed open like a rose,
  But more he could not see.

Standing on the fire-step
  In softly falling snow,
It came to him—the carol—
  Out of the long ago.
He heard the glorious organ
  Fill transept, loft, and nave.
He faintly heard the pulpit words,
  "Himself he could not save."

And all the wires in no-man's-land
  Seemed thrummed by ghostly thumbs;
There woke then such a harping
  As when a hero comes,
As when a hero homeward comes—
  And then his thought was back:
He leaned against the parapet
  And peered into the black.

R WEIR CROUCH

# Francis Ledwidge

By LEWIS CHASE

If it be true that those whom the gods love die young, how lavishly the divinities are bestowing their affections! Without irony, however, the world believes that young poets who are killed in war are the darlings of the gods. It believes that a certain immortality awaits those who sing sweetly and die nobly before their prime. During the last three years it has taken signal pains to do homage to four soldier poets in particular, not to mention others less gifted or less well known—Rupert Brooke, Charles Sorley, Alan Seeger, and last, but not least, the peasant poet of Ireland, her youngest "poor bird-hearted singer of a day, Francis Ledwidge, who was killed in action in Flanders on July 31, 1917.

Lord Dunsany, poet and patron of poets, discovered Ledwidge in June, 1912. He advised him, and sponsored his first volume, "Songs of the Fields," which appeared in 1915, christening as well as sponsoring his second volume, "Songs of Peace," of 1917. He was strictly Lance Corporal Ledwidge's "Captain," in the Fifth Battalion of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. In not immoderate introductions of sincere praise Lord Dunsany spoke of his protégé's qualities, hailing him as "the poet of the blackbird," a highly appropriate epithet; commenting on his "easy fluency of shapely lines;" predicting that readers will turn to him as to a mirror reflecting beautiful fields, as to a still lake, rather, on a cloudless evening; and rejoicing that Meath and Ireland at large had the peasant poet for whom Lord Dunsany had long been looking, for almost only among the peasants was there "in daily use a diction worthy of poetry, as well as an imagination capable of dealing with the great and simple things that are a poet's wares. Their thoughts are in the spring-time, and all their metaphors fresh."

Ledwidge contributed to "The Saturday Review" and to "The English Review," and before his initial volume appeared, as I recall, three poems from it—"A Rainy Day in April," The Wife of Llew," and "The Lost Ones"— came out in "Georgian Poetry," 1913-1915. It was here I ran across Ledwidge's name, and then, early in 1917, its editor, Mr. Edward March, sent me a copy of "Songs of Peace." I was first struck by a poem which now for many months I have been using in a lecture on form, comparing it in this single respect with Burns's "Highland Mary" and with Mr. A. Hugh Fisher's "Her Eyes." It is called "A Little Boy in the Morning," and was written about a lad who drove cows regularly past the poet's door, whistling as he went, and who died just before the war.

He will not come, and still I wait.
He whistles at another gate
Where angels listen. Ah, I know
He will not come, yet if I go
How shall I know he did not pass
Barefooted in the flowery grass?

The moon leans on one silver horn
Above the silhouettes of morn,
And from their nest sills finches whistle

Or, stooping pluck, the downy thistle.
How is the morn so gay and fair
Without his whistling in its air?

The world is calling; I must go.
How shall I know he did not pass
Barefooted in the shining grass?

In answer to my queries concerning a lecture upon him in a course in contemporary poetry in the University of Wisconsin, Ledwidge, at the front, immediately took up a pad and an indelible pencil, and wrote the following extraordinary letter. It reached me on the last day of June.

It is pure self-revelation to a sympathetic stranger of the most intimate interests of a poet under twenty-five years of age. In it one sees, as in a mirror, not only the landscape of which his work is full, but himself—the war and the possibility of his end, his affection for his kin and for his home, his boyish pranks, his eagerness for study, his modesty toward his past accomplishment, his faith in his future. As, still stunned by the news of his death, I look upon his delicate handwriting, there seems to me to have passed from the earth a very rare and precious spirit. Lord Dunsany prophesied better than he knew when he said that all of Francis Ledwidge's future books "lie on the knees of the gods." Here is the letter:

B. E. F.
France.
6—June—1917.

Professor Lewis Chase
Dear Sir

Your letter of May 15th reached me this afternoon. I have to thank you for introducing my books into your University library and for the interest which you take in my poems and will endeavour to supply you with what details you require of myself and my work for the composition of your proposed lecture. You will, of course, understand that I am writing this under the most inept circumstances between my watches, for I am in the firing line and may be busy at any moment in the horrible work of war.

I am on active service since the spring of 1915, having served in the Dardanelles and the First British Expeditionary Force to Serbia and after a brief interval at home came to France in December, 1916. Some of the people who know me least imagine that I joined the Army because I knew men were struggling for higher ideals and great empires and I could not sit idle to watch them make for me a more beautiful world. They are mistaken. I joined the British Army because she stood between Ireland and an enemy common to our civilization and I would not have her say that she defended us while we did nothing at home but pass resolutions. I am sorry that Party Politics should ever divide our own tents but am not without hope that a new Ireland will arise from her ashes in the ruins of Dublin, like the Phoenix, with one purpose, one aim, and one ambition. I tell you this in order that you may know what it is to me to be called a British soldier while my own country has no place amongst the nations but the place of Cinderella.

I am of a family who were ever soldiers and poets. In the eleventh century when the Danes invaded Ireland many of the soldiers settled in the land and became more Irish than the Irish themselves. Amongst these was the first of my ancestors. I have heard my mother say many times that the Ledwidges were once a great people in the land and she has shown me with a sweep of her hand green hills and wide valleys where sheep are folded which still bear the marks of dead industry and, once, this was all ours.

These stories, told at my mother's door step in the owl's light are the first things I remember except, perhaps, the old songs which she sang to me, so full of romance,

love and sacrifice. She taught me to listen and appreciate the blackbird's song and when I grew to love it beyond all others she said it was because I was born in a blackbird's nest and had its blood in my veins. My father died when I was two.

There were four brothers of us and three sisters. I am the second youngest. For these my mother laboured night and day as none of us were strong enough to provide for our own wants. She never complained and even when my eldest brother advanced in strength she persisted on his regular attendance at school until he qualified at bookkeeping and left home for Dublin. This position carried a respectable salary, but one day he returned unwell and finally died, after a long struggle on June 10, 1901.

One by one my other brothers and sisters left school for the world until there were only left myself and my youngest brother and mother. I was seven years of age when my eldest brother died and though I had only been to school on occasional days I was able to read the tomb stones in a neighbouring grave yard and had written in secret several verses which still survive. About this time I was one day punished in school for crying and that punishment ever afterwards haunted the master like an evil dream, for I was only crying over Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," which an advanced class had been reading aloud.

It was in this same class that I wrote my first poem, in order to win for the school a half holiday. It was on a Shrove Tuesday and the usual custom of granting the half holiday had not been announced at play time, so when the master was at his lunch I crept quietly into the school and wrote on a slate a verse to remind him, leaving it on his desk where he must see it. I remember it yet:—

> Our master is too old for sweet,
> Too old for children's play,
> Like Aesop's dog that he can't eat,
> No other people may.

This alluded to the pancakes that are always made on Shrove Tuesday and are a great treat in rural Ireland. The silly verse accomplished its end. Years afterwards he often spoke to me of that verse and wished he had the slate to present to some one who liked the story and my poetry.

There was a literary society for juveniles run thro' the pages of a Dublin weekly and I soon became a member of this. In all the competitions for which I entered I carried off the prize and soon had a decent library of the books which interest children. Odd halfpennies which I got for some message run for the neighbours accumulated in time to half-crowns which in their turns were exchanged for "The Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," "Don Quixote," and the poems of Keats and Longfellow. My admiration for Longfellow began early and I could recite passages from "The Golden Legend" at eight years. I loved the series of metaphors in "Hiawatha," beginning

> Fiercely the red sun descending
> Burned his way along the mountains, etc.,

but thought nothing in the world as wonderful as Shakespeare's fairy song:—

> Full fathoms five my father lies
> Of his bones are corals made, etc.

While I was still at school many silly verses left my pen, written either for my own amusement or the amusement of my companions. Indeed I left many an exercise unfinished hurrying over some thought that shaped itself into rhyme.

I have always been very quiet and bashful and a great mystery in my own place. I avoided the evening play of neighbouring children to find some secret place in a wood by the Boyne and there imagine fairy dances and hunts, fires and feasts. I saw curious shapes in shadows and clouds and loved to watch the change of the leaves and the flowers. I heard voices in the rain and the wind and strange whisperings in the waters. I loved all wandering people and things and several times tried to become part of a gipsy caravan. I read of Troy and Nineveh and the nomads of the East and the mystery of

Sahara. I wrote wander songs for the cuckoos and winter songs for the robin. I hated gardens where gaudy flowers were trained in rows but loved the wild things and the free, the things of change and circumstance. Meanwhile the years were coming over me with their wisdom and I began to realize that men cannot live by dreams. I had no more to learn in National School at fourteen so I strapped up my books and laid them away with the cobwebs and the dust. My mother apprenticed me to a Dublin grocer and sent me off one Spring morning with many tears and blessings and nothing of anything else. I could not bear brick horizons and all my dreams were calling me home. It was there I wrote "Behind the Closed Eye":[1]

I walk the old frequented ways
  That wind around the tangled braes,
I live again the sunny days
  Ere I the city knew.

And scenes of old again are born,
  The woodbine lassoing the thorn,
And drooping Ruth-like in the corn
  The poppies weep the dew.

Above me in their hundred schools
  The magpies bend their young to rules,
And like an apron full of jewels
  The dewy cobweb swings.

And frisking in the stream below
  The troutlets make the circles flow,
And the hungry crane doth watch them grow
  As a smoker does his rings.

Above me smokes the little town,
  With its whitewashed walls and roofs
    of brown
And its octagon spire toned smoothly down
  As the holy minds within.

And wondrous impudently sweet,
  Half of him passion, half conceit,
The blackbird calls adown the street
  Like the piper of Hamelin.

I hear him, and I feel the lure
  Drawing me back to the homely moor,
I 'll go and close the mountain's door
  On the city's strife and din.

And scarcely was the last line written when I stole out through a back door and set my face for home. I arrived home at six A.M., dusty and hungry after a weary thirty mile walk. I determined never to leave home again so I took up any old job at all with the local farmers and was happy.

I set myself certain studies and these I pursued at night when I should be resting from a labourious day. I took a certificate of one hundred and twenty words a minute at Pitman's shorthand and soon knew Euclid as well as a man of Trinity College. I read books on logic and astronomy and could point out the planets and discuss on the nebulæ of the Milky Way.

I read and studied the poets of England from the age of Chaucer to Swinburne, turning especially to the Elizabethans and the ballads that came before the great Renaissance. I thirsted for travel and adventure and longed to see the Italy of Shelley and the Greece of Byron. But the poems of Keats and his sad life appealed to me most.

I began to pick faults with Longfellow and Tennyson, and the poems of the former which had erstwhile pleased me seemed too full of colour, too full of metaphor and often too disconnected, like a picture which an artist began at one window and finished at another. Tennyson was too conventional for my taste and nearly always spoiled his work with a prologue or an epilogue full of loud bombast or conceit. Shelley was innocent of such sins and poor Keats never heard of them.

For a long time I did little but criticise and rearrange my books, separating, as it were, the sheep from the goats. I put Longfellow and Tennyson at the back of the shelf, and gave Keats, Swinburne,

[1]All of Ledwidge's poems referred to or inserted in this letter except "Pan," which is now first published, may be found in one of his two volumes. I have been allowed to use those through the courtesy of the publishers, Duffield & Company.

Shelley and the anthologies the foremost place in the light. I burned many copy books which contained fugitive pieces of my own because I thought it were better for them to die young and be happy than live to be reviled.

"Georgian Poetry" (with my three excluded) contains, I think, the best poems of the century. What could be sweeter than the Songs at the "Gates of Damascus," [J. E. Flecker's] or Stephens' "Goat Paths"?

Of myself, I am a fast writer and very prolific. I have long silences, often for weeks, then the mood comes over me and I must write and write no matter where I be or what the circumstances are. I do my best work in spring.

I have had many disappointments in life and many sorrows but in my saddest moment song came to me and I sang. I get more pleasure from a good line than from a big cheque.

Tho' I love music I cannot write within earshot of any instrument. I cannot carry a watch on account of the tick, real or imaginary, and might as well try to sleep under the Bell of Bruges as in a room where a clock stands.

I write a lot late at night in my room, though mostly my poems are written out of doors.

I have written many short stories and one play which has been declared a success by eminent playwrights who have read it.

"Rainy Day in April" was written once when I was temporarily away from home. It was inspired by home-sickness and a drenching which I got while riding on a bicycle:

When the clouds shake their hyssops, and the rain
Like holy water falls upon the plain,
'T is sweet to gaze upon the springing grain
And see your harvest born.

And sweet the little breeze of melody
The blackbird putts upon the budding tree,
While the wild poppy lights upon the lea
And blazes 'mid the corn.

The skylark soars the freshening shower to hail,
And the meek daisy holds aloft her pail,
And Spring all radiant by the wayside pale
Sets up her rock and reel.

See how she weaves her mantle fold on fold,
Hemming the woods and carpeting the wold,
Her warp is of the green, her woof the gold,
The spinning world her wheel.

"The Wife of Llew" was written in a meadow full of flowers and singing birds:

And Gwydion said to Math, when it was Spring:
"Come now and let us make a wife for Llew."
And so they broke broad boughs yet moist with dew.
And in a shadow made a magic ring:
They took the violet and the meadow-sweet
To form her pretty face, and for her feet
They built a mound of daisies on a wing,
And for her voice they made a linnet sing
In the wide poppy blowing for her mouth.
And over all they chanted twenty hours.
And Llew came singing from the azure south
And bore away his wife of birds and flowers.

"The Lost Ones" was written in a sad mood when I remembered all whom I knew and who were lost and away for ever. I wanted some one to console me by assuring me that beyond the dark they would meet me again:

Somewhere is music from the linnets' bills,
And thro' the sunny flowers the bee-wings drone,
And white bells of convolvulus on hills

Of quiet May make silent ringing, blown
Hither and thither by the wind of showers,
And somewhere all the wandering birds have flown;
And the brown breath of Autumn chills the flowers.

But where are all the loves of long ago?
O little twilight ship blown up the tide,
Where are the faces laughing in the glow
Of morning years, the lost ones scattered wide?
Give me your hand, O brother, let us go
Crying about the dark for those who died.

My favourites amongst my own are always changing. Of those published I, perhaps, like "Thomas McDonagh" best:

He shall not hear the bittern cry
In the wild sky, where he is lain,
Nor voices of the sweeter birds
Above the wailing of the rain.

Nor shall he know when loud March blows
Thro' slanting snows her fanfare shrill,

Blowing to flame the golden cup
Of many an upset daffodil.

But when the Dark Cow leaves the moor,
And pastures poor with greedy weeds,
Perhaps he 'll hear her low at morn
Lifting her horn in pleasant meads.

Better work than any you have yet seen from me is being selected for my next book, but my best is not yet written. I mean to do something really great if I am spared, but out here one may at any moment be hurled beyond Life.

Here is a little recent thing,—"Pan":

He knows the safe ways and unsafe,
And he will lead the lambs to fold,
Gathering them with his little pipe,
The gentle and the overbold.

He counts them over one by one
And leads them back by rock and steep
To grassy hills where dawn is wide
And they may run and skip and leap.

And just because he loves the lambs
He settles them for rest at noon,
And plays them on his oaten pipe
A wonder of a little tune.

Best wishes and thanks.
Yours very sincerely,
FRANCIS LEDWIDGE.

# The Lanawn Shee

By FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

(Belgium, July, 1917)

Powdered and perfumed, the full bee
  Winged heavily across the clover,
And where the hills were dim with dew,
  Purple and blue the west leaned over

A willow spray dipped in the stream,
  Moving a gleam of silver ringing,
And by a finny creek a maid
  Filled all the shade with softest singing.

Listening, my heart and soul at strife,
  On the edge of life I seemed to hover,
For I knew my love had come at last,
  That my joy was past and my gladness over.

I tiptoed gently up and stooped
  Above her looped and shining tresses,
And asked her of her kin and name,
  And why she came from fairy places.

She told me of a sunny coast
  Beyond the most adventurous sailor,
Where she had spent a thousand years
  Out of the fears that now assail her.

And there, she told me, honey drops
  Out of the tops of ash and willow,
And in the mellow shadow Sleep
  Doth sweetly keep her poppy pillow.

Nor Autumn with her brown line marks
  The time of larks, the length of roses,
But song-time there is over never,
  Nor flower-time, ever, ever closes.

And wildly through uncurling ferns
Fast water turns down valleys, singing,
Filling with scented winds the dales,
Setting the bells of sleep a-ringing.

And when the thin moon lowly sinks
Through cloudy chinks, a silver glory,
Singers upon the lift of night
Till dawn delights the meadows hoary.

And by the lakes the skies are white,
(Oh, the delight!) when swans are coming,
Among the flowers sweet joy-bells peal,
And quick bees wheel in drowsy humming.

The squirrel leaves her dusty house,
And in the boughs makes fearless gambol,
And, falling down in fire-drops, red,
The fruit is shed from every bramble.

Then, gathered all about the trees,
Gay galaxies of youth are dancing,
Treading the perfume of the flowers,
Filling the hours with mazy glancing.

And when the dance is done, the trees
Are left to peace and the brown woodpecker,
And on the western slopes of sky
The day's blue eye begins to flicker.

But at the sighing of the leaves,
When all earth grieves for lights departed,
An ancient and a sad desire
Steals in to tire the human-hearted.

No fairy aid can save them now
Or turn their prow upon the ocean;
The hundred years that missed each heart
Above them start their wheels in motion.

And so our loves are lost, she sighed,
And far and wide we seek new treasure,
For who on time or timeless hills
Can live the ills of loveless leisure?

("Fairer than Usna's youngest son,
O my poor one, what flower-bed holds you?
Or, wrecked upon the shores of home,
What wave of foam with white enfolds you?

"You rode with kings on hills of green,
And lovely queens have served you banquet;
Sweet wine from berries bruised they brought
And shyly sought the lips which drank it.

"But in your dim grave of the sea
There shall not be a friend to love you,
And ever heedless of your loss,
The earth ships cross the storms above you.

"And still the chase goes on, and still
The wine shall spill, and vacant places
Be given over to the new,
As love untrue keeps changing faces.

"And I must wander with my song
Far from the young till love, returning,
Brings me the beautiful reward
Of some heart stirred by my long yearning.")

Friend, have you heard a bird lament
When sleet is sent for April weather?
As beautiful she told her grief
As down through leaf and flower I led her.

And, friend, could I remain unstirred
Without a word for such a sorrow?
Say, can the lark forget the cloud
When poppies shroud the seeded furrow?

Like a poor widow whose late grief
Seeks for relief in lonely byways,
The moon, companionless and dim,
Took her dull rim through starless highways.

I was too weak with dreams to feel
Enchantment steal with guilt upon me.
She slipped, a flower upon the wind,
And laughed to find how she had won me.

From hill to hill, from land to land,
Her lovely hand is beckoning for me;
I follow on through dangerous zones,
'Cross dead men's bones and oceans stormy.

Some day I know she 'll wait at last
And lock me fast in white embraces,
And down mysterious ways of love
We two shall move to fairy places.

John Wolcott Adams

# The Mountaineers: Our Own Lost Tribes

By ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

Author of "New York, the National Stepmother," etc.

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

A DELICATE, dreamy-blue haze overhangs the Southern Appalachians. Azaleas, laurel, and rhododendrons clothe their slopes. Log cabins abound. The mocking-bird carols blithely. Cow-bells tinkle. Up from abysses of unimaginable beauty come now and then snatches of some three-hundred-year-old British ballad. But it is not of such charms as these that the lowlander speaks when he says, with endearing Southern vehemence, "Take my advice, Brother, and don't go back North without seeing our mountains." No, it is of the mountaineers that he speaks. It is of "those wonderful, wonderful people."

Wonderful, indeed, they must be if all you have read of them is true at once. They flocked to the World's Fair, they fought in Cuba; yet they have never seen a train. Not knowing their alphabets, they rave when a writer maligns them. Hopeless degenerates, they have produced Presidents, governors, generals, and jurists. They pick off "revenues" with unerring aim. This they owe to their diet of "moonshine" whisky. They exterminate one another so persistently that their numbers have risen to five and a half millions. They speak Shaksperian English. Example: "Oh, my brethering-ah, how well I remember-ah, jist lack it war yistidy-ah, the time I foun' the Lord-ah!" You end by regretting the colorless, undescriptive name Appalachia. Call it instead Chestertonia!

Journalists, novelists, and authors of serious books conspire to give just that impression; sometimes the facts do. There were moonshiners who voted for prohibition. There was a feudist who apologized to his victim and, kneeling beside the dying man, prayed for his soul. There was a polygamist with a clear (because Biblical) conscience. When a Mormon

elder arrived, he ordered him off his premises.

"Can't I leave some tracts?" said the Mormon.

"All the tracks you want, if you leave 'em p'inted towards the gate."

But do I hold up these instances as typical? Nothing is typical of five and a half million Americans inhabiting 112,000 square miles of alpine paradise. Mountaineers differ, mountain neighborhoods differ, and much that characterizes the mountains characterizes also the lowlands. Behold, in the please-contribute leaflet of a species not yet wholly extinct, "a typical mountain home." That one-room log cabin, with chinked walls, stone chimney, and hand-hewn shingles, is the usual penniless farmer's abode throughout the South. Meanwhile I can show you mountain homes that any rich planter might covet. From the literary point of view these bear the implied inscription, "Not for publication." Hence the genesis of what may be termed the mountain fib.

So does the mountain humbug. Two counties of Kentucky have dripped with gore; describe their feuds, without owning how exceptional they were, and you prompt the inference that every mountaineer, all the way from northern Virginia to midmost Alabama, is "warred up ag'in' his neighbors." Here and there a family goes to bed in one room minus even a curtain for privacy. State it; stop there. Readers will think all mountaineers uncivilized. In certain remote "coves" "tooth-jumping" survives; a nail is held slantwise against the embattled molar, a hammer does the rest. Tell it; avoid mentioning its extreme rarity. Then will humbug have its perfect work, till a district that should of rights be a national park is regarded as the national slum.

The district *is* picturesque, however. It has nooks where mountaineers celebrate "old Christmas," Gregorian style, on January 6, and at midnight on old Christmas eve "the alders bloom, and cattle kneel down. Hit would make you mighty solemn to see them kneel; you would n't feel like beatin' on them no more." Along many a highway drivers still keep to the left, as in England. Hand-made textiles and hand-made baskets perpetuate classic English designs. An occasional singing-school still uses "shaped" notes, with *do, re, mi* differing not only in their position on the staff, but also in form and semblance. A few tables, a very few, still sport the "lazy Susan," a kind of merry-go-round for eatables. Once in a great while you will see a mountain wife perched behind her husband on a mule. And the language! They "carry" a horse. They pamper the "least" child. Desiring a "preacher-parson" to say grace, they bid him "wait on the table." From Possum Trot to Still Hollow it is "two good looks and a right smart walk." What a hunting-ground for local color and the wherewithal for humbug!

As each peculiarity exists somewhere in the mountains, humbug feels free to make each particular mountaineer a museum of them all, a "type" so "typical" that his own mountains would scarcely know him. Whereas he is not struggling to epitomize and illustrate 112,000 square miles. He has other interests in life. Whole paragraphs he will talk to you without once lapsing into "Shaksperian English," although to my personal knowledge the Shaksperian words commonly used in the mountains number at least four: "buss" for "kiss," "poke" for "bag," "poppet" for "doll," "holp" for "helped." As well might you call it the English of Burns, since the "beasties" in "yon" pasture "want out." Or why not the English of rural Ohio because of "hain't," "colyume," and "gardeen"? By the same token, call it Montanian because of "pack" for "carry," or Chaucerian because "hit" replaces "it."

The lowlanders likewise say "hit," but let us not reveal that. Inspired ethnologists, let us consider the mountaineers a race apart and dwell lovingly upon such idiosyncrasies as "sun-ball," "church-house," "rifle-gun," and "man-pusson." Especially let us cherish idiosyncrasies which, though too few to make a patois, are deceptive enough to make trouble.

Imagine an artist's state of mind when a mountaineer said to him, "Your little old woman 's the stoutest I ever saw," or a clergyman's on hearing himself described as "the commonest preacher," or a teacher's when the mountain people exclaimed, "You don't care to work." Nevertheless, these were compliments. Translated, they become: "Your charming wife is very athletic," "You preach so that every one understands you," "You are not afraid of work."

John Wolcott Adams

At a box-party (not theatrical) a girl from Denver said to a mountain lad, "Come and talk to me." Shocking! In the mountains this means, "Come and make love to me." But reflect. Two centuries or thereabouts mountain English has lived withdrawn from the world. On the whole, it has improved. It scorns slang. It is innocent of stereotyped phrases. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh and in its own individual way. For instance: "I do crave to quit tippin' the bottle, but I can't get the consent of my mind."

May Appalachia forgive me if these examples make the highlander seem queer. Queer he is not. Hear his observations in the cabin or at the mill on grinding day or around the temple of justice during court-week. Few and far between—hardly noticeable, in fact—are his oddities of speech. Talk ripples on softly, pleasantly, in the verbiage of the rural South, or perhaps of the urban South. Fine little cities dot the mountains. There is Asheville. There is Charleston, West Virginia, to say nothing of Chattanooga. If by "mountaineer" you mean anybody living in Appalachia, then some curious anomalies turn up. Mountaineers thronged to see Mme. Bernhardt! Our driver on a never-to-be-forgotten trip through the mountains wore low shoes and lavender socks. But the very wilds and deeps of Appalachia afford proof that there are mountaineers and mountaineers. In fiction, however, reference is had to the latter only. In travelers' tales you meet a homogeneous race of "mountain whites." Whites, indeed! As if these proud, sensitive, ancestried pioneers had anything in common with the "po' white trash!" Come, come, let us keep things separate!

In the eighteenth century—just when no one knows—Scotch-Irishmen, a few Germans, and fewer Huguenots entered Appalachia and peopled its valleys. Their tribes increased. Sons of original settlers established themselves on the lower mountain-sides. Their tribes increased in turn. At last even the wildest, most inaccessible coves became inhabited. Conditions varied and do still. There is prosperity in the fertile valleys, moderate comfort along the lower mountain-sides, dire and heartbreaking misery here and there in remote fastnesses, illiteracy, too, and sometimes savagery. Moreover, the first-comers were not all alike. Some were farmers, some professional hunters, some adventurers, some fugitives from justice at a time when the law meted out terrible punishment for offenses now considered trivial. Social distinctions of a sort existed at the outset. They have sharpened. In the mountains one hears of "good stock" and "bad stock." Repeatedly one hears the warning, "Don't think we are all alike."

What mortal in his senses would expect them to be? Bloody Gulch, Idaho, is not like Helena, Montana, and there are twice as many people in Appalachia as in the whole length and breadth of the Rockies. Cape-Codders are not like New-Yorkers, and Appalachia is bigger than New England, New York, and Delaware combined. Nevertheless, I will risk showing you a typical mountain region—typical in that it sums up pretty nearly all the mountain conditions to be found anywhere. "Back" your horse, say your prayers, fix your last thoughts upon your family. We are off. Along roads splendidly wide and along roads so narrow that when two vehicles meet one stops, sheds its horses, tips up on its side, sheds its uppermost wheels, and lets the other vehicle go by; along roads blasted from the very rock, and roads that are more like cornices, and some that follow a creek, now on this side, now on that, fording it every few rods. Presently the creek *is* the road; splash, splash, goes your horse, up-stream or down, for perhaps a hundred yards. But look! listen! Yonder a train piled high with logs pants along a narrow-gage railway. Though logging will cease by and by, the narrow-gage will remain.

Such, in sober fact, are these "impassable" mountains. Automobiles come, and motor-cycles. Forty-five miles from a railroad a circus appeared. Mountaineers still point out trees to which the elephants were chained. A single county in a single year voted ninety thousand dollars for good roads. If I hesitate to recommend the mountains as a continuous speedway for Sybarites, if I admit that in wet weather wheels sometimes go axle-deep, and if I report trails through wild gorges where no road could live a month and lost fastnesses without even a trail, I am only proving what I set out to. Mountain neighborhoods differ. The bridges show it as clearly as the roads. One sees primitive foot-logs, just as the novelists say. As the novelists avoid saying, there are also bridges of concrete and steel. Strange enough such modernities look in a landscape strewn with "typical mountain homes."

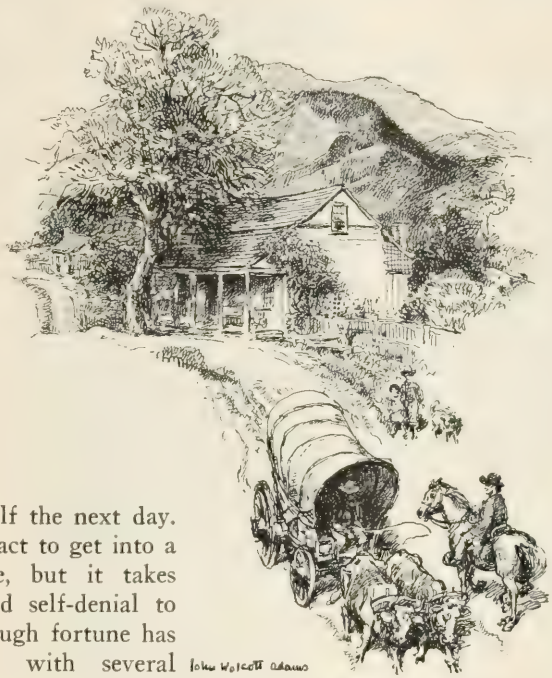
Ah, those "typical homes!" Windowless, one-room horrors, with open chinks between the logs and with chimneys either of stone or of sticks and mud. Well may the inhabitant "sit in the chimbly an' spit outdoors"—save for one fairly important detail; that is, nobody lives there. Abandoned for years, these "typical homes" enjoy at present the status of ruins. To see such hovels inhabited, (and they still are in many an unfortunate neighborhood) you must generally force your way to some aery of a place peopled by the submerged. If this sounds paradoxical, never mind. The higher up you go, the lower down you get.

Then what, in common honesty, *is* a "typical mountain home"? We pass two-story frame-houses, set side toward the road, an exposed brick chimney at each end. We pass commodious log dwellings with lace curtains at the windows and flowers blooming in the dooryard. We pass cottages which, given the gingerbread frivolities they lack, might suit a vacationist. It sounds incredible, but we pass three huge, pillared mansions. The type? None exists. Nor can you find anywhere the "typical mountaineers" ranged in stiff rows before their dwellings and making the "typical" sour faces.

They do it systematically in the photographs, and very oddly it strikes one to see them about their business in real life, swinging terrible, Roman-looking, double-edged axes, or strolling the wilderness, rifle on shoulder, or toiling at farm-work on slopes so precipitous that a man may "break his leg falling out of his corn-field," and the only way to plant is "with a shot-gun from the opposite slope." No nonsense can exaggerate. In such places a wheeled vehicle is useless; nothing but the low wooden sledge will keep right side up. To think that men till these cruelly upturned acres and still have a ready smile and greeting for the "furriner"!

Gentle, winning, and hospitable, they hail you with a "Howdy, stranger! Light

an' set. What mought your name be? What mought your business be?" Between women the exchange of civilities may begin: "How old be you? Be you married? How many children have you got? I hain't got but ten, myself. Hit seems like a body ought to have at least a dozen." Forthwith they invite you to stay all day, which leads to your staying all night, which leads to your staying half the next day. It requires no tact to get into a mountain home, but it takes both genius and self-denial to get out. Although fortune has acquainted me with several good dinners (in the mountains "several" means "many"), a dinner at Paul Jefferson's ranks with the best. As for Paul, think of John Burroughs, John Muir, John Burns; then shut your eyes, and you will see that magnificent patriarch.




What a host is Paul! What a hostess is Mrs. Paul! She will spin for you, smiling as she spins. She will weave. She will present you to Ann of the rosy cheeks (a living Perugino) and to "blossom-eyed" Elizabeth and to half a dozen stalwart sons. In college togs instead of homespun suits, immense black slouch hats, and leather leggings, they would pass for nabobs.

Exceptional all this? Such a household would be exceptional anywhere. But choose a log cabin at random, the poorest, even. You will meet the same geniality, the same gentility. However, you will miss the glowing faces. With privation and hardship come premature wrinkles. Much that seems to indicate longevity among the mountaineers indicates only the early havoc of youth. There goes a story about a "furriner" who found an old, old man weeping by the roadside.

"Why do you weep?" inquired the stranger. The "old, old" man replied:

"Daddy whipped me for sassing grandma." It is a foolish yarn, confessedly, yet not without its specious grain of truth. The haggard, wrinkled countenances you see in photographs belong often to mountaineers whom struggle, not time, has aged.

Nevertheless, the impression one gets in the mountains is of a race exceptionally strong and energetic. Their farms languish, but not by reason of "shiftlessness." Antiquated methods, a depleted soil, and the interminably long road to market keep agriculture in the doldrums, or frequently do, and the mountaineer content "jist to rock along." He works off his surplus vitality by tracking a fox; he climbs three successive ranges to visit a friend; he stays out till dawn if a possum invites, and tramps home refreshed. During the Spanish War the tallest, heaviest soldiers came from the mountains. Revolutionary patriots marched to Massachusetts in twenty-one days. During the War of 1812 mountaineers reached New Orleans without weapons, but in such spirits that they declared, "We 'll foller them Tennesseeans into battle, and every time one falls, we 'll jist inherit his gun."

Theoretically, mountain life fosters health; practically, it is sometimes fairer to say that health survives despite mountain life. Hair-lifting tales one hears of three-year-olds munching tobacco, of infants dosed with whisky ("Maw she drinks hit,

too, an' gives hit to the baby to see hit act quar"); and in isolated cases such tales may be true. Whole districts lack a physician to teach even the a-b-c's of hygiene; certain others "suffer less from the absence of physicians than from their presence." In the least-favored regions cookery kills at forty paces. After a meal in a cabin twelve miles from nowhere, Mr. Horace Kephart wrote passionately, "What the butcher ruined the cook damned." Yet I challenge Christendom to produce a finer, hardier, wirier stock than these highlanders.

Or a more interesting stamp of character. Lincoln's parents were Appalachians. So were Daniel Boone, David Crockett, Sam Houston, Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk, Andrew Johnson, "Stonewall" Jackson, and Admiral Farragut, not to mention such notables as General Love, Congressman Green Adams, Governor Woodward, and Justices Samuel F. Miller and William Pitt Ballinger of the United States Supreme Court. What a showing by the region for which Senator Blackburn prescribed dynamite!

The honorable gentleman objected quite properly to feuds. Yet feuds, too, were honorable. A heritage from Scotland, they continued among clans that are "still living in the eighteenth century." Men slew for conscience' sake. Even the occasional crime of violence outside the vendetta counties has its honorable points. Unwritten law not only permits a mountaineer to avenge wrong, but requires him to. Unhappily, "mountain dew" will sometimes bring down vengeance too hastily in this "land of sunshine and of 'moonshine.'"

Personally, I detest moonshine (what little there is of it to detest), but respect moonshiners. Middle-Westerners turn corn into hog to make it portable; with the same object a very limited class of mountaineers turn corn into whisky. In districts where it would cost more than the corn is worth to get it to market "blockade" goes out at a profit on the "blockader's" back. Tourists, even remarkably good tourists, hoodwink the customs officer if they can. Rebelling against what appears to them an oppressive law, moonshiners outwit a revenue officer if they can. At a pinch they may shoot. Oftener, when "ketched," they jeer the marshal. Quoth "Atch" Young (christened Achilles, but subsequently abbreviated): "Say, Captain, hit tuck a heap of elbow grease to get that still set up, an' really hit 's a mighty sweet-runnin' consairn. If hit won't make hit wuss fer us, let 's run a pint or two before you cut hit up." From Buck Towner you will hear that "when folks get word that the marshals are comin', they put stuff in hit to pizen hit. The marshals allers do take as much as they want, an' the pizen makes 'em so they cain't crawl around for over a week." One blockader regularly exacts tribute for betraying a still. Aside, *sotto voce:* the still is his own.

Were moonshine particularly plentiful,—and the novelists imply that it trickles from the very tree-trunks, anywhere and everywhere,—a "fotched-on furriner" like yourself might fancy the mountaineers quite habitually drunken. On the contrary, they are quite habitually "nice." Dare I say it? They are curiously like the rest of us. They have their faults, not worse than ours. They have also their shining virtues.

Mountain ethics present some oddities now and then, I confess. In certain rare neighborhoods our Ellen Keys would behold their principles in full operation. But commercialized vice has no foothold among the genuine highlanders. Thieves, tramps, and gunmen are unheard of. Even feudists and moonshiners go faithfully to church. They tell of a highwayman who met a bishop and stripped him of his all. Said the victim:

"Don't you think it 's a shame to rob a poor Episcopal bishop?" To which the bandit replied:

"What, you an Episcopalian? Take your money! I 'm an Episcopalian, myself." Remarkable, very, on the part of a highwayman who never existed! I can go alone anywhere in the mountains. A girl could. As a matter of fact, girls do.

However, such legends die hard. "I drink an' I swar an' I 've killed nine men," says the hero of another; "but, an' hunt twell you fine hit, an' you 'll fine a heap more that 's good, too."

From the cultivated point of view, or

thank God, I 've kept my religion through it all." To trust the common tale, there yawns a great gap between doctrine and deed. "Emotional, superstitious, unlettered, the mountaineer seeks the 'church-house' as naturally as his bees seek their 'bee-gum.' And just as devoutly." It sounds logical. It is, nevertheless, a slander. Fifteen Protestant denominations (the mountains have virtually no Catholics) send educated preachers who urge the correlation of faith and works. If a share of the native preachers lack erudition, they have merits of a sort, despite that. Said one far back in the wilderness:

"Brethering, you 'll fine my text somers in the Bible, an' I hain't a-goin' to tell you whar; but hit 's thar. Ef you don't believe hit, you jist take down your Bible

the pseudo-cultivated, what a blind leader of the blind! Yet illiteracy is not incompatible with knowledge or ignorance with insight. The mountaineer inherits brains. Among highlanders who can neither read nor write, or among highlanders who at best will ask a schoolma'am to "back" a letter (that is, direct the envelop), you may occasionally find volumes of Horace and Vergil with the names of remote ancestors inscribed therein. Education has lapsed. Mental aptitude has not. It takes brains to make one's own rifle; it takes brains to make furniture without nails or glue; it takes brains to make hempen-haired "poppet-dolls" of whittled wood; it takes brains to spin and weave and dye. Mentally, the "furriner" meets his match in the highlander.

"Why don't you sell this miserable patch of ground and get out?" said an intruder in Hell-fer-Sartain. His vis-à-vis replied:

"I ain't so pore 's you think. I don't own this patch of ground."

In Europe we love the primitive and unspoiled. In America it shocks, and philanthropy unites with patriotism to bid us "poke the 'eathen out." Yet how eagerly we once read "La vie simple"! How we yearn for an escape from artificiality! The mountaineers have found both, and in what a setting, surrounded by scores of lovely, dim, blue peaks! You "can stand on the summit of Roan and tickle the feet of the angels." From such a paradise the "'eathen" decline to be poked out. As well ask the Swiss to leave Switzerland!

Some migrate, it is true. Misguidedly, they seek the mill towns, where aristocrats look down on "hands." That stings. "I 'm as good as you are," says the mountaineer, "an' I don't eat at nobody's second table." He grieves to be a "hireling." Opportunity may beckon, promising wealth and its advantages if only he will be patient; but what cares he? Pride, not inertia, inspires his declaration, "I don't aim to rise above my raisin'." Back he comes, like as not, reviling the twentieth century, belauding the eighteenth. A mountain woman, getting her first glimpse of our much-vaunted civilization, cried fervently, "I 'd rather be a knot in a log on Perilous." When you have seen Perilous and felt its charm, you will understand.

Prosperous farmers lack the incentive to migrate; poverty-stricken farmers lack the means. Where barter prevails, and the "least" child carries an egg to the store for an egg's-worth of candy, a family may go a year without handling ten dollars in money. Move? Start afresh elsewhere? It is out of the question.

Given a chance at education, young mountaineers will deign to "rise above their raisin'." They make insatiable students. The youthful Lincoln, doing sums on a snow-shovel in a log cabin, was not more determined, though it disgusts a mountain lad to be everlastingly sentimentalized over as an Abraham Lincoln in embryo. Like Lincoln, he has the saving grace of humor. Indeed, I should think him perfect, and his sister, also, were it not for the haunting mockery of a scene I look back to as the prettiest I ever witnessed in Appalachia.

Around me the snow-decked wilderness a-gleam with enchanting sunshine. Below me the clouds. Among the laurel swift, darting flames that were redbirds. Everywhere a stillness broken only by our horses' footfalls. Then, at a turn of the trail, laughter and merry greetings from half a dozen blue-uniformed school-girls on their way home, suitcases in hand, for the Christmas holidays. Forth they go, these young mountaineers, and back they come for vacation. As a rule, that is all. Observe, I am not generalizing too broadly. I say as a rule. In my criticism I reflect the opinion of mountain teachers themselves. Too often the schools drain the mountains of the brightest sons and daughters of the most ambitious families. Fitted definitely for success in the big world outside, and given no definite equipment whatever for success in the highlands, they drift to the cities. Take Ben Wentworth's case. A promising young business man, he is an asset to Birmingham. Yet consider the loss to Possum Trot!

I pass no censure upon Ben. Nothing he learned at school would have enabled him to wrest more than a bare subsistence from the soil of Possum Trot. I pass no censure upon the school. It followed a time-honored tradition in regarding education not as uplift, and as social uplift at that, but as the merest rescue-work. It saved Ben from the mountains. It let the mountains slide.

There are mountains in Appalachia that can safely be let slide. There are regions enviably prosperous. But on the other hand, there are regions that shriek to high heaven for uplift. Think of trachoma, and no doctor. Think of a broken leg, and three days in a makeshift ambulance.

Think of typhoid and tuberculosis, with no one to hint at prevention or cure. Think of district schools closed seven months in the year, if district schools there be, and pupils unable to read after several terms of so-called instruction. Think of squalor and misery and aching deprivation. Three hundred thousand mountaineers, adding one luckless neighborhood to another, live in wretchedness unspeakable. Our kinsmen, mind you; not hyphenates, but descendants of the original Americans. Appalachia furnished the rear-guard of the Revolution. It is through no fault of theirs that the three hundred thousand have fallen on evil days. It is the work of isolation.

Little by little isolation gives way before industrial inroads. New railways come. Lumbermen attack remote forests. Coal is discovered. Electrical engineers plan the damming of streams, the building of powerhouses. Resorts bring loiterers from highland and lowland. But contact with the outer world brings dangers as well as benefits. No one who has the future of Appalachia at heart wants to see it either invaded or evacuated. Every one who has the future of Appalachia at heart wants to see it brought into its own. It ought from the first to have been a sovereign commonwealth. Failing that, it was gerrymandered among nine separate States, affording an admired, but neglected, back yard to each.

Lost tribes I call these mountaineers. Lost to America, I mean: several millions of our best people shut away where as a race they contribute little or nothing to our modern progress. Individual persons emerge, it is true. Here and there a thriving town springs up, to link itself with America. Yet for the most part Appalachia lives in solitary confinement; in cold storage almost. And while a pre-Revolutionary America within an America is interesting and romantic and a joy to our novelists, solitary confinement and cold storage involve the handicapping of abilities. They insulate genius. They insulate talent. Both are as common in Appalachia as elsewhere. Both are waste material and remain so except as some random fortuity provides the outlet.

A vicious circle obtains. Without prosperity, no opportunity. Without opportunity, no prosperity. All praise, then, to the new leaders who have set about breaking that circle. They intend that hereafter the Ben Wentworths shall re-

turn to Possum Trot. They will fit them to return and to succeed after they have returned. They are teaching them mod-

ern farming, the principles of improved housing, the niceties of enlightened hygiene. They are teaching them to teach others. They have adopted and applied the maxim of George Ade, "When uplifting, get underneath."

"They need n't send missionaries to us," say the highlanders; "we ain't no heathen." No, and neither are these new leaders missionaries in any sense hitherto known. Money from denominational coteries supports them, to be sure, but they aim to abolish missions by bringing prosperity, so that the mountaineers will before long have their own churches, their own schools. The motive is less benevolent than patriotic. It would "induct Appalachia into the Union" not for Appalachia's sake, but for the Union's. Their spirit resembles Dr. George T. Winston's when he addressed a returning governor of North Carolina.

"Sir," said he, "our welcome is largely selfish. We do not welcome you to our midst; we welcome ourselves to yours."

# The Issue

THE Germans gave us our choice.

"Be German," they said, "or be killed." And at first we replied: "Thank you. We see your point of view, but you 're mistaken about us. If you don't mind, we 're not interested in the choice you offer. We have a number of other choices that we prefer to make. We 're busy deciding, for example, whether we 'll be Democrats or Republicans, rich or poor, orthodox or dissenters, socialistic or capitalistic, married or single, sick or well. Thank you for considering us in your activities, but we 're quite far away and really very busy. If you don't mind—"

And the Germans proceeded to kill us. They continued to kill us while we continued to protest that we were not willing to take either of the alternatives they offered. They continued to kill us, over our protests, until our President announced:

"The time has come when we must either conquer or submit. For us there is but one choice. We have made it."

We have made it, but we seem still unwilling to realize that there is no longer any other choice to make. In our preparations for defense we still busy ourselves deciding whether we shall be Democrats or Republicans, rich or poor, orthodox or dissenters, socialistic or capitalistic, married or single, sick or well. We still try to make capital for our party, our religion, our class, our business, our family or ourselves, out of conscription, war taxes, price-fixing, food-control, and all our other war-time means and measures. We continue to debate the numerous choices that we had in the world before the world was given its one choice, "Be German or be killed." And the Germans continue to kill us.

We are like the passengers on a larger *Lusitania,* interested in innumerable activities of life and apparently unaware of the torpedo that has but one issue to make with us. The Germans did not ask those passengers whether they were socialists or pacifists or realists or vers-librists or Republicans or married men. They do not ask us. They do not care whether La Follette is aboard, or Roosevelt, Haywood, or Hillquit; Pershing or Mrs. Catt or Charlie Chaplin or Max Eastman. It is a matter of entire indifference to the torpedo that is the German military machine. It has but one message, "Be German or be killed." Whatever differences of opinion we may prefer to have, whatever alternatives of thought and action we would rather consider in the publicity of the main saloon or the privacy of our national cabins, the torpedo still says to us, as it said to the Belgians: "You have but one choice. Be German or be killed. There is no other issue."

H. O'H.

# The Happiest Time of Their Lives

By ALICE DUER MILLER

Author of "Come out of the Kitchen," etc.

Illustrations by Paul Meylan

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I-VII.—Mathilde Severance lives in New York with her beautiful mother, Adelaide, and her stepfather, Vincent Farron, "a leader of men." Adelaide has divorced her first husband and is now deeply in love with Farron. Mathilde is eighteen and very beautiful. She meets Pierson Wayne, a young statistician, at a dance. The following night they become engaged. Adelaide is displeased, as she wants a "person" for Mathilde's husband, and decides to turn Mathilde from "Pete" by judicious sarcasm. She sends her father, Mr. Lanley, to call on Mrs. Wayne. He finds his hostess a charming, energetic woman, but her candor draws them into a discussion that Mr. Lanley takes as a personal reflection upon him. Afterward Mrs. Wayne tells Pete that she thinks she has "spoiled everything." Adelaide herself goes to call on Mrs. Wayne, hoping to convince her that there must be no immediate engagement. She invites Mrs. Wayne and Pete to dine. At the dinner Mr. Lanley finds that he is not angry with Mrs. Wayne. The older people come to no definite understanding, but Farron assures Adelaide that Mathilde and Pete are really in love. That night Farron tells Adelaide that he is ill and probably cannot live.

## CHAPTER VIII

THE morning after their drive up-town Vincent told his wife that all his arrangements were made to go to the hospital that night, and to be operated upon the next day. She reproached him for having made his decision without consulting her, but she loved him for his proud independence.

Somehow this second day under the shadow of death was less terrible than the first. Vincent stayed up-town, and was very natural and very busy. He saw a few people,—men who owed him money, his lawyer, his partner,—but most of the time he and Adelaide sat together in his study, as they had sat on many other holidays. He insisted on going alone to the hospital, although she was to be in the building during the operation.

Mathilde had been told, and inexperienced in disaster, she had felt convinced that the outcome could n't be fatal, yet despite her conviction that people did not really die, she was aware of a shyness and awkwardness in the tragic situation.

Mr. Lanley had been told, and his attitude was just the opposite. To him it seemed absolutely certain that Farron would die,—every one did,—but he had for some time been aware of a growing hardness on his part toward the death of other people, as if he were thus preparing himself for his own.

"Poor Vincent!" he said to himself. "Hard luck at his age, when an old man like me is left." But this was not quite honest. In his heart he felt there was nothing unnatural in Vincent's being taken or in his being left.

As usual in a crisis, Adelaide's behavior was perfect. She contrived to make her husband feel every instant the depth, the strength, the passion of her love for him without allowing it to add to the weight he was already carrying. Alone together, he and she had flashes of real gaiety, sometimes not very far from tears.

To Mathilde the brisk naturalness of her mother's manner was a source of comfort. All the day the girl suffered from

a sense of strangeness and isolation, and a fear of doing or saying something unsuitable—something either too special or too every-day. She longed to evince sympathy for Mr. Farron, but was afraid that, if she did, it would be like intimating that he was as good as dead. She was caught between the negative danger of seeming indifferent and the positive one of being tactless.

As soon as Vincent had left the house, Adelaide's thought turned to her daughter. He had gone about six o'clock. He and she had been sitting by his study fire when Pringle announced that the motor was waiting. Vincent got up quietly, and so did she. They stood with their arms about each other, as if they meant never to forget the sense of that contact; and then without any protest they went downstairs together.

In the hall he had shaken hands with Mr. Lanley and had kissed Mathilde, who, do what she would, could n't help choking a little. All this time Adelaide stood on the stairs, very erect, with one hand on the stair-rail and one on the wall, not only her eyes, but her whole face, radiating an uplifted peace. So angelic and majestic did she seem that Mathilde, looking up at her, would hardly have been surprised if she had floated out into space from her vantage-ground on the staircase.

Then Farron lit a last cigar, gave a quick, steady glance at his wife, and went out. The front door ended the incident as sharply as a shot would have done.

It was then that Mathilde expected to see her mother break down. Under all her sympathy there was a faint human curiosity as to how people contrived to live through such crises. If Pete were on the brink of death, she thought that she would go mad: but, then, she and Pete were not a middle-aged married couple; they were young, and new to love.

They all went into the drawing-room, Adelaide the calmest of the three.

"I wonder," she said, "if you two would mind dining a little earlier than usual. I might sleep if I could get to bed early, and I must be at the hospital before eight."

Mr. Lanley agreed a little more quickly than it was his habit to speak.

"O Mama, I think you 're so marvelous!" said Mathilde, and touched at her own words, she burst into tears. Her mother put her arm about her, and Mr. Lanley patted her shoulder.

"There, there, my dear," he murmured, "you must not cry. You know Vincent has a very good chance, a very good chance."

The assumption that he had n't was just the one Mathilde did not want to appear to make. Her mother saw this and said gently:

"She 's overstrained, that 's all."

The girl wiped her eyes.

"I 'm ashamed, when you are so calm and wonderful."

"I 'm not wonderful," said her mother. "I have no wish to cry. I 'm beyond it. Other people's trouble often makes us behave more emotionally than our own. If it were your Pete, I should be in tears." She smiled, and looked across the girl's head at Mr. Lanley. "She would like to see him, Papa. Telephone Pete Wayne, will you, and ask him to come and see her this evening? You 'll be here, won't you?"

Mr. Lanley nodded without cordiality; he did not approve of encouraging the affair unnecessarily.

"How kind you are, Mama!" exclaimed Mathilde, almost inaudibly. It was just what she wanted, just what she had been wanting all day, to see her own man, to assure herself, since death was seen to be hot on the trail of all mortals, that he and she were not wasting their brief time in separation.

"We might take a turn in the motor," said Mr. Lanley, thinking that Mrs. Wayne might enjoy that.

"It would do you both good."

"And leave you alone, Mama?"

"It 's what I really want, dear."

The plan did not fulfil itself quite as Mr. Lanley had imagined. Mrs. Wayne was out at some sort of meeting. They waited a moment for Pete. Mathilde fixed her eyes on the lighted doorway, and

said to herself that in a few seconds the thing of all others that she desired would happen—he would come through it. And almost at once he did, looking particularly young and alive; so that, as he jumped in beside her on the back seat, both her hands went out and caught his arm and clung to him. Her realization of mortality had been so acute that she felt as if he had been restored to her from the dead. She told him the horrors of the day. Particularly, she wanted to share with him her gratitude for her mother's almost magic kindness.

"I wanted you so much, Pete," she whispered; "but I thought it would be heartless even to suggest my having wishes at such a time. And then for her to think of it herself—"

"It means they are not really going to oppose our marriage."

They talked about their marriage and the twenty or thirty years of joy which they might reasonably hope to snatch from life.

"Think of it," he said—"twenty or thirty years, longer than either of us have lived."

"If I could have five years, even one year, with you, I think I could bear to die; but not now, Pete."

In the meantime Mr. Lanley, alone on the front seat, for he had left his chauffeur at home, was driving north along the Hudson and saying to himself:

"Sixty-four. Well, I may be able to knock out ten or twelve pretty satisfactory years. On the other hand, might die tomorrow; hope I don't, though. As long as I can drive a car and everything goes well with Adelaide and this child, I 'd be content to live my full time—and a little bit more. Not many men are healthier than I am. Poor Vincent! A good deal more to live for than I have, most people would say; but I don't know that he enjoys it any more than I do." Turning his head a little, he shouted over his shoulder to Pete, "Sorry your mother could n't come."

Mathilde made a hasty effort to withdraw her hands; but Wayne, more practical, understanding better the limits put upon a driver, held them tightly as he answered in a civil tone:

"Yes, she would have enjoyed this."

"She must come some other time," shouted Mr. Lanley, and reflected that it was not always necessary to bring the young people with you.

"You know, he could not possibly have turned enough to see," Pete whispered reprovingly to Mathilde.

"I suppose not; and yet it seemed so queer to be talking to my grandfather with—"

"You must try and adapt yourself to your environment," he returned, and put his arm about her.

The cold of the last few days had given place to a thaw. The melting ice in the river was streaked in strange curves, and the bare trees along the straight heights of the Palisades were blurred by a faint bluish mist, out of which white lights and yellow ones peered like eyes.

"Does n't it seem cruel to be so happy when mama and poor Mr. Farron—" Mathilde began.

"It 's the only lesson to learn," he answered— "to be happy while we are young and together."

About ten o'clock Mr. Lanley left her at home, and she tiptoed up-stairs and hardly dared to draw breath as she undressed for fear she might wake her unhappy mother on the floor below her.

She had resolved to wake early, to breakfast with her mother, to ask to be allowed to accompany her to the hospital; but it was nine o'clock when she was awakened by her maid's coming in with her breakfast and the announcement not only that Mrs. Farron had been gone for more than an hour, but that there had already been good news from the hospital.

"Il parait que monsieur est très fort," she said, with that absolute neutrality of accent that sounds in Anglo-Saxon ears almost like a complaint.

Adelaide had been in no need of companionship. She was perfectly able to go through her day. It seemed as if her soul, with a soul's capacity for suffering, had

"'MRS. FARRON,' SHE SAID, 'DO YOU MIND MY SUGGESTING THAT FOR THE PRESENT IT WOULD BE BETTER NOT TO TALK TO MR. FARRON'"

suddenly withdrawn from her body, had retreated into some unknown fortress, and left in its place a hard, trivial, practical intelligence which tossed off plan after plan for the future detail of life. As she drove from her house to the hospital she arranged how she would apportion the household in case of a prolonged illness, where she would put the nurses. Nor was she less clear as to what should be done in case of Vincent's death. The whole thing unrolled before her like a panorama.

At the hospital, after a little delay, she was guided to Vincent's own room, recently deserted. A nurse came to tell her that all was going well; Mr. Farron had had a good night, and was taking the anesthetic nicely. Adelaide found the young woman's manner offensively encouraging, and received the news with an insolent reserve.

"That girl is too wildly, spiritually bright," she said to herself. But no manner would have pleased her.

Left alone, she sat down in a rocking-chair near the window. Vincent's bag stood in the corner, his brushes were on the dressing-table, his tie hung on the electric light. Immortal trifles, she thought, that might be in existence for years.

She began poignantly to regret that she had not insisted on seeing him again that morning. She had thought only of what was easiest for him. She ought to have thought of herself, of what would make it possible for her to go on living without him. If she could have seen him again, he might have given her some precept, some master word, by which she could have guided her life. She would have welcomed something imprisoning and safe. It was cruel of him, she thought, to toss her out like this, rudderless and alone. She wondered what he would have given her as a commandment, and remembered suddenly the apocryphal last words which Vincent was fond of attributing to George Washington, "Never trust a nigger with a gun." She found herself smiling over them. Vincent was more likely to have quoted the apparition's advice to Macbeth: "Be bloody, bold, and resolute." That would have been his motto for himself, but not for her. What was the principle by which he infallibly guided her?

How could he have left her so spiritually unprovided for? She felt imposed upon, deserted. The busily planning little mind that had suddenly taken possession of her could not help her in the larger aspects of her existence. It would be much simpler, she thought, to die than to attempt life again without Vincent.

She went to the window and looked out at the roofs of neighboring houses, a disordered conglomeration of water-tanks and skylights and chimney-pots. Then nearer, almost under her feet, she looked into a courtyard of the hospital and saw a pale, emaciated man in a wheel-chair. She drew back as if it were something indecent. Would Vincent ever become like that? she thought. If so, she would rather he died now under the anesthetic.

A little while later the nurse came in, and said almost sternly that Dr. Crew had sent her to tell Mrs. Farron that the conditions seemed extremely favorable, and that all immediate danger was over.

"You mean," said Adelaide, fiercely, "that Mr. Farron will live?"

"I certainly inferred that to be the doctor's meaning," answered the nurse. "But here is the assistant, Dr. Withers."

Dr. Withers, bringing with him an intolerable smell of disinfectants and chloroform, hurried in, with his hair mussed from the haste with which he had removed his operating-garments. He had small, bright, brown eyes, with little lines about them that seemed to suggest humor, but actually indicated that he buoyed up his life not by exaltation of himself, but by half-laughing depreciation of every one else.

"I thought you 'd be glad to know, Mrs. Farron," he said, "that any danger that may have existed is now over. Your husband—"

"That *may* have existed," cried Adelaide. "Do you mean to say there has n't been any real danger?"

The young doctor's eyes twinkled.

"An operation even in the best hands is always a danger," he replied.

"But you mean there was no other?" Adelaide asked, aware of a growing coldness about her hands and feet.

Withers looked as just as Aristides.

"It was probably wise to operate," he said. "Your husband ought to be up and about in three weeks."

Everything grew black and rotatory before Adelaide's eyes, and she sank slowly forward into the young doctor's arms.

As he laid her on the bed, he glanced whimsically at the nurse and shook his head.

But she made no response, an omission which may not have meant loyalty to Dr. Crew so much as unwillingness to support Dr. Withers.

Adelaide returned to consciousness only in time to be hurried away to make room for Vincent. His long, limp figure was carried past her in the corridor. She was told that in a few hours she might see him. But she was n't, as a matter of fact, very eager to see him. The knowledge that he was to live, the lifting of the weight of dread, was enough. The maternal strain did not mingle with her love for him; she saw no possible reward, no increased sense of possession, in his illness. On the contrary, she wanted him to stride back in one day from death to his old powerful, dominating self.

She grew to hate the hospital routine, the fixed hours, the regulated food. "These rules, these hovering women," she exclaimed, "these trays—they make me think of the nursery." But what she really hated was Vincent's submission to it all. In her heart she would have been glad to see him breaking the rules, defying the doctors, and bullying his nurses.

Before long a strong, silent antagonism grew up between her and the bright-eyed, cheerful nurse, Miss Gregory. It irritated Adelaide to gain access to her husband through other people's consent; it irritated her to see the girl's understanding of the case, and her competent arrangements for her patient's comfort. If Vincent had showed any disposition to revolt, Adelaide would have pleaded with him to submit; but as it was, she watched his docility with a scornful eye.

"That girl rules you with a rod of iron," she said one day. But even then Vincent did not rouse himself.

"She knows her business," he said admiringly.

To any other invalid Adelaide could have been a soothing visitor, could have adapted the quick turns of her mind to the relaxed attention of the sick; but, honestly enough, there seemed to her an impertinence, almost an insult, in treating Vincent in such a way. The result was that her visits were exhausting, and she knew it. And yet, she said to herself, he was ill, not insane; how could she conceal from him the happenings of every day? Vincent would be the last person to be grateful to her for that.

She saw him one day grow pale; his eyes began to close. She had made up her mind to leave him when Miss Gregory came in, and with a quicker eye and a more active habit of mind, said at once:

"I think Mr. Farron has had enough excitement for one day."

Adelaide smiled up at the girl almost insolently.

"Is a visit from a wife an excitement?" she asked. Miss Gregory was perfectly grave.

"The greatest," she said.

Adelaide yielded to her own irritation.

"Well, she said, "I sha'n't stay much longer."

"It would be better if you went now, I think, Mrs. Farron."

Adelaide looked at Vincent. It was silly of him, she thought, to pretend he did n't hear. She bent over him.

"Your nurse is driving me away from you, dearest," she murmured.

He opened his eyes and took her hand.

"Come back to-morrow early—as early as you can," he said.

She never remembered his siding against her before, and she swept out into the hallway, saying to herself that it was childish to be annoyed at the whims of an invalid.

Miss Gregory had followed her.

"Mrs. Farron," she said, "do you mind my suggesting that for the present it would be better not to talk to Mr. Farron about anything that might worry him, even trifles?"

Adelaide laughed.

"You know very little of Mr. Farron," she said, "if you think he worries over trifles."

"Any one worries over trifles when he is in a nervous state."

Adelaide passed by without answering, passed by as if she had not heard. The suggestion of Vincent nervously worrying over trifles was one of the most repellent pictures that had ever been presented to her imagination.

## CHAPTER IX

THE firm for which Wayne worked was young and small—Benson & Honaton. They made a specialty of circularization in connection with the bond issues in which they were interested, and Wayne had charge of their "literature," as they described it. He often felt, after he had finished a report, that his work deserved the title. A certain number of people in Wall Street disapproved of the firm's methods. Sometimes Pete thought this was because, for a young firm, they had succeeded too quickly to please the more deliberate; but sometimes in darker moments he thought there might be some justice in the idea.

During the weeks that Farron was in the hospital Pete, despite his constant availability to Mathilde, had been at work on his report on a coal property in Pennsylvania. He was extremely pleased with the thoroughness with which he had done the job. His report was not favorable. The day after it was finished, a little after three, he received word that the firm wanted to see him. He was always annoyed with himself that these messages caused his heart to beat a trifle faster. He could n't help associating them with former hours with his head-master or in the dean's office. Only he had respected his head-master and even the dean, whereas he was not at all sure he respected Mr. Benson and he was quite sure he did not respect Mr. Honaton.

He rose slowly from his desk, exchanging with the office boy who brought the message a long, severe look, under which something very comic lurked, though neither knew what.

"And don't miss J. B.'s socks," said the boy.

Mr. Honaton—J. B.—was considered in his office a very beautiful dresser, as indeed in some ways he was. He was a tall young man, built like a greyhound, with a small, pointed head, a long waist, and a very long throat, from which, however, the strongest, loudest voice could issue when he so desired. This was his priceless asset. He was the board member, and generally admitted to be an excellent broker. It always seemed to Pete that he was a broker exactly as a beaver is a dam-builder, because nature had adapted him to that task. But outside of this one instinctive capacity he had no sense whatsoever. He rarely appeared in the office. He was met at the Broad Street entrance of the exchange at one minute to ten by a boy with the morning's orders, and sometimes he came in for a few minutes after the closing; but usually by three-fifteen he had disappeared from financial circles, and was understood to be relaxing in the higher social spheres to which he belonged. So when Pete, entering Mr. Benson's private office, saw Honaton leaning against the window-frame, with his hat-brim held against his thigh exactly like a fashion-plate, he knew that something of importance must be pending.

Benson, the senior member, was a very different person. He looked like a fat, white, pugnacious cat. His hair, which had turned white early, had a tendency to grow in a bang; his arms were short—so short that when he put his hands on the arms of his swing-chair he hardly bent his elbows. He had them there now as Pete entered, and was swinging through short arcs in rather a nervous rhythm. He was

of Irish parentage, and was understood to have political influence.

"Wayne," said Benson, "how would you like to go to China?"

And Honaton repeated portentously, "China," as if Benson might have made a mistake in the name of the country if he had not been at his elbow to correct him.

Wayne laughed.

"Well," he said, "I have nothing against China."

Benson outlined the situation quickly. The firm had acquired property in China not entirely through their own choice, and they wanted a thorough, clear report on it; they knew of no one—*no one,* Benson emphasized—who could do that as impartially and as well as Wayne. They would pay him a good sum and his expenses. It would take him a year, perhaps a year and a half. They named the figure. It was one that made marriage possible. They talked of the situation and the property and the demand for copper until Honaton began to look at his watch, a flat platinum watch, perfectly plain, you might have thought, until you caught a glimpse of a narrow line of brilliants along its almost imperceptible rim. His usual working day was over in half an hour.

"And when I come back, Mr. Benson?" said Wayne.

"Your place will be open for you here."

There was a pause.

"Well, what do you say?" said Honaton.

"I feel very grateful for the offer," said Pete, "but of course I can't give you an answer now."

"Why not, why not?" returned Honaton, who felt that he had given up half an hour for nothing if the thing could n't be settled on the spot; and even Benson, Wayne noticed, began to glower.

"You could probably give us as good an answer to-day as to-morrow," he said.

Nothing roused Pete's spirit like feeling a tremor in his own soul, and so he now answered with great firmness:

"I cannot give you an answer to-day *or* to-morrow."

"It 's all off, then, all off," said Honaton, moving to the door.

"When do the Chinese boats sail, Mr. Honaton?" said Pete, with the innocence of manner that an employee should use when putting his superior in a hole.

"I don't see what difference that makes to you, Wayne, if you 're not taking them," said Honaton, as if he were triumphantly concealing the fact that he did n't know.

"Don't feel you have to wait, Jack, if you 're in a hurry," said his partner, and when the other had slid out of the office Benson turned to Wayne and went on: "You would n't have to go until a week from Saturday. You would have to get off then, and we should have to know in time to find some one else in case you don't care for it."

Pete asked for three days, and presently left the office.

He had a friend, one of his mother's reformed drunkards, who as janitor lived on the top floor of a tall building. He and his wife offered Wayne the hospitality of their balcony, and now and then, in moments like this, he availed himself of it. Not, indeed, that there had ever been a moment quite like this; for he knew that he was facing the most important decision he had ever been forced to make.

In the elevator he met the janitor's cat Susan going home after an afternoon visit to the restaurant on the sixteenth floor. The elevator boy loved to tell how she never made a mistake in the floor.

"Do you think she 'd get off at the fifteenth or the seventeenth? Not she. Sometimes she puts her nose out and smells at the other floors, but she won't get off until I stop at the right one. Sometimes she has to ride up and down three or four times before any one wants the sixteenth. Eh, Susan?" he added in caressing tones; but Susan was watching the floors flash past and paid no attention until, arrived at the top, she and Pete stepped off together.

It was a cool, clear day, for the wind was from the north, but on the southern

balcony the sun was warm. Pete sat down in the kitchen-chair set for him, tilted back, and looked out over the Statue of Liberty, which stood like a stunted baby, to the blue Narrows. He saw one thing clearly, and that was that he would not go if Mathilde would not go with him.

He envied people who could make up their minds by thinking. At least sometimes he envied them and sometimes he thought they lied. He could only think *about* a subject and wait for the unknown gods to bring him a decision. And this is what he now did, with his eyes fixed on the towers and tanks and tenements, on the pale winter sky, and, when he got up and leaned his elbows on the parapet, on the crowds that looked like a flood of purple insects in the streets.

He thought of Mathilde's youth and his own untried capacities for success, of poverty and children, of the probable opposition of Mathilde's family and of a strange, sinister, disintegrating power he felt or suspected in Mrs. Farron. He felt that it was a terrible risk to ask a young girl to take and that it was almost an insult to be afraid to ask her to take it. That was what his mother had always said about these cherished, protected creatures: they were not prepared to meet any strain in life. He knew he would not have hesitated to ask a girl differently brought up. Ought he to ask Mathilde or ought he not even to hesitate about asking her? In his own future he had confidence. He had an unusual power of getting his facts together so that they meant something. In a small way his work was recognized. A report of his had some weight. He felt certain that if on his return he wanted another position he could get it unless he made a terrible fiasco in China. Should he consult any one? He knew beforehand what they would all think about it. Mr. Lanley would think that it was sheer impertinence to want to marry his granddaughter on less than fifteen thousand dollars a year; Mrs. Farron would think that there were lots of equally agreeable young men in the world who would not take a girl to China; and his mother, whom he could not help considering the wisest of the three, would think that Mathilde lacked discipline and strength of will for such an adventure. And on this he found he made up his mind. "After all," he said to himself as he put the chair back against the wall, "everything else would be failure, and this may be success."

It was the afternoon that Farron was brought back from the hospital, and he and Mathilde were sure of having the drawing-room to themselves. He told her the situation slowly and with a great deal of detail, chronologically, introducing the Chinese trip at the very end. But she did not at once understand.

"O Pete, you would not go away from me!" she said. "I could not face that."

"Could n't you? Remember that everything you say is going to be used against you."

"Would you be willing to go, Pete?"

"Only if you will go with me."

"Oh!" she clasped her hands to her breast, shrinking back to look at him. So that was what he had meant, this stranger whom she had known for such a short time. As she looked she half expected that he would smile, and say it was all a joke; but his eyes were steadily and seriously fixed on hers. It was very queer, she thought. Their meeting, their first kiss, their engagement, had all seemed so inevitable, so natural, there had not been a hint of doubt or decision about it; but now all of a sudden she found herself faced by a situation in which it was impossible to say yes or no.

"It would be wonderful, of course," she said, after a minute, but her tone showed she was not considering it as a possibility.

Wayne's heart sank; he saw that he had thought it possible that he would not allow her to go, but that he had never seriously faced the chance of her refusing.

"Mathilde," he said, "it 's far and sudden, and we shall be poor, and I can't promise that I shall succeed more than other fellows; and yet against all that—"

She looked at him.

"You don't think I care for those things? I don't care if you succeed or fail, or live all your life in Siam."

"What is it, then?"

"Pete, it 's my mother. She would never consent."

Wayne was aware of this, but, then, as he pointed out, Mrs. Farron could not bear for her daughter the pain of separation.

"Separation!" cried the girl. "But you just said you would not go if I did not."

"If you put your mother before me, may n't I put my profession before you?"

"My dear, don't speak in that tone."

"Why, Mathilde," he said, and he sprang up and stood looking down at her from a little distance, "this is the real test. We have thought we loved each other—"

"Thought!" she interrupted.

"But to get engaged with no immediate prospect of marriage, with all our families and friends grouped about, that does n't mean such a lot, does it?"

"It does to me," she answered almost proudly.

"Now, one of us has to sacrifice something. I want to go on this expedition. I want to succeed. That may be egotism or legitimate ambition. I don't know, but I want to go. I think I mean to go. Ought I to give it up because you are afraid of your mother?"

"It 's love, not fear, Pete."

"You love me, too, you say."

"I feel an obligation to her."

"And, good Heavens! do you feel none to me?"

"No, no. I love you too much to feel an obligation to you."

"But you love your mother *and* feel an obligation to her. Why, Mathilde, that feeling of obligation *is* love—love in its most serious form. That 's what you don't feel for me. That 's why you won't go."

"I have n't said I would n't go."

"You never even thought of going."

"I have, I do. But how can I help hesitating? You must know I want to go."

"I see very little sign of it," he murmured. The interview had not gone as he intended. He had not meant, he never imagined, that he would attempt to urge and coerce her; but her very detachment seemed to set a fire burning within him.

"I think," he said with an effort to sound friendly, "that I had better go and let you think this over by yourself."

He was actually moving to the door when she sprang up and put her arms about him.

"Were n't you even going to kiss me, Pete?"

He stooped, and touched her cheek with his lips.

"Do you call that a kiss?"

"O Mathilde, do you think any kiss will change the facts?" he answered, and was gone.

As soon as he had left her the desire for tears left her, too. She felt calm and more herself, more an isolated, independent human being than ever before in her life. She thought of all the things she ought to have said to Pete. The reason why she felt no obligation to him was that she was one with him. She was prepared to sacrifice him exactly as she was, or ought to be, willing to sacrifice herself; whereas her mother—it seemed as if her mother's power surrounded her in every direction, as solid as the ancients believed the dome of heaven.

Pringle appeared in the doorway in his eternal hunt for the tea-things.

"May I take the tray, miss?" he said.

She nodded, hardly glancing at the untouched tea-table. Pringle, as he bent over it, observed that it was nice to have Mr. Farron back. Mathilde remembered that she, too, had once been interested in her stepfather's return.

"Where 's my mother, Pringle?"

"Mrs. Farron 's in her room, I think, miss, and Mr. Lanley 's with her."

Lanley had stopped as usual to ask after his son-in-law. He found his daughter writing letters in her room. He thought her looking cross, but in deference to her recent anxieties he called it, even in his own mind, overstrained.

"Vincent is doing very well, I believe," she answered in response to his question. "He ought to be. He is in charge of two lovely young creatures hardly Mathilde's age who have already taken complete control of the household."

"You 've seen him, of course."

"For a few minutes; they allow me a few minutes. They communicate by secret signals when they think I have stayed long enough."

Mr. Lanley never knew how to treat this mood of his daughter's, which seemed to him as unreasonable as if it were emotional, and yet as cold as if it were logic itself. He changed the subject and said boldly:

"Mrs. Baxter is coming to-morrow."

Adelaide's eyes faintly flashed.

"Oh, would n't you know it!" she murmured. "Just at the most inconvenient time—inconvenient for me, I mean. Really, lovers are the only people you can depend on. I wish I had a lover."

"Adelaide," said her father with some sternness, "even in fun you should not say such a thing. If Mathilde heard you—"

"Mathilde is the person who made me see it. Her boy is here all the time, trying to think of something to please her. And who have I? Vincent has his nurses; and you have your old upholstered lady. I can't help wishing I had a lover. They are the only people who, as the Wayne boy would say, 'stick around.' But don't worry, Papa, I have a loyal nature." She was interrupted by a knock at the door, and a nurse—the same who had been too encouraging to please her at the hospital—put in her head and said brightly:

"You may see Mr. Farron now, Mrs. Farron."

Adelaide turned to her father and made a little bow.

"See how I am favored," she said, and left him.

Nothing of this mood was apparent when she entered her husband's room, though she noticed that the arrangement of the furniture had been changed, and, what she disliked even more, that they had brushed his hair in a new way. This, with his pallor and thinness, made him look strange to her. She bent over, and laid her cheek to his almost motionless lips.

"Well, dear," she said, "have you seen the church-warden part they have given your hair?"

He shook his head impatiently, and she saw she had made the mistake of trying to give the tone of an interview in which she was not the leading character.

"Who has the room above mine, Adelaide?" he asked.

"My maid."

"Ask her not to practice the fox-trot, will you?"

"O Vincent, she is never there."

"My mistake," he answered, and shut his eyes.

She repented at once.

"Of course I 'll tell her. I 'm sorry that you were disturbed." But she was thinking only of his tone. He was not an irritable man, and he had never used such a tone to her before. All pleasure in the interview was over. She was actually glad when one of the nurses came in and began to move about the room in a manner that suggested dismissal.

"Of course I 'm not angry," she said to herself. "He 's so weak one must humor him like a child."

She derived some satisfaction, however, from the idea of sending for her maid Lucie and making her uncomfortable; but on her way she met Mathilde in the hall.

"May I speak to you, Mama?" she said.

Mrs. Farron laughed.

"May you speak to me?" she said. "Why, yes; you may have the unusual privilege. What is it?"

Mathilde followed her mother into the bedroom and shut the door.

"Pete has just been here. He has been offered a position in China."

"In China?" said Mrs. Farron. This was the first piece of luck that had come to her in a long time, but she did not betray the least pleasure. "I hope it is a good one."

"Yes, he thinks it good. He sails in two weeks."

"In two weeks?" And this time she could not prevent her eye lighting a little. She thought how nicely that small complication had settled itself, and how clever she had been to have the mother to dinner and behave as if she were friendly. She did not notice that her daughter was trembling; she could n't, of course, be expected to know that the girl's hands were like ice, and that she had waited several seconds to steady her voice sufficiently to pronounce the fatal sentence:

"He wants me to go with him, Mama."

She watched her mother in an agony for the effect of these words. Mrs. Farron had suddenly detected a new burn in the hearth-rug. She bent over it.

"This wood does snap so!" she murmured. The rug was a beautiful old Persian carpet of roses and urns.

"Did you understand what I said, Mama?"

"Yes, dear; that Mr. Wayne was going to China in two weeks and wanted you to go, too. Was it just a *politesse,* or does he actually imagine that you could?"

"He thinks I can."

Mrs. Farron laughed good-temperedly.

"Did you go and see about having your pink silk shortened?" she said.

Mathilde stared at her mother, and in the momentary silence Lucie came in and asked what madame wanted for the evening, and Adelaide in her fluent French began explaining that what she really desired most was that Lucie should not make so much noise in her room that monsieur could not sleep. In the midst of it she stopped and turned to her daughter.

"Won't you be late for dinner, darling?" she said.

Mathilde thought it very possible, and went away to get dressed. She went into her own room and shut the door sharply behind her.

All the time she was dressing she tried to rehearse her case—that it was her life, her love, her chance; but all the time she had a sickening sense that a lifted eyebrow of her mother's would make it sound childish and absurd even in her own ears. She had counted on a long evening, but when she went down-stairs she found three or four friends of her mother's were to dine and go to the theater. The dinner was amusing, the talk, though avowedly hampered by the presence of Mathilde, was witty and unexpected enough; but Mathilde was not amused by it, for she particularly dreaded her mother in such a mood of ruthless gaiety. At the theater they were extremely critical, and though they missed almost the whole first act, appeared, in the entr'acte, to feel no hesitation in condemning it. They spoke of French and Italian actors by name, laughed heartily over the playwright's conception of social usages, and made Mathilde feel as if her own unacknowledged enjoyment of the play was the guiltiest of secrets.

As they drove home, she was again alone with her mother, and she said at once the sentence she had determined on:

"I don't think you understood, Mama, how seriously I meant what I said this afternoon."

Mrs. Farron was bending her long-waisted figure forward to get a good look at a picture which, small, lonely, and brightly lighted, hung in a picture-dealer's window. It was a picture of an empty room. Hot summer sunlight filtered through the lowered Venetian blinds, and fell in bands on the golden wood of the floor. Outside the air was burned and dusty, but inside the room all was clear, cool, and pure.

How perfect his things are!" murmured Mrs. Farron to herself, and then added to her daughter: "Yes, my dear, I did take in what you said. You really think you are in love with this Wayne boy, don't you? It 's immensely to your credit, darling" she went on, her tone taking on a flattering sweetness, "to care so much about any one who has such funny, stubby little hands—most unattractive hands," she added almost dreamily.

There was a long pause during which an extraordinary thing happened to Mathilde. She found that it did n't make the very slightest difference to her what her

mother thought of Pete or his hands, that it would never make any difference to her again. It was as if her will had suddenly been born, and the first act of that will was to decide to go with the man she loved. How could she have doubted for an instant? It was so simple, and no opposition would or could mean anything to her. She was not in the least angry; on the contrary, she felt extremely pitiful, as if she were saying good-by to some one who did not know she was going away, as if in a sense she had now parted from her mother forever. Tears came into her eyes.

"Ah, Mama!" she said like a sigh.

Mrs. Farron felt she had been cruel, but without regretting it; for that, she thought, was often a parent's duty.

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, Mathilde. The boy is a nice enough little person, but really I could not let you set off for China at a minute's notice with any broker's clerk who happened to fall in love with your golden hair. When you have a little more experience you will discriminate between the men you like to have love you and the men there is the smallest chance of your loving. I assure you, if little Wayne were not in love with you, you would think him a perfectly commonplace boy. If one of your friends were engaged to him, you would be the first to say that you wondered what it was she saw in him. That is n't the way one wants people to feel about one's husband, is it? And as to going to China with him, you know that 's impossible, don't you?"

"It would be impossible to let him go without me."

"Really, Mathilde!" said Mrs. Farron, gently, as if she, so willing to play fair, were being put off with fantasies. "I don't understand you," she added.

"No, Mama; you don't."

The motor stopped at the door, and they went in silence to Mrs. Farron's room, where for a bitter hour they talked. Neither yielding an inch. At last Adelaide sent the girl to bed. Mathilde was aware of profound physical exhaustion, and yet underneath there was a high knowledge of something unbreakable within her.

Left alone, Adelaide turned instinctively toward her husband's door. There were her strength and vision. Then she remembered and drew back; but presently, hearing a stir there, she knocked very softly. A nurse appeared on the instant.

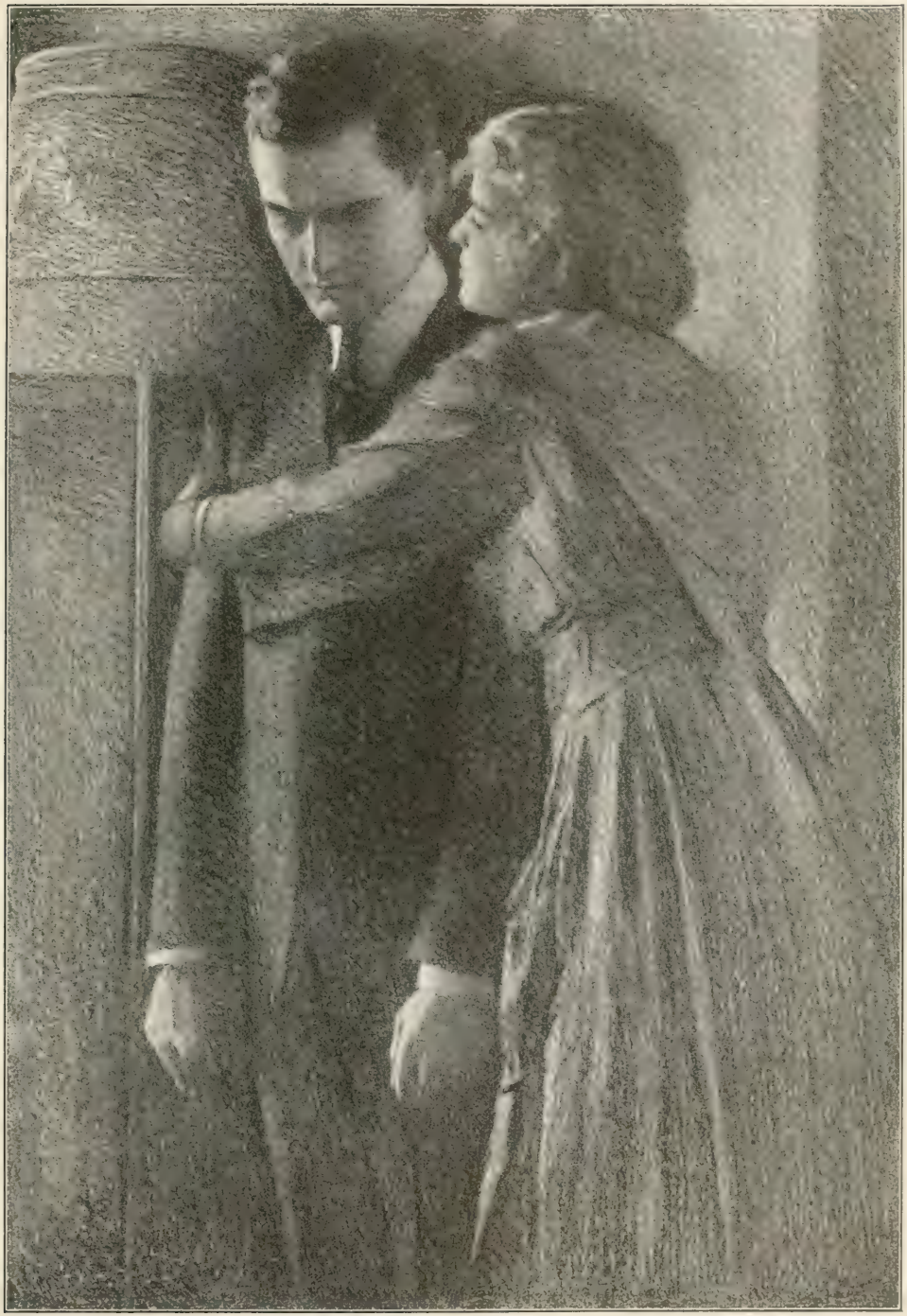
"Oh, *please,* Mrs. Farron! Mr. Farron has just got to sleep."

Adelaide stood alone in the middle of the floor. Once again, she thought, in a crisis of her life she had no one to depend on but herself. She lifted her shoulders. No one was to blame, but there the fact was. They urged you to cling and be guided, but when the pinch came, you had to act for yourself. She had learned her lesson now. Henceforward she took her own life over into her own hands.

She reviewed her past dependences. Her youth, with its dependence on her father, particularly in matters of dress. She recalled her early photographs with a shudder. Had she really dressed so badly or was it only the change of fashion? And then her dependence on Joe Severance. What could be more ridiculous than for a woman of her intelligence to allow herself to be guided in everything by a man like Joe, who had nothing himself but a certain shrewd masculinity? And now Vincent. She was still under the spell of his superiority, but perhaps she would come to judge him too. She had learned much from him. Perhaps she had learned all he had to teach her. Her face looked as if it were carved out of some smooth white stone.

## CHAPTER X

After she had gone up-stairs, Mathilde went down again to telephone Pete that she had made her decision. She went boldly snapping electric switches, for her going was a sort of assertion of her right to independent action. She would have hesitated even less if she had known how welcome her news was, how he had suffered since their parting.



"'WERE N'T YOU EVEN GOING TO KISS ME, PETE?'"

On going home from his interview with her, he found his mother dressing to dine with Mr. Lanley, a party arranged before the unexpected arrival of Mrs. Baxter. The only part of dressing that delayed Mrs. Wayne was her hair, which was so long that the brushing of it took time. In this process she was engaged when her son, in response to her answer, came into her room.

"How is Mr. Farron?" she asked at once, and he, rather touched at the genuineness of her interest, answered her in detail before her next exclamation betrayed that it was entirely for the employer of Marty Burke that she was solicitous. "Is n't it too bad he was taken ill just now?" she said.

The bitterness and doubt from which Wayne was suffering were not emotions that disposed him to confidence. He did not want to tell his mother what he was going through, for the obvious and perhaps unworthy reason that it was just what she would have expected him to go through. At the same time a real deceit was involved in concealing it, and so, tipping his chair back against her wall, he said:

"The firm has asked me to go to China for them."

His mother turned, her whole face lit up with interest.

"To China! How interesting!" she said. "China is a wonderful country. How I should like to go to China!"

"Come along. I don't start for two weeks."

She shook her head.

"No, if you go, I 'll make a trip to that hypnotic clinic of Dr. Platerbridge's; and if I can learn the trick, I will open one here."

The idea crossed Wayne's mind that perhaps he had not the power of inspiring affection.

"You don't miss people a bit, do you, Mother?" he said.

"Yes, Pete, I do; only there is so much to be done. What does Mathilde say to you going off like this? How long will you be gone?"

"More than a year."

"Pete, how awful for her!"

"There is nothing to prevent her going with me."

"You could n't take that child to China."

"You may be glad to know that she is cordially of your opinion."

The feeling behind his tone at last attracted his mother's full attention.

"But, my dear boy," she said gently, "she has never been anywhere in her life without a maid. She probably does n't know how to do her hair or mend her clothes or anything practical."

"Mother dear, you are not so awfully practical yourself," he answered; "but you would have gone."

Mrs. Wayne looked impish.

"I always loved that sort of thing," she said; and then, becoming more maternal, she added, "and that does n't mean it would be sensible because I 'd do it."

"Well,"—Wayne stood up preparatory to leaving the room,—"I mean to take her if she 'll go."

His mother, who had now finished winding her braid very neatly around her head, sank into a chair.

"Oh dear!" she said, "I almost wish I were n't dining with Mr. Lanley. He 'll think it 's all my fault."

"I doubt if he knows about it."

Mrs. Wayne's eyes twinkled.

"May I tell him? I should like to see his face."

"Tell him I am going, if you like. Don't say I want to take her with me."

Her face fell.

"That would n't be much fun," she answered, "because I suppose the truth is they won't be sorry to have you out of the way."

"I suppose not," he said, and shut the door behind him. He could not truthfully say that his mother had been much of a comfort. He had suddenly thought that he would go down to the first floor and get Lily Parret to go to the theater with him. He and she had the warm friendship for each other of two handsome, healthy young people of opposite sexes who

might have everything to give each other except time. She was perhaps ten years older than he, extremely handsome, with dimples and dark, red hair and blue eyes. She had a large practice among the poor, and might have made a conspicuous success of her profession if it had not been for her intense and too widely diffused interest. She wanted to strike a blow at every abuse that came to her attention, and as, in the course of her work, a great many turned up, she was always striking blows and never following them up. She went through life in a series of springs, each one in a different direction; but the motion of her attack was as splendid as that of a tiger. Often she was successful, and always she enjoyed herself.

When she answered Pete's ring, and he looked up at her magnificent height, her dimples appeared in welcome. She really was glad to see him.

"Come out and dine with me, Lily, and go to the theater."

"Come to a meeting at Cooper Union on capital punishment. I 'm going to speak, and I 'm going to be very good."

"No, Lily; I want to explain to you what a pitiable sex you belong to. You have no character, no will—"

She shook her head, laughing.

"You are a personal lot, you young men," she said. "You change your mind about women every day, according to how one of them treats you."

"They don't amount to a row of pins, Lily."

"Certainly some men select that kind, Pete."

"O Lily," he answered, "don't talk to me like that! I want some one to tell me I 'm perfect, and, strangely enough, no one will."

"I will," she answered, with beaming good nature, "and I pretty near think so, too. But I can't dine with you, Pete. Would n't you like to go to my meeting?"

"I should perfectly hate to," he answered, and went off crossly, to dine at his college's local club. Here he found an old friend, who most fortunately said something derogatory of the firm of Benson & Honaton. The opinion coincided with certain phases of Wayne's own views, but he contradicted it, held it up to ridicule, and ended by quoting incidents in the history of his friend's own firm which, as he said, were probably among the crookedest things that had ever been put over in Wall Street. Lily would not have distracted his mind more completely. He felt almost cheerful when he went home about ten o'clock. His mother was still out, and there was no letter from Mathilde. He had been counting on finding one.

Before long his mother came in. She was looking very fine. She had on a new gray dress that she had had made for her by a fallen woman from an asylum, but which had turned out better than such ventures of Mrs. Wayne's usually did.

She had supposed she and Mr. Lanley were to dine alone, an idea which had not struck her as revolutionary. Accustomed to strange meals in strange company—a bowl of milk with a prison chaplain at a dairy lunch-room, or even, on one occasion, a supper in an Owl Lunch Wagon with a wavering drunkard, —she had thought that a quiet, perfect dinner with Mr. Lanley sounded pleasant enough. But she was not sorry to find it had been enlarged. She liked to meet new people. She was extremely optimistic, and always hoped that they would prove either spiritually rewarding, or practically useful to some of her projects. When she saw Mrs. Baxter, with her jetty hair, jeweled collar, and eyes a trifle too saurian for perfect beauty, she at once saw a subscription to the working-girl's club. The fourth person Mr. Wilsey, Lanley's lawyer, she knew well by reputation. She wondered if she could make him see that his position on the eight-hour law was absolutely anti-social.

Mr. Lanley enjoyed a small triumph when she entered. He had been so discreet in his description of her to Mrs. Baxter, he had been so careful not to hint that she was an illuminating personality who had suddenly come into his life, that he knew he had left his old friend with

the general impression that Mrs. Wayne was merely the mother of an undesirable suitor of Mathilde's who spent most of her life in the company of drunkards. So when she came in, a little late as usual, in her long, soft, gray dress, with a pink rose at her girdle, looking far more feminine than Mrs. Baxter, about whom Adelaide's offensive adjective "upholstered" still clung, he felt the full effect of her appearance. He even enjoyed the obviously suspicious glance which Mrs. Baxter immediately afterward turned upon him.

At dinner things began well. They talked about people and events of which Mrs. Wayne knew nothing, but her interest and good temper made her not an outsider, but an audience. Anecdotes which even Mr. Lanley might have felt were trivial gossip became, through her attention to them, incidents of the highest human interest. Such an uncritical interest was perhaps too stimulating.

He expected nothing dangerous when, during the game course, Mrs. Baxter turned to him and asked how Mathilde had enjoyed what she referred to as "her first winter."

Mr. Lanley liked to talk about Mathilde. He described, with a little natural exaggeration, how much she had enjoyed herself and how popular she had been.

"I hope she has n't been bitten by any of those modern notions," said Mrs. Baxter.

Mr. Wilsey broke in.

"Oh, these modern, restless young women!" he said. "They don't seem able to find their natural contentment in their own homes. My daughter came to me the other day with a wonderful scheme of working all day long with charity organizations. I said to her 'My dear, charity begins at home.' My wife, Mrs. Baxter, is an old-fashioned housekeeper. She gives out all supplies used in my house; she knows where the servants are at every minute of the day, and we have nine. She—"

"Oh, how is dear Mrs. Wilsey?" said Mrs. Baxter, perhaps not eager for the full list of her activities.

"Well, at present she is in a sanatorium," replied her husband, "from overwork, just plain overwork."

Mr. Lanley, catching Mrs. Wayne's twinkling eye, could only pray that she would not point out that a sojourn in a sanatorium was not complete contentment in the home; but before she had a chance, Mrs. Baxter had gone on.

"That 's so like the modern girl—anything but her obvious duty. She 'll help any one but her mother and work anywhere but in the home. We 've had a very painful case at home lately. One of our most charming young girls has suddenly developed an absolutely morbid curiosity about the things that take place in the women's courts. Why, as her poor father said to me, 'Mrs. Baxter, old as I am, I hear things in those courts so shocking I have hard work forgetting them; and yet Imogen wants me to let her go into those courts day after day—' "

"Oh, that 's abnormal, almost perverted," said Mr. Wilsey, judicially. "The women's courts are places where no —" he hesitated a bare instant, and Mrs. Wayne asked:

"No woman should go?"

"No girl should go."

"Yet many of the girls who come there are under sixteen."

Mr. Wilsey hid a slight annoyance under a manner peculiarly bland.

"Ah, dear lady," he said, "you must forgive my saying that that remark is a trifle irrelevant."

"Is it?" she asked, meaning him to answer her; but he only looked benevolently at her, and turned to listen to Mrs. Baxter, who was saying:

"Yes, everywhere we look nowadays we see women rushing into things they don't understand, and of course we all know what women are—"

"What are they?" asked Mrs. Wayne, and Lanley's heart sank.

"Oh, emotional and inaccurate and untrustworthy and spiteful."

"Mrs. Baxter, I 'm sure you 're not like that."

"My dear Madam!" exclaimed Wilsey.

"But is n't that logical?" Mrs. Wayne pursued. "If all women are so, and she 's a woman?"

"Ah, logic, dear lady," said Wilsey, holding up a finger—"logic, you know, has never been the specialty of your sex."

"Of course it 's logic," said Lanley, crossly. "If you say all Americans are liars, Wilsey, and you 're an American, the logical inference is that you think yourself a liar. But Mrs. Baxter does n't mean that she thinks all women are inferior—"

"I must say I prefer men," she answered almost coquettishly.

"If all women were like you, Mrs. Baxter, I 'd believe in giving them the vote," said Wilsey.

"Please don't," she answered. "I don't want it."

"Ah, the clever ones don't."

"I never pretended to be clever."

"Perhaps not; but I 'd trust your intuition where I would pay no attention to a clever person."

Lanley laughed.

"I think you 'd better express that a little differently, Wilsey," he said; but his legal adviser did not notice him.

"My daughter came to me the other day," he went on to Mrs. Baxter, "and said, 'Father, don't you think women ought to have the vote some day?' and I said, 'Yes, my dear, just as soon as men have the babies.' "

"There 's no answer to that," said Mrs. Baxter.

"I fancy not," said Wilsey. "I think I put the essence of it in that sentence."

"If ever women get into power in this country, I shall live abroad."

"O Mrs. Baxter," said Mrs. Wayne, "really you don't understand women—"

"I don't? Why, Mrs. Wayne, I am a woman."

"All human beings are spiteful and inaccurate and all those things you said; but that is n't *all* they are. The women I see, the wives of my poor drunkards are so wonderful, so patient. They are mothers and wage-earners and sick nurses, too; they 're not the sort of women you describe. Perhaps," she added, with one of her fatal impulses toward concession, "perhaps your friends are untrustworthy and spiteful; so you say—"

Mrs. Baxter drew herself up. "My friends, Mrs. Wayne," she said—"my friends, I think, will compare favorably even with the wives of your drunkards."

Mr. Lanley rose to his feet.

"Shall we go up-stairs?" he said. Mr. Wilsey offered Mrs. Baxter his arm. "An admirable answer that of yours," he murmured as he led her from the room, "admirable snub to her perfectly unwarranted attack on you and your friends."

"Of course you realize that she does n't know any of the people I know," said Mrs. Baxter. "Why should she begin to abuse them?"

Mr. Wilsey laughed, and shook his finger.

"Just because she does n't know them. That, I 'm afraid, is the rub. That 's what I usually find lies behind the socialism of socialists—the sense of being excluded. This poor lady has evidently very little *usage du monde*. It is her pitiful little protest, dear Madam, against your charm, your background, your grand manner."

They sank upon an ample sofa near the fire, and though the other end of the large room was chilly, Lanley and Mrs. Wayne moved thither with a common impulse.

Mrs. Wayne turned almost tearfully to Lanley.

"I 'm so sorry I 've spoiled your party," she said.

"You 've done much worse than that," he returned gravely.

"O Mr. Lanley," she wailed, "what have I done?"

"You 've spoiled a friendship."

"Between you and me?"

He shook his head.

"Between them and me. I never heard people talk such nonsense, and yet I 've been hearing people talk like that all my life, and have never taken it in. Mrs. Wayne, I want you to tell me something frankly—"

"Oh, I 'm so terrible when I 'm frank," she said.

"Do I talk like that?"

She looked at him and looked away again.

"Good God! you think I do!"

"No, you don't talk like that often, but I think you feel that way a good deal."

"I don't want to," he answered. "I 'm sixty-four, but I don't ever want to talk like Wilsey. Won't you stop me whenever I do?"

Mrs. Wayne sighed.

"It will make you angry."

"And if it does?"

"I hate to make people angry. I was distressed that evening on the pier."

He looked up, startled.

"I suppose I talked like Wilsey that night?"

"You said you might be old-fashioned, but—"

"Don't, please, tell me what I said, Mrs. Wayne." He went on more seriously: "I 've got to an age when I can't expect great happiness from life—just a continuance of fairly satisfactory outside conditions; but since I 've known you, I 've felt a lightening, a brightening, an intensifying of my own inner life that I believe comes as near happiness as anything I 've ever felt, and I don't want to lose it on account of a reactionary old couple like that on the sofa over there."

He dreaded being left alone with the reactionary old couple when presently Mrs. Wayne, very well pleased with her evening, took her departure. He assisted her into her taxi, and as he came up-stairs with a buoyant step, he wished it were not ridiculous at his age to feel so lighthearted.

He saw that his absence had given his guests an instant of freer criticism, for they were tucking away smiles as he entered.

"A very unusual type, is she not, our friend, Mrs. Wayne?" said Wilsey.

"A little bit of a reformer, I 'm afraid," said Mrs. Baxter.

"Don't be too hard on her," answered Lanley.

"Oh, very charming, very charming," put in Wilsey, feeling, perhaps, that Mrs. Baxter had been severe; "but the poor lady's mind is evidently seething with a good many undigested ideas."

"You should have pointed out the flaws in her reasoning, Wilsey," said his host.

"Argue with a woman, Lanley!" Mr. Wilsey held up his hand in protest. "No, no, I never argue with a woman. They take it so personally."

"I think we had an example of that this evening," said Mrs. Baxter.

"Yes, indeed," the lawyer went on. "See how the dear lady missed the point, and became so illogical and excited under our little discussion."

"Funny," said Lanley. "I got just the opposite impression."

"Opposite?"

"I thought it was you who missed the point, Wilsey."

He saw how deeply he had betrayed himself as the others exchanged a startled glance. It was Mrs. Baxter who thought of the correct reply.

"*Were* there any points?" she asked.

Wilsey shook his finger.

"Ah, don't be cruel!" he said, and held out his hand to say good night; but Lanley was smoking, with his head tilted up and his eyes on the ceiling. What he was thinking was, "It is n't good for an old man to get as angry as I am."

"Good night, Lanley; a delightful evening."

Mr. Lanley's chin came down.

"Oh, good night, Wilsey; glad you found it so."

When he was gone, Mrs. Baxter observed that he was a most agreeable companion.

"So witty, so amiable, and, for a leader at the bar, he has an extraordinarily light touch."

Mr. Lanley had resumed his position on the hearth-rug and his contemplation of the ceiling.

"Wilsey 's not a leader at the bar," he said, with open crossness.

He showed no disposition to sit and chat over the events of the evening.

(To be continued)

# The Furloughs of Jean-Marie

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

Author of "The New Map of Europe," etc.

August 26, 1914.

Perhaps the police are simply trying to find out who the strangers are, a tremendous task at any time in this cosmopolitan city, and more complicated than ever just now, when refugees are beginning to pour in. Perhaps they are coöperating with the military authorities to see that every man who is *mobilisable* has answered the call to arms. For we cannot mistake the signs of a city-wide drawing of the drag-net. Gendarmes, policemen, plain-clothesmen, on café terraces, up and down the boulevards, at busy crossings, accost you, and ask to see your papers. Added to the tension caused by lack of news is the tension of this inquisition. Knowing that you are under constant inspection, you become wholly self-conscious.

When I went out to lunch to-day, a crowd was gathering on the Boul' Miche' just outside my gate. The pedestrians of a city street are like a river current. The slightest stop in the flow of life becomes an eddy. Zealous patriots had felt it their duty to question a country boy, whose height, flaxen hair, blue eyes, and age attracted attention and aroused suspicion. If the boy was really a Frenchman, should he not be in the army? As he was in civilian clothes, he was certainly a German. I saw right away that the boy's confusion had robbed him of the power of explanation. There was no policeman near by. Safety lay in retreat. I managed to catch him by the arm back into the yard and slammed the iron gate upon the crowd. We waited a few minutes. I said nothing to the boy, who looked more bewildered than frightened. He could not comprehend what the trouble was. When I was sure that the ring was a summons of authority, I let in two policemen and an excited officer in uniform who had been found by the zealous patriots.

A few words and the production of a *livret militaire* quite in order sufficed to set matters right. Three months ago Jean-Marie Simonet, after a year of military service, had been sent to his home in the Somme Valley north of Valenciennes. Astigmatism was written down as the cause of his temporary discharge. Last week gendarmes on bicycles had come through his region, ordering men of military age to leave their homes immediately and report at Lille. At Lille he was told to go to Amiens. At Amiens he was told to go to Paris. He knew no one in Paris except a cousin of his mother, a woman from his own *pays,* who was concierge somewhere on the Boulevard St. Michel. He had never been in Paris before and had no money. Since arriving at the Gare du Nord this morning, he had found his way to the Boul' Miche' and was walking up and down the boulevard, praying that he would see his mother's cousin in a doorway. No, he did not know the number. The excited officer, now quite calmed down, laughed, and gave Jean-Marie five francs. He cursed the folly of crowds. The matter-of-fact policemen explained to Jean-Marie that if he had gone to the *Commissariat de police* and given his aunt's name, he could have found her readily. But, first of all, he ought to know that the *ajournés* of his *classe* were called for revision. He must report immediately to the military authorities at the Invalides, who would give him full instructions. That was the first thing; then he could "very easily" find the mother's cousin.

I assured the policemen that when they chased the crowd away from the gate I would take Jean-Marie to lunch, and then put him in a cab, with the *cocher* headed for the Invalides.

I took Jean-Marie to Boulant's. He was very shy, and much more afraid of waitress and table-cloth and napkin than he had been of the crowd. But food and wine reassured him, and he told me what could not be gleaned from the newspapers in these days—the reality of the German invasion, the exodus from Lille, the confusion and uncertainty that reigned everywhere. He was much more excited about being in Paris than about the Germans and the war. "Until last year, when I went off for military service," he said, "I had never seen any city except Valenciennes. Then I went to Lille. But there was n't much time to go around and see things, and, besides, there is n't anything to see in Lille. I have read a lot about Paris. I hope the Germans don't come here right away, and that I won't be sent off somewhere else, as I was yesterday from Amiens. I wanted to see Amiens, and I ought to have gone to the cathedral before I went to the *dépôt*. They made me take the next train. Don't you think that here I 'd better—"

"Jean-Marie," I interrupted, "don't get into trouble again. You want to be *en règle* before you try to go around Paris. I am going to do what I told the policemen I would do. After you have been to the Invalides, hunt up your concierge relative. Then come around to my studio, and I 'll give you a little money to see Paris, or find you a job, if you are not taken right away for service."

I gave Jean-Marie my card, and told a *cocher* to take him to the Invalides with all speed.

August 27.

My farmer-boy from the North did not turn up last night, nor has he come today. I wonder if his experience at Amiens was repeated. This might be an indication of how the military authorities feel in Paris. I wonder.

October 4.

When I went to the studio this morning, a tall soldier was standing under the porte-cochère. His head was swathed in bandages, and although his back was turned, I guessed immediately who it was from little tufts of bright-yellow hair that stuck out over his ears from under the lint. The youngster I had rescued on the Boul' Miche' in August was telling the concierge, with both arms, a story that made her laugh heartily. Jean-Marie was full of good spirits, and his bashfulness had gone.

"Here I am," he cried when he saw me. "I did not lose your card. That afternoon they told me at the Invalides to wait a few days, but on the way back to see you I was held up twice. Why do I look like a Boche? I explained my case to a gendarme all over again, and showed him my *livret militaire,* with the fresh stamp. He told me I ought to become an *engagé volontaire* immediately. That was the way out, and my country was in danger. Do you know, I had n't thought of that. So I went back to the Invalides. That evening I was in uniform. They were making up a regiment, and we went right out. I was on the Marne, in General Manoury's army. My company went too fast. The Boches turned on us, and I got a crack on the head. I was brought in to the Val-de-Grâce. This morning they told me I could go out for the first time. When I showed them your card, and they said that the rue Campagne-Première was very near, I came right over."

Through two cigars Jean-Marie told me the story of his Marne campaign in smallest detail, with frequent reference to a little pocket diary. I had begun to look restlessly at the papers on my desk before he announced that he had to return to the hospital for morning inspection; but he would come back right after lunch, evidently expecting that I could show him Paris. What was I to do? It was a pleasure to see Jean-Marie for an hour. With Val-de-Grâce so near, however, I was alarmed at his intention of making me his headquarters and his guide.

After he had left, a happy thought came to me. This very morning, in the "Echo de Paris," an article by a brilliant Academician set forth the important rôle the *jeunes filles* of France could play this winter, for now all the world recognizes that the war will last through the winter. The Academician proposes that every *jeune fille* become a *marraine* (godmother) with a *filleul* (godson) chosen from the regiments of the invaded regions. Just the thing for Jean-Marie! This fits him perfectly.

At breakfast this morning I had spoken of the Academician's article. For, since the war began, I have disregarded Helen's (Mrs. Gibbons) dislike of newspapers with coffee, and have tried to mitigate her disapproval by sharing with her what I read. With the Germans preparing for a thrust at Calais and besieging Antwerp, it is too much to expect a man to give in altogether to his wife on this point. Christine, six years old, was greatly taken with the *marraine* idea. "I want a *filleul,*" she had announced. Here was my chance to get out from under. Christine's nurse, a young and pretty English girl, knew a little French. I declared my plan at lunch. Helen agreed. This afternoon, when Jean-Marie returned to the studio, he found his *marraines.* I put them into a taxi, with instructions to the chauffeur, and returned to my work very much pleased with myself. The "Echo de Paris" is a good newspaper. It publishes articles full of common sense.

October 10.

When I went home to lunch I learned that Jean-Marie had come to say good-by. It seems that the *médecin-major* sent him off in a hurry to his *dépôt* at Dijon. The paper was stamped for twelve hours, and he had to take the noon train. He did not see his *marraines,* for Dorothy had taken Christine to school. The sudden departure of Jean-Marie does not excite a very deep feeling of regret. After two or three rides Christine had tired of her *filleul.* It had been the nurse's luck to see him only when she was chaperoned by a small kid. I am afraid that, in Helen's eyes, Jean-Marie had become a nuisance.

He has left his address. He wants Christine to write to him and to send him packages!

December 1.

Paris is going crazy over Christmas in the trenches. For two weeks newspapers have published daily warnings to the *marraines.* You must get your package in right away, or the army postal service will be swamped. Shop-window displays are everywhere reminders of what the *filleuls* need. Man does not live by bread alone. Canned chicken and lobster, chocolates and bonbons, tobacco and cigarette-holders, woolly knitted things, wrist-watches, compasses, folding-knives and forks, whistles, shoes, playing-cards—in a word, everything that every Paris merchant has to sell, we are told, ought to be sent to those who have to pass Christmas and the New Year facing the Germans.

We have been thinking uneasily of Jean-Marie. Helen has more than she can look after, and I am told that Jean-Marie is my responsibility. Christine's class at school now have their class *filleuls,* and Dorothy is interested in English soldiers.

Since a good *marraine* sends letters and cards as well as packages to her *filleul,* surely Jean-Marie cannot be my responsibility. I am ashamed of his unanswered letters. A young sewing-woman said at the house this afternoon:

"Every one has a *filleul,* and I have none. I can't afford really to ask for one until after Christmas."

"Say, now, certainly you can," I protested, with great joy—"a handsome *filleul,* unmarried, from the North, about your own age." Into Félicie's hand I pressed twenty francs and Jean-Marie's last letter to Christine.

September 7, 1915.

The children are still in Finistère. I have just returned from Chautauqua, and am busy with proofs. Helen has come to town to help with the proofs and put on foot the children's clothes for the winter.

"You have no engagement for to-night?" Helen asked carelessly at breakfast. My equally careless negative was followed by, "You are sure nothing will turn up?"

A trap! I began to fence.

"Whom are you going to have to-night?"

"You remember Jean-Marie Simonet, Félicie's *filleul*. He has come on *permission;* arrived yesterday. You are not out of town, for Félicie is not primed, like your studio concierge. So I told Félicie that she should bring him here to dinner to-night."

"Very easy," I said. "She can entertain him here to her heart's content; but you surely remember that we are dining out, and that we are going to a show."

"No, you don't," declared Helen, firmly. "Jean-Marie is your responsibility; Félicie is his *marraine* by your appointment. I saw she was worried this morning, and now she has confessed to me that in order to hold Jean-Marie, whose friends in the regiment all have *marraines* who are *mondaine,* or pretend to be, she has written him about dinners, etc., at our house. Do you understand? Félicie is one of our intimate friends!"

I whooped. Stand by Félicie? Certainly. The wives of an artillery captain and a famous *littérateur,* both of the same stamp as mine, were reached by telephone. They promised to appear with their husbands. Félicie was luckily of Helen's size, so there was no difficulty about her gown.

Dinner passed off beautifully. Félicie rose to the occasion. Jean-Marie expanded. *Marraines* were no joke to him, and he made us take them seriously by telling us in his own simple way how communications had developed during the year between the front and the rear, and the importance and significance of the *marraine-filleul* relationship. Some in his company did not have *marraines* at first: others lost their *marraines* and their grip at the same time. With the war dragging along and nothing new happening, and the only news in the paper bad news about Russia, the "*cafard,*" as the soldiers call the "blues," became a worse enemy than the Germans, of whom they had seen little since the Battle of the Marne. Men who had no letters and no packages got sick; the *cafard* put many of them out of business altogether. Those who had no *marraine* to take an interest in them did not want to come to Paris *en permission.* But there was comedy as well as tragedy in Jean-Marie's story. Some of his *copains* (chums) had bad luck with their *marraines.* Everything went well until the *filleul* asked for a photograph or announced that he was going to have a four days' *permission* in Paris. Then the *marraine* would stop writing or answer that she would be away at the time of the *permission.* That sort were old maids who had written as if they were *jeunes filles,* and could n't stand the test of face to face. Or they were willing enough to write an occasional letter and send an occasional package, but did not want to bother with the *poilu* when he came to town.

"But I have luck. Mine is glad to see me, and she looks just like her photograph," said Jean-Marie. We raised our glasses to Félicie.

September 9.

Helen took Félicie with her to the country this morning. She told me that Félicie ought to try on some of the children's clothes before finishing making them up. What she said, and what Félicie said, to Jean-Marie, I do not know. But although Félicie had a day off yesterday, with full pay and some more besides, she did not look very happy when she brought Jean-Marie in to tea. It seemed that Jean-Marie had an engagement in the evening with a *copain* that did not include Félicie. I suspect him of having another *marraine.* He told us the other evening how some of the soldiers kept several *marraines* going at the same time, and how some of the *filleuls* found out they had the same *marraine.*

September 10.

I went to the Gare de l'Est to-night to

meet Colonel X——, who was coming in from Alsace by the Belfort train. He telegraphed that he had some photographs for me, and that I would have to come to take them at the station, as he was going right through to Marseilles.

The large space inside the iron gate in front of the *"entrée aux militaires"* at the Gare de l'Est experiences every evening the whole gamut of human emotions. Here the soldiers on *permission,* coming from death, greet their loved ones. Here, a few days later, they say good-by as they go back to death. Here mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, wives, children, sweethearts, *marraines* serious and otherwise, gather to laugh or cry.

As I was waiting for my colonel, an engine tooted insistently, and the big bell rang a warning. Gendarmes called out gruffly. The returning *permissionnaires* submitted to the last farewells, and hurried through the entrance. A richly, but too strikingly, clad young woman was kissing a tall, yellow-haired *poilu.* I recognized Jean-Marie—and Jean-Marie's other *marraine.*

August 8, 1916.

I have just returned from a flying trip to America, and find among the letters on my desk the following:

Vichy, July 20.

MONSIEUR:

Have you forgotten your *poilu* from Valenciennes? It is a long time that I have not had your news. How are Madame Gibbons and you? Give my kisses to my first little *marraine,* Christine, if you please. I was wounded in the left knee on the first day of the Battle of the Somme. It was bad luck, was it not? To think that I was fighting in the direction of my own country, and that this river, full of blood, came from my country! Two years ago I plowed the fields on its banks and brought my horses down to drink from it. But that is so far away, and yet it is no farther away than the very month you took me from that crowd on the Boulevard St. Michel. I feel so grown-up now, and, Monsieur, I shall never again not be sad. For in June I had the first news of my family. A letter came, through our regional committee, from a woman of my village who had been sent out by way of Switzerland in a convoy by the Germans. She said that my father and mother were dead and that my little sister had been taken away by the Germans. So you see I wanted to fight in this battle as I had not wanted to fight before. But on the first day I was taken out, and now I am here, where they put knees in ovens to cure them. Monsieur, Mademoiselle Félicie wrote me that she was married, and I have not had a *marraine* for long. It is true, as Mademoiselle Félicie must have told you, that I stopped writing after my *permission* last year. There was some trouble. Like many of my *copains,* I had another *marraine,* who said she was a *grande dame.* But she was *gentille* only when I was in Paris. I got her from an advertisement in the 'Vie Parisienne,' and did n't want another that way, and being ashamed about what you might think, I did not write. Now please, Monsieur, forgive me. Do not wish me of it, please! The *marraines* are difficult now, and you never know if you have a right one or not. I think an *Américaine* living in Paris might be good to me, one who would send me things I need, and write nicely to cheer me. I may get a leave to Paris, when I get better, even if it is with crutches. Could you find me a *marraine* among your *Américaines* who has an automobile? For, you see, with crutches one walks difficultly.

Accept my deepest respects and homages; also Madame Gibbons, and not forgetting my first *marraine,* Christine.

JEAN-MARIE SIMONET,
*En convalescence,*
Hôpital Auxiliaire No. —

There was "what to laugh and cry," as the French say, in Jean-Marie's letter. I wrote to him immediately, inclosing some money for cigarettes. And I told him that I would send his letter to an American woman in Paris who, if she could not take him herself, would find a *marraine américaine,* with the automobile. However, I pointed out to Jean-Marie that

the *marraine* able and willing to minister to his needs might not be as young or as complacent as Félicie. Did he want romance or comforts?

October 24.

Jean-Marie appeared at the rue Campagne-Première this afternoon. He looks much older and he has suffered. He is on crutches, but tells me that next week he expects to be able to walk with a cane. Thanking me for his American *marraine*, he declared:

"Yes, you were right. What I need now is a mother, and Mrs. Blank treats me as if I were her own son. Why, I am living at her apartment with three other *filleuls*, and we don't have to be jealous of each other. She has fifty, and employs a secretary to write to them. I have seen that secretary slipping along the corridor, but she does n't come in to talk to us. Mrs. Blank sends us out to see everything around Paris (most of us had already seen everything in the town), and young girls, French and American, go with us, but never the same girls twice. The automobile is down-stairs now. Mrs. Blank said I ought to—I mean to say, I was very anxious to—come to see you. I must be going now, for the fountains are playing at Versailles, and we want to take them in before dinner. Will you give my respectful greetings to Mrs. Gibbons and to my first *marraine*, that dear little Christine? May I come one day to greet them at your apartment?"

Jean-Marie has become quite a man of the world. He talks without hesitation, and gives you a hand-shake imitated from Mrs. Blank.

November 11.

A letter from Mrs. Blank this morning tells us that Jean-Marie failed to pass the *conseil de revision*. The doctors declared him cured, and he has had to report at his *dépôt*. On the way to the Gare de Lyon they stopped to see us, both at the apartment and the studio, but found we were out. Jean-Marie left his adieus. He will probably not be returned to the front, Mrs. Blank thinks, but he will be useful in the auxiliary.

February 5, 1917.

Eight pages from Jean-Marie. His knee got quite all right, and he is back in his old regiment; but he declares that the damp, rainy weather gives him rheumatic pains. He started to learn English with Mrs. Blank, and has been getting English letters from her. He thinks she must have an English secretary, too. Jean-Marie hears that the United States is going into the war. After two sheets of congratulating me upon my "noble country" and of eulogy of President Wilson, he comes to the point. When America enters the war, he will know English well, and he wants to be an interpreter. He will feel it an honor and a compensation for all his sufferings if only he can be with the Americans.

April 17.

Three letters in the last two weeks from Jean-Marie, all in English. I read them yesterday on the train to Nice. Mrs. Blank, whom I met this morning on the Promenade des Anglais, told me that her *filleuls* had become too much for her. When they wrote of *permissions*, her secretary had a standing order to tell each *poilu* that arrangements had been made for him to go to a hotel on the rue de Bassano, where he would find his room and board paid and an envelop with fifty francs for seeing Paris. "Your protegé, Simonet," she said, "is working for a month's leave for hydrotherapic treatment at the Grand Palais. He is splendid and refreshing, that youngster, but I think he is becoming spoiled. He knows he is good-looking, and the girls I have to help me made too much fuss over him. I wonder how many of them have become his *marraines*, too."

April 19.

Motoring through Cannes this morning, Helen and I had a surprise. There was no mistaking the tall soldier with yellow hair who walked arm in arm along

the *digue* with a girl known to all the world as the coming young American prima donna of the Opéra Comique. We had shot by quickly, and, as we were lunching at St. Raphael, there was no time to turn back.

But in the afternoon we ran across Jean-Marie again on the golf-course at La Napoule.

"Now, Mr. Simonet," his teacher was saying in English, "remember to get your legs into it. Steady on the left, and let the right bend as you make the stroke."

"Yes, steady on the left, Jean-Marie," I broke in; "that 's what this furlough was for, was it not? I suppose golf on the Riviera is preliminary to hydrotherapics at the Grand Palais."

Jean-Marie was not embarrassed. Far from it. The club, raised for the stroke, was dropped, and the golfer turned to make the presentations. But Miss A—— had long been inclined to be gracious to me because of what she hoped I might write, and she greeted us like old friends.

"Where did you steal this *blessé?*" I asked. "Did Mrs. Blank, his *marraine,* detail him to your care? We saw Mrs. Blank at Nice only two days ago."

The star of the Opéra Comique denied the imputation of disloyalty to Mrs. Blank. No, she had not met Jean-Marie at the hospitable home for *filleuls* on the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. Yesterday morning something happened to the wheels of her *wagon-lit.* It had to be left at Avignon. Miss A—— traveled the rest of the way to Cannes in a day-coach. Jean-Marie was in her compartment, also bound for Cannes, and he wanted to speak English.

Then Jean-Marie told us how he had gone to the hotel on the rue de Bassano, according to the instructions of Mrs. Blank's secretary. He had not been able to secure the leave for a month at the Grand Palais. The *médecin-major* of his regiment had no sympathy with bad knees; but he did get eight days' *permission.* After that there was going to be a big offensive.

July 15.

I saw Jean-Marie in the great parade yesterday. His company did wonderful work on the Chemin des Dames last month, and won the honor of taking part in the celebration of the Quatorze. Jean-Marie has become a corporal. He looked fine in his new uniform, wearing the *croix de guerre,* the *fourragère,* and his stripe. "Bravo, Jean-Marie!" I cried. He waved to me.

I was not disappointed this morning. Jean-Marie came into the studio.

"We have to go back in twenty-four hours," he said, "and the non-commissioned officers of my company are being given a luncheon to-day by the Duchesse de ——at her *hôtel* in the rue de Chaillot. But I did want to see you just a moment, to ask how you are enjoying the summer, and for the news of Madame Gibbons and dear little Christine, my first *marraine.* I want also to talk to you about my interpretership and about a new *marraine.* You see, Madame Blank is not in Paris any more, and her secretary treats us—all the *filleuls*—like a business. Miss A—— promised to be a nice *marraine,* but she has forgotten me since Cannes. Not one letter. I must have an *Américaine,* for if I do not practise my English, the interpretership will suffer. This war is very long. You know I don't mind the danger, but it is very long. If only I knew some one; that is, some one young—knew her well!"

I played with my letter-opener, turning it over and over on my desk, a habit of mine when I am thinking back and thinking ahead. I was doing both. I thought back to Jean-Marie as he was in August, 1914, fresh from the farm, unawakened in every way, frightened of waitress and table-cloth at Boulant's. I thought ahead to Jean-Marie after the war, building on the present symptoms. A farmer-boy was spoiled. What would be the compensation? And there are hundreds of thousands of Jean-Maries to-day in France and in every other country at war. My country, too, is making Jean-Maries.

# ON FURLOUGH

Studies of the French Soldiers
from photographs taken for The Century

by

HARRY B. LACHMAN

HOME AGAIN

"A PLEASANT WALK, A PLEASANT TALK"

THE POILU HAS HIS PICTURE TAKEN

SOUVENIRS OF PARIS

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

HELL HOURS

IN THE BOIS

GOOD NIGHT

# Owen Carey[1]

By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

Author of "The Smoke-Eater," "Dan-a-Dreams," etc.

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

OWEN CAREY! What do you know of him? What does any one really know of him? His name, yes. His books, no doubt. And the plays that have been made from his books, and the moving-picture films that have been made from the plays that have been made from his books. And the syndicate portrait of him that has been going through the mill of literary supplements and publishers' announcements for the last ten years. And the two or three lines of information, as meager as an epitaph, in "Who 's Who" and the biographical dictionaries: "Carey, Owen: author; *b.* July 16, 1867 [No parents named, and no birthplace given.]; *ed.* public schools [Naturally]; newspaper work, New York City, 1899," and then the familiar roll-call of his novels as they have issued, two a year, as regular as the solstices, since the appearance of his "Fair Ann Hathaway" in 1900. But of the man himself? Nothing.

Or suppose that you happened to know him in the flesh. Suppose you had studied him, for example, when he used to attend the meetings of the executive committee of the Authors' League at its weekly luncheon in the City Club. What then? You saw a ponderous bulk of male middle age that looked somewhat like Thomas Edison and somewhat like a Buddha and a great deal like a human mushroom. You observed him listening in massive silence to arguments and motions, and you heard him grunt "Aye." You noted the deftness with which he made a cigarette in his blunted, fat fingers; and you saw him light it gloomily, consume it in three or four puffs and an enormous final inhalation, wash the taste of it down with a gulp of whisky and water, and roll another cigarette with the melancholy air of an elephant that is being fed shelled peanuts one by one. Or you watched him—and you cannot have seen this without some awe—you watched him signing his famous name to the circular letters of the league with a silver-mounted fountain-pen as big as a bath-tap and as fluent, bestowing his signature on the paper with a few large passes of his indifferent hand, like an archbishop bestowing a benediction, pontifically. And you could not help thinking of the stupendous trade value of that name, of the fabulous stream of income that had flowed from that fountain-pen, of the magic of his puffy hand that could transmute a word into a dollar (at his current prices), and add the dollar to the disorderly roll of bills in his bulging waistcoat pocket. But of the man himself? Nothing.

What business of thought was being carried on under that thatch of gray hair? What was the mind that sat concealed behind those eyes—slow-lidded eyes as impenetrable in their gaze as if they were clear glass frosted on the inner side. Why did he always wear shabby gray clothes? What did he do with his money? Why did he belong to no clubs and go nowhere, not even to the annual banquet of the Authors' League? Why, with all this unceasing advertisement of his work, was there no advertisement whatever of his personality? Why was there not even any curiosity about him? Why did his books arouse none? Why were they, for all their circulation, so without significance to their day and age, so without concern about its problems, so without influence upon its struggle? Why was he, in short, what he *was,* as personally inaccessible as O. Henry, as withdrawn from the modern world in all his works as

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Maurice Hewlett in his early novels, as shy as Barrie, as fat as Chesterton, as impersonal as if his busy manufactory of fiction were some sort of flour-mill over which he presided in his dusty miller's gray, mechanically grinding out a grist that meant nothing to him as an honest artistic output or as the intellectual food of millions or even as the equivalent of comforts and social joys to himself?

Well, it has been said often enough that there are moments in life when the shock of some trifling incident seems suddenly to precipitate and crystallize a man's character—to combine the elements of his past and set the form of his future—out of a clear solution of hidden qualities of temperament and absorbed incidents of experience and wholly invisible fermentations of thought. Certainly there was such an incident in Carey's life,—on a rainy October night in 1899,—and I believe that Carey may be best explained by a laboratory study of him in the chemical processes of that crystallizing event.

In October, 1899, then.

And even so short a time ago as that is Owen Carey was unknown. He was poor and he was thin. (Now unbelievable facts, all of them.) He was trying to break into the monthly magazines with short stories, and the short story was a form for which he never had any aptitude. Meantime he was writing specials for the Saturday and Sunday papers, chiefly for "The Commercial Digest" and "The Star," and his literary life was made up of such considerations as this: if "The Commercial Digest" paid only four dollars a column, and "The Star" paid eight, but "The Star" printed 2200 words in a column, and "The Commercial Digest" had a column of 1100, which was the more profitable to write for?

He was earning on an average about six dollars a week.

On this particular night he had been up Fifth Avenue as far as the park, and down Broadway to Madison Square, looking for a descriptive article of any sort, in the windows of the hotels, in the hansom-cabs, in the theater crowds, in whatever he could see of the night life of the Tenderloin without paying for admittance. And he was on his way home, brooding over an article that he hoped to hatch out in his room, and mail to an editor if it came to life.

He never went to the editorial offices with his contributions any more. He had never been able to pass the office boy. He was too obviously a threadbare and eccentric literary aspirant; and literary aspirants are the bane of the newspaper editor, who does not understand why a man interested only in news should be persecuted by people who are interested only in literature.

It was raining on Carey, a cold October rain that rattled on the roof of his straw hat and squashed about in his broken summer shoes. But he was not merely indifferent to the rain; he felt affectionate toward it. A curious feeling. The men and women whom he passed were protected against the wet with umbrellas and waterproofs as if against an enemy. They were apparently as afraid of the rain as they were of poverty. And to Carey poverty was an old familiar, and the rain, as the poets say, caressed his face with a pleasant coolness. He was footsore, and the water in his shoes was even refreshing. He had fought against poverty once, with a desperate fear of it, like a man drowning. And now he had sunk to the depths; he was one of "the submerged tenth"; and it was as if he had touched bottom, and found that he could live and breathe there peacefully. Poverty! What fools people were about it! And the rain! The world had refused him a shelter from either, and neither had proved to be a hardship.

He had a room on the top floor of an old house on the south side of Washington Square. It was a house that had been sold to make way for a new building, and some hitch in finances had halted the project after all the tenants had been moved out and the gas-pipes had been disconnected. Carey had hung on, alone, with a kerosene lamp, and an oil-stove on which he did his cooking. He expected any day to come home and find the house-wreckers

at work and his staircase gone. As he rounded the Washington Arch he looked up mechanically to see whether his roof was still whole. It was. He heard a dog give a sort of shivering whine somewhere, and he stopped at once and stood looking about for it.

If I tell you this, you 'll believe that Carey was not quite normal, morbid, a bit mad; but it is true that the sound of suffering from an animal went through him more piercingly than a human appeal. When he walked in the country his gait was erratic because he was always stepping aside to avoid treading on ants. In one of his early stories—so unanimously rejected by the magazines—his heroine, out strolling with her lover, saw him pick up a stone and throw it at a bird, which by some miracle he hit; she promptly turned home, in silence, and refused ever to speak to him again; and it was impossible for Carey to understand that this was not a "sufficient motive" for his plot. Most striking of all, perhaps, his mother, a religious zealot, had intended her son to be "a minister of the gospel"; she had planned to send him to a theological college, and being too poor to carry out the plan, she went to her pastor for aid and advice. He replied that the boy should first familiarize himself with the Testaments, and Carey set to work to study them ambitiously. With an unexpected result: the cruelties of the Old Testament horrified him. Without any intention of blasphemy, in the most obvious sincerity, he appealed to his mother to explain the murders and massacres ordered by Jehovah and carried out by the chosen people. She took him to the pastor. The pastor examined him and decided that he lacked the necessary firmness of faith. They prayed for him,—all three on their knees in the pastor's study, Carey praying as fervently as the others,—and when he rose, he was surprised to find that he was "no better." Those terrible barbarisms of the early Hebrews still revolted him. He made a list of them, filled a note-book with them, and went back to the pastor. He and the reverend gentleman quarreled. Poor Carey shook the pages of his indictment in the face of the horrified minister, and cried: "It was n't a god! It was a devil!" He was put out on the pious door-step, sobbing defiantly, "A devil! a devil!" The minister preached a sermon about him in which no names were mentioned; but all his friends understood who was referred to, and they spread the secret. He was marked as an atheist. His home life became unbearable. He ran away, was brought back, ran away again, changed his name, and was not traced. He never returned. His mother developed religious hallucinations and went to an asylum for the insane. And that is why "Who 's Who" gives no birthplace for him and names no parents. The story that he was a foundling is not true.

As a matter of fact, his real name was John Aloysius McGillicuddy, the son of Patrick McGillicuddy, the driver of a brewery wagon, Irish and a Catholic. His unfortunate mother was Annie Kirke, a servant, Scotch and a Presbyterian. After her marriage she kept a boarding-house. The father had his son christened in the Catholic faith; the mother was determined that he should be a Presbyterian, and she had her way—after her husband tired of quarrels and deserted her—until the son followed in the father's footsteps. And young Jack McGillicuddy (under an assumed name that became "Owen Carey" finally) worked as an errand boy, as a shoe clerk, in a printer's office, in a press-room, in Toledo, in Chicago, in Boston, tramping, beating his way on freight-trains, working at anything temporary, even begging when he had to, an absurd, sensitive, eccentric young victim of his own intenseness, whose one consistent impression of mankind was its good-natured inhumanity. That was why the whine of an animal affected him more than a human appeal. He had a fellow-feeling for the animal. So—

He looked around for the dog, but he did not see any. He saw a woman sitting on one of the wet benches of the square, and the whine seemed to come from her. He supposed that she had the dog on her

lap. As he neared her he saw that it was her hat that she was nursing. She had taken it off, and covered it with a handkerchief to protect it from the rain, and her hair was soaked and glistening in the light of the electric lamp above her. He supposed that she was a woman of the streets. At his approach she looked up, and he had just time to appreciate that she was young and rather pretty when she shivered, and whined up at him; and opening her mouth, with her tongue protruding over her lower teeth, she panted at him, ingratiatingly, like a dog.

For a moment Carey thought he had gone crazy. (As you will probably think I have until you hear the simple explanation of the incident.) Then, "It 's hydrophobia!" he thought. "She 's been bitten by a mad dog!" He looked around for a policeman, frightened. His future was determined by the fact that there was no policeman in sight, and he had time to recollect that it was one of his many grievances against mankind that dogs with minor ailments were always being shot as mad, when, as he was convinced, rabies was a disease as rare as leprosy.

He approached her much as he would have approached the dog in the same circumstances. He asked, "What 's the matter?" She did not answer. He bent down to her, putting his hand on her shoulder. "What is it?" She shivered under his touch. "Are n't you well?" And her face suddenly changed and cleared. She stared at him blankly. An expression of frightened bewilderment came into her eyes, as if she had been wakened from a nightmare.

He sat down beside her.

"What 's the matter?" he asked. "You 're soaked through. Why don't you go home?"

She did not reply. He put his hand on her arm.

"Tell me," he said, "are n't you well? What 's wrong? Can I help you?"

And she answered in a breathy, hoarse gasp of exhaustion:

"I 'm hungry."

"Come along with me," he said. "Can you walk?" And taking her by the elbow, he helped her to her feet. Her hat dropped to the sidewalk as she rose. He picked it up, put the handkerchief in his pocket, tucked the hat under his arm, and started across the square with her. She staggered as if her feet were numb.

It was apparent that he could not take her to a restaurant in that condition, even if there had been a cheap restaurant near. But he had no thought of going to a restaurant; he had not money enough to pay restaurant prices. He had food in his room, and he was taking her there to give it to her.

He had already concluded that her dog-like whining and panting had been an illusion; that he had seen something like it, but not *that*. And he was going over the contents of his larder in his mind as he helped her across the square. He did not speak, and she was obviously too weak to speak.

There was a characteristic reason why he did not consider taking her to a restaurant, and I wish to give it, since it *was* characteristic. He had made a study of foods and their prices—a study as careful as any that he made subsequently into the details of life and local color for his romances of Elizabethan and medieval times, and he understood how grossly the restaurants overcharged. He knew, for example, that rolled oats, in bulk, cost him two and one half cents a pound; that there were six tea-cupfuls in a pound, and that half a tea-cupful made a portion for one meal. Corn-meal, at two cents a pound, gave only four cups to the pound; oatmeal, at two and a half cents a pound, ran five cups to the pound; and hominy, at five cents a pound, four cups to the pound. (These, of course, were the prices of 1899.) He paid thirty cents a pound for coffee; there were ninety-six teaspoonfuls in a pound, and he used a teaspoonful to a cup of coffee, stingily. He paid fifty cents for a pound of tea, of 128 teaspoonfuls. He had figured out that granulated sugar cost him one eighth of a cent for a spoonful. There were usually 240 potatoes in a bushel, and a cent's worth made

a portion. He had learned where to get meat enough for one meal for ten cents, remnants, rather, but edible. He made a two-cent package of salt last him about three months, and he sprinkled eight cents' worth of pepper over as long a period. On an average his meals cost him $2.03 a week, and naturally a restaurant looked like a robber's cave to him.

He had covered pages of his note-books with these calculations, and it was not only impossible to overcharge him, but equally impossible to give him underweight, because he knew the number of spoonfuls that ought to be in any pound of staple groceries, and he measured every pound when he got alone with it. Having a mind of that quality, it *is* strange—is n't it?—that he ever became a romanticist.

He took the girl as far as his street door without much difficulty, but he had to support her up the steps, and it was plain that her legs were too weak to climb three flights of stairs. Her knees gave under her. He brought her to the first landing with an arm about her, virtually carrying her, swaying and stumbling in the dark. There he dropped her hat in a corner, and picked her up bodily. She made no sound. Although she was tall, she weighed little more than a toggle-jointed skeleton of her height wrapped in soaked clothing. He judged that she had fainted.

He laid her on the floor of his landing until he got his door open and his lamp lit, then he carried her in and put her on his bed, a camp cot, without a mattress, for which he had paid fifty cents in a second-hand shop of the tenement quarter. It was covered with nothing but a pair of gray blankets, and he was not afraid of soiling them. Her head lay dripping on a pillow that had no pillow-case, and she looked as if she had been drowned. Her lips were white, but her face was a yellowish green. For a moment he was afraid that she had died in his arms. A faint breath reassured him. He hastened to light his oil-stove and warm up the remains of his day's coffee, which he had drawn off the grounds to save it.

While the coffee was heating, he unbuttoned her worn shoes and drew them off. Her stockings were just as wet as her shoes, so he removed them, too, tugging at them gingerly at the heels and ankles, and bringing off with them a pair of exhausted-looking, round garters. Her feet were as chilled as if they had been on ice, and he had a queer idea that they had shrunk with the cold, they were so small. He rubbed them dry with his only towel, and bandaged the towel around them to get them warm.

When the coffee was ready, he poured it into his tin cup, and took it to her, clear.

"Here," he said, raising her to a sitting posture, "this will brace you."

She whined, with her eyes closed.

He put the cup to her lips.

"Try a mouthful."

She stuck out her tongue as if to lap it. "No, no," he said; "drink it. Open your mouth and drink it."

She laid her hand on his, pressed the cup away from her, and stared down at it a long time. Then she sighed and drank a mouthful. It was a rank draft.

"It m-makes me sick," she faltered, nauseated, turning away from it.

"All right," he said; "I 'll warm some milk."

She fell back on the pillow and closed her eyes again; but the coffee had evidently done something to revive her, for when he brought her the milk, with his last spoonful of whisky in it, she drank it greedily. He followed it with a hard-boiled egg, chopped fine, and a slice of scorched bread, flavored with kerosene, from the top of his oil-stove. He fed the egg to her in a spoon, encouraging her, and she ate the toast without his help.

"Now," he said, "you 'll have to take off some of these wet clothes. You can put on my overcoat."

It was his winter's coat, from a nail behind the door. She let him unbutton her dress down the back, get her arms and shoulders out of it, wrap her in the overcoat, and draw the dripping gown off over her feet. The thinness of her girlish arms and the hollows in her neck and shoulders

"'I DON'T LIVE ANYWHERE,' SHE SAID AT LAST"

were no more pathetic than the poverty of the canton-flannel petticoat that she wore. He buttoned the coat on her, and she lay on her back, gazing at the sloping ceiling in a weak stupor.

He hung up her dress, a faded blue-serge gown that had been darned on the elbows, and he placed the oil-stove under it to dry it. He proceeded to make her a cup of tea and to fry in slices some corn-meal mush that remained from breakfast. This he served with syrup. She ate it in hungry silence, with her bloodshot eyes fixed on nothing. He got the impression that speech and tears had both been exhausted for her.

When her plate was clean and her cup empty, he took them from her, and she lay down again, on her side, and seemed to go to sleep. He stood a moment considering her. She was surely not more than twenty years old; he was thirty-two, and there was nothing in his thought but fraternal pity for her. She was apparently a young street-walker, but he had lived on the streets himself for the greater part of fifteen years, and if she was an outcast, well, so was he. She looked desperately frail; the bones protruded in her cheeks and her temples; her eyes were sunken and dark in their sockets; her teeth showed between pinched lips. It was merely a girlish face, but suffering had marked it with ascetic lines of character and intelligence.

He decided that what she needed most was food. He counted the silver in his pocket, did a problem in mental arithmetic, with his eyes on the calendar, and went out noiselessly to buy her something to eat. She was still sleeping when he returned with her hat, and a bottle of milk, some slices of boiled ham, a loaf of bread, and a greasy paper bag of potato chips from a delicatessen shop. He moved an empty box to the side of the bed and arranged the food on it, but he did not waken her. It would be better to let her rest. He took off his wet coat, removed the cooking dishes from his pine table to the floor, and sat down in his kitchen chair to write.

You see, he was already a professional. No amateur would have been able to write in the circumstances. The girl in the room, her misery, her uncanny trick of whining, not to mention his own discomforts of damp shoulders and soaked feet—these things would have distracted any one for whom work had not become a professional habit, any one to whom writing was not the essential activity of his life and the justification of his existence, as necessary to him as food, as consoling as tobacco, his refuge from every worry—from the struggle with reality, the obstinacy of circumstance, the intractable enmity of events that always contradicted imagination and falsified hope—the refuge to which he went to escape all the impotences of mortality as the religious go to prayer.

He began to shape up his newspaper article, with his hand in his hair, tugging at it thoughtfully as he wrote. And it was this continual scalp-massage, probably, that preserved for him the characteristic disorderly gray shock of his later years. There was nothing particularly characteristic about his room. He had piled a number of empty soap-boxes on their sides to make book-shelves and a dresser. An old steamer-trunk held all his clothes. He had hung a blanket over his window as a blind, and he left it over the window even in daytime, and lit his lamp, because he had become so accustomed to writing at night that the daylight seemed to blanch his inspiration. The lamp was shaded by a sheet of copy paper, with a circular hole in the center of it, that slowly settled down on the chimney as the heat scorched it. A little bust of Shakspere from which the pedestal had been broken hung above the table by a shoe-lace that had been noosed around the neck of the sainted dramatist. Carey had always been mad about Shakspere. Whatever other books came and went on his travels, his volume of Shakspere persisted. He had read everything about him that he could find—about his works, about his life, about his times. He was already unconsciously an Elizabethan expert, but the only fruits of his study as yet were several blank-verse tragedies that were useless imitations of

the sound of Shakspere with the sense omitted.

So, with his hand in his hair, frowning, and biting his lips, he continued to scribble at his newspaper article, glancing over his shoulder at the girl now and then, absent-mindedly. It was after midnight when he turned to give her such a glance, and found her staring at him, wide-awake. He put down his pencil at once.

"Would you like me to warm your milk?" he asked.

She rose on her elbow, evidently frightened, and looked down at the towel on her feet.

He said, to reassure her:

"I 'll see that you get back safely as soon as you feel better."

She asked hoarsely:

"How did I get in *here?*"

"Don't you remember? You told me you were hungry. You could n't walk to a restaurant, so I brought you here. I guess you fainted."

She blinked at him in a bewildered daze. She demanded:

"Why did you tie my feet?"

"Your feet?" he said. "Oh, they are n't tied. I took off your shoes and stockings because they were wet, and wrapped your feet in a towel to warm them. Try some of this ham. It 's generally pretty good."

He poured her a cup of milk and made her a sandwich of the ham and two slices of bread while he talked.

"Don't you remember drinking a cup of milk and eating something?" She shook her head, watching his hands in silence, sitting up against the wall, with her feet drawn up under the overcoat. "Don't you remember me helping you out of your wet things?"

She did not answer. He gave her the sandwich, and she took it in trembling, numb-red fingers, eagerly. He began to make her another.

She swallowed the food in gulps, half masticated, too weak or too hungry to chew it.

"Where am I?" she asked in a whisper.

He told her.

"You 're all right," he said. "Now, don't worry. I 'll see that you get back safely as soon as you feel able to walk. Is it far to your—to where you live?"

She did not reply. He gave her the cup of milk, and she looked up at him briefly, but her eyes told him nothing. She drank the milk as if her mouth demanded it, but her mind was not interested in the matter.

"I don't live anywhere," she said at last.

He accepted that as an evasion.

"Where do you—work?"

She took the second sandwich, raised it to her lips, and stopped, with her head drooped.

"I don't work. I can't get work." Her voice broke. "That 's what 's the matter." The sandwich fell to her lap. She fumbled at it blindly, trying to pick it up again. He saw that it was tears that had blinded her. She was crying.

"Oh," he said.

And, to tell the truth, he was suddenly impatient with her, as impatient as an old convict when the quiet of his cell is disturbed by the inevitable tragedy and useless despair of a new-comer. He had received her as a girl of the streets, a fellow life-timer in that under-world to which he had resigned himself, working and writing with no ambition to escape, but merely to obtain food and a bed. He had helped her in the expectation that as soon as she had been fed and warmed she would go off to serve her own sentence without troubling him further. But this weeping helplessness!

He began to question her, sitting in his chair, his hands thrust into his trousers pockets, his legs stretched out before him, his eyes on his wet feet. Where had she come from? Why did n't she go back? What had she been working at? Had n't she any relatives to help her? And the girl, aware of his change of voice, began to defend herself, to explain her willingness to do anything—*anything*—and finally to uncover abjectly the whole lacerating story of her misfortunes, her struggles, the injustices that had been done her, the ignominy, the misery, the suffering, the shame. It was a common enough story.

There was nothing new in it to Carey. He listened as wearily as a physician hearing of pain. And the girl kept sobbing at the end of each successive chapter of her degradation:

"It was worse than the life of a dog." And, "If I 'd *been* a dog, he 'd have treated me better." And, "If I 'd been a dog on the streets some one, *some one* would have helped me, fed me."

Life had taken her, young, pretty, proud, sensitive, ignorant, and it had betrayed her ignorance, sold her prettiness, cheated her youth, beaten down her pride, and stripped and tortured the raw nerves of her sensitiveness. She told him of it as if it were being wrung out of her on a rack, in paroxysms of sobbing, in hoarse and shamed whispers, in dull, exhausted tones of desperation. He hunched forward in his chair, his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands. What was the use? He knew it. He knew it all. The world was full of it. It only sickened the heart to hear it. He could n't live and think of these things.

She was silent at last. He heard her moving as if she were preparing to go.

"Well," he said, frowning at the floor, "I don't know what *I* can do." And then he heard her near him. She whined. And dropping his hands, he saw that she was on all fours at his side, panting up at him ingratiatingly, with her tongue out.

He sprang up.

"Don't!" he cried. "Don't do that!" He tried to raise her to her feet. She licked his hand. "Listen!" he pleaded. "You 'll be all right. I 'll help you. I can make enough for two—until you get something. You 'll be—" Her eyes were the dumb, devoted, appealing eyes of an eager and willing animal that could not understand a word he said.

He carried her back to the bed, but he could not make her lie on the pillow. She curled up on her side, her knees drawn up, her hands closed like paws, her head down, blinking at him, shivering, and whining gratefully when he touched her.

He began to walk up and down the room. He was not ignorant enough to suppose that she had merely gone insane. He was sufficiently acquainted with the theories of morbid psychology to understand that in her hysterical state she had, so to speak, hypnotized herself with the recurring thought "If I had been a dog," until she imagined that she had become one. Or, to use the fashionable idiom of our Freudian day, in her desire to escape from the killing worries of her shame and destitution, she had taken refuge in a loss of identity and became a dog subconsciously.

All of which did not help Carey. What was he to do? He could call a policeman and send her on her way to the psychopathic ward in Bellevue and thence to the lunatic asylum. Yes, and if she had really been a dog, would he turn her out? He had let his mother die in an asylum,—or so he put it to himself; he had not known of it till after she was dead,—and the thought had been for years a horror and a remorse to him. He could not do it again.

He sat down on the side of the bed and began to talk to her. He assured her that he would help her, that he would take care of her, that he would fix the room in some way so that they might both live in it; or he would rent two rooms somewhere, and she could work for him or pass as his sister or whatever else she pleased. And so forth.

She listened, watching his lips, smiling with that open-mouthed panting, and evidently hearing nothing. He gave it up at last, and made her comfortable between the blankets, and went back to his seat at his table to think it over. He rolled a misered cigarette and lit it, but it did not help him. He allowed himself in these days ten cents a week for tobacco. He fell asleep, with his head on his arms, and when he woke hours later he found her curled up on the floor at his feet.

He took her back to the bed, and made a sort of sleeping-bag of the blankets by pinning them together with safety-pins; and he pinned her into this, and tied her down with the line on which he dried his washing. There was a bath-room opening from the hall, and he shut himself in

there, with his pillow, intending to sleep on the floor; but she whined so, like a dog locked in alone, that he came back, and lay on the floor near her bed, with his feet to the oil-heater.

His problem, as he saw it, was this: the girl's mind had divided against itself under the stress of revolting ill usage; if he sheltered her and protected her for a while, she would probably return to a normal condition. What he needed was two or three rooms in which she could have privacy and quiet and housework to occupy her. It would not cost much. He could earn more if he worked harder. He had done it before.

He had done it when he first learned that his mother was dead. In a fit of repentance he had begun to work and save so that he might be able to take her from whatever pauper's grave she had been buried in, and put up some sort of tombstone for her in a decent cemetery. He had saved a hundred dollars, and then he had been balked by the difficulty of writing, as a stranger or anonymously, to the asylum—or where else?—to have the thing done for him. And being the sort of person whom practical difficulties appal, he had continued living with the intention of doing what he never made any attempt to do. The money was still in a Chicago bank, untouched, waiting. Well, he could make a vicarious reparation to his mother by using the hundred dollars to rescue this girl from his mother's fate. A hundred dollars, with what he could earn, would carry them for a year at least. He fell asleep easy in his mind.

And he awoke next morning to the responsibilities and the way of life that have made him and his novels what they are.

She seemed at first almost rational when she opened her eyes to find him cooking their breakfast of oatmeal and coffee; and she went, at his direction, to wash and dress herself in the bath-room, sanely enough. But her silence when he talked to her was not normal, and whenever he caught her eye, it was frightened and wavering, as if she were always on the edge of her obsession; and once, when he touched her hand in passing her a second cup of coffee, her lips trembled, her teeth chattered, and she began to pant. He pretended not to notice, and the attack passed; but that was the first indication of what afterward became sufficiently plain to him; namely, that her delusion was partly due to what the psychologists would call her "subconscious desire" to have her relations with him the relations of a dog to its master. It was not only the world that she feared, but him, too. And he was peculiar enough to be relieved, at last, to find it so. He did not want a woman on his hands. He would have much preferred a dog.

He told her what he was going to do about renting a small flat, and he set about doing it. He got his money from Chicago without any difficulty, and he found two rooms in a house on One Hundred and Tenth Street, going as far up-town as possible in order to take her away from the scene of her sufferings, and he was able to rent the two rooms for fifteen dollars a month because they were almost uninhabitable. They were in the basement of a private house that had been converted into "studio apartments" by the owner, an eccentric woman of artistic tastes who proved, on nearer acquaintance, to be a "Peruna fiend." And the rooms were almost uninhabitable not only because they were damp, but because the landlady was a pest. The important thing about them was this: they had been made into a sort of Dutch cellar, with a red-tiled floor, half-timbered walls, beamed ceilings, burnt-umber woodwork, an open fireplace, and semi-opaque windows of leaded panes, sunk below the street level. They had evidently been a basement dining-room and kitchen when the house was private. Carey took them for a reason of which he was, I think, unaware: they did not look like modern rooms in New York City, and they would be a complete change of background for the girl.

He moved his belongings himself, making half a dozen trips on the elevated railroad with his suitcase full, and abandon-

ing his cot and his table because it would be cheaper to buy new ones than to pay cartage on the old. The rear room—the kitchen, with a gas-stove and a sink—he furnished for the girl, since it was heated by the house furnace, which intruded its warm back through the side wall. He bought second-hand furniture and helped install it himself, and he avoided the curiosity of the landlady by refusing to answer her when she knocked on his door.

He brought the girl up after midnight. They settled down in comfortable secrecy, as remote as if they had been cloistered in a crypt. And thus began what was surely the oddest romance in the history of American letters.

She seemed quietly contented, cooking and washing and sweeping and sewing for him. She never ventured out; she bolted the door on the inside when he left, and she opened it to no voice but his. The landlady, baffled, waylaid him in the hall with questions. He replied:

"We 're peculiar. We write, you understand. As long as we pay our rent, you 'll kindly leave us alone. We 're busy, and we don't want to be disturbed. For the future, as far as you 're concerned, we 're deaf and dumb." And when she found that they *did* pay their rent, and did not complain of the rain that came in under the windows and gathered in pools on the tiled floor, she left them to their privacy undisturbed. She would not have cared if they had been a pair of outlaws in hiding; she was against the police and the city government; her life was an endless quarrel with the authorities about the fire laws, the building laws, the tenement-house laws, and the regulations of the board of health, all of which her house violated.

For the first month Carey and the girl lived in an atmosphere of accepted silence. He talked to her no more than he might have talked to a servant in similar circumstances. He brought in food for her to cook; he bought her a dress, which she made over; he got her sewing materials when she asked for them, and she made herself underclothes and mended his. He did not ask her any questions about herself. He accepted her dumb and dog-like fidelity without comment. She ate her food in the kitchen, which he never entered, although the door was never closed between them. She served him his meals on his work-table, and he took them absent-mindedly, reading, or even writing, between bites. He noticed a gradual improvement in her appearance, but he did not remark it.

One evening as he worked he heard her humming an air to herself over her ironing in the kitchen, and he listened, smiling, but he did not speak. He discovered that she was reading his books in his absence, and he began to buy novels for her, Scott and Dumas and historical fiction chiefly, because he was afraid that modern literature might affect her adversely. He worked very late one night on a story that he had picked up from a derelict in the Mills House, and when he returned next day from an afternoon in the Astor Library, he found that she had copied out his manuscript for him in a clear, girlish handwriting. He thanked her for it, as matter-of-fact as possible, but he was worried. The story was not cheerful; it was taken from the low life on which it was not good for her mind to dwell. He had not the heart to tell her not to touch his manuscripts, since she had copied it to help him. So he undertook to write something that it would not depress her to read.

Hence "Fair Ann Hathaway." He began it as a short story, in the intervals of his newspaper work, but it grew into a novelette, and then into a "three-decker," designed to carry her, as its sole passenger, to "the Islands of the Blest." When she had copied out the first three chapters, bit by bit as he wrote them, she asked him timorously, "What happened then?" And thereafter he talked it over with her in advance, inventing it for her, and making it meet her expectations when she voiced any.

It was for her a complete escape from reality; and that, no doubt, was the secret

" 'NOW,' HE SAID TO THE MAN, 'ROLL OVER AND LICK HER BOOTS' "

of its success with the public—the great public who read in order to get away from themselves and their lives. When Francis Hackett, in "The New Republic," lately ridiculed "Fair Ann Hathaway" and its successors in an article on "The Literature of Escape," he hit the secret nail on the head, blindfold, and in the dark. And in pointing out the connection between the success of such books and Jung's theory of mankind's "escape into the dream," he was not only analyzing a tendency of the American public; he was psycho-analyzing the disorder of Carey's first reader.

Carey wrote for her with a simplicity of expression that was sweetly reasonable and altogether charming, a style that conveyed romance to the public taste without effort through a soda-fountain straw. He found that she had identified herself with his heroine; so he fed her up, curatively, in the person of that heroine, with the loyalty and devotion of adoring heroes; and never had the feminine reader found a happier appeal to her pride of sex. And yet the heroine was a Shaksperian woman, a true masculine ideal, brave, wise, witty, self-sacrificing, chaste, and proudly faithful to her lord, and love's young dreamers fairly drooled over her. The girl was interested in every detail of the Elizabethan life in Stratford-on-Avon, and Carey made it vivid (with the help of the Astor Library), if he did not try to make it real. It glowed with the light that never was. The whole story had the "uplift" that is the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things unseen. It was a school-girl's dream. It came to the publishers in her handwriting, and started the first report that "Owen Carey" was a woman. And when Carey called at the publisher's office in response to a letter of acceptance, they were as astonished as if Marie Corelli had turned out to be G. K. Chesterton.

He had grown plump on the girl's cooking. She kept his clothes pressed and brushed and mended. She had made him buy a new gray suit for the occasion. (He asked, "Why gray?" She replied furtively, "He—he always wore black." And Carey never wore anything but gray afterward.) He had the gruff manner with which many men of diffidence protect themselves in strange approaches. He was much keener for money in advance and steep royalties than was seemly in the author of "Fair Ann Hathaway." He drove a good bargain, because the publishers were certain that they had found a best-seller. And they were right.

The book was an immediate success. Carey took thirty thousand dollars out of it in the first year, and he put the money by for her in case anything should happen to him. They rented the apartment above their cellar, and built an inner staircase to connect the two floors. (It was not until after the popularity of "The Queen's Quest" that they bought the whole house, to get rid of the landlady.) He furnished the rooms in antiques and surrounded the girl with the interior setting of a Shaksperian comedy mounted by a stage realist. He named her "Rosalind," partly in play, but also in order to disconnect her from her past. Her real name he did not know. He had never asked it. He began to collect the library of Elizabethan and medieval literature upon which he drew copiously for his later novels. She learned to use the type-writer, and she was at once his secretary, his housekeeper, his valet, and his cook.

Their relations remained what they had been in the beginning. Carey made the mistake of being demonstrative toward her only once,—when he bought her an old amber necklace with his first check from "Fair Ann Hathaway,"—and she recoiled from his attempted caress into a morbid seizure of half-idiotic animal abjectness. He could not reach the source of this morbidity. He did not know how. He had to wait. And he waited three years before he found his solution.

Then one summer night when they were returning from a walk in Central Park,—for by this time he had persuaded her to come out with him occasionally for a little exercise after dark,—a furtive-looking man passed and stared at her as they crossed Columbus Avenue on the way

home, and she clutched at Carey's arm, making a noise in her throat as if she were strangling. Carey caught her.

"What 's the matter? What is it?" And she gasped:

"It 's him!" and tried to run.

Carey held her back.

"Wait a minute. Go slow. *Who* is it?"

But she could only whisper:

"It 's him! It 's him!"

The man had stopped in the street and stood watching them.

"Good!" Carey said. "I 've been hoping he 'd turn up. Go slow. If it 's *he*, he 'll follow us."

He took her arm, and she stumbled along with him, trembling against him, breathing heavily. And the man, as Carey had hoped, came sneaking after them at a distance.

Carey took her up their steps to the front door, and descended with her, inside, to the basement, switching on all the lights. He left her in the kitchen and went out noiselessly to the basement door. The man was standing on the steps, looking up at the street number. Carey came quietly behind him.

"She wants to see you," he said.

The man wheeled, startled. Carey was blocking his escape.

"Who?" he asked, temporizing. "Mary?"

"Yes," Carey answered. "Mary. Go right in." So her name was Mary.

"Well," the fellow said in a wheezy voice, "this is a su'prise. I was n't sure it was her."

"It 's her." Carey waved him on. "She wants to see you—inside."

The man looked him over, hesitated, said:

"Well, tha' 's all right, too," and entered, slouching.

Carey pointed him the way down to the basement, directed him to the Dutch dining-room, and followed in.

"Mary!" he called. "Come here."

She came from the kitchen, and standing in the doorway, supporting herself with one hand on the door-jamb, she looked across the room at the man with an insane and helpless horror.

"Is it?" Carey demanded. "Is it *he?*"

She made a fumbling gesture as if either pleadingly or defensively.

The man put back his rakish derby from his forehead. He had a prison hair-cut and a prison pallor. He bared his yellow teeth in an evil grin, and said:

"Sure, it 's me. Eh, Mary? You 're lookin' swell."

Carey slammed the door and shot the bolt.

The man turned instantly, crouching, his hand at his hip-pocket, with a "What the—" But before he could draw, Carey had sprung at him, open-handed, from the door-step, and they fell, grappling. Carey was no feather-weight; he was still tough from the hardships of his youth; he was blind with hatred; and the touch of the struggling, malevolent flesh under his hands put him into the sort of frenzy of murderous and loathsome revulsion that he might have felt in crushing a rat bare-handed. He struck and tore and strangled frantically; and the man, caught with one arm beneath him and still fighting to get out his revolver, was unable to protect himself from such an assault. When he got the weapon free he was blinded with his own bleeding, and Carey wrenched the revolver from him and beat him on the head with it. He grew limp. Carey was kneeling on his chest, throttling the life out of him, when the lack of resistance and the choking under his hands brought him to his senses. For one horrified moment he thought he had killed. Then the battered wreck under him drew a long gurgle of breath that sounded like water in a waste-pipe. Carey staggered to his feet. He took up the revolver and cocked it.

"Now, you dog," he said, "get up!"

The man rolled over, writhing painfully.

"Come here, Mary," he ordered.

She was standing erect in the doorway, her nostrils dilated, her hands clenched. She came forward slowly in that attitude.

"This is *your* dog," he said. "Do you understand?"

She nodded, without taking her eyes from the creature on the floor.

"Good! Shall I shoot him?"

The man undoubtedly thought he had to do with a maniac. Nothing else would explain the villainous ferocity of the attack. He began to whimper and snuffle in plaintive oaths and pleadings, smearing his bleeding face with his torn hands.

"Shall I kill him?"

Mary shook her head, wide-eyed.

"Come closer," Carey ordered. She came. "Now," he said to the man, "roll over and lick her boots. Do it, you hound, or I 'll tear the heart out of you." With a cruelty that he would never have used to a dog he kicked the fellow over with the side of his foot. "On all fours," he ordered. "Do it!"

He did it after a fashion. It was not a pretty scene.

"There!" Carey said. "Good! Now! This is *your* dog, Mary. Understand? See him. Your dog. Wipe your feet on him. Do it!"

She did it, with the expression of a child who is being encouraged to touch a cowed animal that she has been afraid of.

"Good! Now kick him!"

She shook her head. She said slowly:

"Let him go."

Carey looked at her. There was no fear of any one in her face.

"Fine!" he said. "Here, you cur, crawl back to that door. Go on! Do it! Slowly. Grovel. Whine, like the cur you are. Whine, or I 'll shoot the ears off you. Now! If I ever meet you again, I 'll kill you on sight." He threw the door open. The man crawled out on hands and knees. Carey kicked the hat out after him, and slammed the door shut.

They heard him stumbling frantically up the outer stairs.

Carey stood waiting, an unromantic figure, his collar torn open, his face scratched, one eye beginning to swell, and his complexion turning a delicate green with a seasick feeling that never afflicted his heroes after battle. She came toward him with her hands out, slowly, stiffly, tremulously confident, smiling, dry-lipped, pale. He laid the revolver on the table and took her in his arms.

"There!" he said. "Now! Good!" Then suddenly, in another voice, leaning on her heavily, he added: "Get me something to drink—quick! I 'm all in."

And in that inelegant manner Mary Carey was reconciled to reality.

I say "Mary Carey," for he dropped the "Rosalind," and though he married her under the name of McGillicuddy in order to escape publicity, she is known as Mary Carey to the few friends that she has made, chiefly at summer resorts, since she has gradually emerged from her seclusion.

She has never emerged very far. She is too busy, still acting as her husband's secretary, though a trio of silent Chinese have supplanted her as housemaid, valet, and cook. Carey has not emerged at all. He is, for one thing, too happy in his home. For another, he is Owen Carey. He has taken refuge from all reality in his romantic art, and he devotes himself to it in the silence of a Trappist monk. How any one ever interested him in the Authors' League I cannot imagine, but he resigned from the executive committee as soon as they began to talk about affiliating with the American Federation of Labor.

She is as silent as he, but she gives much more the impression of being a personage in her own right. She has a low-voiced air of grave young placidity, slenderly graceful and well dressed, with one of those Madonna-like faces that seem to show nothing of experience but its increment of wisdom. You could never imagine her starving in degradation on the streets. She seems born to be the successful wife of a successful author. And if his later novels have not been so successful as his earlier ones, it is, I think, because Mary Carey has become interested in actualities that have rather spoiled her as an inspirer of the "literature of escape."

Not that it matters to either of them. He has saved a fortune, and she has an independent annuity of her own, which he bought for her with the surplus royalties from "The Queen's Quest" and his other celebrated books.

# A Confession

By ROSE PASTOR STOKES

THIS is a historic moment in my life—the first time in my twenty-seven years in America that I have stood upon any platform as an American.

They say that confession is good for the soul. I mean to make confession here to-night.

I have always repudiated America. I have always looked upon America as among the most oppressive of nations. I have therefore taken a long leap indeed to come to my present position. Like thousands upon thousands of immigrants to this country, I have suffered poverty, hunger, nakedness; I have borne the burdens attendant upon too much work and too little pay, and I have seen like burdens weighting the shoulders and breaking the backs of most of the men and women and boys and girls in my workaday world. This I conceived to be America. But I have come to recognize that the monster which oppresses equally the American citizen and the alien immigrant is not America, but capitalism, peculiar to no country, eating at the heart of each—citizen sinister of the world.

America? America, as I now conceive her, stands among the free nations of the world, eager to follow where Liberty beckons, eager to fight for a newer, better world, burning to strike a blow at Injustice and Oppression wherever these may raise their heads, whether they appear in the guise of German autocracy abroad or special privilege at home.

I used to think that a country which contained institutions that inevitably tended to reward productive service with poverty and insecurity, and non-productive activity with wealth and power, was a country not worth calling one's own or fighting for. Upon this theory I based my opposition to patriotism and nationalism. I would not rise to the national anthem; I would not salute the Stars and Stripes. It is not easy to remain seated when everybody is asking as loudly and clearly as eyes and faces can ask why *you* refuse to honor your country. But if I had had to choose between rising or being stood up against the wall and shot, I would perforce have had to choose the latter, so deep rooted was my feeling.

I am a socialist, and of course an internationalist; but I have misconceived in the past both my socialism and my internationalism, as tens of thousands of socialists in this country are doing to-day.

Socialism recognizes democratic rule, and it recognizes, by enunciating the principles of *inter*nationalism, the existence, and the need for the existence, of nationalism; yet I have been taught in the socialist movement, as I suppose many of you have been, that internationalism repudiates the national idea. I have come to recognize this as an absolutely fictitious doctrine, and one that the socialist movement, if it would be true to its own principles, must at once discard.

It was my very *inter*nationalism that made a nationalist of me. When President Wilson uttered the great watchword of the struggle—the word that sent a thrill through the very heart of every democratic nation in the world, I became an American.

No narrow nationalism could have moved me one inch from my old position. It was only when our President, and the American people behind, stood where the Socialist party of this country should have stood that I became an American.

In the early days of the war I was caught red-handed by a radical friend of mine, a woman long identified with the most extreme wing of the labor movement, the I. W. W.—I was caught red-handed, with gray wool, knitting for the

Allies. Early in the war I had decided that the cause of the Allies was the better cause. I was not moralizing over the issues; I was not trying to tell myself who was right and who was wrong, who started it and who should be punished. I saw then, as I see now, the economic causes that precipitated the World War; but I recognized that there was a better and a worse side in terms of human progress, and that the defeat of the Hohenzollern dynasty rather than the Allies was better for humanity.

My friend was astonished to see the wool and the knitting-needles and my own busy fingers.

"Why, *Rose Pastor Stokes,* what are you doing?"

"Knitting for the Allies," I answered.

"You are! Well, can you explain how you, an international socialist, pledged to the cause of the working-people of the world, can do this thing when you know that there are working-men on both sides in the trenches destroying one another?"

"I think I can," I answered, "and to your satisfaction, and by arguing from your own ground. You are an I. W. W. because you hold that certain principles of organization would further the cause of labor faster than certain other principles that obtain in the organized labor movement to-day. Is it not so?

"Well, when in your struggle for what you conceive to be the best interests of the workers you confront workers who not only will not accept your principles, but uphold opposing ones, do you ask yourself if they are workers before you determine to fight them? Are you not in the fight to destroy the American Federation of Labor in your struggle for the Industrial Workers of the World, all because you have a conviction that this would be for the best interests of the working-class?

"Well, I am convinced that the workers in the trenches of the Allies are fighting for an international principle as important and vital to labor as any principle that has ever been fought for."

"But," argued my friend, "the workers and socialists of Germany have no quarrel with the workers and socialists of the Allies, and you belong to the International!"

"Listen," I said. "When I am on strike with my fellow-workers against great industrial abuses, I am well aware that 'scabs' belong to the working-class, but the logic of conditions forces me to fight those fellow-workers. I understand every aspect of the economic environment that makes a 'scab' what he is. I know the hunger, I know the poverty, I know the pressure brought to bear upon him by the 'scab'-supplying industry specially organized to undermine the standards of organized labor. I am therefore sorry for the 'scab.' In a general way I sympathize with his condition. It is not necessary for me to hate him in order to fight him with determination. I repeat, the logic of conditions determines me.

"Similarly, it is not essential that I should hate the German socialist or the German organized worker to fight him. I may understand all the forces that drew him into the struggle on the side of the great autocrat of the world, all the pressure that was brought to bear upon him to make him yield his manhood to the Hohenzollerns, and to strike against the freer workers of the world; but, *as in the smaller strike, so in this world strike, it is my business to defeat that 'scab.'"*

My friend was answered. She admitted she was answered.

President Wilson and the American people who made it their business to defeat that "scab" are truer socialists to-day (and it is a socialist who says it) than the American Socialist party that has made a scrap of paper of its own international program.

I did not mean to say so much. It is late, and there is another speaker. I would only add this: all is forgotten between the "scab" and the organized worker when the "scab" repents of his ways and takes out a union-card. On that day when the workers and socialists of Germany repudiate the Hohenzollerns and join the union of the politically freer na-

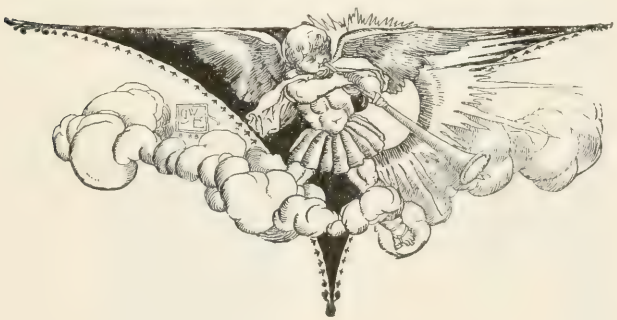
tions we shall joyfully hail them as brothers in the great common cause of world union. Until that day comes, the logic of conditions forces us to fight the "scab."

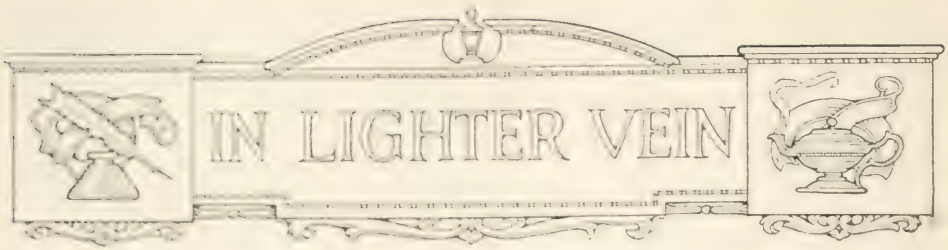
I will close with a bit of *vers libre* that I was moved to write on the train out here that expresses my new-found Americanism, of which I am proud and glad these days:

## America

O America!
The sons of Britain wear the uniform of the king,
The sons of France, the republic's uniform;
The sons of Russia, now the sons of light,
Wear the uniform of Russia free.
In all the Allied world
Where soldier-patriots are
Each wears the uniform of his dear land.
But, O America,
Your sons march down your avenues,
Embarking for strange shores,
To fight in other lands
For peoples other than their own,
With a look in their eyes no army ever had before,
With a love in their hearts no army ever felt before,
Wearing the uniform of world-democracy!

That is why I love you;
That is why I am ready to give my all to you,
O my America!





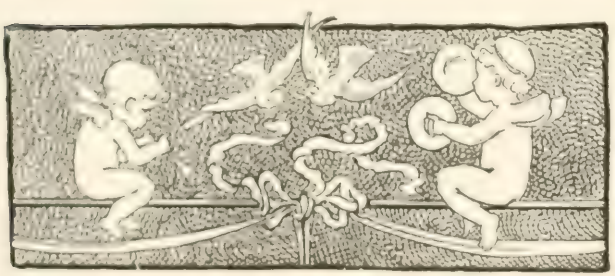

# To a very Young Gentleman

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

My child, what painful vistas are before you!
  What years of youthful ills and pangs and bumps—
Indignities from aunts who "just adore" you,
  And chicken-pox and measles, croup and mumps!
I don't wish to dismay you,—it 's not fair to,
  Promoted now from bassinet to crib,—
But, O my babe, what troubles flesh is heir to
  Since God first made so free with Adam's rib!

Laboriously you will proceed with teething;
  When teeth are here, you'll meet the dentist's chair;
They 'll teach you ways of walking, eating, breathing,
  That stoves are hot, and how to brush your hair.
And so, my poor, undaunted little stripling,
  By bruises, tears, and trousers you will grow;
And, borrowing a leaf from Mr. Kipling,
  I 'll wish you luck, and moralize you so:

If you can think up seven thousand methods
  Of giving cooks and parents heart disease;
Can rifle pantry-shelves, and then give death odds
  By water, fire, and falling out of trees;
If you can fill your every boyish minute
  With sixty seconds' worth of mischief done,
Yours is the house and everything that 's in it,
  And, which is more, you 'll be your father's son!



# The Maunderings of Momus: or, Lectures by the Unlearned

By LEONARD BACON

I

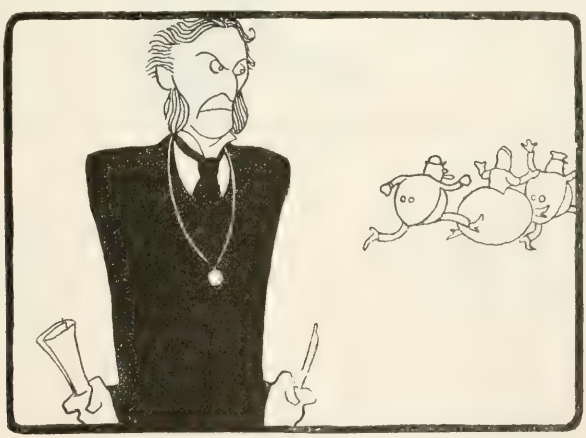
MATTHEW ARNOLD

TRUTH for the grave itself was
dressed,
Embalmed, and very nearly charneled
(Come, patient Reader, don't protest;
It 's hard to get a rhyme for Arnold.
Hence let not this excite your wrath; you
See, my alternative was Matthew).

Truth, as I say, was quite knocked out
When Matthew rose to the occasion,
And with an essay put to rout
The lower middle-class invasion,
Which, overpowered with light and
sweetness,
Found safety only lay in fleetness.

Who sings as well as Matthew can
The woes of a forsaken merman?
Who can so infinitely ban
The manners of the modern German?
Or who so pleasantly insult your
Little provincial claims to culture?

But we shall owe him still a debt
For having fought with *das Gemeine*
From John o' Groat's to Somerset,
From New Jerusalem to China,
And registering his strong objections
In all the intermediate sections.



MATTHEW ARNOLD

'T was kind of Matthew to indulge
For sheer perfection his large passion,
And yet his efforts to divulge
A little of the lore Parnassian
Seem condescending, vain, and rude
To the unlettered multitude.

Stevenson seems to me to sum
Him up in character prophetic,
Which, though profane, will always come
Charged with a meaning energetic.
He thought that Mat would say of God,
"Good of his kind, but rather odd."

II

JOHN RUSKIN

JOHN RUSKIN was a writer who,
As I observe at risk of triteness,
Possessed the manners of a Jew
Combined with Christian impoliteness.
Not to be further analytic,
He was, in brief, a hectoring critic.

The generations of our dads
He introduced, with art mesmeric,
To a variety of fads
Half sensible and half hysteric,
And with a guile Preraphaelit(t)ish
Made goosey-ganders of the British.

He was the soul of discontent
And constitutionally a squirmer.
He loved a good misgovernment
That gave him half a chance to murmur.
For very joy he 'd shake his fist
At sight of an economist.

Had he but written, free from blame,
More tales about the Golden River,
I and the vulgar would not aim
The arrows of a stupid quiver;
None would of prejudice accuse him;
Not even Whistler could abuse him.

JOHN RUSKIN

Beyond this I will not say much
Ere I expunge his name from *my* list;
But my esthetic tastes are such
That I detest the type of stylist.
Who, when you 've read him for a while,
Betrays no sense behind the style.

III

WALTER PATER

READER, at present 't is my lot—
Which is not really of the vilest—
To write a deal of precious rot
About a most distinguished stylist.
In fact, you 'll hardly find a greater
Than the late MR. Walter Pater.

If being holier than thou
Were the requirement for the laurel,
We 'd yield him up a fragrant bough
Without the semblance of a quarrel;
But other things deserve the palm
As well as a Platonic calm.

One cannot see the whole wide earth
At ease within a college study.

WALTER PATER

One has to feel as well the worth
Of vulgar men whose shoes are muddy.
Nor is the scholar quite exempt
From a due portion of contempt,

If, having twisted art and life
Out of their natural alinement,
He sets about to wield the knife
Against all things that lack refinement;
For of all matters unrefined
The greatest is the average mind.

His overmen of literature,
Like *Carl of Rosenmold* and *Marius,*
Are of a type I won't endure,
For reasons manifold and various;
Since man derives most satisfaction
From man and not from an abstraction.

Hence I pronounce without a qualm
My scorn of precious criticism,
Nor do I give a tinker's d——n
Though Grub Street have a paroxysm.
No matter where the shoe may pinch,
I will not yield a single inch.

## IV

## WILLIAM MORRIS

THE last three lectures were about
Prose writers, at least in the main,
So we shall hope you 're not put out
If we revert to verse again.
Besides, we vehemently suspect your
Desire for a poetic lecture.

So we take up a "battered God"
Whose name is not unknown, we trust.
His body 's underneath the sod,
His books are underneath the dust;
But literary loafers swear
Forever by the Morris chair.

If you are young (we hope you are;
And if you 're not, we hope you were),
There is no poet near or far
Whose pageantry is pleasanter.
There 's hardly any book so nice
As Morris' "Earthly Paradise."

People who think quite as you do
And have desirable ideas;
Who have no moral rags to chew,
But real mirth and healthy tears;
The kindest kind of girls and men,
Who never overworked a pen.

And when you 're sick of problem hags,
Of *Monna Vanna* and of *Hedda,*
When Sudermann or Hauptmann lags,

WILLIAM MORRIS

Just get his version of the Edda,
And in a first-class battle revel,
Consigning drama to the devil.

God bless him for a perfect heart!
What matter if a critic spiteful
Condemns his unpretending art?
I only know that he 's delightful.
Nor do I care for the mephitic
Indecency of any critic.

So when the modern plays invert
Your notions of the fit and decent,
Just heave them to their Mother Dirt,
No matter if they 're very recent;
For he is worth, in one small line,
A million of dramatic swine.

# Is Smith Right?

THE proletariate—some of them—are now inspired by the dream of a crusade for democracy against autocracy, although we were never able to awaken them to our own need of defense against all comers. There was some debate at lunch as to whether many of our countrymen are guided in their conduct by clear opinions as to the balance of power, *mare clausum*, the Balkans, the east shore of the Adriatic, the comparative importance of Morocco and Mesopotamia, the hegemony of Europe, the spheres of influence in China, and the old rules as to effective blockade.

"Let us ask Smith," said I, "whether he knows what we are fighting about."

Smith is an American hired man of English descent. His father fought in the Civil War. Smith is ignorant and superstitious, and is regarded as only ninety per cent. intelligent. So we went out to the ten-acre lot where Smith was plowing, and asked him what he believes to be the cause of our being at war. "Them God-dam' kings," he said.

# DESCRIBING THE WORK IN DETAIL

The Zeppelin Bag

## *The Cartoons*

The Century Edition de Luxe contains 126 especially selected examples of the artist's most notable cartoons. They are actual facsimile plates, the original colors and methods being faithfully reproduced.

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Each plate is separately mounted on heavy grey deckle-edge stock made exclusively for this edition. The outside size of the page is 18 inches by 14 inches.

## *The Introduction*

has been contributed by THEODORE ROOSEVELT

## *The Letterpress*

In addition to a complete index, some biographical notes, and a photogravure portrait of M. Raemaekers, there are over one hundred short descriptive chapters.

Many of the cartoons are based upon actual happenings and have distinct historical value. These are faced by short reviews, quotations, etc., dealing with the events upon which the cartoons are founded.

Other contributions are descriptive of the various phases of the war which the cartoons illuminate.

The complete volume has been edited and the production supervised by M. Raemaekers' publisher, Mr. J. Murray Allison, who came from England to undertake this work.

## *The Printing and Binding*

The printing and binding has been entrusted to The De Vinne Press, of New York, from which has come some of the finest editions published in America. The paper, a heavy deckle edge grey stock, was made especially for this edition. The letterpress has been printed from type, each cartoon mounted by hand. No time, trouble or expense has been spared to make this work worthy of the artist and the tremendous subject with which he deals. The collection is published in two volumes. Price one hundred dollars for the set.

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# FINANCE AND BANKING

By THOMAS MORRISON

WITH economic theories in a state of transformation, with war activity great on all fronts and with our own country realizing more surely every day—the tremendous task it has undertaken, there is a real duty placed squarely before every financial writer of the country—the duty of free and frank discussion. For the past month, that discussion has centered around the railroads and the action of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

It is easy to understand something of the burdens placed upon the railroads since the beginning of the war. They were not in a particularly strong position in 1914. Equipment and maintenance had been allowed to lag. When the task, therefore, of carrying the war orders for the Allies was placed upon them, the strain was great. A glance at the export figures for 1915 and 1916 shows what a task this must have been. Before the war, our best export years show a total of $2,768,589,340 worth of goods sold to the outside world. For the year ending, June, 1916, the Department of Commerce's figures indicate a total of $4,333,482,885. The year ending June, 1917, showed an increase again of $1,960,000,000 over 1916, or a total of $6,293,806,690,—in business with the outside world.

Not only have the railroads been called upon to transport these greatly increased exports to the port of embarkation, but they are asked at the same time to transport great quantities of raw products to the factories for manufacture and coal enough to keep these factories going night and day. Moreover, the United States is placing in the field an army of no mean proportion. In the preparation of the cantonments the railroads had to distribute to sixteen new centers enough food and equipment and building material to care for five hundred thousand men. As this army is moved out of the country and as others follow it across the water, an ever-increasing stream of equipment and supplies must flow from all parts of the country to the seaports. I have often thought I would like to obtain an aëroplane view of New York City some clear morning, between eight and nine o'clock. Hundreds of commuters' trains, all converging on Manhattan Island, are bringing in the thousands of commuters for their day's work,—six or seven trains within a few minutes of each other, on a few miles of track. Something like this, reproduced on a grand scale, involving the whole country and every large port on the Atlantic Ocean must be what the freight transportation officials have in mind as they look forward a few months.

Having a large body of troops on the other side will be in effect like a tremendous change in the center of population. It is as though part of a large family went over into the next block to live without taking money, food or equipment. For those who are left behind, there is a great deal of carrying and fetching to be done. Mr. Northcliff says that a soldier on duty will wear out twelve pairs of shoes a year and six rifles, with uniforms and clothing in much the same proportion. It is no wonder that railroad and government officials are discussing the restriction of passenger traffic, the pooling of management and the maximum use of the equipment for freight transportation.

With these considerations in mind, it is natural that the claim of electricity as a more efficient motive power than steam, should be thoroughly examined. A report has recently been made by the Electrification Department of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Co., giving this company's operating experience over the Rocky Mountain Division, covering 226 miles of difficult grade. The report covers the year 1915 under steam operation and 1916 with hydro-electric equipment. That the conclusions are favorable to electricity at least under similar conditions, is indicated by the fact that this company is now installing electrical equipment on its Cascade Division.

The facts given by Mr. Goodnow, the vice-president of the road, show that electricity is decidedly superior to steam in operating efficiency, especially in cold weather, and as the use of electric power increases the capacity of a road, enabling more trains to be operated over the same tracks, of course that fact is a very important element in the total cost of supplying transportation. The superintendent of the Rocky Mountain Division has expressed the opinion that to have handled the traffic in the winter of 1916 without electricity, double tracking would have been necessary.

In this connection it may be added that an important consideration in the decision of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to electrify

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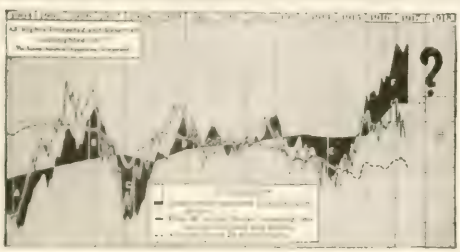

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(Continued from page 42)

its suburban service between Philadelphia and Paoli was the fact that it could thereby avoid a costly enlargement of its Philadelphia terminal.

An interesting feature of electrical propulsion is the fact that 11.3 per cent of the power consumed during the months under review on the western road was generated by the trains themselves on the down grades, but Mr. Goodnow says that this regeneration is reckoned as of minor importance compared with the ease and safety of handling the trains on grades, and the lessened wear and tear on equipment. Other authorities say that the most valuable feature of this power generation is the "dynamic braking," or the holding of the train at a uniform speed on down grades without the use of air brakes. Longer and heavier trains and greater speed are possible than with the use of air brakes.

In a recent article on the subject, Mr. F. H. Shepard, of the Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., says that "the electric locomotive of today, in its ability to handle the heaviest trains in congested service, to make long sustained runs and to remain continuously in service, has demonstrated its unquestionable superiority over any method of steam operation."

An interesting feature of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul experience is the complete elimination of a roundhouse at the half-way point on this run. Where the steam engines had to be changed and gone over at the end of a hundred and ten miles, the electric locomotives go through the full length of this two hundred and twenty mile division without change. The result is more work from half the number of locomotives.

It is reported that one quarter of the coal mined is consumed by the railroads. The movement of this alone forms a very considerable part of the traffic demands on the railways. Undoubtedly, one of the great efficiency movements in the coming years will proceed from the substitution more and more of electricity for steam. Mr. Edison prophesies that it will not be many years before the public will hardly know what coal is. "Its use," he says, "will be segregated in vast power houses and to the ordinary individual it will become a curiosity."

## INVESTMENT LITERATURE

If we can be of service to readers of The Century in obtaining for them without charge any of the following financial literature, we shall be glad. Please address letters to Financial Service, The Century Magazine, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Text of the War Tax Law: *The National City Company, New York City.*

Regulation of Exports under the Espionage Act: *Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway.*

The Premier Investment: *Wm. R. Compton Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

Should Business Men Buy Stocks? *Babson's Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass.*

The South and Southern Municipal Bonds: *Stacy and Braun, Second National Bank Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.*

Analysis of the War Tax Law: *The National City Company, New York City.*

The Will and the Way: *The Metropolitan Trust Company, New York City.*

Making Money Work: *McClave & Co., 67 Exchange Place, New York City.*

Sugar Stocks: *Hartshorne & Battelle, 25 Broad Street, New York City.*

France and America: *Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway.*

Peace and Foreign Government Bonds: *Hartshorne & Battelle, 25 Broad Street, New York City.*

Income Tax Record (for recording next year's taxes): *Wm. R. Compton Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

Acid Tests of Investments in War Times: *S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York City.*

Quick Reckoning Income Tax Table: *Stacy and Braun, Second National Bank Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.*

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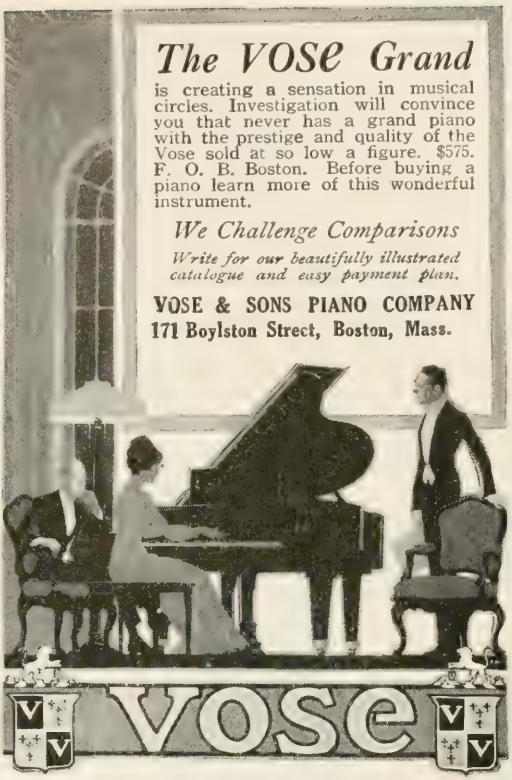
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# The Return of the Soldier

By REBECCA WEST

Illustrations by Norman Price

## CHAPTER I

"AH, don't begin to fuss!" wailed Kitty. "If a woman began to worry in these days because her husband had n't written to her for a fortnight! Besides, if he 'd been anywhere interesting, anywhere where the fighting was really hot, he 'd have found some way of telling me instead of just leaving it as 'Somewhere in France.' He 'll be all right."

We were sitting in the nursery. I had not meant to enter it again, now that the child was dead; but I had come suddenly on Kitty as she slipped the key into the lock, and I had lingered to look in at the high room, so full of whiteness and clear colors, so unendurably gay and familiar, which is kept in all respects as though there were still a child in the house. It was the first lavish day of spring, and the sunlight was pouring through the tall, arched windows and the flowered curtains so brightly that in the old days a fat fist would certainly have been raised to point out the new, translucent glories of the rosebud. Sunlight was lying in great pools on the blue cork floor and the soft rugs, patterned with strange beasts, and threw dancing beams, which should have been gravely watched for hours, on the white paint and the blue distempered walls. It fell on the rocking-horse, which had been Chris's idea of an appropriate present for his year-old son, and showed what a fine fellow he was and how tremendously dappled; it picked out Mary and her little lamb on the chintz ottoman. And along the mantelpiece, under the loved print of the snarling tiger, in attitudes that were at once angular and relaxed, as though they were ready for play at their master's pleasure, but found it hard to keep from drowsing in this warm weather, sat the Teddy Bear and the chimpanzee and the woolly white dog and the black cat with eyes that roll. Everything was there except Oliver. I turned away so that I might not spy on Kitty revisiting her dead. But she called after me:

"Come here, Jenny. I 'm going to dry my hair." And when I looked again I saw that her golden hair was all about her shoulders and that she wore over her frock a little silken jacket trimmed with rosebuds. She looked so like a girl on a magazine cover that one expected to find a large "15 cents" somewhere attached to her person. She had taken Nanny's big basket-chair from its place by the high-chair, and was pushing it over to the

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middle window. "I always come in here when Emery has washed my hair. It 's the sunniest room in the house. I wish Chris would n't have it kept as a nursery when there 's no chance—" She sat down, swept her hair over the back of the chair into the sunlight, and held out to me her tortoiseshell hair-brush. "Give it a brush now and then, like a good soul; but be careful. Tortoise snaps so!"

I took the brush and turned to the window, leaning my forehead against the glass and staring unobservantly at the view. You probably know the beauty of that view; for when Chris rebuilt Baldry Court after his marriage he handed it over to architects who had not so much the wild eye of the artist as the knowing wink of the manicurist, and between them they massaged the dear old place into matter for innumerable photographs in the illustrated papers. The house lies on the crest of Harrowweald, and from its windows the eye drops to miles of emerald pasture-land lying wet and brilliant under a westward line of sleek hills, blue with distance and distant woods, while nearer it range the suave decorum of the lawn and the Lebanon cedar, the branches of which are like darkness made palpable, and the minatory gauntnesses of the topmost pines in the wood that breaks downward, its bare boughs a close texture of browns and purples, from the pond on the edge of the hill.

That day its beauty was an affront to me, because, like most Englishwomen of my time, I was wishing for the return of a soldier. Disregarding the national interest and everything else except the keen prehensile gesture of our hearts toward him, I wanted to snatch my Cousin Christopher from the wars and seal him in this green pleasantness his wife and I now looked upon. Of late I had had bad dreams about him. By nights I saw Chris running across the brown rottenness of no-man's-land, starting back here because he trod upon a hand, not even looking there because of the awfulness of an unburied head, and not till my dream was packed full of horror did I see him pitch forward on his knees as he reached safety, if it was that. For on the war-films I have seen men slip down as softly from the trench-parapet, and none but the grimmer philosophers could say that they had reached safety by their fall. And when I escaped into wakefulness it was only to lie stiff and think of stories I had heard in the boyish voice of the modern subaltern, which rings indomitable, yet has most of its gay notes flattened: "We were all of us in a barn one night, and a shell came along. My pal sang out, 'Help me, old man; I 've got no legs!' and I had to answer, 'I can't, old man; I 've got no hands!'" Well, such are the dreams of Englishwomen to-day. I could not complain, but I wished for the return of our soldier. So I said:

"I wish we could hear from Chris. It is a fortnight since he wrote."

And then it was that Kitty wailed, "Ah, don't begin to fuss!" and bent over her image in her hand-mirror as one might bend for refreshment over scented flowers.

I tried to build about me such a little globe of ease as always ensphered her, and thought of all that remained good in our lives though Chris had gone. I was sure that we were preserved from the reproach of luxury, because we had made a fine place for Chris, one little part of the world that was, so far as surfaces could make it so, good enough for his amazing goodness. Here we had nourished that surpassing amiability which was so habitual that one took it as one of his physical characteristics, and regarded any lapse into bad temper as a calamity as startling as the breaking of a leg; here we had made happiness inevitable for him. I could shut my eyes and think of innumerable proofs of how well we had succeeded, for there never was so visibly contented a man. And I recalled all that he did one morning just a year ago when he went to the front.

First he had sat in the morning-room and talked and stared out on the lawns that already had the desolation of an empty stage, although he had not yet gone; then broke off suddenly and went about

" 'GIVE IT A BRUSH NOW AND THEN, LIKE A GOOD SOUL' "

the house, looking into many rooms. He went to the stables and looked at the horses and had the dogs brought out; he refrained from touching them or speaking to them, as though he felt himself already infected with the squalor of war and did not want to contaminate their bright physical well-being. Then he went to the edge of the wood and stood staring down into the clumps of dark-leaved rhododendrons and the yellow tangle of last year's bracken and the cold winter black of the trees. (From this very window I had spied on him.) Then he moved broodingly back to the house to be with his wife until the moment of his going, when Kitty and I stood on the steps to see him motor off to Waterloo. He kissed us both. As he bent over me I noticed once again how his hair was of two colors, brown and gold. Then he got into the car, put on his Tommy air, and said: "So long! I 'll write you from Berlin!" and as he spoke his head dropped back, and he set a hard stare on the house. That meant, I knew, that he loved the life he had lived with us and desired to carry with him to the dreary place of death and dirt the complete memory of everything about his home, on which his mind could brush when things were at their worst, as a man might finger an amulet through his shirt. This house, this life with us, was the core of his heart.

"If he could come back!" I said. "He was so happy here!"

And Kitty answered:

"He could not have been happier."

It was important that he should have been happy, for, you see, he was not like other city men. When we had played together as children in that wood he had always shown great faith in the imminence of the improbable. He thought that the birch-tree would really stir and shrink and quicken into an enchanted princess, that he really was a red Indian, and that his disguise would suddenly fall from him at the right sundown, that at any moment a tiger might lift red fangs through the bracken, and he expected these things with a stronger motion of the imagination than the ordinary child's make-believe. And from a thousand intimations, from his occasional clear fixity of gaze on good things as though they were about to dissolve into better, from the passionate anticipation with which he went to new countries or met new people, I was aware that this faith had persisted into his adult life. He had exchanged his expectation of becoming a red Indian for the equally wistful aspiration of becoming completely reconciled to life. It was his hopeless hope that some time he would have an experience that would act on his life like alchemy, turning to gold all the dark metals of events, and from that revelation he would go on his way rich with an inextinguishable joy. There had been, of course, no chance of his ever getting it. Literally there was n't room to swing a revelation in his crowded life. First of all, at his father's death he had been obliged to take over a business that was weighted by the needs of a mob of female relatives who were all useless either in the old way, with antimacassars, or in the new way, with gold-clubs; then Kitty had come along and picked up his conception of normal expenditure, and carelessly stretched it as a woman stretches a new glove on her hand. Then there had been the difficult task of learning to live after the death of his little son. It had lain on us, the responsibility, which gave us dignity, to compensate him for his lack of free adventure by arranging him a gracious life. But now, just because our performance had been so brilliantly adequate, how dreary was the empty stage!

We were not, perhaps, specially contemptible women, because nothing could ever really become a part of our life until it had been referred to Chris's attention. I remember thinking, as the parlor-maid came in with a card on the tray, how little it mattered who had called and what flag of prettiness or wit she flew, since there was no chance that Chris would come in and stand over her, his fairness red in the firelight, and show her that detached attention, such as an unmusical man pays to

good music, which men of anchored affections give to attractive women.

Kitty read from the card:

"'Mrs. William Grey, Mariposa, Ladysmith Road, Wealdstone,' I don't know anybody in *Wealdstone.*" That is the name of the red suburban stain which fouls the fields three miles nearer London than Harrowweald. One cannot now protect one's environment as one once could. "Do I know her, Ward? Has she been here before?"

"Oh, no, ma'am." The parlor-maid smiled superciliously. "She said she had news for you." From her tone one could deduce an over-confidential explanation made by a shabby visitor while using the door-mat almost too zealously.

Kitty pondered, then said:

"I 'll come down." As the girl went, Kitty took up the amber hair-pins from her lap and began swathing her hair about her head. "Last year's fashion," she commented; "but I fancy it 'll do for a person with that sort of address." She stood up, and threw her little silk dressing-jacket over the rocking-horse. "I 'm seeing her because she may need something, and I specially want to be kind to people while Chris is away. One wants to deserve well of heaven." For a minute she was aloof in radiance, but as we linked arms and went out into the corridor she became more mortal, with a pout. "The people that come breaking into one's nice, quiet day!" she moaned reproachfully, and as we came to the head of the broad staircase she leaned over the white balustrade to peer down on the hall, and squeezed my arm. "Look!" she whispered.

Just beneath us, in one of Kitty's prettiest chintz arm-chairs, sat a middle-aged woman. She wore a yellowish raincoat and a black hat with plumes. The sticky straw hat had only lately been renovated by something out of a little bottle bought at the chemist's. She had rolled her black thread gloves into a ball on her lap, so that she could turn her gray alpaca skirt well above her muddy boots and adjust its brush-braid with a seamed red hand that looked even more worn when she presently raised it to touch the glistening flowers of the pink azalea that stood on a table beside her. Kitty shivered, then muttered:

"Let 's get this over," and ran down the stairs. On the last step she paused and said with conscientious sweetness, "Mrs. Grey?"

"Yes," answered the visitor. She lifted to Kitty a sallow and relaxed face the expression of which gave me a sharp, pitying pang of prepossession in her favor: it was beautiful that so plain a woman should so ardently rejoice in another's loveliness. "Are you Mrs. Baldry?" she asked, almost as if she were glad about it, and stood up. The bones of her bad stays clicked as she moved. Well, she was not so bad. Her body was long and round and shapely, and with a noble squareness of the shoulders; her fair hair curled diffidently about a good brow; her gray eyes, though they were remote, as if anything worth looking at in her life had kept a long way off, were full of tenderness; and though she was slender, there was something about her of the wholesome, endearing heaviness of the ox or the trusted big dog. Yet she was bad enough. She was repulsively furred with neglect and poverty, as even a good glove that has dropped down behind a bed in a hotel and has lain undisturbed for a day or two is repulsive when the chambermaid retrieves it from the dust and fluff.

She flung at us as we sat down:

"My general maid is sister to your second housemaid."

It left us at a loss.

"You 've come about a reference?" asked Kitty.

"Oh, no. I 've had Gladys two years now, and I 've always found her a very good girl. I want no reference." With her finger-nail she followed the burst seam of the dark pigskin purse that slid about on her shiny alpaca lap. "But girls talk, you know. You must n't blame them." She seemed to be caught in a thicket of embarrassment, and sat staring up at the azalea.

With the hardness of a woman who sees before her the curse of women's lives, a

"IN ONE OF KITTY'S PRETTIEST CHINTZ ARM CHAIRS, SAT A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN"

domestic row, Kitty said that she took no interest in servants' gossip.

"Oh, it is n't—" her eyes brimmed as though we had been unkind—"servants' gossip that I wanted to talk about. I only mentioned Gladys"—she continued to trace the burst seam of her purse—"because that 's how I heard you did n't know."

"What don't I know?"

Her head drooped a little.

"About Mr. Baldry. Forgive me, I don't know his rank."

"Captain Baldry," supplied Kitty, wonderingly. "What is it that I don't know?"

She looked far away from us, to the open door and its view of dark pines and pale March sunshine, and appeared to swallow something.

"Why, that he 's hurt," she gently said.

"Wounded, you mean?" asked Kitty.

Her rusty plumes oscillated as she moved her mild face about with an air of perplexity.

"Yes," she said, "he 's wounded."

Kitty's bright eyes met mine, and we obeyed that mysterious human impulse to smile triumphantly at the spectacle of a fellow-creature occupied in baseness. For this news was not true. It could not possibly be true. The War Office would have wired to us immediately if Chris had been wounded. This was such a fraud as one sees recorded in the papers that meticulously record squalor in paragraphs headed, "Heartless Fraud on Soldier's Wife." Presently she would say that she had gone to some expense to come here

with her news and that she was poor, and at the first generous look on our faces there would come some tale of trouble that would disgust the imagination by pictures of yellow-wood furniture that a landlord oddly desired to seize and a pallid child with bandages round its throat. I cast down my eyes and shivered at the horror. Yet there was something about the physical quality of the woman, unlovely though she was, which preserved the occasion from utter baseness. I felt sure that had it not been for the tyrannous emptiness of that evil, shiny pigskin purse that jerked about on her trembling knees the poor driven creature would have chosen ways of candor and gentleness. It was, strangely enough, only when I looked at Kitty and marked how her brightly colored prettiness arched over this plain criminal as though she were a splendid bird of prey and this her sluggish insect food that I felt the moment degrading.

Kitty was, I felt, being a little too clever over it.

"How is he wounded?" she asked.

The caller traced a pattern on the carpet with her blunt toe.

"I don't know how to put it; he's not exactly wounded. A shell burst—"

"Concussion?" suggested Kitty.

She answered with an odd glibness and humility, as though tendering us a term she had long brooded over without arriving at comprehension, and hoping that our superior intelligences would make something of it:

"Shell-shock." Our faces did not illumine, so she dragged on lamely, "Anyway, he 's not well." Again she played with her purse. Her face was visibly damp.

"Not well? Is he dangerously ill?"

"Oh, no." She was too kind to harrow us. "Not dangerously ill."

Kitty brutally permitted a silence to fall. Our caller could not bear it, and broke it in a voice that nervousness had turned to a funny, diffident croak.

"He 's in the Queen Mary Hospital at Boulogne." We did not speak, and she began to flush and wriggle on her seat, and stooped forward to fumble under the legs of her chair for her umbrella. The sight of its green seams and unveracious tortoiseshell handle disgusted Kitty into speech.

"How do you know all this?"

Our visitor met her eyes. This was evidently a moment for which she had steeled herself, and she rose to it with a catch of her breath. "A man who used to be a clerk along with my husband is in Mr. Baldry's regiment." Her voice croaked even more piteously, and her eyes begged: "Leave it at that! Leave it at that! If you only knew—"

"And what regiment is that?" pursued Kitty.

The poor sallow face shone with sweat.

"I never thought to ask," she said.

"Well, your friend's name—"

Mrs. Grey moved on her seat so suddenly and violently that the pigskin purse fell from her lap and lay at my feet. I supposed that she cast it from her purposely because its emptiness had brought her to this humiliation, and that the scene would close presently in a few quiet tears. I hoped that Kitty would let her go without scarring her too much with words and would not mind if I gave her a little money. There was no doubt in my mind but that this queer, ugly episode in which this woman butted like a clumsy animal at a gate she was not intelligent enough to open would dissolve and be replaced by some more pleasing composition in which we would take our proper parts; in which, that is, she would turn from our rightness ashamed. Yet she cried:

"But Chris is ill!"

It took only a second for the compact insolence of the moment to penetrate, the amazing impertinence of the use of his name, the accusation of callousness she brought against us whose passion for Chris was our point of honor, because we would not shriek at her false news, the impudently bright, indignant gaze she flung at us, the lift of her voice that pretended she could not understand our coolness and irrelevance. I pushed the purse away from me with my toe, and hated her

as the rich hate the poor as insect things that will struggle out of the crannies which are their decent home and introduce ugliness to the light of day. And Kitty said in a voice shaken with pitilessness:

"You are impertinent. I know exactly what you are doing. You have read in the 'Harrow Observer' or somewhere that my husband is at the front, and you come to tell this story because you think that you will get some money. I 've read of such cases in the papers. You forget that if anything had happened to my husband the War Office would have told me. You should think yourself very lucky that I don't hand you over to the police." She shrilled a little before she came to the end. "Please go!"

"Kitty!" I breathed. I was so ashamed that such a scene should spring from Chris's peril at the front that I wanted to go out into the garden and sit by the pond until the poor thing had removed her deplorable umbrella, her unpardonable raincoat, her poor frustrated fraud. But Mrs. Grey, who had begun childishly and deliberately, "It 's *you* who are being—" and had desisted simply because she realized that there were no harsh notes on her lyre, and that she could not strike these chords that others found so easy, had fixed me with a certain wet, clear, patient gaze. It is the gift of animals and those of peasant stock. From the least regarded, from an old horse nosing over a gate or a drab in a workhouse ward, it wrings the heart. From this woman— I said checkingly:

"Kitty!" and reconciled her in an undertone. "There 's some mistake. Got the name wrong, perhaps. Please tell us all about it."

Mrs. Grey began a forward movement like a curtsy. She was groveling after that purse. When she rose, her face was pink from stooping, and her dignity swam uncertainly in a sea of half-shed tears. She said:

"I 'm sorry I 've upset you. But when you know a thing like that it is n't in flesh and blood to keep it from his wife. I am a married woman myself, and I know. I knew Mr. Baldry fifteen years ago." Her voice freely confessed that she had taken a liberty. "Quite a friend of the family he was." She had added that touch to soften the crude surprisingness of her announcement. It hardly did. "We lost sight of each other. It 's fifteen years since we last met. I had never seen nor heard of him nor thought to do again till I got this a week ago."

She undid the purse and took out a telegram. I knew suddenly that all she said was true; for that was why her hands had clasped that purse.

"He is n't well! He is n't well!" she said pleadingly. "He 's lost his memory, and thinks—thinks he still knows me."

She passed the telegram to Kitty, who read it, and laid it on her knee.

"See," said Mrs. Grey, "it 's addressed to Margaret Allington, my maiden name, and I 've been married these ten years. And it was sent to my old home, Monkey Island, at Bray. Father kept the inn there. It 's fifteen years since we left it. I never should have got this telegram if me and my husband had n't been down there last September and told the folks who keep it now who I was."

Kitty folded up the telegram and said in a little voice:

"This is a likely story."

Again Mrs. Grey's eyes brimmed. People are rude to one, she visibly said, but surely not nice people like this. She simply continued to sit.

Kitty cried out, as though arguing:

"There 's nothing about shell-shock in this wire."

Our visitor melted into a trembling shyness.

"There was a letter, too."

Kitty held out her hand.

She gasped:

"Oh, no, I could n't do that!"

"I must have it," said Kitty.

The caller's eyes grew great. She rose and dived clumsily for her umbrella, which had again slipped under the chair.

"I can't," she cried, and scurried to the open door like a pelted dog. She would

have run down the steps at once had not some tender thought arrested her. She turned to me trustfully and stammered, "He is at that hospital I said," as if, since I had dealt her no direct blow, I might be able to salve the news she brought from the general wreck of manners. And then Kitty's stiff pallor struck to her heart, and cried comfortingly across the distance, "I tell you, I have n't seen him for fifteen years." She faced about, pushed down her hat on her head, and ran down the steps to the gravel. "They won't understand!" we heard her sob.

For a long time we watched her as she went along the drive, her yellowish raincoat looking sick and bright in the sharp sunshine, her black plumes nodding like the pines above, her cheap boots making her walk on her heels, a spreading stain on the fabric of our life. When she was quite hidden by the dark clump of rhododendrons at the corner, Kitty turned and went to the fireplace. She laid her arms against the oak mantel-piece and cooled her face against her arms.

When at last I followed her she said: "Do you believe her?"

I started. I had forgotten that we had ever disbelieved her.

"Yes," I replied.

"What can it mean?" She dropped her arms and stared at me imploringly. "Think, think of something it can mean which is n't detestable!"

"It 's all a mystery," I said; and added madly, because nobody has ever been cross with Kitty, "You did n't help to clear it up."

"Oh, I know you think I was rude," she petulantly moaned; "but you 're so slow you don't see what it means. Either it means that he 's mad, our Chris, our splendid, sane Chris, all broken and queer, not knowing us— I can't bear to think of that. It can't be true. But if he is n't—Jenny, there was nothing in that telegram to show he 'd lost his memory. It was just affection—a name that might have been a pet name, things that it was a little common to put in a telegram. It 's queer he should have written such a message, queer that he should n't have told me about knowing her, queer that he ever should have known such a woman. It shows there are bits of him we don't know. Things may be awfully wrong. It 's all such a breach of trust! I resent it."

I was appalled by these stiff, dignified gestures that seemed to be plucking Chris's soul from his body, tormented though it was by this unknown calamity.

"But Chris is ill!" I cried.

She stared at me.

"You 're saying what she said."

Indeed, there seemed no better words than those Mrs. Grey had used. I repeated:

"But he is ill!"

She laid her face against her arms again.

"What does that matter?" she wailed. "If he could send that telegram, he is no longer ours."

## Chapter II

I was sorry the next morning that the post comes too late at Harrowweald to be brought up with the morning tea and waits for one at the breakfast table; for under Kitty's fixed gaze I had to open a letter which bore the Boulogne postmark and was addressed in the writing of Frank Baldry, Chris's cousin, who is in the church. He wrote:

Dear Jenny:

You will have to break it to Kitty and try to make her take it as quietly as possible. This sentence will sound ominous as a start, but I 'm so full of the extraordinary thing that has happened to Chris that I feel as if every living creature was in possession of the facts. I don't know how much you know about it, so I 'd better begin at the beginning. Last Thursday I got a wire from Chris, saying that he had had concussion, though not seriously, and was in a hospital about a mile from Boulogne, where he would be glad to see me. It struck me as odd that it had been sent to Ollenshaws, where I was curate fifteen years ago. For-

tunately, I have always kept in touch with Sumpter, whom I regard as a specimen of the very best type of country clergymen, and he forwarded it without unnecessary delay. I started that evening, and looked hard for you and Kitty on the boat; but came to the conclusion I should probably find you at the hospital.

After having breakfasted in the town,—how superior French cooking is! I would have looked in vain for such coffee, such an omelet, in my own parish,—I went off to look for the hospital. It is a girls' school, which has been taken over by the Red Cross, with fair-sized grounds and plenty of nice dry paths under the *tilleuls*. I could not see Chris for an hour, so I sat down on a bench by a funny, little round pond, with a stone coping, very French. Some wounded soldiers who came out to sit in the sun were rather rude because I was not in khaki, even when I explained that I was a priest of God and that the feeling of the bishops was strongly against the enlistment of the clergy. I do feel that the church has lost its grip on the masses.

Then a nurse came out and took me in to see Chris. He is in a nice room, with a southern exposure, with three other officers, who seemed very decent (not the "new army," I am glad to say). He was better than I had expected, but did not look quite himself. For one thing, he was oddly boisterous. He seemed glad to see me, and told me he could remember nothing about his concussion, but that he wanted to get back to Harrowweald. He talked a lot about the wood and the upper pond and wanted to know if the daffies were out yet, and when he would be allowed to travel, because he felt that he would get well at once if only he could get home. And then he was silent for a minute, as though he was holding something back. It will perhaps help you to realize the difficulty of my position when you understand that all this happened before I had been in the room five minutes!

Without flickering an eyelid, quite easily and naturally, he gave me the surprising information that he was in love with a girl called Margaret Allington, who is the daughter of the man who keeps the inn on Monkey Island, at Bray on the Thames. He uttered some appreciations of this woman which I was too upset to note. I gasped, "How long has this been going on?" He laughed at my surprise, and said, "Ever since I went down to stay with Uncle Ambrose at Dorney after I 'd got my B.Sc." Fifteen years ago! I was still staring at him, unable to believe this barefaced admission of a deception carried on for years, when he went on to say that, though he had wired to her and she had wired a message in return, she had n't said anything about coming over to see him. "Now," he said quite coolly, "I know old Allington 's had a bad season,—oh, I 'm quite well up in the innkeeping business these days,—and I think it may quite possibly be a lack of funds that is keeping her away. I 've lost my checkbook somewhere in the scrim, and so I wonder if you 'd send her some money. Or, better still, for she 's a shy country thing, you might fetch her."

I stared. "Chris," I said, "I know the war is making some of us very lax, and I can only ascribe to that the shamelessness with which you admit the existence of a long-standing intrigue; but when it comes to asking me to go over to England and fetch the woman—" He interrupted me with a sneer that we parsons are inveterately eighteenth century and have our minds perpetually inflamed by visions of squires' sons seducing country wenches, and declared that he meant to marry this Margaret Allington. "Oh, indeed!" I said. "And may I ask what Kitty says to this arrangement?" "Who the devil is Kitty?" he asked blankly. "Kitty is your wife," I said quietly, but firmly. He sat up and shouted: 'I have n't got a wife! Has some woman been turning up with a cock-and-bull story of being my wife? Because it 's the damnedest lie!"

"I determined to settle the matter by sharp, common-sense handling. "Chris," I said, "you have evidently lost your memory. You were married to Kitty Ellis at St. George's, Hanover Square, on the third, or it may have been the fourth"—you know my wretched memory for dates—"of February, in 1906." He turned very pale and asked what year this was. "1916," I told

him. He fell back in a fainting condition. The nurse came, and said I had done it all right this time, so she at least seemed to have known that he required a rude awakening, although the doctor, a very nice man, Winchester and New, told me he had known nothing of Chris's delusions.

An hour later I was called back into the room. Chris was looking at himself in a hand-mirror, which he threw on the floor as I entered. "You are right," he said; "I 'm not twenty-one, but thirty-six." He said he felt lonely and afraid, and that I must bring Margaret Allington to him at once or he would die. Suddenly he stopped raving and asked, "Is father all right?" I prayed for guidance, and answered, "Your father passed away twelve years ago." He said, "Good God! can't you say he *died?*" and he turned over and lay with his back to me. I have never before seen a strong man weep, and it is indeed a terrible sight. He moaned a lot, and began to call for this Margaret. Then he turned over again and said, "Now tell us all about this Kitty that I 've married." I told him she was a beautiful little woman, and mentioned that she had a charming and cultivated soprano voice. He said very fractiously: "I don't like little women, and I hate anybody, male or female, who sings. O God, I don't like this Kitty. Take her away!" And then he began to rave again about this woman. He said that he was consumed with desire for her and that he would never rest until he once more held her in his arms. I had no suspicion that Chris had this side to his nature, and it was almost a relief when he fainted again.

I have not seen him since, and it is evening; but I have had a long talk with the doctor, who says that he has satisfied himself that Chris is suffering from a loss of memory extending over a period of fifteen years. He says that though, of course, it will be an occasion of great trial to us all, he thinks that, in view of Chris's expressed longing for Harrowweald, he ought to be taken home, and advises me to make all arrangements for bringing him back some time next week. I hope I shall be upheld in this difficult enterprise.

In the meantime I leave it to you to prepare Kitty for this terrible shock. I could have wished it were a woman of a different type who was to see my poor cousin through these dark days, but convey to her my deepest sympathy. Indeed, I never realized the horror of warfare until I saw my cousin, of whose probity I am as firmly convinced as of my own, wantonly repudiating his most sacred obligations.

Yours ever,

FRANK.

Over my shoulder Kitty muttered: "And he always pretended he liked my singing." Then she gripped my arm and shrieked in a possessive fury: "Bring him home! Bring him home!"

So, a week later, they brought Chris home.

From breakfast-time that day the house was pervaded with a day-before-the-funeral feeling. Although all duties arising from the occasion had been performed, one could settle to nothing else. Chris was expected at one, but there then came a telegram to say he was delayed till the late afternoon. So Kitty, whose beauty was as changed in grief from its ordinary seeming as a rose in moonlight is different from a rose by day, took me down after lunch to the greenhouses and had a snappishly competent conversation about the year's vegetables with Pipe, the gardener. Then Kitty went into the drawing-room and filled the house with the desolate merriment of an inattentively played pianola, while I sat in the hall and wrote letters and noticed how sad dance-music has sounded ever since the war began. After that she started a savage raid of domestic efficiency, and made the housemaids cry because the brass handles of the tall-boys were not bright enough and because there was only a ten-to-one instead of a hundred-to-one risk of breaking a leg on the parquet. Then she had tea and hated the soda-cake. She was a little, shrunk thing, huddled in the arm-chair farthest from the light, when at last the big car came nosing up the drive through the dark.

We stood up. Through the thudding of the engines came the sound of Chris's

great male voice, which always had in it a note like the baying of a big dog. "Thanks, I can manage by myself." I heard, amazed, his step ring strong upon the stone, for I had felt his absence as a kind of death from which he would emerge ghostlike, impalpable. And then he stood in the doorway, the gloom blurring his outlines like fur, the faint, clear candle-light catching the fair down on his face. He did not see me, in my dark dress, or huddled Kitty, and with the sleepy smile of one who returns to a dear, familiar place to rest he walked into the hall and laid down his stick and his khaki cap beside the candlestick on the oak table. With both hands he felt the old wood, and stood humming happily through his teeth.

I cried out, because I had seen that his hair was of three colors now, brown and gold and silver.

With a quick turn of the head, he found me out in the shadows.

"Hullo, Jenny!" he said, and gripped my hands.

"O Chris, I am so glad!" I stuttered, and then could say no more for shame that I was thirty-five instead of twenty. For his eyes had hardened in the midst of his welcome, as though he had trusted that I at least would have been no party to this conspiracy to deny that he was young, and he said:

"I 've dropped Frank in town. My temper 's of the convalescent type." He might as well have said, "I 've dropped Frank, who has grown old, like you."

"Chris," I went on, "it 's so wonderful to have you safe."

"Safe," he repeated. He sighed very deeply and continued to hold my hands. There was a rustle in the shadows, and he dropped my hands.

The face that looked out of the dimness to him was very white, and her upper lip was lifted over her teeth in a distressed grimace. It was immediately as plain as though he had shouted it that this sad mask meant nothing to him. He knew not because memory had given him any insight into her heart, but because there is an instinctive kindliness in him which makes him wise about all suffering, that it would hurt her if he asked if this was his wife; but his body involuntarily began a gesture of inquiry before he realized that that, too, would hurt her, and he checked it half-way. So, through a silence, he stood before her slightly bent, as though he had been maimed.

"I am your wife." There was a weak, wailing anger behind the words.

"Kitty," he said softly and kindly. He looked round for some graciousness to make the scene less wounding, and stooped to kiss her; but he could not. The thought of another woman made him unable to breathe, sent the blood running under his skin.

With a toss, like a child saying, "Well, if you don't want to, I 'm sure I would n't for the world!" Kitty withdrew from the suspended caress. He watched her retreat into the shadows as though she were a symbol of this new life by which he was baffled and oppressed, until the darkness outside became filled with the sound like the surf which we always hear at Harrowweald on angry evenings, and his eyes became distant, and his lips smiled. "Up here—in this old place—how one hears the pines!"

She cried out from the other end of the room, as though she were speaking with some one behind a shut door:

"I 've ordered dinner at seven. I thought you 'd probably have missed a meal or two, or would want to go to bed early." She said it very smartly, with her head on one side like a bird, as if she was pleading that he would find her very clever about ordering dinner and thinking of his comfort.

"Good," he said. "I 'd better dress now, had n't I?" He looked up the staircase, and would have gone up had I not held him back; for the little room in the south wing, with the fishing-rods and the old books, went in the rebuilding, absorbed by the black-and-white magnificence that is Kitty's bedroom.

"Oh, I 'll take you up," Kitty rang out efficiently. She pulled at his coat-sleeve, so they started level on the lowest step.

But as they went up, the sense of his separateness beat her back; she lifted her arms as though she struggled through a fog and fell behind. When he reached the top she was standing half-way down the stairs, her hands clasped under her chin. But he did not see her. He was looking along the corridor and saying, "This house is different." If the soul has to stay in its coffin till the lead is struck asunder, in its captivity it speaks with such a voice.

She braced herself with a gallant laugh.

"How you 've forgotten!" she cried, and ran up to him, rattling her keys and looking grave with housewifery, and I was left alone with the dusk and the familiar things. The dusk flowed in wet and cool from the garden, as if to put out the fire of confusion lighted on our hearthstone, and the furniture, very visible through that soft evening opacity with the observant brightness of old, well-polished wood, seemed terribly aware. Strangeness had come into the house, and everything was appalled by it, even time. For the moments dragged. It seemed to me, half an hour later, that I had been standing for an infinite period in the drawing-room, remembering that in the old days the blinds had never been drawn in this room because old Mrs. Baldry had liked to see the night gathering like a pool in the valley while the day lingered as a white streak above the farthest hills, and perceiving in pain that the heavy blue blinds that shroud the nine windows because a lost Zeppelin sometimes clanks like a skeleton across the sky above us would make his home seem even more like prison.

I began to say what was in my mind to Kitty when she came in, but she moved past me, remote in preoccupation, and I was silent when I saw that she was dressed in all respects like a bride. The gown she wore on her wedding-day ten years ago had been cut and embroidered as this white satin was; her hair had been coiled low on her neck, as it was now. Around her throat were her pearls, and her longer chain of diamonds dropped, looking cruelly bright, to her white, small breasts; because she held some needlework to her bosom, I saw that her right hand was stiff with rings and her left hand bare save for her wedding-ring. She dropped her load of flannel on a work-table and sat down, spreading out her skirts, in an arm-chair by the fire. With her lower lip thrust out, as if she were considering a menu, she lowered her head and looked down on herself. She frowned to see that the high lights on the satin shone scarlet from the fire, that her flesh glowed like a rose, and she changed her seat for a high-backed chair beneath the farthest candle-sconce. There were green curtains close by, and now the lights on her satin gown were green like cleft ice. She looked as cold as moonlight, as virginity, but precious; the falling candle-light struck her hair to bright, pure gold. So she waited for him.

There came suddenly a thud at the door. We heard Chris swear and stumble to his feet, while one of the servants spoke helpfully. Kitty knitted her brows, for she hates gracelessness, and a failure of physical adjustment is the worst indignity she can conceive.

"He 's fallen down those three steps from the hall," I whispered. "They 're new." She did not listen, because she was controlling her face into harmony with the appearance of serene virginity upon which his eyes would fall when he entered the room.

His fall had ruffled him and made him look very large and red, and he breathed hard, like an animal pursued into a strange place by night, and to his hot consciousness of his disorder the sight of Kitty, her face and hands and bosom shining like the snow, her gown enfolding her, and her gold hair crowning her with radiance, and the white fire of jewels giving passion to the spectacle, was a deep refreshment. She sat still for a time, so that he might feel this well, then raised her ringed hand to her necklaces.

"It seems so strange that you should not remember me," she said. "You gave me all these."

He answered kindly:

"I am glad I did that. You look very

"SHE WOULD GET INTO THE FOUR-FOOT PUNT THAT WAS USED

beautiful in them." But as he spoke his gaze shifted to the shadows in the corners of the room, and the blood ran hot under his skin. He was thinking of another woman, of another beauty.

Kitty put up her hands as if to defend her jewels.

In that silence dinner was announced, and we went into the dining-room. It is the fashion at Baldry Court to use no electric light save when there is work to be done or a great company to be entertained, and to eat and talk by the mild clarity of many candles. That night it was a kindly fashion, for we sat about the table with our faces veiled in shadow, and seemed to listen in quiet contentment to the talk of our man who had come back to us. Yet all through the meal I was near to weeping, because whenever he thought himself unobserved he looked at the things that were familiar to him. Dipping his head, he would glance sidewise at the old oak paneling, and nearer things he fingered as though sight were not intimate enough a contact. His hand caressed the arm of his chair, because he remembered the black gleam of it, stole out and touched the recollected salt-cellar. It was his furtiveness that was heartrending; it was as though he were an outcast, and we who loved him stout policemen. Was Baldry Court so sleek a place that the unhappy felt offenders there? Then we had all been living wickedly, and he, too. As his fingers glided here and there he talked bravely about non-committal things: to what ponies we had been strapped when at the age of five we were introduced to the hunting-field; how we had teased to be allowed to keep swans in the pond above the wood, and how the yellow bills of our intended pets had sent us shrieking homeward; and all the dear life that makes the bland English country-side secretly adventurous. "Funny thing," he said. "All the time I was at Boulogne I wanted to see a kingfisher, that blue scudding

AS A FERRY AND BRING IT OVER VERY SLOWLY"

down a stream, or a heron's flight round a willow—" He checked himself suddenly; his head fell forward on his chest. "You have no herons here, of course," he said drearily, and fingered the arm of his chair again. Then he raised his head again, brisk with another subject. "Do they still have trouble with foxes at Steppy End?"

Kitty shook her head.

"I don't know."

"Griffiths will know," Chris said cheerily, and swung round on his seat to ask the butler, and found him osseous, where Griffiths was rotund; dark, where Griffiths had been merrily mottled; strange, where Griffiths had been a part of home, a condition of life. He sat back in his chair as though his heart had stopped.

When the butler who is not Griffiths had left the room he spoke gruffly.

"Stupid of me, I know; but where is Griffiths?"

"Dead seven years ago," said Kitty, her eyes on her plate.

He sighed deeply in a shuddering horror.

"I 'm sorry. He was a good man."

I cleared my throat.

"There are new people here, Chris, but they love you as the old ones did."

He forced himself to smile at us both, to a gay response.

"As if I did n't know that to-night!"

But he did not know it. Even to me he would give no trust, because it was Jenny the girl who had been his friend and not Jenny the woman. All the inhabitants at this new tract of time were his enemies, all its circumstances his prison-bars. There was suspicion in the gesture with which, when we were back in the drawing-room, he picked up the flannel from the work-table.

"Whose is this?" he said curiously. His mother had been a hard-riding woman, not apt with her needle.

"Clothes for one of the cottagers," answered Kitty, breathlessly. We—we 've a lot of responsibilities, you and I. With all the land you 've bought, there are ever so many people to look after."

He moved his shoulders uneasily, as if under a yoke, and, after he had drunk his coffee, pulled up one of the blinds and went out to pace the flagged walk under the windows. Kitty huddled carelessly by the fire, her hands over her face, unheeding that by its red glow she looked not so virginal and bride-like; so I think she was too distracted even to plan. I went to the piano. Through this evening of sentences cut short because their completed meaning was always sorrow, of normal life dissolved to tears, the chords of Beethoven sounded serenely.

"So like you, Jenny," said Kitty, suddenly, "to play Beethoven when it 's the war that 's caused all this. I could have told that you would have chosen to play German music this night of all nights."

So I began a saraband by Purcell, a jolly thing that makes one see a plump, sound woman dancing on a sanded floor in some old inn, with casks of good ale all about her and a world of sunshine and May lanes without. As I played I wondered if things like this happened when Purcell wrote such music, empty of everything except laughter and simple greeds and satisfactions and at worst the wail of unrequited love. Why had modern life brought forth these horrors, which make the old tragedies seem no more than nursery-shows? And the sky also is different. Behind Chris's head, as he halted at the open window, a search-light turned all ways in the night, like a sword brandished among the stars.

"Kitty."

"Yes, Chris." She was sweet and obedient and alert.

"I know my conduct must seem to you perversely insulting,"—behind him the search-light wheeled while he gripped the sides of the window—"but if I do not see Margaret Allington I shall die."

She raised her hands to her jewels, and pressed the cool globes of her pearls into her flesh. "She lives near here," she said easily. "I will send the car down for her to-morrow. You shall see as much of her as you like."

His arms fell to his sides.

"Thank you," he muttered; "you 're all being so kind—" He disengaged himself into the darkness.

I was amazed at Kitty's beautiful act and more amazed to find that it had made her face ugly. Her eyes snapped as they met mine.

"That dowd!" she said, keeping her voice low, so that he might not hear it as he passed to and fro before the window. "That dowd!"

This sudden abandonment of beauty and amiability meant so much in our Kitty, whose law of life is grace, that I went over and kissed her.

"Dear, you 're taking things all the wrong way," I said. "Chris is ill—"

"He 's well enough to remember her all right," she replied unanswerably. Her silver shoe tapped the floor; she pinched her lips for some moments. "After all, I suppose I can sit down to it. Other women do. Teddy Rex keeps a Gaiety girl, and Mrs. Rex has to grin and bear it." She shrugged in answer to my silence. "What else is it, do you think? It means that Chris is a man like other men. But I did think that bad women were pretty. I suppose he 's had so much to do with pretty ones that a plain one 's a change."

"Kitty! Kitty! how can you!"

But her little pink mouth went on manufacturing malice.

"This is all a blind," she said at the end of an unpardonable sentence. "He 's pretending."

I, who had felt his agony all the evening like a wound in my own body, was past speech then, and I did not care what I did to stop her. I gripped her small shoulders with my large hands, and shook her till her jewels rattled and she scratched my fingers and gasped for breath. But I did not mind so long as she was silent.

Chris spoke from the darkness.

"Jenny!" I let her go. He came in

and stood over us, running his hand through his hair unhappily. "Let 's all be decent to each other," he said heavily. "It 's all such a muddle, and it 's so rotten for all of us—"

Kitty shook herself neat and stood up. "Why don't you say, 'Jenny, you must n't be rude to visitors'? It 's how you feel, I know." She gathered up her needlework. "I 'm going to bed. It 's been a horrid night."

She spoke so pathetically, like a child who has n't enjoyed a party as much as it had thought it would, that both of us felt a stir of tenderness toward her as she left the room. We smiled sadly at each other as we sat down by the fire, and I perceived that, perhaps because I was flushed and looked younger, he felt more intimate with me than he had yet done since his return. Indeed, in the warm, friendly silence that followed he was like a patient when tiring visitors have gone and he is left alone with his trusted nurse; smiled under drooped lids and then paid me the high compliment of disregard. His limbs relaxed, he sank back into his chair. I watched him vigilantly, and was ready at that moment when thought intruded into his drowsings and his face began to twitch. I asked:

"You can't remember her at all?"

"Oh, yes," he said, without raising his eyelids, "in a sense. I know how she bows when you meet her in the street, how she dresses when she goes to church. I know her as one knows a woman staying in the same hotel, just like that."

"It 's a pity you can't remember Kitty. All that a wife should be she 's been to you."

He sat forward, warming his palms at the blaze and hunching his shoulders as though there were a draft. His silence compelled me to look at him, and I found his eyes, cold and incredulous and frightened, on me.

"Jenny, is this true?"

"That Kitty 's been a good wife?"

"That Kitty is my wife, that I am old, that"—he waved a hand at the altered room—"all this."

"It is all true. She is your wife, and this place is changed, and it 's better and jollier in all sorts of ways, believe me, and fifteen years have passed. Why, Chris, can't you see that I have grown old?" My vanity could hardly endure his slow stare, but I kept my fingers clasped on my lap. "You see?"

He turned away with an assenting mutter; but I saw that deep down in him, not to be moved by any material proof, his spirit was incredulous.

"Tell me what seems real to you," I begged. "Chris, be a pal. I 'll never tell."

"M-m-m," he said. His elbows were on his knees, and his hands stroked his thick, tarnished hair. I could not see his face, but I knew that his skin was red and that his gray eyes were wet and bright. Then suddenly he lifted his chin and laughed, like a happy swimmer breaking through a wave that has swept him far inshore. He glowed with a radiance that illuminated the moment till my blood tingled and I began to rub my hands together and laugh, too. "Why, Monkey Island 's real. But you don't know old Monkey. Let me tell you."

## CHAPTER III

CHRIS told the story lingeringly, in loving detail. From Uncle Ambrose's gates, it seems, one took the path across the meadow where Whiston's cows are put to graze, passed through the second stile —the one between the two big alders— into a long, straight road that ran across the flat lands to Bray. After a mile or so there branched from it a private road that followed a line of noble poplars down to the ferry. Between two of them—he described it meticulously, as though it were of immense significance—there stood a white hawthorn. In front were the dark-green, glassy waters of an unvisited backwater, and beyond them a bright lawn set with many walnut-trees and a few great chestnuts, well lighted with their candles, and to the left of that a low, white house with a green dome rising in its middle,

and a veranda with a roof of hammered iron that had gone verdigris-color with age and the Thames weather. This was the Monkey Island Inn. The third Duke of Marlborough had built it for a "folly," and perching there with nothing but a line of walnut-trees and a fringe of lawn between it and the fast, full, shining Thames, it had an eighteenth-century grace and silliness.

Well, one sounded the bell that hung on a post, and presently Margaret in a white dress would come out of the porch and would walk to the stone steps down to the river. Invariably, as she passed the walnut-tree that overhung the path, she would pick a leaf, crush it, and sniff the sweet scent; and as she came near the steps she would shade her eyes and peer across the water. "She is a little near-sighted; you can't imagine how sweet it makes her look," Chris explained. (I did not say that I had seen her, for, indeed, this Margaret I had never seen.) A sudden serene gravity would show that she had seen one, and she would get into the four-foot punt that was used as a ferry and bring it over very slowly, with rather stiff movements of her long arms, to exactly the right place. When she had got the punt up on the gravel her serious brow would relax, and she would smile at one and shake hands and say something friendly, like, "Father thought you 'd be over this afternoon, it being so fine; so he 's saved some ducks' eggs for tea."

And then one took the pole from her and brought her back to the island, though probably one did not mount the steps to the lawn for a long time. It was so good to sit in the punt by the landing-stage while Margaret dabbled her hands in the black waters and forgot her shyness as one talked. "She 's such good company. She 's got an accurate mind that would have made her a good engineer, but when she picks up facts she kind of gives them a motherly hug. She 's charity and love itself." (Again I did not say that I had seen her.) If people drifted in to tea, one had to talk to her while she cut the bread and butter and the sandwiches in the kitchen, but in this year of floods few visitors cared to try the hard rowing below Bray Lock.

So usually one sat down there in the boat, talking with a sense of leisure, as though one had all the rest of one's life in which to carry on this conversation, and noting how the reflected ripple of the water made a bright, vibrant mark upon her throat, and other effects of the scene upon her beauty, until the afternoon grew drowsy, and she said, "Father will be wanting his tea." And they would go up and find old Allington, in white ducks, standing in the fringe of long grasses and cow-parsley on the other edge of the island, looking to his poultry or his rabbits. He was a little man, with a tuft of copper-colored hair rising from the middle of his forehead like a clown's curl, who shook hands hard and explained very soon that he was a rough diamond.

Then they all had tea under the walnut-tree where the canary's cage was hanging, and the ducks' eggs would be brought out, and Mr. Allington would talk much Thames-side gossip: how the lock-keeper at Teddington had had his back broken by a swan, mad as swans are in May; how they would lose their license at the Dove-tail Arms if they were not careful; and how the man who kept the inn by Surly Hall was like to die, because after he had been cursing his daughter for two days for having run away with a soldier from Windsor Barracks, he had suddenly seen her white face in a clump of rushes in the river just under the hole in the garden fence. Margaret would sit quiet, round-eyed at the world's ways, and shy because of Chris.

So they would sit on that bright lawn until the day was dyed with evening blue, and Mr. Allington was more and more often obliged to leap into the punt to chase his ducks, which had started on a trip to Bray Lock, or to crawl into the undergrowth after rabbits similarly demoralized by the dusk.

Then Chris would say he had to go, and they would stand in a communing silence while the hearty voice of Mr. Al-

lington shouted from midstream or under the alder-boughs a disregarded invitation to stay and have a bite of supper. In the liquefaction of colors which happens on a summer evening, when the green grass seemed like a precious fluid poured out on the earth and dripping over to the river, and the chestnut candles were no longer proud flowers, but just wet, white lights in the humid mass of the tree, when the brown earth seemed just a little denser than the water, Margaret also participated.

Chris explained this part of his story stumblingly; but I, too, have watched people I loved in the dusk, and I know what he meant. As she sat in the punt while he ferried himself across it was no longer visible that her fair hair curled diffidently and that its rather wandering parting was a little on one side; that her straight brows, which were a little darker than her hair, were nearly always contracted in a frown of conscientious speculation; that her mouth and chin were noble, yet as delicate as flowers; that her shoulders were slightly hunched because her young body, like a lily-stem, found it difficult to manage its own tallness. She was then just a girl in white who lifted a white face or drooped a dull-gold head; Then she was nearer to him than at any other time. That he loved her in this twilight, which obscured all the physical details which he adored, seemed to him a guarantee that theirs was a changeless love which would persist if she were old or maimed or disfigured.

He stood beside the crazy post where the bell hung and watched the white figure take the punt over the black waters, mount the gray steps, and assume some of their grayness, become a green shade in the green darkness of the foliage-darkened lawn, and he exulted in that guarantee.

How long this went on he had forgotten; but it continued for some time before there came the end of his life, the last day he could remember. I was barred out of that day. His lips told me of its physical appearances, while from his wet, bright eyes and his flushed skin, his beautiful signs of a noble excitement, I tried to derive the real story. It seemed that the day when he bicycled over to Monkey Island, happy because Uncle Ambrose had gone up to town and he could stay to supper with the Allingtons, was the most glorious day the year had yet brought. The whole world seemed melting into light. Cumulus-clouds floated very high, like lumps of white light, against a deep, glowing sky, and dropped dazzling reflections on the beaming Thames. The trees moved not like timber, shocked by wind, but floatingly, like weeds at the bottom of a well of sunshine. When Margaret came out of the porch and paused, as she always did, to crush and smell the walnut-leaf and shade her eyes with her hand, her white dress shone like silver.

She brought the punt across and said very primly, "Dad will be disappointed; he 's gone up to town on business," and answered gravely, "That is very kind of you," when he took the punt-pole from her and said laughingly: "Never mind. I 'll come and see you all the same." (I could see them as Chris spoke, so young and pale and solemn, with the intense light spilling all around them.) That afternoon they did not sit in the punt by the landing-stage, but wandered about the island and played with the rabbits and looked at the ducks and were inordinately silent. For a long time they stood in the fringe of rough grass on the other side of the island, and Margaret breathed contentedly that the Thames was so beautiful. Past the spit of sand at the far end of the island, where a great swan swanked to the empty reach that it would protect its mate against all comers, the river opened to a silver breadth between flat meadows stretching back to far rows of pin-thick black poplars, until it wound away to Windsor behind a line of high trees whose heads were bronze with unopened buds, and whose flanks were hidden by a hedge of copper-beech and crimson and white hawthorn.

Chris said he would take her down to Dorney Lock in the skiff, and she got in very silently and obediently; but as soon

as they were out in midstream she developed a sense of duty, and said she could not leave the inn with just that boy to look after it. And then she went into the kitchen and, sucking in her lower lip for shyness, very conscientiously cut piles of bread and butter in case some visitors came to tea. Just when Chris was convincing her of the impossibility of any visitors arriving they came, a fat woman in a luscious pink blouse and an old chap who had been rowing in a tweed waistcoat. Chris went out, though Margaret laughed and trembled and begged him not to, and waited on them. It should have been a great lark, but suddenly he hated them, and when they offered him a tip for pushing the boat off, he snarled absurdly and ran back, miraculously relieved, to the bar-parlor.

Still Margaret would not leave the island. "Supposing," she said, "that Mr. Learoyd comes for his ale." But she consented to walk with him to the wild part of the island, where poplars and alders and willows grew round a clearing in which white willow-herb and purple figwort and here and there a potato-flower, last ailing consequence of one of Mr. Allington's least successful enterprises, fought down to the fringe of iris on the river's lip. In this gentle jungle was a rustic seat, relic of a reckless aspiration on the part of Mr. Allington to make this a pleasure-garden, and on it they sat until a pale moon appeared above the green corn-field on the other side of the river. "Not six yet," he said, taking out his watch. "Not six yet," she repeated. Words seemed to bear more significance than they had ever borne before. Then a heron flapped gigantic in front of the moon, and swung in wide circles round the willow-tree before them. "Oh, look!" she cried. He seized the hand she flung upward and gathered her into his arms. They were so for long, while the great bird's wings beat about them.

Afterward she pulled at his hand. She wanted to go back across the lawn and walk round the inn, which looked mournful, as unlit houses do by dusk. They passed beside the green-and-white stucco barrier of the veranda and stood on the three-cornered lawn that shelved high over the stream at the island's end, regarding the river, which was now something more wonderful than water, because it had taken to its bosom the rose and amber glories of the sunset smoldering behind the elms and Bray church-tower. Birds sat on the telegraph wires that spanned the river as the black notes sit on a staff of music. Then she went to the window of the parlor and rested her cheek against the glass, looking in. The little room was sad with twilight, and there was nothing to be seen but Margaret's sewing-machine on the table and the enlarged photograph of Margaret's mother over the mantelpiece, and the views of Tintern Abbey framed in red plush, and on the floor, the marigold pattern making itself felt through the dusk, Mr. Allington's carpet slippers. "Think of me sitting in there," she whispered, "not knowing you loved me." Then they went into the bar and drank milk, while she walked about fingering familiar things with an absurd expression of exaltation, as though that day she was fond of everything, even the handles of the beer-engine.

When there had descended on them a night as brilliant as the day he drew her out into the darkness, which was sweet with the scent of walnut-leaves, and they went across the lawn, bending beneath the chestnut-boughs, not to the wild part of the island, but to a circle of smooth turf divided from it by a railing of wrought iron. On this stood a small Greek temple, looking very lovely in the moonlight. He had never brought Margaret here before, because Mr. Allington had once told him, spatulate forefinger at his nose, that it had been built by the "dook" for his excesses, and it was in the quality of his love for her that he could not bear to think of her in association with anything base. But tonight there was nothing anywhere but beauty. He lifted her in his arms and carried her within the columns, and made her stand in a niche above the altar. A strong stream of moonlight rushed upon

her there; by its light he could not tell if her hair was white as silver or yellow as gold, and again he was filled with exaltation because he knew that it would not have mattered if it had been white. His love was changeless. Lifting her down from the niche, he told her so.

And as he spoke, her warm body melted to nothingness in his arms. The columns that had stood so hard and black against the quivering tide of moonlight and starlight seemed to totter and dissolve. He was lying in a hateful world where barbed-wire entanglements showed impish knots against a livid sky full of booming noise and splashes of fire and wails for water, and his back was hurting intolerably.

Chris fell to blowing out the candles, and I, perhaps because the egotistical part of me was looking for something to say that would make him feel me devoted and intimate, could not speak.

Suddenly he desisted, stared at a candle-flame, and said:

"If you had seen the way she rested her cheek against the glass and looked into the little room, you'd understand that I can't say, 'Yes, Kitty's my wife, and Margaret somehow just nothing at all.' "

"Of course you can't," I murmured sympathetically.

We gripped hands, and he brought down on our conversation the finality of darkness.

(To be continued)

MAJOR GENERAL H. F. HODGES COMMANDING THE SEVENTY-SIXTH DIVISION OF THE NATIONAL ARMY AT HIS DESK IN HEADQUARTERS CAMP DEVENS

Photograph by Brown Brothers

# Soldier-Making at Camp Devens

By HENRY ROOD

Author of "The New York Police"

ON a certain day in September last the inhabitants of the small town of Ayer, Massachusetts, located thirty-six miles northwest of Boston, were treated to a strange sight. Before the dingy, old-fashioned railway station stopped train after train, coming from every State in New England and from counties in northern New York. From these trains burst a veritable flood of young men, carrying suitcases, valises, bundles wrapped in newspapers, and even ancient carpet-bags; many brought nothing. In that motley throng were men of means, clerks, mechanics, day laborers, operatives from factory towns, lumber-jacks, and backwoodsmen from the Maine forests and from the Adirondacks. It is said that some had never spent half a day in a village as large as Ayer, that a considerable number had never been in a trolley-car, and that a few had not heretofore traveled in a railway train.

There was little confusion, for each separate group was in charge of a leader, and awaiting them at the station were men in khaki to point the way to Camp Devens, two miles distant, the cantonment and training-grounds for the Seventy-sixth Division of the new National Army. Out of the trains they poured, forming themselves into groups, and at once becoming part of a great, straggling procession making its way down the curving road, through the little village, and out into the rolling country beyond to that stretch of land seven miles long by two miles wide that constitutes Camp Devens. Forward they went with awkward, uneven steps, for the average civilian is not taught how to walk. Chins were thrust out, shoulders were uneven, hands otherwise unoccupied were thrust into pockets. Men from large towns joked one another, here and there groups sang such of the new war-songs as they had heard on the vaudeville stage; but many walked silently, glancing this way and that, timidly wondering what was going to happen now that their Government had called them to render service to it in partial repayment for the ceaseless service it had been rendering them from the hour of their birth in this land or from the hour they arrived from some foreign shore.

For the most part the men of that first body selected for Camp Devens were orderly, even circumspect. While a large

proportion were sober, a few were exhilarated by the last drinks of an alcoholic nature that they expected to have for many a long day, understanding, as every man of them did understand, that for the first time in our history as a nation the Federal Government has determined to prevent drunkenness, or anything approaching it, among our fighting forces.

At the end of the tramp the recruits found themselves at the main entrance to the camp. On the right was a small building bearing the sign, "Y. M. C. A. Information Booth." In front of them, sweeping up a gentle incline, lay a broad, smooth road in perfect condition, and further on were hundreds of frame structures of one or two stories, ready for these men and the hosts that were to follow. At the main entrance stood a group of officers and non-coms who with trained, keen eyes studied these new-comers, representatives of that mass of human raw material with which they were to work with tireless care, which they were to advise, drill, and encourage; the bodily health and mental powers of which they were to guard and develop, molding, directing them at work and at play, teaching them the fundamental laws of life on which health and happiness largely depend; instilling the vital lessons of orderliness, thrift, industry, cleanliness, obedience, and, greatest of all, the lesson of self-discipline; and finally, at the end of a few months, turning them out an army division of hardy, courageous, self-reliant, disciplined men, ready to fight and starve and suffer and die, if need be, in the cause of human liberty and international righteousness.

Through the entrance and past these officers went the recruits, or most of them, for a few became separated from their group-leaders. One burly fellow came down the highway severely erect, severely dignified, trying to appear severely sober, and holding fast the handle of a suitcase which, although he knew it not, was wide open and empty, its contents having been scattered along the road between Ayer and Camp Devens. Another, who probably had never tasted liquor in his young life, with easy confidence walked up to the dozen or so officers, selected one tall, fine-looking man clad in immaculate uniform, and wearing a major's oak-leaves on his shoulders. To him the recruit spoke in tones of cheerful familiarity:

"Say, Sergeant, now we 're here, which way do I go next?"

That major never turned a hair; for he, like all the other officers, had been instructed to bear in mind that these recruits were civilians who were absolutely new to the military game, and that all allowances must be made for their ignorance. So he courteously pointed the way for his unabashed inquirer; then, out of the corner of his eye saw that the dignified person with the open suitcase had missed the wide entrance entirely, and was moving along the main highway in the general direction of Fitchburg and points west. The major addressed a lieutenant mounted on a rangy bay horse, and nodded toward the recruit.

Photograph by Brown Brothers

A FIRST LESSON IN MAP-MAKING. RECRUITS OF AN ENGINEER PLATOON AT CAMP DEVENS

Photograph by Brown Brothers

NEWLY ARRIVED RECRUITS HAVING THEIR PRELIMINARY MEDICAL INSPECTION

"Get him," said the major.

The lieutenant saluted, whirled his mount around, and quickly overtook the man, who was inclined to dispute the wisdom of retracing his steps. But time was precious, so the lieutenant seized the man by the collar, spoke to his horse, and came back at something considerably more than a fast walk, while the suitcase flapped, the dust rose from the road, and the citizen inside of the collar delivered a brief address on his constitutional right to pursue life, liberty, and happiness undisturbed by anybody seated on a crank-sided, spavined cross between a crippled clothes-horse and a broken-down seesaw.

At first thought one would say that nothing less than a miracle could transform thirty or forty thousand raw recruits, often undeveloped and usually round-shouldered, and wholly ignorant of the word discipline, into excellent soldier material within the space of a few short months. And a miracle is just what has happened at every one of the sixteen cantonments of the new National Army.

Two weeks after that first detachment arrived at Camp Devens a young reserve officer who had been ordered there from Plattsburgh wrote home:

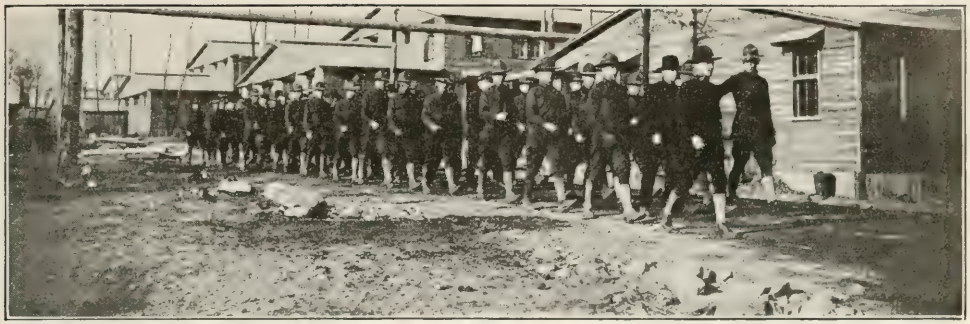
We are all of us astonished and delighted at the spirit shown by the first increment of men. To be sure, some of them who live in the Adirondacks or the Maine woods or in remote farming communities are homesick for a few days, as is natural; but only for a few days. The men show no apathy, and are not indignant at being drafted. They don't like the word "draft," and the term "conscription" seems furthest from their thought. They feel, and rightly, that they are members of a National Army of their own creation, and are behaving as such.

Few of the men are hardened in any military or athletic sense. A certain proportion have lived an outdoor life, but perhaps, the majority are clerks, bookkeepers, mechanics, factory operatives, and so on, who are physically soft. Would n't you think that after I had given such men eight and a half hours of hard drill, calisthenics, and other work, they would go back to their barracks and drop down on their cots?

I expected they would, and so did all the other officers drilling them; but instead of that, these men, upon being dismissed, turn right out in their company streets, and keep on drilling among themselves! Do you wonder that their officers are filled with enthusiasm, that they are proud of the men, eager to do anything and everything for them? Why, the morale these fellows show has filled us so full of vim and confidence in them that we shall be ready for anything once we land on the other side.

The recipient of this communication was so impressed that he repeated it in the office of the Secretary of War, and there was requested to place it before Provost-Marshal General Crowder. General Crowder was interested, but did not seem at all surprised.

"I have heard the same thing," he remarked. "Only to-day an officer from Camp Devens came here with just about the statement you have made, and I have reports from other cantonments of a corresponding nature. My jurisdiction over the selected



Photograph by Brown Brothers

A MIRACLE IN THE MAKING. THESE MEN, STARTING OFF ON A HARDENING HIKE, HAVE BEEN IN CAMP SO SHORT A TIME THAT SOME OF THEM ARE STILL WEARING CIVILIAN CLOTHES. NOTE THEIR SWING AND THE QUICK RESULTS OF SETTING-UP EXERCISES

men ceases once they arrive at their cantonments. After this they are in the hands of the adjutant-general. I think he would be glad to hear what you have told me."

The suggestion was carried out. Adjutant-General McCain did seem glad to hear the word from Camp Devens; but, like General Crowder, he did not seem in the least surprised. The message from Camp Devens was similar to reports from various other cantonments of the National Army that he had already received through official sources. Everything showed that from the very beginning the National Army was a success, and this notwithstanding the doubts expressed by certain civilians who "did n't believe free-born American citizens would ever stand for a conscripted army." The childish fear of these timorous persons has long since been utterly disproved, and among millions of Americans all over the land only an intense interest remains as to what their sons and brothers and husbands are doing in the cantonments; how they are being fed, drilled, and cared for; how they sleep and work and play, and what plans are being carried out for their comfort and entertainment by the governmental and private agencies established in and near each of the training-camps.

Inasmuch as housing conditions, food, clothing, drill, recreation, and general routine are the same at all of the sixteen cantonments, a description of one will serve as a description of all, except for minor variations due to difference in climate. Furthermore, men of succeeding drafts will find themselves in virtually the same surroundings, under the same conditions, as those in the first draft. This being the case, THE CENTURY commissioned the present writer to proceed to any cantonment he might select, and to remain there, with a photographer experienced in military work, as long as might be found necessary, in order to give the American people an accurate and concrete picture of the men and their surroundings. A request from Washington authorities, addressed to the commanding general at Camp Devens, immediately resulted in a blanket permit to visit every nook and corner of the cantonment, to have access to all buildings, to talk freely with the men when they were off duty, to mingle with them in barracks, mess with them, obtain information from medical and other officers, and have photographs made of everything except certain military features that, in the public interest, should be kept from enemy knowledge. Then something else happened. The Committee on Public Information at Washington was notified of the undertaking, but declined so much as to look at any of the manuscript before it was published. Mr. Creel's representative declared:

The National Army belongs to the people of this country. The cantonments are open —wide open. If you go to Camp Devens for THE CENTURY, we hope you will tell the country exactly what you observe. We want the people to know just what their sons are doing and how they are being treated. In order to avoid any restraint or any sus-

Photograph by Brown Brothers

INITIAL TRAINING WITH DUMMY GUNS

picion of restraint, the Committee on Public Information declines to read over the articles you are preparing or to suggest any changes or alterations in them.

It is well to bear the foregoing in mind.

Camp Devens covers an area of approximately 8960 acres of rolling land, with excellent natural drainage. It has 1400 buildings, more than 20 miles of fine roads, 400 miles of electric wiring, 60 miles of heating pipes,—to a large extent the improved overhead system,—2200 shower-baths, and a complete and extensive base hospital, with an adequate staff, which includes some of the most eminent surgeons and medical men in the country, a large number of highly trained nurses, and equipment sufficient for any emergency. Of course every regimental unit also has its own infirmary, with a competent staff, and is open day and night. As a whole, Camp Devens has a capacity for 43,000 officers and men.

From the first bugle-call, at 6:15 A. M., until retreat the cantonment is an enormous human hive of incessant activity. To follow an average day's routine, let us glance at the schedule of a single infantry company. The men are sound asleep on the second floor of their barracks, lying on cots placed head to foot, in order that the breath of one man will not reach the face of his nearest neighbor. The cots are comfortable, there are bedclothes in plenty, and the ventilation is all that could be desired; and for eight hours and more the occupants, having spent the previous day in systematic exercise in the bracing air, have been sleeping like logs. Suddenly the bugle sounds, and they tumble out of bed. In fifteen minutes they are in line. The first sergeant receives a report from every squad leader, and turns the report as a whole over to a lieutenant. There may be, and probably is, a short setting-up drill, and at 6:45 the men are dismissed for mess. By the same token, they do not linger on the way.

The ground floor of their large rectangular barracks building is divided into one small and two very large rooms. At the left, and immediately beyond the door, is a tiny orderly-room, where the captain, his company clerk, and his lieutenants transact all the business details of the company such as pertain to the roster, receiving, discharging, and transferring men as needed, making out pay-rolls, etc., which in itself is no small job. The remainder of the left side of the building consists of a large, well-lighted recreation-room, with a piano, possibly a talking-machine, books and magazines and newspapers, and not infrequently equipment for indoor games. This is the club-room for privates, and a very popular place it is.

Across the hall dividing the barracks is the mess-room to which the men are hastening this crisp, bracing morning as the clock points to 6:45. By far the larger part is filled with tables and benches. At the farther end is a long

Photograph by Brown Brothers

THE MAJOR PART OF CAMP DEVENS, AYER, MASSACHUSETTS, CANTONMENT OF THE SEVENTY-SIXTH DIVISION OF THE NATIONAL ARMY, SHOWING MANY OF ITS FOURTEEN HUNDRED BUILDINGS

counter, beyond which is the kitchen. No one need be anxious for one moment lest the men of the National Army are not receiving proper food, and all of it that they need to keep them at the top-notch of physical condition. The one most important job of the professional army officer is to make sure, absolutely sure, that his men are maintained in good health and in good spirits. Nothing else is more vital. Men who are below par physically or are not in good mental condition cannot march and drill, cannot be hardened to withstand exposure, cannot be trained for the grim work of war, and cannot be depended upon when at last they are sent into action.

It is true that during the first months at Camp Devens an inquiring visitor might now and then have heard complaints regarding the food served. I am inclined to think that there may have been grounds for certain of the comparatively few complaints; but such criticism was based entirely on the lack of experienced, trained cooks. The food itself was all right and abundant. After repeated inspections of mess after mess, morning, noon, and evening, I am convinced that as a whole the men at Camp Devens are being provided with far better food than they had at home. The army is giving them the very best fare that can be purchased in the entire country. There is no skimping, no "Hooverizing"; for meatless and wheatless days do not apply to great bodies of recruits who are putting on beef, developing brawn, increasing their lung capacity, strengthening their heart action, and otherwise are being brought as far as possible toward physical perfection under the regular, systematic, scientific direction of some of the ablest, most highly skilled, and widely experienced military commanders in the world. The friends of these men may be absolutely assured that in their cantonment they are far safer from disease, from injury, accident, or other physical harm, than they would be if they were still pursuing their usual occupations, eating three times a day at their own tables, and living in their own homes.

After I had spent a week at Camp Devens looking over the ground, I telegraphed to New York for a photographer who had spent a great deal of time in army camps, and on his arrival the next day I informed him that he had been invited to eat at a battalion officers' mess.

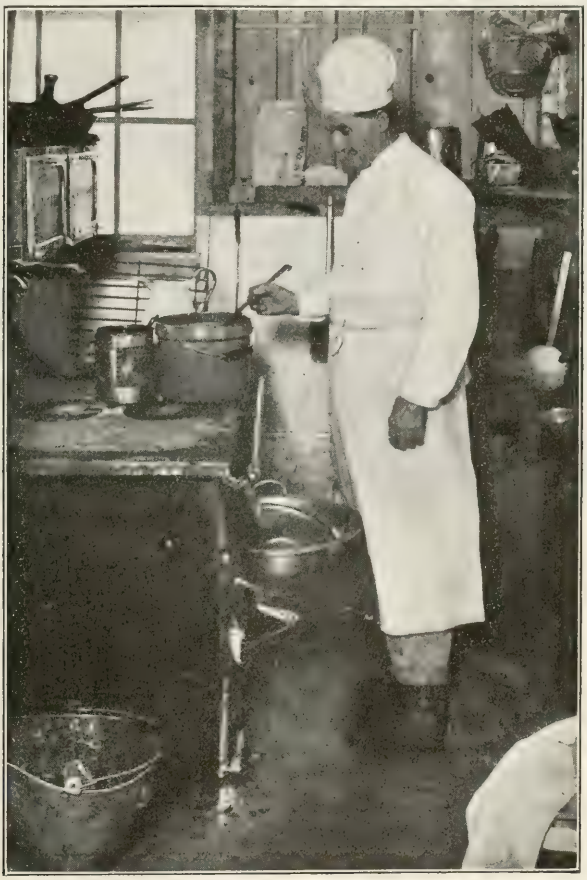
"Much obliged," he replied, "but I mess with the men. You see, the officers have to pay for their own grub, and naturally there 's a limit to expense. But there 's no limit to what Uncle Sam will do for his privates in the way of getting them food; so it 's the company mess for me every time."

By the time this paper appears in THE CENTURY there should be no complaints whatever as to the food served at Camp Devens or any of the other fifteen cantonments. Within a few weeks after the first increments of men arrived in the camps schools for cooks and bakers were established in buildings especially erected and equipped for the purpose, and a course of intensive practical instruction was under way.

The men take their time about eating, and eat all they want, usually spending from twenty to thirty minutes at morning mess. By 7:30 they are out in line again, ready to begin the day's work, marching to the trenches or the drill-field either by companies or by battalion, four companies to the battalion. Sometimes the drill-field is near the barracks, and again it may be from two to three miles distant, and in the latter case the men have a good deal of practice in marching to and from their quarters. Once at the drill-field, a regular schedule is carried through, including infantry work, bayonet training, and calisthenics, the last being the basis of all else. During the closing day of last June, at Plattsburg, while carefully observing the picked college men who were striving to win commissions as officers of the Reserve Corps, I motored to Colonel Wolf's headquarters one morning in the company of another visitor, a woman from New York, one of whose sons was in camp there, her younger son, barely fifteen, being still in school. As the motor stopped before headquarters we looked at the great parade-ground just beyond, and saw three or four thousand young men lined up in long ranks, facing West Point officers. Before each man, on the ground, lay his blouse, carefully folded, and on top of it

LEISURE TIME IN BARRACKS

his service hat. For quite fifteen minutes we watched that body of splendid men executing calisthenics that brought into play every muscle of their lithe young bodies. It was a beautiful, inspiring sight,



Photograph by Brown Brothers

A NEW YORK HOTEL COOK PREPARING OFFICERS' MESS IN HIS TINY KITCHEN

that great human mechanism so perfectly adjusted, moving with rhythmic regularity; and the individual parts thereof were so intent on their work that the presence of visitors was completely unnoticed.

At last the mother sitting beside me leaned back with a little sigh of satisfaction.

"I would give anything I possess," she said earnestly, "if I could be sure that in a few years from now my younger son could have this experience, this wonderful training under those men from West Point. It would mean everything for him when he should be engaged in business or practising a profession."

And this is the thought that strikes every intelligent visitor to a National Army cantonment. You accompany the infantry battalion from quarters to drill-field, and see them practise the manual as they march; you watch them at work on the field, and come back with them to barracks, where they are dismissed at 11:45, and the more you think of it, the more you are impressed with the idea that the great majority of these men are now for the first time learning what team-work means, the tremendous value of co-operative effort, of being individual members of large groups all striving together

Photograph by Brown Brothers

A TYPICAL SECTION OF ONE NATIONAL ARMY CANTONMENT

for the same result under competent leadership. And you reflect upon the fact that when the war is over and these men return to civil life they will carry forward business and other undertakings with a decision, a sureness, a celerity, and a thoroughness that would be impossible for them to achieve but for the discipline, promptness, efficiency that they are now learning day by day.

At noon the men go to mess, and you accept an invitation to sit at table with twenty or thirty officers, all of them young, all eager, all full of life, and, strangely enough in America, all showing deference as well as respect to a chance visitor who is older than they are. The officers' mess is at the end of a one-story frame-building, almost all of which is taken up by the sleeping-quarters of a few captains, a major, and a dozen or more lieutenants. In passing, you glance at one of the rooms. It is ten by seven feet in size. On each side, close to the wooden partition, is an army cot; between the cots is an open space two or three feet wide, at the farther end are a small table and a chair, and above these there is a window. Here two lieutenants spend what little leisure time they have. Their clothing hangs from nails; each officer has a small shelf on which are stacked books relating to drill, army regulations, etc. Not infrequently a well-worn Bible or a Prayer Book is there, also. There are no carpets, rugs, curtains, or other useless frivolities; there is no more luxury, certainly no more comfort, than is provided for the men across the way in their barracks. Truly our National Army is an army of democracy.

The officers of the battalion mess have paid out of their own pockets for china, silverware, table-cloths, and napkins; but, like the men, they sit at plain wooden tables, on plain wooden benches without backs. In addition to paying for mess equipment and food, they pay the wages of

Photograph by Brown Brothers

DRAFTED MEN OF THE NATIONAL ARMY ARRIVING BY RAILWAY

Photograph by Brown Brothers

RECRUITS IN AN ENGINEER COMPANY LEARNING HOW TO TIE KNOTS USED IN BRIDGE CONSTRUCTION

a civilian cook imported from New York. And an excellent cook he is, having had thirty years or more of practice in the culinary art. He occupies a tiny kitchen beyond the officers' mess-room, and apparently is as contented as he ever was when commanding a hotel kitchen in New York.

Afternoon work at the camp varies according to the needs of various platoons, companies, or other parts of the military mechanism. There may be sighting and aiming drill for men recently received, there may be roads to build or to repair, grounds to clean up or put in complete order, and frequently there are hikes from point to point, in order that the men may be kept in hardened condition. The miles upon miles of smooth roads connecting every part of the camp are needed, for upon them vehicles are constantly passing and repassing: huge army-trucks, smaller and faster motors carrying mail between the Camp Devens post-office and the railway station at Ayer, cars attached to the quartermaster's department, and others belonging to the regimental, brigade, or divisional commands; while day after day scores upon scores of visitors come to camp in their private machines, and almost as many jitneys are ceaselessly running to and from Ayer. Orderlies on motor-cycles whirl by, and other motor-cycles, each driven by an orderly and carrying an officer in a seat alongside the chauffeur. Also the army mule is in evidence, in teams of two or four, slowly plodding onward with a modern adaptation of the old-time prairie-schooner, but occasionally breaking into a wild gallop if they are new to this sort of work, as most of them are, being green mules recently imported from Montana and, when they arrive, strangers even to a halter.

Here and there you come upon groups of recent recruits to some engineer company being taught first lessons in map-work out in the open, or other groups of the same branch of service learning how to tie knots in rope, in order that, when the need arises, they will be able to help construct bridges in a hurry. The drill-grounds of various artillery regiments fur-

nish picturesque scenes full of life and action; for there are field-guns and other guns at the cantonment with which practical war-work is done. In order that the training may proceed with all speed, the newer recruits, however, are first given practice with dummy guns and caissons, which are wholly suited to the purpose for which they are intended.

In addition to such occupations, company officers usually hold conferences with their men at stated times during the afternoon, explaining in simple language the use of bombs, hand-grenades, and gas; the care of equipment, nomenclature of the rifle, etc.; and talks on personal hygiene hold a place of importance at these meetings. A surprisingly large proportion of men arrive at camp in childish ignorance of elementary physiological truths, and here receive for the first time instruction that will be invaluable to them as long as they live, and of value to their children. Furthermore, they are encouraged to ask questions before the conference ends, no matter what the subject of the talk. One afternoon, for example, during a lecture to men recently arrived at the cantonment, a private made some inquiry as to certain blood-vessels which the lecturing officer could not answer properly without illustration. So he called from the ranks two other privates who were medical students at the time they were drafted, and with their assistance he was enabled to show exactly what the inquirer wanted to know.

The infantry company we are following to-day has its sick-call at 4:30, when those who are ill go to the infirmary with a non-com, who carries the sick report for his company. At the infirmary a competent medical officer is on duty to care for patients who may have some slight disability, and to send instantly to the base hospital, two miles distant, every man who may possibly need hospital treatment, for the man's sake, as well as for the sake of others in the barracks where he eats and sleeps and lounges during the evening. Medical officers at an army cantonment do not take chances with conditions that may result in measles, pneumonia, pink-eye, or anything else of a possible contagious on infectious nature. If the infirmary doctor has the slightest doubt, off goes the man to the base hospital. It is probably true that, in order to avoid the possible development of infectious disease, men in camp are sent to hospital who would n't even see a physician if they were at home, but would merely "take it easy for a few days" until they felt all right again.

While work is over shortly after 4:30, nevertheless the men assemble just before sundown for a few minutes of what we may term their evening devotions. As sunset approaches, and the time for retreat is at hand, company by company those young men in khaki form in line before their barracks, with their captain, lieutenants, and non-coms in prescribed positions. A bugle sounds; the captain calls his command to attention. There is instant silence. Then from a rise of ground a military band sounds the opening bars of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Every man and every officer stands at salute while the hymn swells through the gathering dusk, finding reverent responsive chords far down in the depths of every young soul. There they stand rigid, motionless, those splendid young men who are getting ready to go to the other side of the world and to lay down their lives, if need be, for the sake of humanity, for the sake of unnumbered multitudes suffering, starving, persecuted, oppressed.

The band ceases, the captain once more faces his company, in unison hands descend from hat-brims. The day's work is over at last.

# The Tiger of France

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

Author of "The New Map of Europe," etc.

EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH did not live long enough to enter Italy at the head of his army; but the next in order among undreamed-of events has actually happened with the return of Georges-Eugène-Benjamin Clemenceau to the helm in France. Up to the last minute the wiseacres of the Palais-Bourbon, where sits the Chamber of Deputies, persisted in their belief that France's veteran politician and journalist could not become premier. They had every kind of good reason to give you. As if the ante-bellum record of "the Tiger" were not sufficiently damning from the politician's point of view, there could be added the three years of editorship of "L'Homme Libre," "L'Homme Moins Libre," and "L'Homme Enchaîné." Only the men too insignificant to waste ink upon had escaped the trenchant pen of "the Tiger." President Poincaré; premiers Viviani, Briand, Ribot, and Painlevé; their coadjutors; ministers of foreign affairs and of war; generals of the armies; ambassadors and ministers; Allied statesmen; the pope, President Wilson, and the rulers of all other neutral nations had received special attention in the famous "leaders" of the newspaper held in abhorrence and suspicion by the French censorship. Political parties—all of them—were treated as unsparingly as their chiefs.

To whom, then, especially in a country where political animosity is strong, especially at a time when international relations are "delicate," would Georges Clemenceau be *persona grata?* It was the duty of the President of France to choose the successor to the premiership. The choice would have to be approved by the Chamber of Deputies. If Clemenceau were picked to succeed Painlevé,—and the hypothesis was incredible,—would the magnanimity of Monsieur le Président be shared by Messieurs les Députés? And what about the opposition of the Unified Socialists, who had solemnly pronounced in anticipation the exclusion of Clemenceau as a candidate for premiership? When Ribot tried to reform his cabinet, he failed because Painlevé declared that no cabinet could succeed when presented to the Chamber without the participation of the Unified Socialists. Later Painlevé attempted to do what he felt Ribot could not do, and he found that his first opinion was true.

The prophets were wrong. President Poincaré, overlooking his own personal reasons for disliking Clemenceau and the veto of the Unified Socialists, invited Clemenceau to form a ministry. "The Tiger" did not hesitate to accept the mandate from the hands of the man whom he had been holding up to scorn and ridicule ever since the war started. He had little difficulty in getting eminent men to serve

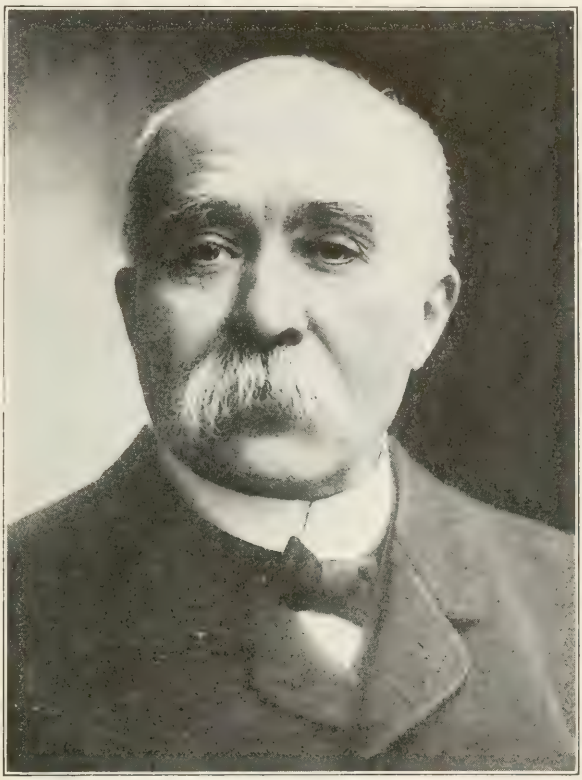
with him, and secured a vote of confidence with the overwhelming majority of 418 against 65. Only Unified Socialists voted against him. Of the 40 deputies who refrained from voting, 25 were Unified Socialists. This means that all the Radicals and Radical Socialists except 15, all the Center and all the Right, gave their confidence to the Clemenceau cabinet.

Why were the prophets wrong? Simply because they had grown accustomed to look upon the formation of ministries as a matter of political bargaining and manœuvering, the premier-elect choosing his ministers and setting forth his program with an eye to the likes and dislikes of parties and party leaders. Viviani adopted this plan a month after the war began. Briand and Ribot and Painlevé followed in the same path. The politicians had forgotten the country, or at least they persisted in regarding the Chamber of Deputies as representing the country. Perhaps the Chamber of Deputies did represent France at the beginning of the war, but during this long struggle parliament and people have drifted apart. Clemenceau realized this. He did not have to depend upon securing collaborators who could carry the votes of his particular group, or upon sweeping the deputies off their feet by an unexpectedly moving and virile setting forth of his program. He knew that the representatives of the people would not dare to refuse him their confidence. For France wanted Clemenceau, and president and parliament were not willing to oppose the country. Considerations of patriotism and of bowing before necessity dictated the choice of Clemenceau.

Some telegrams to American and British newspapers stated that the remarkable speech of the new premier when he presented his ministry to the Chamber of Deputies on November 20 won him the support of the country and instilled new life and determination to continue the war to the bitter end. This is the opinion of superficial observers, who reversed the rôles. The nation appealed to Clemenceau before Clemenceau appealed to the nation. Support and confidence were offered to him before he spoke. Clemenceau as premier, despite the inclination of president and parliament, is the result, not the cause, of the remarkable war spirit in France, which, deep down in the hearts of the people, has never flagged.

During the summer and autumn of 1917 I enjoyed the privilege of traveling in every part of France. I found the people in a state of high nervous tension. The defection of Russia and the crushing defeat of Italy, coming in the fourth year of the war, would have been enough to discourage any nation that had suffered as France has suffered. But added to these outside disappointments were four grave facts of internal order, for which, rightly or wrongly, the French held their own Government and parliament responsible: the fiasco of the Saloniki Expedition; the failure to put through any large offensive movement on the Western front; general lack of confidence in the measures taken to provide agricultural laborers and to prevent a fuel and food famine for the coming winter; the half-hearted and inconclusive way in which the scandals affecting a former minister of the interior, a former chief of secret police, a senator and editor of a prominent newspaper, a deputy, and a president of a high court were being handled.

The French were sick of speeches containing explanations of the past and promises for the future. They were sick of the censorship, which continued to keep them in ignorance about what was going on abroad and at home. They were willing to continue their appalling sacrifices in blood and treasure, but they wanted to be sure that these sacrifices were not being prolonged in vain. This state of the public mind was well known to President Poincaré and the leaders of different political parties whom he called into consultation. When the Painlevé ministry fell, Clemenceau became the man of the hour, because he was popularly supposed to be the embodiment of the growing spirit of protest against the way the war and internal affairs have been managed. He had



Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

GEORGES-EUGÈNE-BENJAMIN CLEMENCEAU

F. C. GORDON

denounced the placing of party above national interests, the blind attachment of parliamentarians to old methods, the formation of ministries through political deals, the criminal stupidity of the censorship, the tendency to go off at a tangent—witness the Saloniki Expedition, which he bitterly opposed from the moment of its conception—in military operations, the lack of decision and concerted policy in the whole conduct of the war, the improvidence in national fuel and food supplies, the inability of administrative bureaucrats to face and solve the transportation crisis, and the unwillingness of successive premiers and cabinet ministers to punish persons and groups in France who consciously or unconsciously were playing Germany's game.

In asking Clemenceau to form a ministry, President Poincaré heeded the insistent and warning cry of the nation: "Give us a premier who will use all the energies and resources of France to defeat Germany, who will see that we have fuel and food, and who will not allow our armies to be assailed from the rear through pacifist propaganda and through strikes inspired by German money!"

What France expects of Clemenceau is to play the rôle of a Moses and a Joshua combined. No Frenchman since Thiers has undertaken a task so difficult, so delicate, so splendid. Like Thiers, Clemenceau brings to the task half a century of public life. He celebrated his seventy-third birthday shortly after the Battle of the Marne. His active political career began with the September Revolution of 1870, and covers the entire period between two wars. At no time during the Third Republic has Premier Clemenceau been a negligible factor in French politics. After interesting experiences in the United States, where he saw the close of the Civil War and the early years of Reconstruction,—he remembers as vividly as if it were yesterday being present at the opening of Virginia's negro legislature,—he returned to Paris to complete his medical studies. The year after he received his degree the Second Empire fell, and Clemenceau entered political life as Mayor of Montmartre. He represented Paris in the National Assembly of 1871. From 1875 to 1893 he sat in the Chamber of Deputies on the extreme Left. Since 1902 he has been a senator. From 1906 to 1909 he was premier. During his long parliamentary career those three years were his only opportunity to participate in the government of France. The rest of the time he was a member of the opposition, and as deputy and senator and journalist he enjoyed the reputation of having caused the overthrow of more ministries than any other Frenchman since France has had representative government. Never has he shown more violent opposition to "the powers that be" than during the present war, and that is saying a great deal. How strange it is that the man who is unanimously considered the greatest destructive political force of the Third Republic is now called upon to save France!

Strange, illogical perhaps, but altogether natural. When heroic measures are needed, unusual men are called for. The instinct of a nation in danger can be trusted. France is in danger now. She is not apt to choose wrongly. At crises the man of the moment comes forth. Clemenceau has the keen wisdom of old age without having lost the ardor and energy and power of decision of youth. He is absolutely without fear. He has no political future to think about, no obligations to bind him, no friends to spare.

In estimating the chances of success of the new premier, the most important factor is that he is the nation's choice. Politicians who listen to their personal feelings and their personal interests and try to make life difficult or impossible for the Clemenceau ministry will have the nation against them and will assume a terrible responsibility. If Georges Clemenceau, with the inspiration of the knowledge that France stands behind him, knows how to lead to victory, he need not fear parliamentary obstruction. For the sake of our common victory, let us hope that he does know how to lead and that the people know how to follow.

# WHERE LINCOLN LIVED

THE ROAD ALONG THE SANGAMON AT NEW SALEM, ILLINOIS. ROAD OVER WHICH LINCOLN WALKED TO BORROW LAW BOOKS

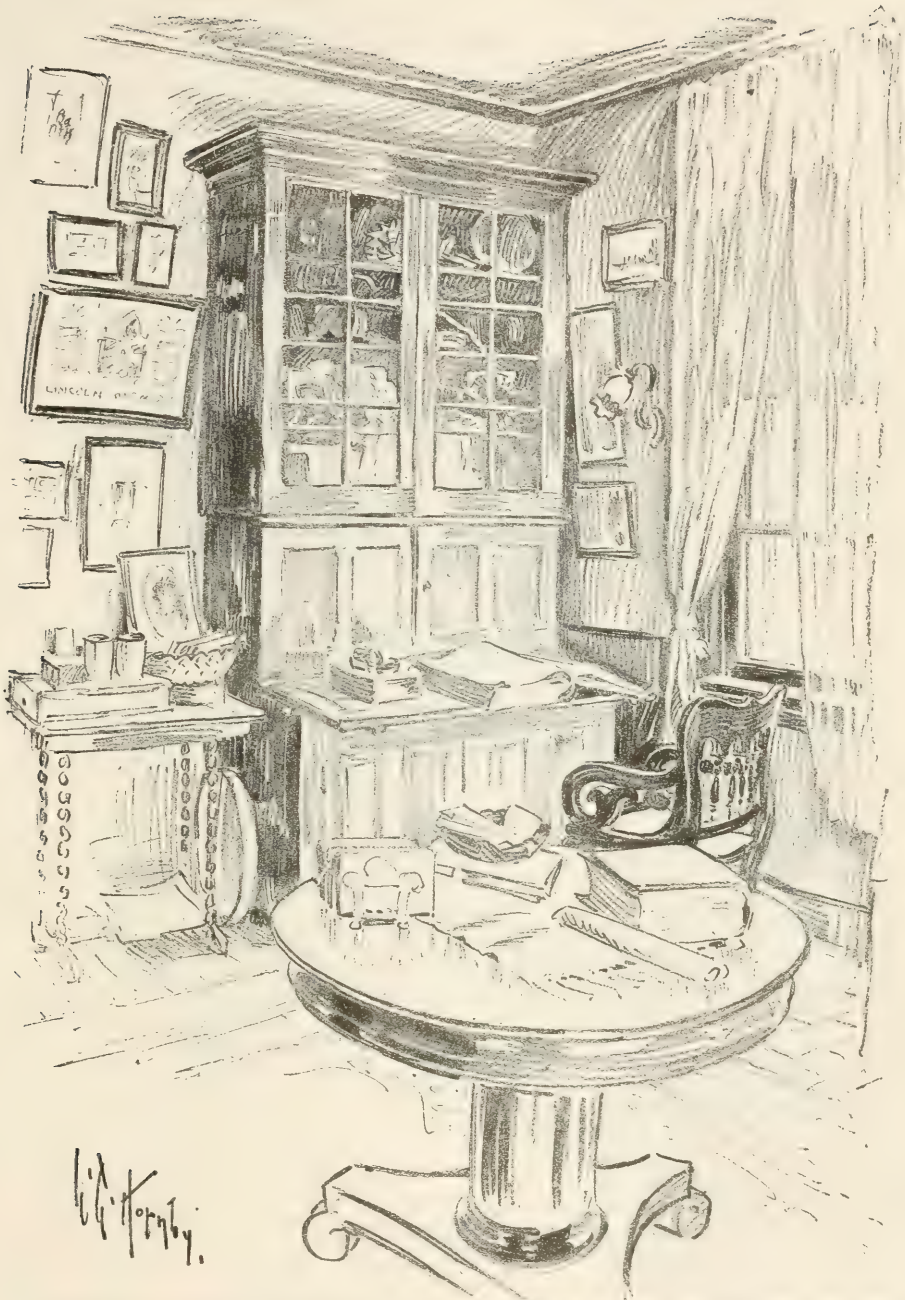
*Seventeen Drawings*

Made for The Century

by

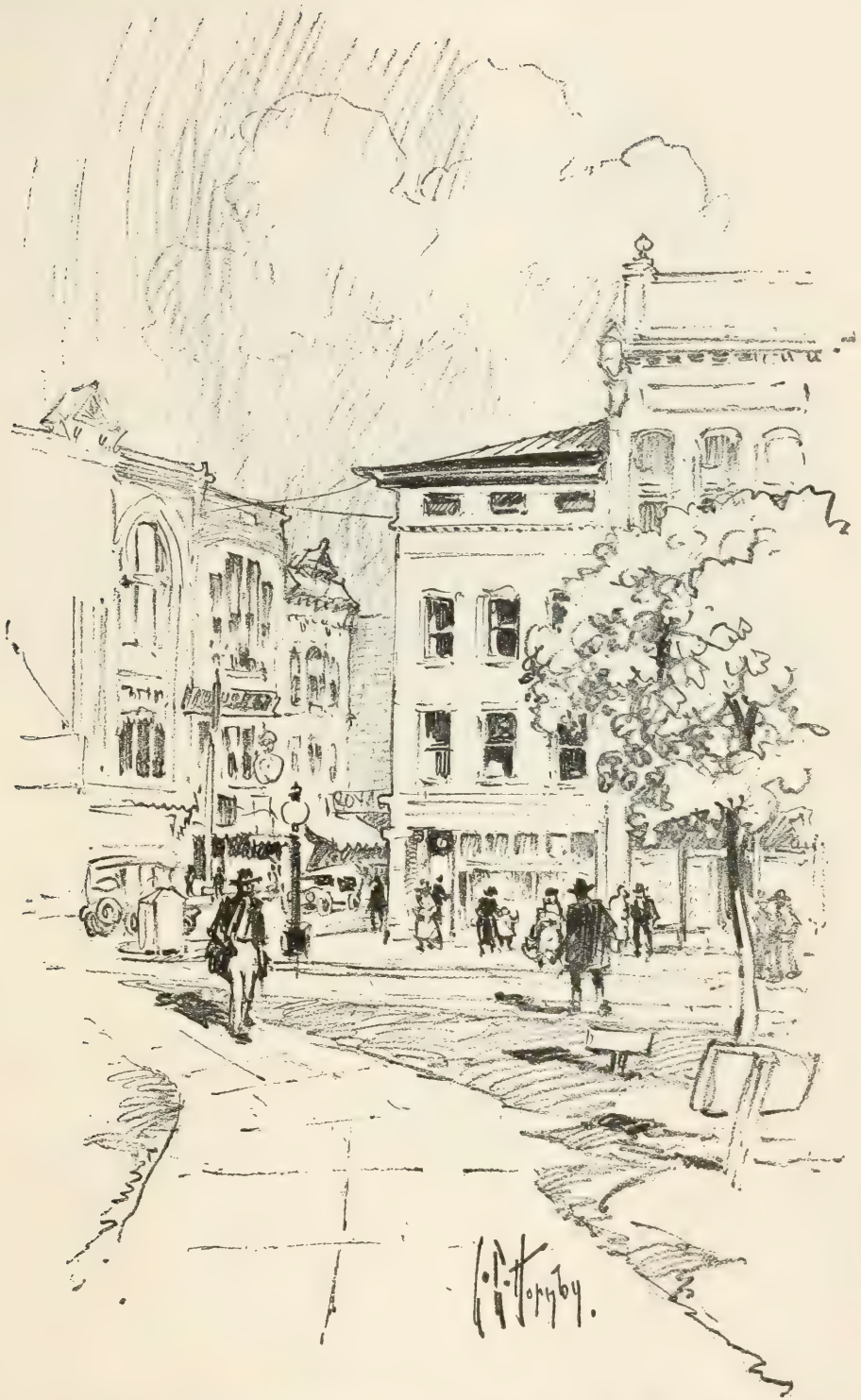
Lester G. Hornby

THE LITTLE BRIDGE AT NEW SALEM



A CORNER OF LINCOLN'S SITTING-ROOM IN THE HOUSE AT EIGHTH AND JACKSON STREETS, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

THE ROOM IN THE OLD STATE HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, MOST IDENTIFIED WITH LINCOLN



THE OLD UNITED STATES COURT BUILDING, SPRINGFIELD, ON THE THIRD FLOOR OF WHICH WAS LINCOLN'S LAW OFFICE

THE COURT HOUSE AT MOUNT PULASKI, ILLINOIS

THE NINIAN W. EDWARDS HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS MARRIED

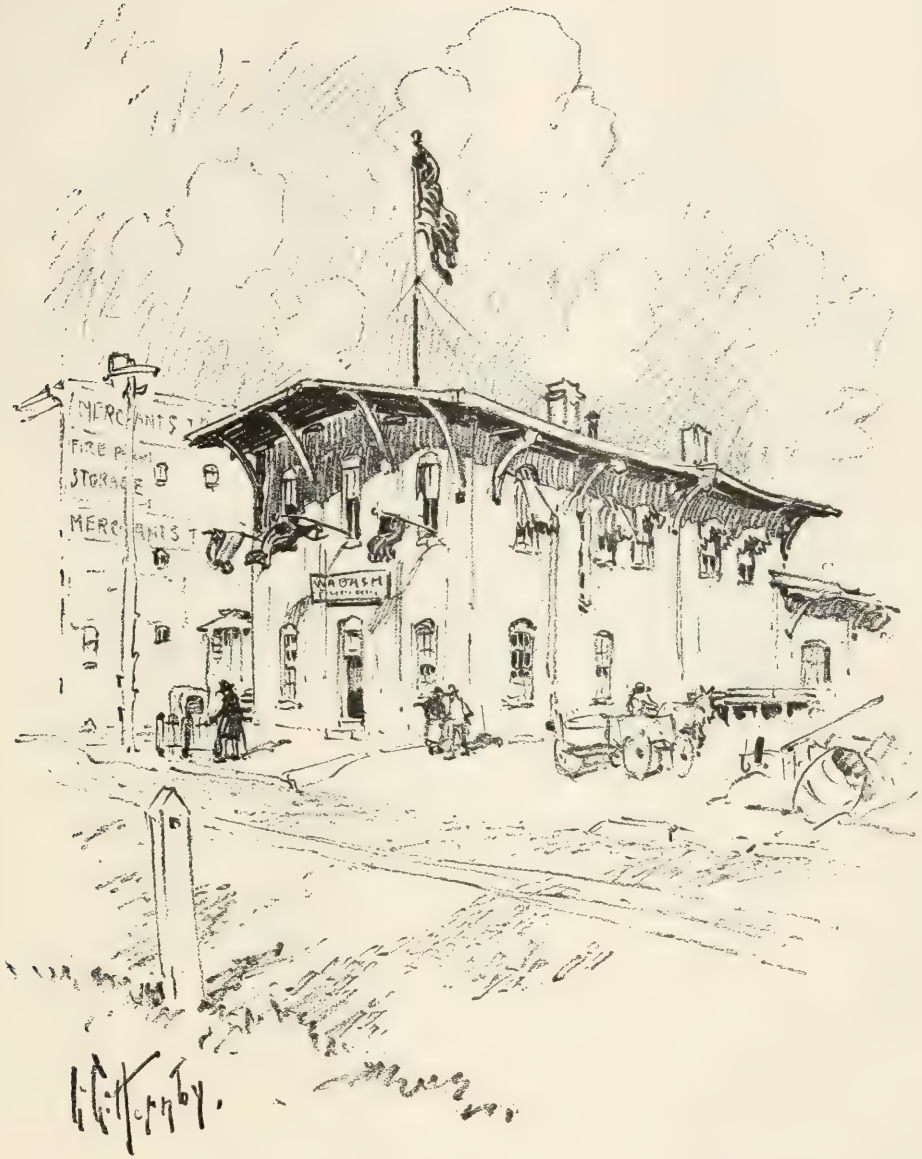
THE ROBERT IRWIN HOUSE ON FIFTH STREET, SPRINGFIELD

ON THE SANGAMON AT NEW SALEM

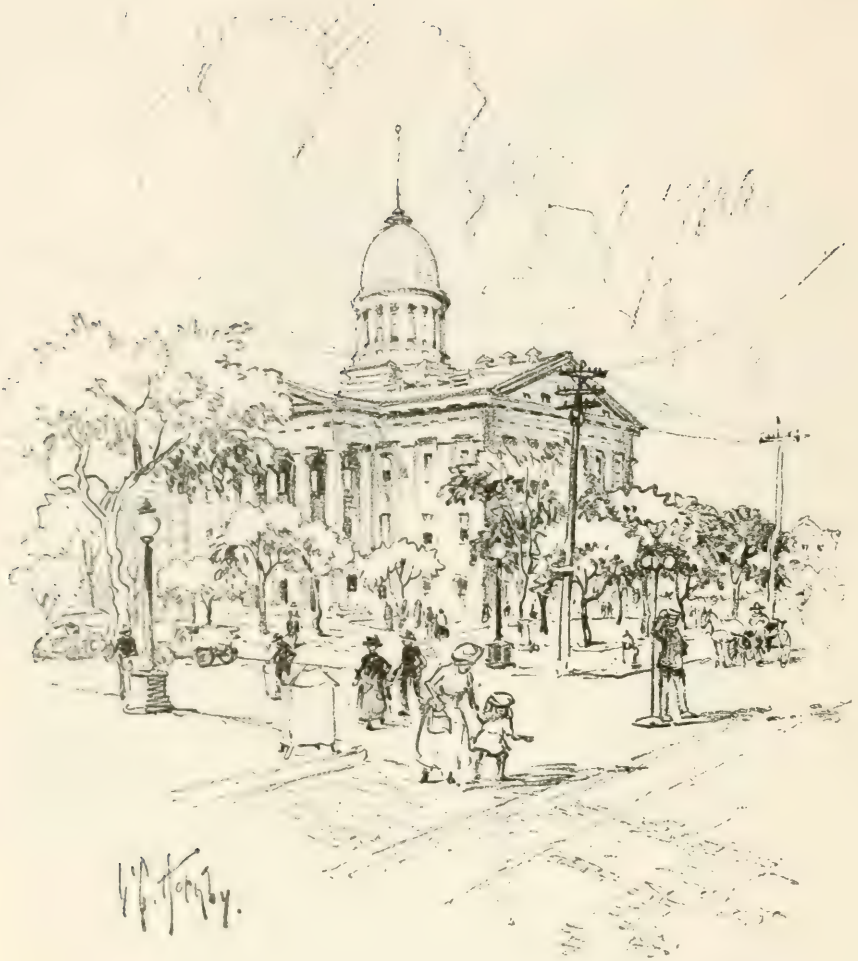
THE LINCOLN MONUMENT, SPRINGFIELD

THE STATE HOUSE DOME FROM EAST CAPITOL STREET, SPRINGFIELD

OLD BUILDING OF LINCOLN'S TIME ON THE WASHINGTON STREET SIDE OF THE GREEN, SPRINGFIELD



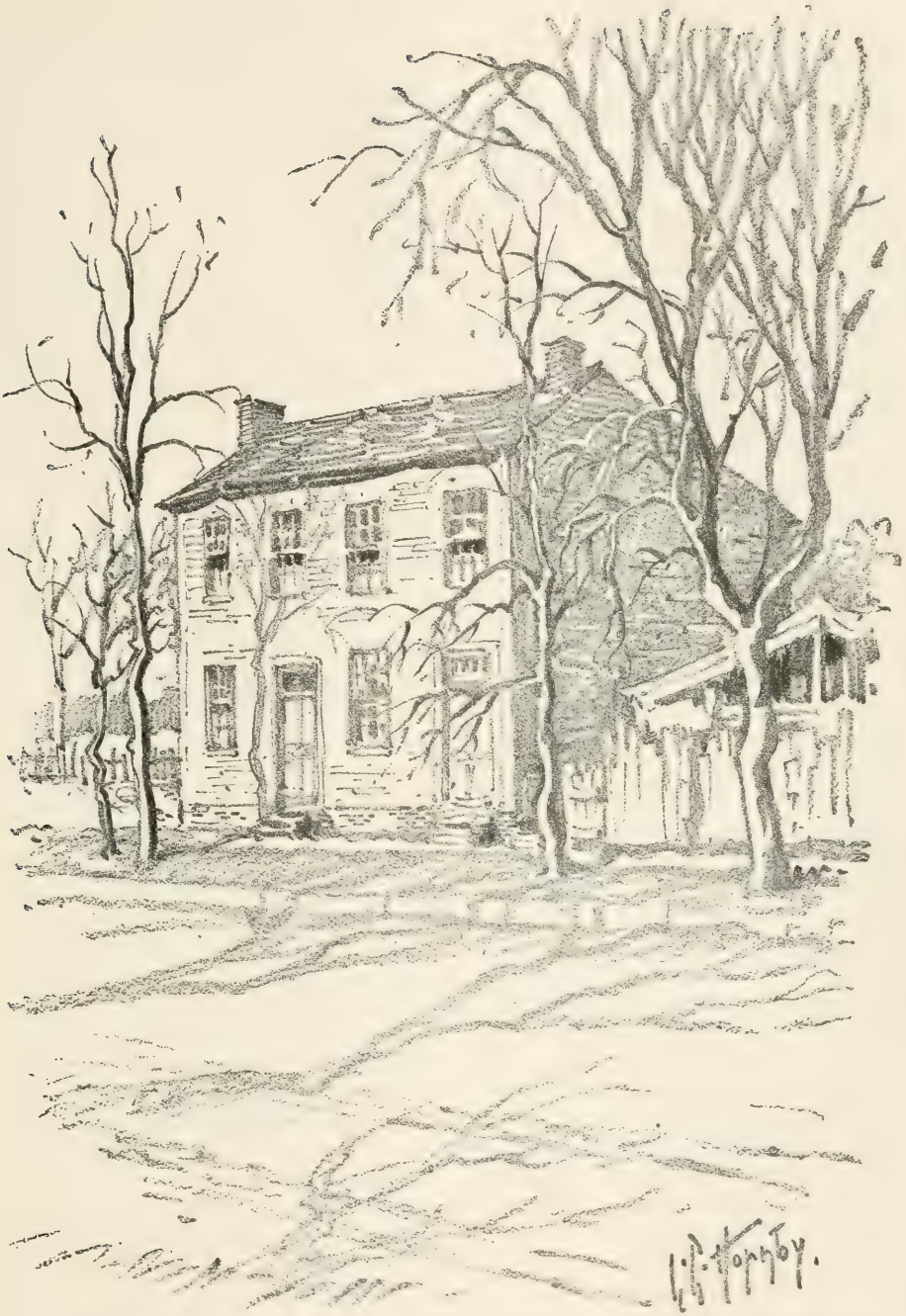

THE STATION IN SPRINGFIELD WHERE LINCOLN DELIVERED HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS ON LEAVING FOR WASHINGTON FOR HIS FIRST INAUGURATION



THE OLD STATE HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD

THE LINCOLN HOME AT EIGHTH AND JACKSON STREETS, SPRINGFIELD

THE TREE—HAROLD PATH, NEW SALEM



THE OLD GLOBE TAVERN, SPRINGFIELD, WHERE LINCOLN LIVED JUST AFTER HIS MARRIAGE

# The Religion of Sanity

By M. E. RAVAGE

Author of "The Loyalty of the Foreign-born," etc.

THE native of this country, I believe, is gradually abandoning the notion that we immigrants are unquestioningly and in all humbleness accepting America as the standard of perfection. He used to like to think, and therefore for a long time he did think, that we loved America too well to be critical of her. That we loved America with an affection mingled of gratitude and admiration was quite obvious. Our mere coming here was sufficient proof of that. Clearly a man does not renounce his own country for the pleasure of the thing. What higher compliment could the newcomer pay the land of his adoption than by adopting it? What could more plainly show his preference for America than that he preferred her to the land of his birth? The immigrant was not merely traveling in America; he was not here just on business; he was not even taking up a more or less temporary residence: he was settling down. It did not matter what had brought him here. The startling thing was that he had come to stay, and that he was rapidly, even eagerly, throwing off his ancient inherited identity to cast himself into an alien mold.

All this was not only patent to the least-penetrating observer; it was, I confess, an appearance likely to mislead the keenest. And had it not been for the volcanic events of recent days, trailing havoc as they did into all our preconceptions, I make no doubt but the American would even now be complacently clinging to the self-flattering assumption that the alien in his country is swallowing America like a dogma. As it is, he is rather inclined, I am afraid, to fly to the other extreme and suspect our good faith. From having confidently supposed that there was nothing in America which we could take exception to, he has apparently leaped to the wild fancy that there is nothing we can take a liking to. Observation and experience teach me that his fears are ill grounded. Meanwhile he stands only to gain by them. In due time he is bound to strike the middle course, and come to see that, while we love America as only we who have paid dearly for her can love her, it is inevitable that we should regard her with open eyes. We are by inheritance the critics of our adopted home. We have brought with us a tradition, a way of thinking and doing and living, a system of culture, that continually clashes with his, and forces us to compare and to contrast. Whether we wish it or not, we cannot help looking at everything American from our own composite point of view.

I myself have had to pass through this adventure of spiritual readjustment. Indeed, I think I have had more than my rightful share of it. I not only grew to manhood in a foreign country and set out to America with all my European imperfections on my head; but I lived for a half a decade in the New York Ghetto and went from there to a middle-Western college, which is equivalent to saying that I leaped from pole to pole without transition. For if the Mississippi Valley is the heart of America, as I cannot but think that it is, then the East Side is the very antithesis of Americanism. Had I proceeded directly from Rumania to Missouri I should no doubt have found many things in America to admire and not a few to censure, but there would have hardly been anything about the change to be startled at or to make me wince. I should have understood America even if I had not approved. But having come from

that caldron of intellectualism and idealism, where every man and woman was a thinker, and every thinker was a dreamer and a reformer, it seemed to me for a long time that America was somehow going through the world without a soul.

The more I observed my friends at college, however, the more I was forced to confess that whatever the American was not, he was thoroughly consistent. His philosophy might not be my philosophy; all the same, it was an admirably well-knit system: it would hold water. Once you accepted his premises, you were driven right on irresistibly through its windings and ramifications, and had to nod assent, even if it hurt you, to his wild conclusions. You might think, as I at first thought, that his blind worship of personal success was rank materialism, though you could not stand on that ground very long. But supposing you granted it for the moment, then everything else became as clear to you as daylight. You began to see into his insistence on tangible results, his notion of education for "life," his contempt for the useless arts, his cultivation of the masculine and middle-class virtues. You even got a glimpse of the reason why he did show a certain weakness for a species of reading and singing and decoration, but laid stress on their entertaining value only, and cared not a fig for their power to stimulate the spirit. And if you have a hobby in exotic creeds and a sympathetic curiosity for other men's points of view, you might even be moved to admiration for the system and especially for some of its excellent results.

But when you have done all this, you will still remain pretty much where you started. At least, that was the way it was with me. After I had gone to the endless trouble of studying the American culture and had made up my mind that I understood it from alpha to omega, I woke up with a start to the realization that my chief problem was as unsolved as ever. Where did my college friend keep his soul? This was the big question I had set out to answer, and this I had to admit remained still open. What did his spirit feed on? It was idle to reply, as I, in my first flush of admiration for his practical and manly grasp of material reality, was for a time inclined to reply, that his thirst for achievement was a spiritual aspiration, and his veneration for the big man a form of religious worship. The very essence of spirituality, I reminded myself, was that it reached out for the intangible. Faith was a joy eternal because it believed in the incredible. The religious quest was precious to humanity because it was a quest for the inaccessible, a striving for the unattainable. The soul cannot thrive on results. The motto of all real faiths from the beginning of the world has been to the effect that rewards are in heaven. What, then, once more, was the American's religion?

What complicated my problem very considerably from the start was that my fellow-student himself disavowed any abiding attachment to the prizes of this world. He quite hotly resented my innocent inquiry whether I was right in concluding that the ideal of success had with him a religious quality—an inquiry which I had rather intended to be complimentary. The word "spiritual" was constantly in his mouth. I remember that he somewhat rudely repulsed all my efforts to get him interested in socialism on the ground that socialism laid too much stress on the materialistic side of life, as if man were all body and no soul. Even literature and the imaginative arts generally he held in light esteem because, as I gathered, they dealt so much in the sensuous. And on one memorable occasion when I discussed with him the possibility of modern science, with its groping into the secret of existence and its recent neo-mystical tendencies, becoming a sort of substitute for religion in the future, he asked me in a tone mingled of pique and irony whether I had ever heard of the Christian church.

That should have given me a hint. It was odd that I had not thought of that before. Thus man had measured the orbits of the revolving stars long before he discovered the circulation of his own blood. Here I had been going out of my way into

the unlikeliest purlieus in quest of my friend's religion, and had almost come to doubt whether he had one, while all the time it was right there at the end of my nose. Surely I could not have failed to observe that, next only to the athletic field, the church had the strongest hold on his affections and his interest. While I indolently lingered in bed of a Sunday morning, or, if the weather was fine, went for a walk in the fields, he regularly and faithfully arrayed himself in his best and marched off to meeting. And not only in the morning, but at night as well; and not only to the sermon on Sunday, but to prayer on Wednesday, too. He gave of his time and substance to a whole chain of institutions connected with the church. He studied or taught, or did both, in the Sunday school, an affair of somewhat odd character and purpose. He belonged to the Y. M. C. A., where he combined shower-baths and athletics with religion, a very significant phenomenon, as you shall see. He maintained a Bible college, which he attended as a matter of devotion rather than of enlightenment. Every now and then he flocked to a curious kind of séance, where, as I learned later, a special preacher of the dervish type, in a performance of an incredibly fantastic sort, exhorted him to return to God. He held membership in no end of mysterious leagues—the Epworth, the men's, the young people's, and what not. And he studied both Testaments most conscientiously, but in the oddest manner, as if they were prayer-books and had no literary or historical content.

Of course I knew all this; but somehow —it seems absurd as I think of it now—I could not for a long time take his association with the church seriously. He was too modern, too self-assertive and self-reliant, too rational, too much of this world; yes, too much the republican. He was in many essential respects a man like myself, only much more normal and level-headed and sane. In the New York Ghetto, whence I had come to college, every emancipated person had broken away from the ancient creeds. That step was considered the first and fundamental move in the direction of progress. It was a sort of clearing of the decks. Now, my middle-Western friend was aggressively modernistic. He had a kind of crusader's passion for sweeping the musty cobwebs out of the world. He had no patience with doctrines and traditions that could not justify themselves by the test of reason. He took nothing on faith. "Present your facts" was his watchword. That an idea was old and had been credited from time immemorial was with him the best reason in the world for attacking it. Mark Twain, the apostle of irreverence, was his prophet. He was not prejudiced; he was perfectly willing to accept your theory: but first it must be given an airing and prove its title by showing that it could stand on its own merits. That explained his very obvious and apparently contradictory espousal of science. Science asked no favors; it made no claim upon one's reverent indulgence; it marshaled its facts before one's eyes and left one no choice but to embrace its conclusions. And that, also, was the key to what I regarded as his unspiritual attitude toward the fine arts. The famous esthetic dictum that beauty was its own justification, and was altogether useless, simply made him laugh. If a thing was avowedly useless to man, then why in the name of sense should he waste any thought on it?

Then, again, my American was possessed with a curious predilection for the spectacular and the sensational, which expressed itself in numerous ways, and which to me seemed ultra-modern. It took me some time to lay hold of this idea of his, because he called it by so many names. Now it was "punch" and then it was "ginger"; in one connection he described it as "snap" and in another as "pep"; often he resorted to the adjective, and then it was "live." But the quality behind all these terms was one, and he demanded it of everything in life. He was impatient with a teacher because his lectures were deliberate and a little "heavy." He fretted at a ball-game if things did not "fly." If a newspaper or a magazine was conserva-

tive, he called it "dead" and canceled his subscription. Reserve or timidity or excessive modesty in an acquaintance was enough to disqualify him as a friend. The thing must be present in the man who sold him his butter, in his conversation, in the woman he wanted to marry, and in his clothes. In short, he insisted on having the air about him and all that walked in it vitalized with a dynamic charge, or he refused to take an interest in it.

Further than this, he was militantly democratic. He had the utmost confidence in himself and the rank and file of his neighbors to take care of themselves. Nothing so irritated his spirit as the attempt to protect or patronize him. He detested the meddler, no matter by what name he called himself. There was something deep and elemental in his respect for the self-made man, something, indeed, thoroughly characteristic in the phrase. He, the self-made man, was the embodiment of will and strength and self-dependence, a living proof of the mastery of man over environment. I have an inkling that one of the reasons why my fellow-student disliked the professor was that, in the nature of their relations, the professor must assume an attitude of overlordship; he must be something of an autocrat, governing without the consent of the governed. Well, then, if republicanism fretted at the rule and guidance of the teacher, how could it as much as endure the idea of an irresponsible, tyrannical god handed down from the Dark Ages before the birth of democratic institutions, a despot who played with the destinies of men as with balls?

In his democracy he went a considerable distance further than I was prepared to follow him. He threw all his weight on the happiness of the "single life." That again was a cause for his aversion to every form of collectivism. It was a system that aimed to destroy the initiative and the ambition of the individual man.

"But," I would protest, "how about the interests of society?" At which he would laugh boisterously and tell me that "society" had no interests.

"Still, you often complain about this and that and the other thing as dangerous to the welfare of the country."

Yes, only the country was made up of individual people, whereas my notion of society was something apart from the men and women and children that constituted it. Let the man alone, he would insist; let him develop his personal and economic resources, and he will be not only a blessing to himself, but, *by that very token,* an asset to his neighbors. Give every man a chance, and you will be doing all that it is necessary to do for "society." I thought that a divine confidence in the righteousness of mankind. Did it not occur to my friend that the individual man might be profited at the expense of his fellows? His experience taught him that there was no such danger to fear. And as I contemplated humanity in the middle West I was almost driven to admit that it justified the trust that was placed in it.

How was it possible to associate this splendid pagan with either Christianity or the teachings of Jesus? I knew what Christianity was. I had had the thing dinned into both my ears all through my boyhood, and I had seen not a little of its fruits with my own eyes. From my neighbors who professed the faith I had learned that it had regenerated the world; and that was clearly a superstition, because the world I had been born into was as unregenerate as any world that could possibly be imagined. My own people, on the other hand, cried out passionately that Christianity was not a religion, but a conspiracy. It had brought all the terrors of the anathema upon mankind. Its entire history was one long trail of massacre and war, hatred and persecution. This, too, was hard to believe unreservedly, though bitter experience and the testimony of my own eyes tended greatly to confirm it. I had no first-hand knowledge of Jesus Christ, but if what my neighbors told me of Him was true, then the church which they claimed He had founded would be the first thing He would destroy on His expected second coming. Surely this was not an institution for my eminently human,

rational American friends to cherish and support.

What Jesus was like I had found out only in my manhood. In my orthodox home I had not been allowed to read the gospels. They were a travesty on our own sacred books and a sacrilege against the name of Jehovah. But when I had broken away from the faith of my fathers and had embraced socialism, I found, to my surprise, that my comrades had the highest regard for the personality and the doctrines of the reputed founder of Christianity. They claimed Him for one of their own. Whereupon I turned to the books of Matthew and Luke, and discovered a Christ who had been slandered alike by his traducers and by his worshipers. How, I wondered now, could the middle-Westerner find anything to admire in the teachings of this gentle dreamer, to say nothing of holding them up as a guide for his own conduct? There was nothing of personal success or self-assertion or masculinity in the gospels. Jesus, as far as I could learn, laid no emphasis on the tangible results. He was himself the most picturesque of failures. His teachings had been perverted and misrepresented almost from the beginning and had never had a fair trial. By middle-Western standards He was the apotheosis of effeminacy. He never wearied of preaching the virtue of humility. His maxim of success was, "Take no thought for your life." Could any one conceive of a more complete denial of the ideal of the strong man?

The problem of reconciling Christianity in whatever sense with the aspiration of the American continued to puzzle me until, one fine Sunday, I let myself be persuaded out of my radical prejudices and went to church. The usher, a fellow-student, welcomed me cordially at the door and conducted me to a seat. He had some difficulty in finding one, for the whole vast place was already filled to the rafters. The whole town was there, students, faculty, and townsfolk, children with shining faces, youthful couples beaming with pride of one another, old men and women scarcely able to stand—all a fine answer, I thought, to the query propounded in a magazine article I had read only that week under the caption, "Why are churches empty?" There was a cheerful hum of subdued voices, with a pleasant holiday air about the scene. And then in a little while the performance began. There was a hymn about the changelessness of the godhead, during which I made a mental note that this was medievalism, and that if my course-mates in the evolution class were present and listened to what they sang they would not believe it. Then followed a prayer by the minister, and this made me look up in astonishment, for I had often seen the man and had taken him for an athletic coach. While he asked for a blessing upon the congregation and upon the university and upon the State and nation, the entire assembly bowed their heads and covered their eyes with their hands. I was getting impatient about the sermon, which was chiefly what I had come for, during the second hymn, the burden of which was that God was a spirit.

At last the preacher opened the huge Bible and read a text from somewhere in the Old Testament and launched forth into his address. It was a masterly elaboration, directed principally at the young people in the congregation, on the well-known theme of the wages of sin is death. As the speaker advanced from point to point I looked about at the faces of his listeners to see how they were taking it. This, I kept saying to myself, is spirituality of the purest water. Sin and death and salvation and eternal life are the stuff of which religion has always been made; but how are my hard-headed friends going to react to it? It is all unproved doctrine and unprovable. It has no facts to present or to stand on. This, if it is to be taken at all, must be taken on faith. It falls under the famous esthetic dictum about the fine arts: it is valuable because it is altogether useless. You can do nothing with it in the race for success; it is, in fact, a clog on your feet. It distracts the single-minded from their purpose by

switching their attention upon irrelevancies.

My friends looked abstracted, as if they were waiting in suspense for the heart of the matter. And before I knew it the preacher had passed from exposition to exhortation. "Let us see now," he was saying, "where this leads us. Let us apply it all to our own life of to-day." I came to attention with a start. This was a familiar note. I had heard the word "apply" before. The American applied everything. What is death and what is sin? he went on to ask; and he answered in effect that sin was weakness and death the disintegration of character. A young man, he told us, with his entire life before him, with a goal to reach, could not afford to let temptation sway him from his purpose. If he wished to succeed, he must keep himself scrupulously clean in body and mind. He must build up his will in order that he might resist the evils that dragged men down to failure. Look round about you, he continued, and you will see that it is the wholesome men, the clean men, the godly men, who are the prosperous and the respected citizens of the community, and that the despondent and the hopeless and the insignificant are those who have fallen into habits of sloth and vice and shiftlessness. Thereupon followed another hymn, the minister pronounced the benediction, and the service was at an end. As I passed out the minister was already at the door, and he extended his hand to me and hoped that he would see me again at church. On the street I caught up with some students I knew, and they greeted me enthusiastically and declared that it was a bully sermon.

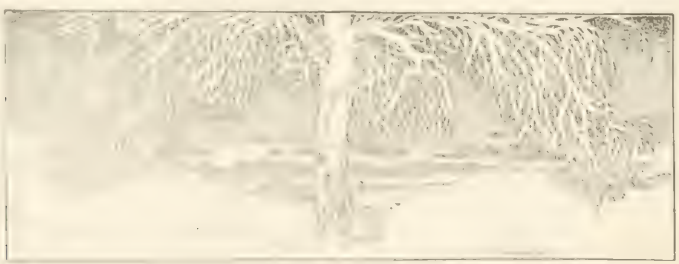
*Was* it a "bully sermon"? I thought so emphatically. I thought it was the most remarkable sermon I had ever heard. It had opened my eyes. Truly I had come to mock and had stayed to worship. I had expected mysticism, and had found common sense. In my half-knowledge of the church on the one hand and the American ideal on the other I had looked for another of those hypocritical exhibitions of which I had seen many in my native country, where men practised one thing and pretended belief in its opposite. I had looked for humbug, and had found the most perfect honesty. I had looked for self-contradictions, for solemn professions of faith in far-away, impracticable abstractions, for pretenses of submission to an ideal of humility and non-resistance and supineness, and I had found, what? A clear-eyed, level-headed, sane body of principles such as a practical modern man could believe in. I had stumbled upon a discovery. For the first time in human history, as far as I knew, a people had evolved a creed that was in harmony with their lives and their ambitions. Instead of making the vain attempt of the ages to practice what he preached, the American characteristically reversed the phrase and preached what he practised. To be sure, he called his creed Christianity, but that was no more than a compliment to tradition. One of these days, in an access of patriotism, he would rename it the American religion.

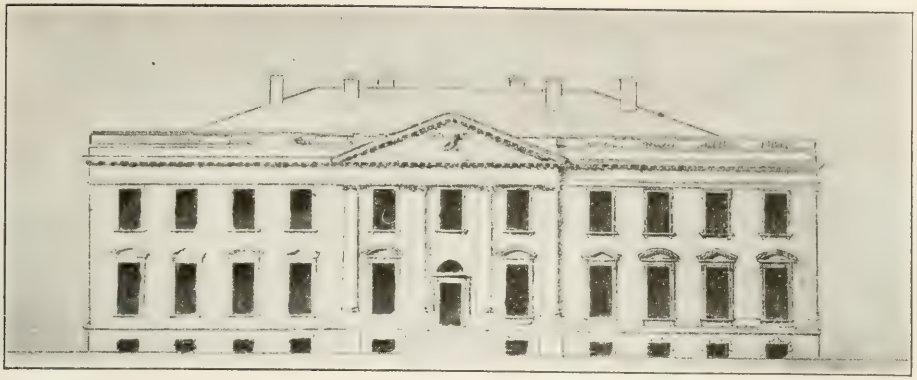
From that Sunday on I went back to church regularly, and the more sermons I heard, the better I came to understand the world I was living in, and the greater became my admiration for it. Nothing is so pleasing to the intellect of man as consistency, and the life and faith of my neighbors had in it the consistency of a natural law. All sorts of big and little things that had bothered me until then became as clear as day. In Europe the university man was notoriously a profligate rogue, and I had marveled ever since my coming to the middle West at the personal purity of my fellow-students. When I asked my room-mate about the matter he simply told me that immorality was un-Christian; but on the next Saturday night I went to a men's meeting at the college auditorium and listened to a semi-scientific sermon on the evils of promiscuous sex-relations, and heard not a word about immorality. As far as the preacher's utterances were concerned one might conclude that there was nothing inherently wrong in illicit love or even in misleading an innocent girl. What he brought home

to his audience was the unmanliness of the thing, its tendency to vitiate the character of the offender, and its effect on his chances for success in life.

What was true of sex impurity was also true, in a minor measure, of cigarette-smoking and in a vastly greater measure of intemperance. I knew that I had made myself unpopular with the boys who lived in the house with me because I was in the habit of taking a cigarette after meals, but I could not see the ground of their objection. It was doing me no harm, and as I never smoked in the house, it could certainly not be offensive to them personally. Well, I got my answer toward the end of my freshman year, when I was invited to attend a "chalk-talk" in the basement of the Methodist church. The performer, with a face that suggested at once a circus clown and an efficiency engineer, drew several sketches on an improvised blackboard designed to illustrate the dreadful career and fate of the cigarette-smoker. The first showed a dapper young man on the street corner blowing rings; the last represented nothing but a mound and a tombstone in the potter's field; and between the two was a scene in a bar-room, a ragged beggar, and a disreputable old man asleep in the gutter. The moral was clear.

There were no end of this curious kind of semi-secular meeting, and I went to them all. They furnished me with the clearest commentary on the religion of America. They answered my big question as nothing else could. The American religion, I saw, was a vital, practical religion. If it was ethical, it was concretely so, and cared nothing about the philosophical abstractions underlying good and evil. It asked people to be good in order that the good they craved might come to them. Hence the virtues it preached were the virtues of thrift, sobriety, and manliness. If it was spiritual, its spirituality was the spirituality of every-day life. Its business was not to antagonize or to distract the ambitions and the purposes of its adherents, but to encourage them and to furnish a divine approval for them. Its concerns were with the common existence of the common man, and with all of that. Therefore it took sides in social issues and in political contests. It had an opinion on everything, because the common man in a democracy had an interest in everything. Whether a man should drink, whether a woman should dance, whether both should play at cards, were questions that moved it more deeply than the problem of the immaculate conception and original sin. Like all other public institutions of the republic, it gave the people what the people wanted or were supposed to want. It was as human as a boy and as patriotic as the army. It approved of peace or war as the times and the interest of the country and the sentiment of the man on the street demanded, regardless of rigid, traditional principles. And it glorified the individual man and ministered to his prosperity and success because the world is made up of individual men, and when you have saved the individual soul, you have saved the world.





HOBAN'S DESIGN FOR THE FACADE OF THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE, ACCEPTED AND FOLLOWED IN THE BUILDING OF THE WHITE HOUSE

# The Genesis of the White House

By FISKE KIMBALL

"WHENEVER it is proposed to prepare plans for the Capitol," Thomas Jefferson wrote to Major L'Enfant in 1791, "I should prefer the adoption of some one of the models of antiquity, which have had the approbation of thousands of years; and for the President's house, I should prefer the celebrated fronts of modern buildings, which have received the approbation of all good judges." "For the President's House," wrote Washington the following March, "I would design a building which should also look forward, but execute no more of it at present than might suit the circumstances of this country, when first it shall be wanted. A plan comprehending more improvements executed at a future period, when the wealth, population, and importance of it shall stand upon much higher ground than they do at present."

In these words were expressed the earliest ideas as to the house for the chief executive of the new republican nation, which within a century was to extend over the continent.

Although it has long been known that Jefferson, as secretary of state, took a deep interest in the building of the capital city, it has only recently been discovered that he himself prepared designs for the White House, and actually submitted one of these anonymously in the public competition for which he had drafted the advertisement. The great collection of architectural drawings by his ancestor brought together through the efforts of the late Thomas Jefferson Coolidge, Jr., includes a series of studies by Jefferson for a stately, square building, with a dome and four porticos, modeled on the famous Villa Rotonda near Vicenza. Among the competitive designs for the President's house preserved in Baltimore is a similar set, the only one not signed, distinguished by the pseudonymous initials "A. Z." These drawings prove to duplicate Jefferson's studies line for line and distance for distance, and leave not the smallest shadow of doubt that we have in them a most novel and important item of Jeffersoniana.

Jefferson's ability to make such drawings has until recently been denied in many quarters, and only the assemblage of an overwhelming body of evidence has convinced the skeptics of the truth of traditions regarding the great statesman's skill as an architect. Designs for his own remarkable house at Monticello, for a governor's house at Richmond, the Virginia capitol, and other buildings, had demonstrated his ability to undertake a plan for

THE ENTRANCE FRONT OF LEINSTER HOUSE, DUBLIN

HOBAN'S GROUND-PLAN FOR THE WHITE HOUSE

JAMES GIBBS'S DESIGN FOR A GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE. THE MODEL FOR THE WHITE HOUSE

the official residence of the President. A knowledge of foreign architecture and foreign architects, enthusiastically cultivated during his five years in Paris and his journeyings in France, England, Italy, and Germany, qualified him to make his design exceptional in scholarly conformity with the best precedents.

Jefferson evidently feared, in view of the weakness of the plans first sent in and of the dearth of trained architects in America, that none of the designs submitted would command respect if judged by cosmopolitan standards. Thus he was led to submit a design himself—a design not simply of his own invention, but based upon one of "the celebrated fronts of modern buildings." He chose for his model the masterpiece of Palladio, which had aroused the enthusiasm of Goethe, and had been imitated in many of the most famous houses of England. Despite the meagerness of his draftmanship, his design gives a suggestion of the unity and dignity notable in the original, which could not have failed to characterize also the building he proposed.

The imitation of the Villa Rotonda was not the only idea for the President's house which Jefferson embodied in a design. He had suggested to L'Enfant as models the façades of three buildings in Paris: the Galerie du Louvre, the palace in the Place de la Concorde, and the beautiful Hôtel de Salm, now the palace of the Legion of Honor. In an interesting sketch Jefferson attempted to combine the three, all similar in their Roman magnificence, as the entrance front, the flanks, and the river front of the projected building. Perhaps he thought the result too splendid to be consistent with republican simplicity. At all events, he did not complete or submit the design, and finally adopted the Italian model rather than the French ones.

Jefferson's design was not the one most favored at the judgment of the competition, and the choice fell on the plan of James Hoban, which established the main lines of the building as it stands to-day. According to popular tradition, Hoban's design was also taken from one of the "celebrated fronts of modern buildings,"—a less famous one, to be sure,—that of Leinster House in Dublin, Hoban's native city. Hoban's original drawing of the façade is well known, but, strangely enough, no one has troubled to place it side by side with the façade of Leinster House. When this is done, one sees that, along with certain similarities, some of them common to many buildings of the eighteenth century, there are even more striking differences. Thus, whereas Hoban employs Ionic columns and basement windows with "rustic coigns," Leinster House has columns of the taller and richer Corinthian order, and a high basement with windows delicately framed. Aside from the entrance front, moreover, Leinster House has no resemblance to the White House either in its other faces or in its interior arrangement.

In a search elsewhere for Hoban's inspiration we are helped by the reappear-

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S DESIGN FOR THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE

ance of his original ground-plan, which has hitherto been regarded as lost. It proves to have passed into Jefferson's possession while he occupied the White House, and to have been preserved with his own drawings. It shows many details of the interior which have been modified, and shows, too, that the great porticos to north and south were not features of the original scheme. If now we turn over the folios of engraved designs which often served as sources of suggestion to colonial architects, we find a building in which plan and façade alike corresponded in astonishing degree to Hoban's. It is in "A Book of Architecture" by James Gibbs, the disciple of Christopher Wren and architect of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, a favorite resource of early American builders as well as of students in the Royal Academy at Dublin. The "design for a Gentleman's house," which Hoban selected, has Ionic columns, basement, steps, and a hundred details as in his façade; and the plan, although somewhat rearranged, agrees so minutely with Hoban's in many respects that there can be no doubt that Hoban worked with it before him.

There are indeed certain minor departures from Gibbs's façade in the direction of that of Leinster House, which may show that Hoban was trying to bring the design nearer to the house in Dublin as he remembered it. It is even possible that an admiration for the style of Leinster House may have suggested the choice of a more accessible model having some resemblance to it. The truth remains, however, that the White House was not copied from Leinster House, as has been believed, but, like many other American buildings of the time, was modeled on a design of Gibbs.

The plan chosen for the White House, although excellently adapted for the state functions of a future period, was not so devised as to make practicable Washington's other idea of executing only a part at first. The unwonted magnificence of the shell absorbed all the means available, and as the time for occupying the building approached, it was not only very unfinished internally, but lacking in some of the most elementary necessities. In January, 1800, Benjamin Stoddert, Adams's secretary of the navy, wrote in alarm to one of the

PALLADIO'S DESIGN FOR THE VILLA ROTONDA. THE ORIGINAL OF JEFFERSON'S DESIGN

commissioners of the City of Washington:

I do not think the Com^r^s have sufficiently attended in the accomodation of the Pres^t^. —a Private Gent^n^. preparing a residence for his Friend, would have done more than has been done. Would you not be ashamed to conduct the Pres^t^. to the House without there being an enclosure of any kind about it. Is there a stable—a carriage house too is necessary—and another house usually placed in a garden?

Even then the desired conveniences were not secured, for Mrs. Adams wrote in her famous letter, on her arrival in November:

To assist us in this great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are almost wholly wanting . . . We have not the least fence, yard, or other convenience without, and the great unfinished audience-room I make a drying-room of, to hang up the clothes in.

When Jefferson, a confirmed devotee of the art of living, came next year to occupy the White House, he set about to improve these primitive conditions. At Monticello he had already introduced the idea of providing for the service quarters on each side of the house, in long terraces, fronted on their lower face by colonnades. He now proposed for the White House wings with similar colonnades, which would form covered walks to the executive offices. Once more he made sketches and drawings with his own hands, showing the architectural forms and arrangement of the stables, saddle-room, coach-house, ice-house, and meat-house. Even a hen-house was included in the same classical disguise. Latrobe, the government architect of that time, in writing to Jefferson, speaks of his own working-plans for the building as having "agreed very nearly with your original design." Thus it is to Jefferson that we owe the terraces and colonnades which give the building so dignified a relation to its surroundings. In the restoration of the White House carried out by McKim the rebuilding of these colonnades was made a cardinal requirement, to furnish once more, in McKim's apt phrase, "a saucer to the cup."

Drawn by Jules Guerin

THE SOUTH PORTICO AND THE NEW WINGS AS SEEN FROM THE WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS

A relative bareness or lack of relief in the main façades as originally built, which had caused Stoddert to call it "that large, naked, ugly-looking building," Jefferson and Latrobe sought to remedy by proposing to add tall porticos on each front. The semicircular one toward the river was lightly sketched by Jefferson himself about the central bay-window of Hoban's plan. The great square portico over the entrance drive on the north appears for the first time, with the other, in a scheme for the future development of the building made by Latrobe in 1807. When the White House was rebuilt after the destruction of 1814 these porticos were executed, giving it much of the monumental dignity which still makes it supreme among American houses.

Without diminishing in the least our admiration of Hoban's design, which we now see in its true relations, we cannot fail to acquire a new interest in the building of to-day by learning how much it owes to the thought and artistic skill of the very father of the American Independence.

## After Sunset

*By GRACE HAZARD CONKLING*

I have an understanding with the hills
At evening, when the slanted radiance fills
Their hollows, and the great winds let them be,
And they are quiet and look down at me.
Oh, then I see the patience in their eyes
Out of the centuries that made them wise.
They lend me hoarded memory, and I learn
Their thoughts of granite and their whims of fern,
And why a dream of forests must endure
Though every tree be slain; and how the pure,
Invisible beauty has a word so brief,
A flower can say it, or a shaken leaf,
But few may ever snare it in a song,
Though for the quest a life is not too long.
When the blue hills grow tender, when they pull
The twilight close with gesture beautiful,
And shadows are their garments, and the air
Deepens, and the wild veery is at prayer,
Their arms are strong around me; and I know
That somehow I shall follow when you go
To the still land beyond the evening star,
Where everlasting hills and valleys are,
And silence may not hurt us any more,
And terror shall be past, and grief and war.

# A Timber-Wolf

By ERLE JOHNSTON

Author of "Square Edge and Sound," etc.

Illustrations by George E. Giguère

"THE damned thieves!" General Manager Blake kept his right thumb in place on the big timber-map spread out before him on the flat desk as he looked up at the quiet, waiting inspector. "Bob, are you afraid to die?"

During his period of work for the Pine-Tree Lumber Company young Robert Norman had found himself called upon to do many unusual things—things that held for him a spice of danger and excitement. Several times he had found himself in such situations that his athletic skill as well as his craft of brain had to be exerted in order to extricate himself. Such things he had come to look upon as all in the day's work, but it had never occurred to him that he would be bluntly asked to offer his life to the company. His dark eyes closed and opened slowly, but there was no trace of emotion on the surface of his firm, strong face. He heard the quick little gasp of the girl stenographer behind him just before he answered the question asked by the worried, irascible boss.

"I 'm rather—inexperienced—in dying, Mr. Blake."

Blake jabbed the map with his thumb.

"See here! Right in the heart of our best long-leaf pine!"

Norman moved around the desk and looked over the boss's shoulder.

"They are the slickest timber-wolves unhung, or my timber-cruisers are the biggest blockheads in Louisiana. I 've sent half a dozen men to catch the scoundrels; none of 'em has been able to find a blasted thing except some new stumps where more timber has been stolen. These crosses show the different places that have been cut over by the thieves."

"All in the same section, township, and range," Norman observed, studying the map. "They jump about erratically in the different quarters."

"They are smart enough not to cut in the same neighborhood twice, and they never molest a tract of timber that my men watch."

The attractive girl stenographer, secretary to General Manager Blake, was listening with breathless interest. Her clear, blue eyes were fixed intently on Robert Norman's athletic figure, bowed slightly over the spreading red-black-and-white map of the Pine-Tree Lumber Company's timber-lands. When he looked up, his face was as expressionless as usual when he received orders or made reports.

Mr. Blake's descending fist smacked the face of the colored timber-map.

"I want somebody that 's got common nerve and ordinary horse-sense to find out where all that timber is going and who is stealing it."

Norman stood up and was silent. He was in his usual working-clothes—soft shirt, khaki trousers, leather leggings, heavy shoes. Tally-book and foot-rule protruded from his capacious hip-pockets. Mr. Blake glared at him through spectacles. The face of Miss O'Hara grew as white as the spotless shirtwaist she wore.

"Well," the boss rasped, "will you go?"

Norman considered that he had no choice in the matter.

"Except at night and on Sundays," he said, "my time belongs to the Pine-Tree Lumber Company."

"Your services will be required nights and Sundays to do this job."

"Yes."

"Go after 'em, then! Find out who the thieves are and what becomes of the timber they steal. Don't come back here and tell me you can't find anything but fresh stumps. I 'm sick of such reports."

The inspector procured a map of the section in which he would have to work, a small compass from the supply department, and started to leave the building. He bowed gravely to the girl secretary in passing. Some time previous he had formed the opinion that she was marvelously human and unusually sensible to be a stenographer. There were tempting dimples at the corners of her lips when she smiled.

Her white, scared face and quick gesture detained him. She stood up eagerly and bent toward him over her type-writer. Before speaking, she glanced over her shoulder at the general manager. At the moment Mr. Blake's attention was completely taken up by reports, routine, and telephone.

"O Mr. Norman," she almost whispered, "it—it is n't fair! He did n't tell you—listen! The last two men he sent —*they never came back!*"

He looked at her a moment in pulsating silence, then said deliberately:

"They must not have known you, Miss O'Hara."

Before she could speak again, Mr. Blake looked sharply at them from across his flat desk. She sank back into her chair, color rising, but the look of combined warning and appeal still showing in her eyes. Her alarm for his safety was unmistakable.

"Thank you," Norman said, removing his rough cap. "I shall bring you back the skin of a wolf."

He proceeded in his usual leisurely fashion on his way out.

He was not concerned about the risks involved or about the failure of other men to come back; his chief concern was to form some definite plan of action for himself. His coach, instructor, and friend had been "Uncle Pop-gun" Chester, a gray, wrinkled, weather-beaten inspector who was so expert that it was claimed by some millmen he could tell the dimensions and grade of a stick of timber before he looked at it. Uncle Pop-gun's motto was, "Shet your mouth an' saw wood."

While thinking it out, Norman strolled toward the river-front. At college wrestling and foot-ball had been a delight to Norman's nature. He detested firearms; his markmanship was about as bad as next to no practice could make it. Despite warnings from Uncle Pop-gun, he had never carried a gun in the performance of his duties as an inspector of yellow-pine lumber; but he knew perfectly well that to go into that dense forest of huge pines, far removed from human habitations, out of reach of the law of the land, relying upon his head and hands alone for safety, would be folly.

Outside of town, he stood at a steamboat-landing on the levee and gazed soberly at the mile-wide Mississippi River. He saw, but omitted to note particularly, the dingy house-boats along the water's-edge, a cotton-laden steamer riding low in the river, the scattered bateaux, a skiff bobbing over the waves spreading away from the steamboat, and he paid little attention to a queer-looking raft just this side of midstream. It was made of brown logs fastened together by rude planks nailed across them; at one end was erected a tiny dog-tent; a solitary negro was steering it down with the current.

After thinking over and rejecting various plans and schemes, Norman hit upon the idea of going into the woods as a hunter. This would give him plausible excuse for having with him a shot-gun, and would furnish a reason for his presence should he chance upon the outlaws.

Back in town, at a sporting-goods store, he bought a shot-gun, a supply of shells, and a small camping-kit such as soldiers use. These items were listed on his expense account. For several days following he took daily trips into the country in an effort to familiarize himself with his gun. A good-natured farmer showed him how to manipulate the magazine, how to "get a bead" in aiming, how to clean and oil the inner parts, and tried to teach him the art of "snap-shooting." After many

unsuccessful efforts to hit tin cans tossed into the air, Norman was informed by his farmer friend that if the practice was kept up a couple of years the inspector might learn to hit moving objects with a "brush" gun.

Norman grimaced, and stopped the waste of ammunition. He knew it would be much harder for him to overcome his reluctance to shoot a man than it was to learn how to shoot one. However, he admitted to himself that he had never faced the necessity of shooting to keep from getting shot.

After two days of travel by railroad and logging spur, he arrived at the logging-camp nearest the lonely region in which he must work. Taking with him only the barest food necessities, the camping-kit, a change of underwear, the gun, and a little ammunition he did not expect to use, he struck out alone into the tall, tufted pines.

The long-leafed yellow pine is a forest aristocrat, associating only with gentlemen of his own kind. He stands proudly erect, and monopolizes the ground at his feet as well as the sunlight and air over his straw-haired head. So exclusive is he and his family that neither grass, plant, nor tree ventures upon the grounds of his private domain. His submerged feet are covered with the long, straight leaves of green and yellow straw, shed like hair from his head.

The floor of a pine forest is carpeted with the dead, yellowish-brown of fallen pine-needles; its high roof is gracefully waving, tufted green. Long, straight columns of branchless tree-trunks, from thirty to seventy-five feet high, reach from soft floor to sky-shot roof; they extend for miles in vast, irregular procession.

Nothing was more refreshing to Norman's nostrils than the peculiar, keen scent of long-leafed pines. His eyes almost ached at the forest's vast sublimity of form and expanse. Gazing up and about him, inhaling deeply, his mind became soothed into a calm, holy sense of peace.

On, deeper into the forest, he trudged, occasionally consulting compass, map, and timepiece. Suddenly he suffered a rude shock.

He had come upon an area mutilated and left by the timber-thieves. Bald stumps, bleeding, resinous sap, pointed up from the ground like cut, accusing fingers. An explosion of wrath burst from Norman's lips.

After looking carefully around to see that no one was near enough to observe him, he set about studying the tract that had been denuded of timber. He concluded

"'I WANT SOMEBODY THAT 'S GOT COMMON NERVE AND ORDINARY HORSE-SENSE TO FIND OUT WHERE ALL THAT TIMBER IS GOING AND WHO IS STEALING IT'"

that the trees had not been felled in the usual way, with axes and cross-cut saws. The cuts were all made slantwise downward through each tree with some kind of saw Norman had never seen. He decided it was a particular kind of saw used because it made little or no noise when cutting. The smacking sound of an ax and the whanging whine of a cross-cut saw can be heard for a considerable distance in a quiet forest.

Next he tried to figure out how the down timber had been transported to market. No tracks or marks were left on the brown-needled ground. By kicking aside the fallen needles, or leaves, in a complete circle about the stumps, he discovered peculiar depressions in the ground, leading out through the woods in a certain direction. After studying critically the lines of depression, he knew they had not been made by wagons, mules, or men.

The solution of the little mystery bothered him until his right foot struck a smooth, round piece of hickory about four feet long and two inches in diameter. When placed in it crosswise, the hickory stick exactly fitted the depressed lines of pathway. Then into his mind flashed a vision of their unusual method of skidding timber, without mules, machinery, or cables, and with little human labor.

The piece of hickory, evidently left in their departure, represented numerous pieces just like it, to be placed at regular intervals along the route over which they wished to transport the logs. The logs were simply pointed endwise across the first five or six "rollers" of smooth hickory, given a shove, and kept rolling over the hickory pieces as far as the line of rollers lasted; by picking up the hickory skates and placing them ahead as the logs rolled over them, the skidway could be indefinitely prolonged.

"The cunning devils!" muttered Norman.

He stood up and looked about suddenly: the sound of his own low voice was startling in that vast, sighing silence of trees.

By tracing the skidder-path, he found it led to a creek that flowed in the general direction of the Mississippi River. This gave him an idea. He sat down and carefully studied his timber-map.

"So," he reasoned, "they cut only near streams flowing in the river. Their sawmill must be in or near New Orleans. Possibly their seemingly erratic jumpings from one neighborhood to another result from a definite plan and method. Let 's see; by judging from this zigzag course of their past operations and keeping close to running water, I ought to forecast the next cutting-place."

He projected the line of the zigzag in the direction he judged it would go until it met the line of a stream flowing riverward. Abruptly, he stood up, shrugging his powerful shoulders.

"No doubt," he muttered, "I shall succeed in enjoying myself immensely."

Patiently, grimly, he set out upon his tedious journey over the forest aisles.

It was very close to the spot indicated by the meeting of his projected line with the curve of a creek that he came upon a man attired, like himself, as a hunter, and who held a repeating shot-gun in the crook of his left arm.

As one may walk noiselessly upon soft pine-needles, and Norman approached him from behind, he had time to note the man's breadth of shoulder and length of limb and to see that the gun was the only thing he carried. No bags or kits were slung from his shoulders, indicating that somewhere about he must have a camping-place.. No human habitation was within fifteen miles.

"Hello!" Norman said. "Lost in this wilderness?"

There was something jerky and nervous about the manner in which the man turned around, gripping his gun-stock, right forefinger along the trigger-guard. On his broad face was several days' growth of thick, sandy-red beard. His wide, black hat slouched low over eyes that were flinty-hard and icy-cold.

"Where 'd you come from?" popped from the man's startled lips.

"From behind me. Where 'd you come from?"

"Don't you know this is posted territory?" the man aggressively demanded. "Whatcher doing in this timber? Whatcher name?"

Norman blinked at the sudden fire of questions. Deliberately, he answered:

"It is customary, I believe, to tell one's own name to a stranger before demanding his."

"Oh—ah—sure." The sun- and wind-bronzed cheek above the man's sandy beard took on a sudden reddish hue. "My name is—ah—Mr. White."

Norman slightly inclined his head.

"Glad to know you, Mr. White. My name is—Mr. Black."

They stood a few feet apart, eyeing each other with sharp, critical suspicion.

"Don't you know there 's nothing for game to live on in pine woods? What are you hunting?"

"Perhaps," Norman hazarded, watching him keenly, "I am hunting the same kind of game you are after."

Just because White happened to be in this particular place at this particular time was not sufficient proof that he was connected with the timber-thieves. Norman decided to get all the information possible from him, and, if he could, to disarm White's suspicions concerning himself.

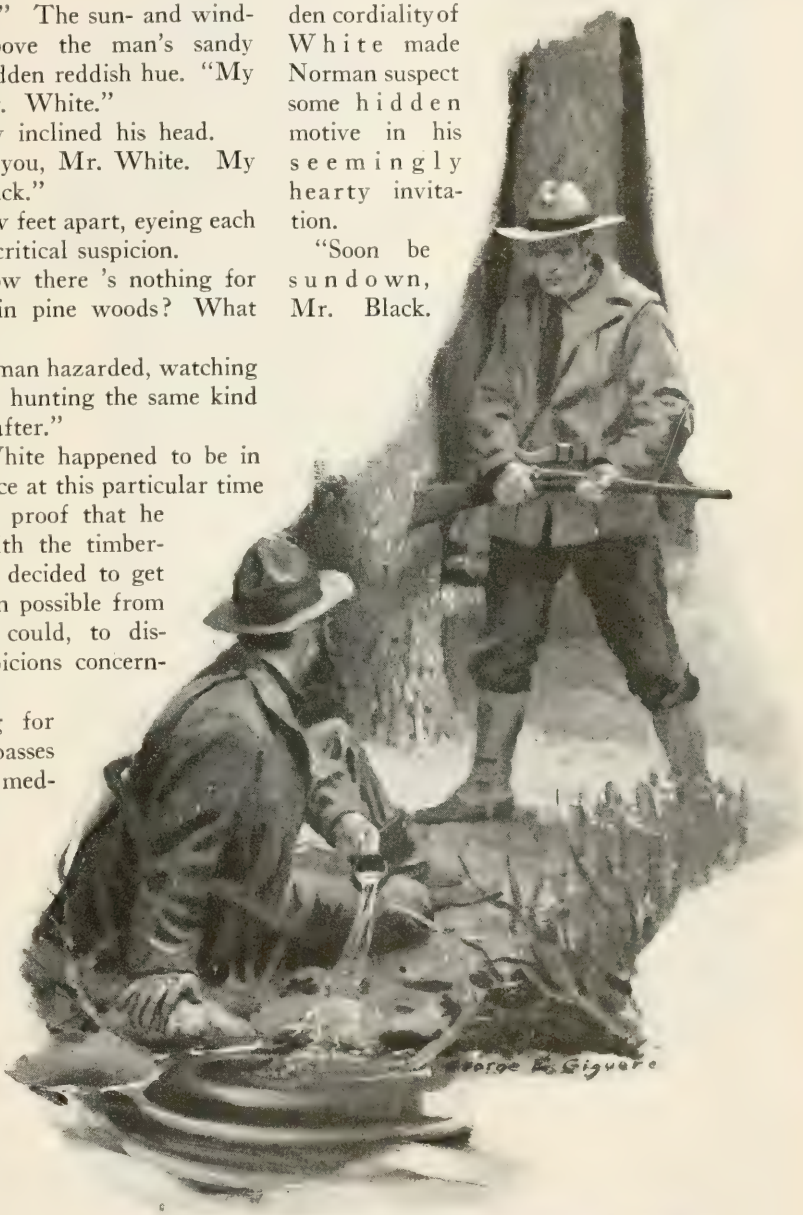
"I 'm hunting for anybody that trespasses on this land and meddles with this here timber," snapped White. "I 'm working for the owners of the timber, the Pine-Tree Lumber Company."

Norman knew that to be a bald lie. He calmly matched it.

"Well, Mr. White, I 'm not exactly trespassing. It won't do any harm to tell you that my employers are the Quatrelle Timber Factors. They 've got their eyes on this tract of long-straw. I 'm making a quiet cruiser-estimate of the quantity and quality of the timber."

The safe thing for each of them at the moment seemed to be to take the statement of the other at face-value. The sudden cordiality of White made Norman suspect some hidden motive in his seemingly hearty invitation.

"Soon be sundown, Mr. Black.



"NORMAN LEAPED FROM BEHIND A TREE, SPED SWIFTLY ACROSS THE NOISE-DEADENING PINE-NEEDLES, AND SNATCHED UP THE SHOT-GUN"

Come along to my woods-shack, and I 'll share my boiled egg with you."

As he wanted to keep company with White until something more could be learned of him, Norman instantly thanked him and accepted, adding:

"Guess we might as well pool our snacks. Company will be pleasant in this groaning pine wilderness."

The camp was merely a place where pines grew thicker and closer together, and where the pine-plumes were more closely interlaced overhead. No tent was erected. A light blanket lay on the fallen needles near a spot cleaned off for fire. Pine-straw burns quickly when dry; it had to be removed from the ground and shoved back from the fire built for cooking. A couple of light knapsacks and a small coffee-pot completed the camp.

Their conversation simulated confidence and friendliness, but both were cautious and guarded of speech. Each parried or evaded questions and remarks of a personal nature. When it came time for them to sleep they lay down on opposite sides of the little fire; each man had his gun behind him, within instant reach.

In a short time—too short, Norman thought—White was breathing in audible, regular rhythm. After half an hour Norman decided to make a little test: as he got up noiselessly, holding his shot-gun, White's breathing seemed to halt for a second and his inert body seemed to move. Norman waited tensely; White lay still.

Backing silently, Norman left the thick cluster of pines and came out into a slight clearing from which he could see the stars shining through the black canopy of tree-tops overhead; then he turned and walked a short distance under the night-darkened plumes. As a precaution, he placed his back against a big tree which stood between him and the camp.

For a while he leaned back against the straight pine-trunk and cudgeled his brains for some manner of getting information from White or of making use of the man in some way that would assist in catching the thieves. It would be sheer idiocy to ask him direct questions or to demand information; that would give Norman's purpose away and leave him worse off than if he had kept quiet and waited.

A frosty voice at his side cut violently into his scheming:

"Fine night, is n't it?"

It was hard to conceal the start that made his heart jump, but Norman kept perfectly still. He replied, without turning his head:

"Feels hot and sultry to me; can't sleep yet."

"I 'm restless, too," White answered evenly.

Then Norman knew that White had been feigning sleep. He wondered why the man had taken the trouble to follow him, wondered still more at his palpable effort to be social and entertaining. As the time dragged past, with White's fund of conversation and stories yet unexhausted, Norman decided the man must have some occult motive. For some reason he evidently wanted to keep Norman with him that night.

Presently each of them began to stretch and yawn, with the purpose of getting the other back to sleep. They returned to their blankets and dozed.

Norman was aching with weariness. He willed to stay awake and watch, but his heavy eyes refused to obey. It was not long until the deep, restful sleep of out-of-doors deprived him of sight and hearing.

A shaft of sunlight glancing down through the pine-plumes awoke him. He sat up with a violent jerk and stared about.

White had vanished during the night, with his gun, blanket, and knapsacks. Norman turned and caught up his own gun, then looked for his little sack of loaded shells. The shells were missing. He worked the ejector of his shot-gun. It was empty; the shells had been extracted while he slept.

"Considerate of him to leave the gun and my rations," thought Norman. He added grimly, "It will be a pleasure to meet him again."

After eating one sandwich, when he

wanted to devour five, he packed his little kit, took up his useless gun, and started out again. A walk of half an hour brought him almost to the exact spot of his meeting with White. He halted near the place, almost dazed for a moment at what he saw.

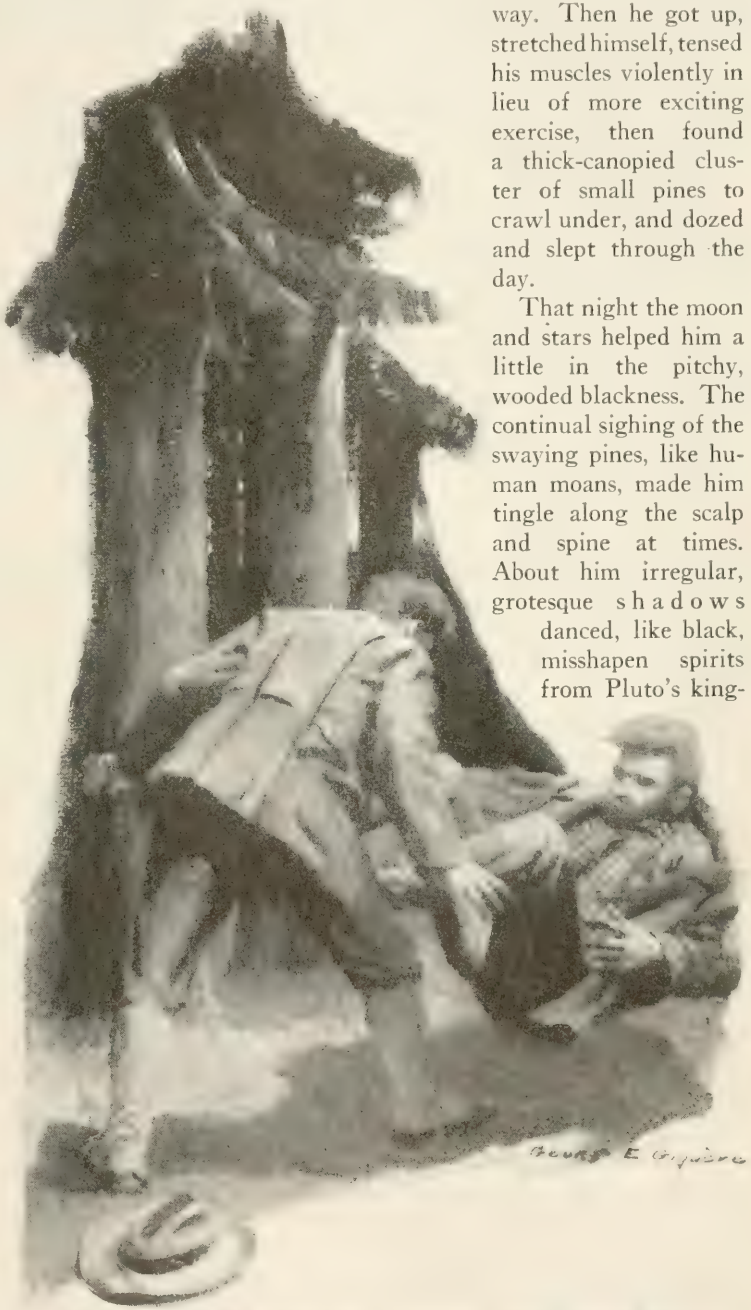
Not a big tree had been left in the wide circle of what the day before had been a thick cluster of pines. Where magnificent trees had reared their round, tapering trunks, now short, thick stumps held their blank faces up from the trodden ground. While White had kept Norman about a mile away with droll stories and hospitable entertainment, his men —for Norman so believed them— had cut down and skidded the missing timber to the creek. By this time timber and gang were no doubt safely out of sound and reach, the logs in the river, and the gang scattered to meet at the next appointed place.

At length Norman laughed. He took off his cap and bowed humbly to the absent Mr. White.

"Hereafter I shall hide and do my sleeping in the daytime, and stalk the wolves by night."

He sat down on the clean pine-needles, took out the timber-map, and studied it carefully. He projected the zigzag in the next direction he decided it should go until it met the line of a convenient waterway. Then he got up, stretched himself, tensed his muscles violently in lieu of more exciting exercise, then found a thick-canopied cluster of small pines to crawl under, and dozed and slept through the day.

That night the moon and stars helped him a little in the pitchy, wooded blackness. The continual sighing of the swaying pines, like human moans, made him tingle along the scalp and spine at times. About him irregular, grotesque shadows danced, like black, misshapen spirits from Pluto's king-



"IN A FEW MINUTES NORMAN GOT A FOREARM ACROSS WHITE'S BEARDED THROAT AND A LEG BACK OF THE TALLER MAN'S RIGHT KNEE"

dom. The black loneliness was crushingly oppressive. Since he was wholly unarmed without his ammunition, it was some consolation to recall White's statement that no wild animal could exist in pine forests. Those peculiar, startling eyes that the negroes call "fox-fire," and are superstitiously afraid of, blinked at him occasionally from decaying logs on the ground. Cool-nerved and practical as he was, now and then, at the unexpected touch of some leafy finger of the night, his heart leaped in sudden panic.

He had traveled for hours and covered miles. By gaging his progress from knowledge of his speed in walking and by keeping track of time, looking at his watch by match-light, he guessed he must be getting into the neighborhood he had set out to find. As he was ravenously hungry, he sat down and unslung a knapsack.

The lunch was nearly finished. An odd sound, a vibration of either earth or air, startled him. Midway in another bite of cheese and cracker the vibration disturbed him again. He stood up to listen. A faint, far-off thud, as of a heavy body striking the earth, smote his straining ears. Another thud came, another, then a double thud.

Walking cautiously, he went in the direction of the sound. As he was absolutely alone, wholly unarmed, miles from a friend, in the black heart of an unfamiliar forest, the tingling at his hair-roots was justifiably natural. Despite the uneasiness at the roots of his hair and the noisy thumping of his heart, he set his teeth, lay on his stomach, and wormed his way toward the noise. It was coming now with persistent regularity and crashing distinctness.

The scene that met his wide-eyed vision was one that might have been taken from the pages of an ancient book of the devil's own black magic. With no light save that of the stars, without sound of human speech, shadowy figures that he knew must be men were humped over weird instruments which were eating through the trunks of pines. The only sounds were the low, snarling purr of the strange saws and the thudding of felled trees against the earth. It was ghostly, unreal to look at, but horribly real in its devastation of valuable timber. The trees were all felled in the same direction, to avoid striking the mute-lipped sawyers.

From his hiding-place Norman watched them, wrathful in his helplessness to stop them, but grudgingly admiring their silent, skilled efficiency. He looked over the shadowy forms in an effort to discover one large and tall enough to be the man he knew as White, but the laborers were medium-sized. When a breath of air floated from them in his direction, Norman knew them to be negroes.

After a while a shadowy figure of greater height and bulk passed along the irregular line of tree-fellers. It was with an effort that Norman kept from growling like a dog when he recognized White.

"I 'll let the gang and the timber go," he thought, "and spend my time getting you, Mr. White."

The tract denuded, the laborers gathered together in the standing pines near Norman and made a small fire. His nostrils soon informed him of their cooking. He crept cautiously closer. The fire furnished light enough for him to see and note the face of each negro who squatted before it to take his share of the meal. There was no conversation, no singing, no joking, no grunting and shoving, no rattling of dice, all very extraordinary for relaxing members of that happy-go-lucky race.

After the meal, with White superintending, they prepared their portable skidway, and shot the huge logs along it into the creek, exactly as Norman had visioned. They constructed a raft out of the logs exactly like the one he had seen on the river, steered down with the current toward New Orleans. One negro took charge of the raft. The others scattered in various directions and disappeared among the black tree-trunks; Norman believed they all knew exactly where to meet again.

After seeing them off, White set out rapidly into the woods, alone. Evidently

he intended to get as far from the place by daybreak as he could. Stealthily, Norman followed him.

Dawn was coming when White halted near a monster pine and unslung blanket-roll and knapsack. He set his shot-gun against the tree, drew a collapsible cup from his pocket, and started toward a little stream for water.

Norman leaped from behind a tree, sped swiftly across the noise-deadening pine-needles, and snatched up the shot-gun. White could not have heard him, but he spun about-face with a jerk, a look of surprise and fear in his ice-colored eyes. When he saw who it was and what had happened, his face congested with anger, and his mouth twitched until his big, white teeth were visible. He was trapped, and he knew it.

"Nice gun you have," Norman observed, admiringly. Only a slow, satisfied smile betrayed the exulting leap of his heart and blood as he faced White. "Is it hard or easy on the trigger? Or do you prefer that I find out for myself?"

The sudden, wild look in White's widened eyes and his glance over his shoulder made Norman say abruptly:

"Don't attempt to leave me again, if you please." He added, "It 's lonely for a man of my social disposition in these woods, Mr.—ah—what did you say your name was?"

"My name," gasped the man, desperately trying to collect his wits, "is—ah—Mr. Brown."

"Strong climate down here in the pines, is n't it? Seems to make white men brown."

Sensing that he had made a mistake, White half turned, as if determined to make a dash into the woods. Norman's smiling threat arrested his movement:

"If you attempt to desert me, Mr. Brown, it will be absolutely necessary for me to shoot you in the foot."

"I 'm not going anywhere," was the surly answer.

"Oh, yes, you are. You and I are going to make a little visit to the offices of the Pine-Tree Lumber Company."

By this time White had in some measure regained his wits.

"All right. I was on my way there already—to report you for prowling around in this timber without permission." He advanced a few steps and held out his hand. "I 'll take my gun now, if you please."

Norman slightly elevated the gun-muzzle. White stopped advancing.

"Just pick up mine over there and bring it along. I assure you it is absolutely safe, not in the least likely to go off."

White's mouth twitched as he whispered the things he dared not say aloud. Hesitating only a moment, he walked to where Norman's empty gun lay and took it up.

"What you driving at?" he growled, looking the shot-gun over disdainfully. "Trying to swap me out of my gun? Throw a shell out of the magazine of mine. I 'll stick it in your gun and see how it shoots."

Norman grinned broadly.

White scowled, then pretended to smile. He said, with sinister meaning:

"The trade is n't over yet, Mr. Black."

"Correct; it has merely begun, Mr. Brown. Turn due west now, and walk ahead of me. We are going a short cut to to the logging-spur. While we travel you can entertain me by informing me where your sawmill is; also by telling me the names and addresses of your gang of timber-fellers. The more you tell me and the more timber I get back for the Pine-Tree Lumber Company, the easier it will be for the owner of your shot-gun. Fact is, Mr. Brown, I am under the impression that a little solitary confinement may make you a white man again."

"Damn you!" snarled White. "I 'll see you in hell before I tell you a thing."

Norman's good-humored smile vanished.

"You may visit hell presently," he quietly said, "but you may not find me there. Get a move on you!"

In hate-curdled silence the timber-thief turned and walked ahead. For a mile not a syllable was uttered by either man.

Then White played an old trick; his long silence had thrown Norman off guard. He looked up suddenly and ducked to one side, as if dodging some object that was falling from the trees. Norman obeyed the natural impulse to look up. In a flash White was upon him, fighting desperately for possession of the shot-gun.

In the first shock of surprise Norman was overpowered. White got the gun. Norman immediately leaped upon him to regain it. They fought grimly and doggedly, muscles straining, faces contorted with effort. Norman fiercely struck White's bulging biceps with the flat of his hard right hand, and it broke the thief's hold. Norman snatched the gun and backed away a few steps, gasping.

"This is—unexpected—pleasure." He deliberately tossed the gun into the woods and stepped in front of the thoroughly enraged White. "Come on," he panted, stooping forward, knees bent, eyes narrowed; "let 's—finish it!"

White tried to draw a knife; Norman grasped his wrists. The fight developed into a wrestling-match between two men whose muscles were bone, crackingly powerful. White was trembling with rage; curses soiled his lips, and he struggled. Wrestling was a joy to Norman's soul; it was one thing he could do exceedingly well. Had not White been taller and heavier than he, Norman would scarcely have found it interesting. What breath he could spare was emitted in chuckles.

In a few minutes Norman got a forearm across White's bearded throat and a leg back of the taller man's right knee. White suffered from sudden violent concussion against the ground.

For half an hour Norman sat comfortably astride his stomach, asking careful questions, stimulating answers by judicious manipulation of his fists. By combining questions and punches in about equal parts of each, he gradually extracted a full and complete confession from the prostrate timber-thief. After which, they quietly resumed their journey.

It was two days later that little Miss O'Hara sprang up in surprise when two properly cleaned-up and shaven young men entered the private office of General Manager Blake. She paid little attention to the taller man, who wore colored glasses, perhaps to conceal the discolorations about his bruised eyes. It was for Mr. Robert Norman that her hand and dimples flashed. When the quick greetings were over, she said:

"Did n't you promise to bring me back the skin of a—"

Norman interrupted her. He answered unblushingly:

"I 've been sort o' thinking I might offer you mine."

He led his nervous, furtive-eyed companion into the little railing and presented him to Mr. Blake as "Mr. Kildare Stubbs."

Mr. Blake stared at Norman in a worried, puzzled way. He held out his hand.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Stubbs," he said. "What can I do for you?"

Stubbs moistened his hard lips and made several ineffectual attempts at speech. He looked helplessly at Norman, who calmly advised:

"Better go to it. It 's your only chance."

"I—ah—I 'd like to know, sir," Stubbs managed to stammer to Mr. Blake, "just what—how much you 'd pay for logging, milling, and transporting to—to a good market—some first quality long-leaf timber."

Mr. Blake adjusted his glasses; he tapped on the glass of his flat desk with a keen-pointed pencil.

"That depends," he answered. "What would the stumpage cost?"

"N—nothing, sir."

"What?" Mr. Blake grew angry. "I 'm not hiring other people to do our logging and milling and marketing."

Stubbs mopped his reddened face.

"But—but that 's already been done now, Mr. Blake. And it 'll be a big loss to me unless you can take the timber and allow me a little something for my work—"

"Look here, I 'm busy. Just what do you want?"

"'DID N'T YOU PROMISE TO BRING ME BACK THE SKIN OF A ——'"

Stubbs continued to perspire. He removed the colored glasses in swabbing his face with a handkerchief; one eye was blackened and closed. When he turned again to Norman the young inspector urged him with a gesture to finish stating the case.

"I want—to make some kind of restitution—now that I 'm caught—and want you to—to be as lenient as you can."

Blake's eyes widened, and his lips fell open. There was a dead, shocked silence until Norman explained:

"Mr. Kildare has a few colored aliasses, Mr. Blake. You see, he 's our timber-wolf."

The manager's lips closed over teeth that were savagely snapped shut. He took up the desk telephone and asked for the chief of police. As he waited, pencil gripped tightly in his right fist, telephone held in the other, Stubbs sank limply into a chair, then suddenly got up and turned toward the door. Norman, in one swift stride, was between him and the exit.

"Mr. Blake," Norman said, "this man owes us for a few million feet of standing timber. He has cut and transported it to his mill in New Orleans, and the timber has been manufactured. We owe him a sentence to the penitentiary. If we can get the timber, already sawed and at a good market, can't we manage to square it off against the penitentiary sentence?"

"Hello, Davis. This is Blake. I want you to—" Blake stopped to hear what Norman was so rapidly and energetically saying. Placing his hand over the transmitter, he shot a sudden question at Stubbs: "What did it cost you to do all that?"

"Five dollars and fifty cents a thousand feet," answered Stubbs, dully resigned.

"What!" shouted Blake. He knew exactly how much more it would cost the Pine-Tree Lumber Company to fell, log, mill, and ship the timber from that particular section. He hastily got rid of Chief Davis, put down the telephone, and pointed his dividend-smelling nose at Stubbs. "How the devil did you manage it?"

"Rafted the logs down the river. Worked my men at night—"

"Keep it up, keep it up," ordered Blake, explosively. "I 'll arrange to keep watch on you, and I 'll pay you a salary. And, say, put on a day gang, too!"

## Words

*By* NAN APOTHEKER

Words? I do not fear the spoken one,
Though it may bear its bitter shaft of pain;
One winces, feels the pang, yet smiles again,
Or wrestles with it till its hour is done.

The word unsaid, because you feared its sting
(I read it in the pressed line of your lips)
Our warring souls that came to silent grips,
That word—what utter anguish it may bring!

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood
ZAGAN OBO, THE PROTECTOR OF THE SPIRIT, EASTERN SIBERIA.

# Across Siberia, Homeward Bound

By LOUISE DE WETTER

FOR a week our Russian and Polish friends had been coming in to say good-by and wish us well, and one and all sighed, regretful that they, too, could not join us in our trip across the country to freer lands. They reminded me of caged creatures, restlessly and hopelessly pacing up and down, wistfully contemplating those who were beyond the bars.

There is always a nervous tension felt by those who apply for permission to leave the country of mystery and surprises; at the last moment there may be some unexpected hitch, some mistake, or the precious paper may be mislaid by some clerk. Any American who has sat, often for the better part of an hour, in the dingy little basement where the Russian Fates deal out, or refuse, the precious permits cannot escape a feeling of apprehension, which seems to fall like a mantle upon one's shoulders upon entering that door. It shows upon all the faces crowded expectantly about the high counters. So many are turned away, and leave their hopes behind them!

None of us knew what changes the Revolution might have wrought, but our two and a half years in Russia had taught us never to seem surprised at anything and, above all, never to discuss matters of real importance. So when we all filed out into the chilly spring sunshine again, carrying the all-important documents triumphantly, we tried hard not to look too relieved and pleased. It seemed almost too good to be true that seven of us had passed the Scylla and Charybdis of military and civil inspection unhindered.

Our tickets had been bought three months before, a wise precaution, and now doubly fortunate, since the Revolution, like a sudden thunder-storm, had burst over our heads a few weeks later, leaving us thrilled, filled with unforgetable memories, but all the more anxious to depart because of our two little children.

There was an artificial calm about every-day life that barely veiled the high tension under which we were all going about. None believed in it, and for weeks after the sound of shooting had died away, and the streets once more assumed a natural guise, I had a queer aversion to turning a corner, for fear of meeting some new, unlooked-for tragedy. No one who has

not lived in a huge city full of troubled, discontented, ungoverned people can picture the sensation.

A week before our departure, which was set for the first of May, the Council of Soldiers and Workmen decided to make this a holiday in Russia. Ordinarily a holiday is a picturesque event; Petrograd turns out in gala-dress, music sounds along the streets from time to time, and one is very apt to meet a gorgeously robed procession of priests and choir-boys, bearing ikons, lighted tapers, and banners, and singing as Russians alone know how to sing.

After the Revolution, however, a holiday was a day on which it was better to remain in-doors. The children flattened their noses longingly against the window-panes, and red-bannered processions, singing revolutionary songs, and seething, unpoliced masses surged through the streets. All traffic was suspended, and even trolleys ceased to run, because, of course, the motormen and conductors also desired to celebrate. This meant getting our sixteen trunks and thirty-five pieces of hand-luggage to the station the day before. On arriving there, however, after having with the greatest difficulty cajoled an expressman to cart the baggage at a prohibitive price, new difficulties presented themselves. The baggage-master absolutely refused to check the luggage, because the railroad authorities would not hold themselves responsible for it during the next twenty-four hours. With no police, no order, no means of protecting anything from whatever might befall, of course they could n't check the baggage!

This cheerful prospect was not rendered more agreeable by seeing in one corner a frantic woman who was rending the air with her rage at having been robbed of twenty-thousand rubles' worth of clothing and jewels, and near her a grim dame astride her trunk, where she intended to remain until next day, her maid bringing her tea and other refreshments at intervals. There were many such, and many waiting to buy the all-important ticket without which there could be no passing the gateman. Some of them had waited there three days and nights, silent, uncomplaining, with the characteristic Russian long-suffering. *Nietchevò!*

We finally solved our problem by hiring four men, long in our employ, to watch in pairs, in shifts of eight hours, for the remaining thirty-six hours. Our small bags and boxes were chained together by hastily bought steel chains, and padlocked, and we went home for the last time, leaving our faithful, bearded muzhiks sitting stolidly upon the trunks, with heaps of small luggage piled about their high boots. We could only hope that they would not be set upon in the night by bands of robbers, who were said to be at work in the city.

Never has a night seemed so long, a day so endless. At last all was finished, and the children, wildly excited, were buttoned into their coats. Down-stairs the nice old *"Shwitzàr"* and his wife stood waiting to bid us *dosvèdanye,* kissing our hands and making the sign of the cross on our foreheads.

The Neva flowed silently past, black where the ice was broken, as we looked for the last time down the quay. The setting sun painted red streaks across the sky, and in the distance the spire of the cathedral in the historic fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul loomed against the horizon like a finger held up in eternal warning.

Our motor was the only one in the streets. Decked fore and aft with the popular Stars and Stripes, and further protected by the presence of Mr. Norman Armour of the American embassy, it rolled slowly down the empty quay and turned into the seething masses on the Liteinyi Prospect, where a few weeks since we had seen battles raging. Past the ruins of the prison, where the curious still stopped to peer in through twisted window-bars at the hideous cells, and broken chains still dangled from the walls; past shops where plate-glass windows showed bullet-holes, on through crowds that looked askance at a limousine abroad on such a day, we slowly made our way.

A huge mass meeting barred our path

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

THE RIVER YENISE, MIDDLE SIBERIA.

at one point, where thousands had gathered to listen to a wild Bolshevik, mounted on the roof of a delivery cart, high above that sea of intense faces. By taking various alleyways and side streets, we finally got to the Nicolai Station, the longed-for goal. While waiting for the train to be made up, many interesting figures passed to and fro along the wind-swept platform. Crowds of soldiers, homeward bound, stampeded when a warning gong sounded, and climbed like monkeys upon an already overfilled train. They sat on the buffers, the steps, the roof; they climbed through windows, on top of people already squeezed in like cattle, and the train pulled out, a babel of sounds issuing from all the cars as they passed. These were deserters. Semi-official figures placed the desertions at four hundred thousand during the first five weeks after the Revolution.

Our friends touched and surprised us very much by coming to see us off despite their having in some cases to walk miles. Many were the good-bys, good wishes, and tears. The servants, faithful to the last, all came, wiping their eyes on the corners of their head-shawls, and giving all sorts of parting admonitions to the young Estonian servant who came with us on the long trip. Our manifold hand-baggage was disposed with a view to leaving each compartment fully provided with food for several days in case we should be forced to lock the doors against would-be intruders, and one of our most welcome good-by presents was a pot of freshly baked beans.

Fearsome tales had reached Petrograd of the terrors and trials of a transsiberian journey, at best a severely uncomfortable experience, but at times rendered positively dangerous since the Revolution. Food was often uneatable and always scarce; soldiers, returning to their distant homes, ejected people from their compartments, often with violence, and in some cases where the men preferred lying in the corridors of the train, passengers were penned up in their compartments, unable to open the doors, which swing outward. An acquaintance of ours had been so imprisoned; but being an agile and resourceful person, made his entrances and exits through the window.

When the train started, our car, which was the last, carried about eight soldiers, who clambered aboard just as the porter was wisely locking the end doors. My

husband, the only man in our party of seven, by the way, immediately made friends with the men. Cigarettes were handed round, and the soldiers finally agreed to act as our body-guard as long as they remained on the train. We owe to those unknown boys a debt of gratitude indeed, for they faithfully carried out their promise, despite the difficulty and some danger to themselves farther along the road.

Although fully provided with three huge hampers of food, not to mention the presents brought to the train by our kind friends, we decided to try the dining-car. It did not lack a piano, or discouraged-looking plants on every table, but the quality of the food placed before us may be guessed at when I say that it was our only appearance in the car. To reach it, we had to stagger through the entire train; for although the speed was such as to make a self-respecting freight-train smile, the tracks were far from even, and we careened drunkenly from side to side on our subsequent excursions to the bath-room. There was a tub, and there was water, though fearful and wonderful to behold, being a bright red; but at least it had the virtue of being hot and of washing off some of the layers of gritty dust which covered us from head to foot after a few days. I actually took it off the window-sill with an after-dinner coffee-spoon in the mornings.

These trips to and from the bath were interesting in other ways. We were forced to climb over sleeping warriors, lying upon the corridor floors, their battle-stained sheepskin coats giving out indescribable and awful odors, and their guns and accoutrements lying beside them, stumbling-blocks for the unwary. Woe unto any one who accidentally fell over a loaded gun!

Those who were awake when we passed seemed to recognize in our forced smiles a feeble attempt to be friendly, and after a few days we began to nod, and they to hold the doors open for us as we passed by.

The nights were really terror-ridden. Awakened from a fitful sleep by a sudden, jolting stop, we all lay listening to the howling mobs outside. They were intent upon boarding the train, and upon frustrating the attempts of the conductors to keep them off. Battering upon the sides of the cars with their rifle-butts, pounding on the windows with their fists, they shrieked maledictions upon those within the train. Most of all they reviled the soldiers who, faithful to our trust in them, refused to let them enter our car.

Refused admittance, the men climbed up the little iron ladders to the roofs of the cars and scrambled for the coveted places beside the ventilators, which, like tiny smoke-stacks, dot the roofs of Russian cars. Curled around one of these, a man could at least hold on as the train sped through the night. The noise of their heavy boots tramping just above us, the sound of their heavy equipment being dragged along, and their groans and curses as they moved about trying to find a secure hold will long live in my memory. Every morning the porter would tell us how many had been lost during the night. Cold and numb with sleep, dozens rolled off the roof and were lost. I still picture them as they must have lain, crushed and bleeding, often still alive and suffering, on the barren ground, far from any human habitation.

Time passed after a fashion; the first rather picturesque country soon gave way to a series of flat, gray wastes, stunted trees, sluggish brooks, and unending horizons, which melted imperceptibly into the leaden gray of the sky. At long intervals filthy log-hut villages, with a depressed-looking population, lorded over by a glittering group of beet-shaped church domes, loomed up out of the monotony. I became so depressed at the thought of the lives of the exiles in these waste places that finally I could not look out upon their miserable existence. "Canfield," my refuge during the tensest moments of the Revolution, once more became indispensable, a blessed relief.

Whenever we stopped long enough, everybody left the train to wander up and down the platforms. Always the entire

A DALE IN THE STEPPE, EASTERN SIBERIA.

village turned out to see the weekly train-load of foreign-looking creatures. They gazed open-mouthed at us, and followed our steps like curious children, thirsting for some change, some scrap of excitement with which to feed their starved minds.

Once I remember noticing that a lanky, wistful-looking man was listening very attentively to every word spoken by our group. He stopped when we stopped, and sauntered where we did, his poor, dusty clothes hanging loosely upon his bony frame. Finally my husband spoke to him in Russian, and, to our amazement, we learned that his one ambition was to speak English. He had procured books in some way, and recognized our speech. He could n't talk it yet, but he wanted to hear what it sounded like and to practise it. He asked our pardon for listening, saying that he could n't understand what we said, but was happy to have the lesson. Think of it! Thousands of miles out in the Siberian wilderness, this soul lives on, struggling and working in a pitiful attempt to add to his knowledge. With no one in the village to help him, probably fated never to realize his ambition, he had kept at it for years, and we left him looking after the train with a dim little smile on his face. I was quite unashamed of the tears I shed after that. He and his pathos haunt me still.

Our provisions held out to the last, and after we had systematized our menus and cooking arrangements, we got on fairly well. Our outfit included a picnic-basket, filled with aluminum pots and dishes, and a few cans of solid alcohol. The porter washed all our dishes in his lair, and one of the "body-guard" obligingly made all the necessary trips to and from the kitchen for boiling water.

Others, not forewarned, and therefore not provided with food, while on their way to and from that nightmare of a dining-car looked enviously upon us as we brewed and stewed.

After a few days we reached a part of the country where food, cooked and raw, was sold in booths along the track. These villages, although far away from that part of Russia in which the great drama had been staged, already showed the effects of the change.

Chosen by the people to act as a sort of village police, certain men were to be seen marching up and down the platforms at every stop. They were distinguished from the rest of the peasantry only by

white brassarts, usually of cotton, with frayed edges, and crudely painted red letters. These were the guardians of peace and order, and they kept a strict watch of the sales of food, the quality, quantity, and weight of which was determined by them.

Dried and smoked fish, various pickled meats, fearful and wonderful to behold, and wild birds and chickens were displayed for sale. Eggs and fresh butter as well as milk began to appear in sufficient quantities as we traveled farther east. Bread was poor and scarce, however, and in one place the inhabitants tried to buy it of us. Rosy-cheeked children ran alongside of the train with many-hued flowers, which we loved to buy. They were the first signs of spring that we had seen, and here and there the country was still patched with snow.

We had nodding acquaintances by this time; but every one is wary of strangers in war-times, and one could not be too careful, even away out there. Some people who had friends came in occasionally. They were the American courier and his wife, and through them we met two very interesting Japanese naval officers returning from a two-years' stay in England. In preparation for a short stay in the Flowery Kingdom I whiled away the time by learning a few useful Japanese phrases and how to count up to one hundred.

Finally a morning came when people began to talk of arriving at the Manchurian frontier soon, of the custom-house, and the strict search which the Chinese make through the train and baggage for smuggled opium. We were fourteen hours late, owing to the fact that a train filled with deserters was ahead of us, and refused to give our express the right of way. We had heard rumors of this from time to time, but one morning were startled to hear that the night before an energetic station-master back along the road had decided to hold their train on a siding in order to let ours go by, and had been shot for his interference.

Irkutsk gave us a pleasant airing during a two-hours' wait, and there we had the first news of what had happened in Petrograd and the rest of the world during the last eight days.

Basil Miles of the American embassy was there, and we had letters for him, and exchanged what news we had. It was good to see a familiar face once more. He had been visiting Austrian prison camps in the interior, and was on his way back to report to the ambassador. I remember our amusement at hearing that a fat person of a particularly noisy and obnoxious type, whom every one disliked, had been found guilty of smuggling fifteen thousand rubles' worth of opium, which had been promptly consigned to the fire in the boiler of the engine. His usual strut had disappeared, and he went about looking sheepish, the center of attention.

We little knew what a narrow escape we had had. For days we had complained to our nice, obliging porter of a peculiar, faint smell in our wash-room. He had explained it as coming from the damp boards under the linoleum, as the car was old and in need of repairs. Shortly before reaching the Manchurian border, however, he announced that he had some work to do in this room, and locked himself in. Our dismay can be imagined when we discovered afterward that the crafty old fox had opium hidden among the coils of pipe in our wash-room. How he got rid of it nobody knows; we think he gave it to an accomplice on the train for safe-keeping, as we had begun to ask questions about the construction of the plumbing. There were all sorts of weird, strange-looking people aboard, and many a tale of clever trickery was told us by the pious-looking porter, who had n't an idea that we had found him out.

At last we arrived in Manchuria; the train was locked, and then the search began. Squint-eyed little Chinamen came into every car, began a minute search of baggage, paneling, bedding, flooring. They pulled out the week's accumulation of soiled linen, and pawed over that. The porter meanwhile had a look of long-suffering innocence on his face which would have fooled a Sherlock Holmes. Finally

we all settled back, and the next thing on the program was the Chinese customs inspection.

Our youngest little girl was ill, with a high temperature, which had gradually developed, and we were desperately worried. The officials, however, were very considerate, and did not disturb her and the nurse at all. We, however, were all called out, not, as we thought, to have our baggage looked over, but to undergo a personal examination at the hands of the Russian officials. All of us were disrobed more or less by a giggling little girl who plainly delighted in her task. She was so amusing that we found ourselves giggling, too, though rather nervously, it must be confessed, for, although we knew it to be a mere formality in our case, it was n't a comfortable experience.

Profuse apologies and exchanges of cigarettes took place after this bout, and our trunks were literally dumped by the ever-thorough Chinese. I saw a perfect gulash of dresses, and groaned.

Somehow we managed to get the trunk-lids closed again, and at two A. M. filed solemnly back into the train, too nervous and tired for words, but about to shake the dust of Russia from our feet.

Dawn disclosed rolling hills on every side, now greening under the warm spring sunshine. They seemed wonderful, after that flat monotony of Siberia, and I sat entranced for hours, picturing the lives and habits of the nomadic races to myself, and keeping a sharp watch for a train of camels. Laden with packs of cotton and furs, they go from Russia to China, bringing bales of tea back in return. A trail lay plainly worn beside the track, but, alas! the only camels passed us on the other side of the train, and we heard only the description of those who had seen the picturesque procession.

Great herds of cattle and horses roamed about the hills, and we saw curiously built habitations here and there. That night we reached Harbin at last.

Indescribable confusion reigned at the station. Everybody seemed to be shouting and running hither and thither. Somehow in the rush we became separated, and I was left in the darkness and mob, with our eldest child clinging to my skirts. Fortunately, I knew the name of the hotel we were going to, and finally succeeded in getting a carriage, drawn by a pair of tiny, shaggy ponies, and driven by a heathen who looked (and sounded) like a cut-throat. The ponies started off at a gallop before I had really taken my seat, the driver uttering sounds such as I never hope to hear again, and swinging his whip over the little beasts. A snow-storm was falling, and obscured our view, so that twice we locked wheels with carriages speeding in the opposite direction. Chinese curses are the most expressive things in that line that I have ever heard; but I was too frightened and exhausted to appreciate anything. At last, after what seemed an endless surging through the dark, we reached the hotel, where the rest of the party was frantically awaiting our arrival. The sick baby, as good as gold, with fiery cheeks and eyes that glittered like diamonds, was at last put into a real bed, and we lay down to sleep. In the morning the nurse told us that the baby had the measles. She had known it before, but did n't want to tell us, as she thought we had enough worries to contend with already.

We decided that the only thing to do was to push on to a place where there was competent medical help. Our steamer was to sail from Yokohama in three weeks, and we knew that there was no hope of getting later reservations for so large a party; so in the early morning we were up and making ready for the next stage of that unforgetable journey.

Once more on board the train, we passed through village after village replete with interest and novel sights. I thought the stone houses surrounded by walls, with loopholes through which to shoot and lookout towers, most picturesque. The Russians built them for the use of their railway-guards as a protection from the attacks of murderous, wandering tribes, and they stood at intervals all along the way.

Late that night we reached Chang Chung, and the enchanted sight which greeted us seemed like a scene from some fairy-play. Hundreds of yellow-paper lanterns swayed on slender sticks, held aloft by rickshaw-boys in fascinating blue and white attire, their slanting eyes shining in the soft light, and hundreds of voices calling musically into the velvet night. One by one they disappeared, running noiselessly across the open square, charming silhouettes, their lanterns bobbing up and down, bright blooms against the darkness.

After dining we made our way to the "office" of a man who exchanged money. To me it seemed like a den of thieves. A shrunken old creature opened a little wicket in the door and peered at us. Our Japanese friends reassured him, however, and he admitted us. Behind a second wicket there sat another ivory-yellow person, with half-closed Oriental eyes, and long, talon-like finger-nails, with which he dexterously moved about the piles of coins that lay before him.

On a couch in the back of the small room lay a person smoking a long opium-pipe, plainly indulging in mysterious dreams the while.

Our money exchanged, the wisp-like old elf at the door undid the huge bolts and let us out again, with a low bow and a toothless grin.

Our train, having been so late in coming from Russia, missed all the weekly express connections, and with our sick baby we found only American day-coaches at our disposal at the station next day. This, of course, was impossible, and we finally prevailed upon the polite and very perplexed Japanese officials to let us hire a sleeping-car for two days and a half through to Seul. The formalities connected with this were disposed of after a while, and while the train waited and every window had its quota of black-haired, slant-eyed curiosity hanging as far out over the sills as safety permitted, our car was run down and hitched to the train. Little ladders sprang up like magic on each side, and coolies as agile as monkeys scaled them and washed all the windows in the twinkling of an eye, although the train by this time was already six minutes late in starting. Towels, soap, and bed linen were produced as if by magic, and trundled down the platform in a little cart, while everybody watched, and the polite little station-master, now bent upon "doing the thing up in style," directed operations, watch in hand.

By this time we began to see the fun in this necessary luxury, and were inspired to invite our Japanese naval officers and a young Englishman to join us, as we had many compartments to spare. So, while water was being let into our tanks fore and aft, we rushed up to the head of the train to get them. More and more people gathered to see the antics of the mad foreigners, and all joined in waving and bowing a delighted farewell as the train pulled out on its way to Korea.

# On a Certain Condescension toward Fiction

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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IF only the reader of novels would say what he thinks about fiction! If only the dead hand of hereditary opinion did not grasp and distort what he feels! But he exercises a judgment that is not independent. Books, like persons, he estimates as much by the traditional reputation of the families they happen to be born in as by the merits they may themselves possess, and the traditional reputation of the novel in English has been bad.

Poetry has a most respectable tradition. Even now, when the realistic capering of free verse has emboldened the ordinary man to speak his mind freely, a reviewer hesitates to apply even to bad poetry so undignified a word as trash. The essay family is equally respectable, to be noticed, when noticed at all, with some of the reverence due to an ancient and dignified art. The sermon family, still numerous to a degree incredible to those who do not study the lists of new books, is so eminently respectable that few dare to abuse even its most futile members. But the novel was given a bad name in its youth that has overshadowed its successful maturity.

Our ancestors are much to blame. For centuries they have held the novel suspect as a kind of bastard literature, probably immoral, and certainly dangerous to intellectual health. But they are no more deeply responsible for our suppressed contempt of fiction than weak-kneed novelists who for many generations have striven to persuade the English reader that a good story was really a sermon, or a lecture on ethics, or a tract on economics or moral psychology, in disguise. Bernard Shaw, in his prefaces to the fiction that he succeeds somehow or another in making dramatic, is carrying on a tradition that Chaucer practised before him:

> And ye that holden this tale a folye,—
> As of a fox, or of a cok and hen,—
> Taketh the moralite, good men.

And that was the way they went at it for centuries, always pretending, always driven to pretend, that a good story was not good enough to be worth telling for itself alone, but must convey a moral or a satire or an awful lesson, or anything that might separate it from the "just fiction" that only the immoral and the frivolous among their contemporaries read or wrote. To-day we pay the price.

William Painter, her Majesty Queen Elizabeth's clerk of ordnance in the Tower, is an excellent instance. Stricken by a moral panic, he advertised that from his delectable "Palace of Pleasure" the young might "learne how to avoyde the ruine, overthrow, inconvenience and displeasure, that lascivious desire and wanton evil doth bring to their suters and pursuers"—a cowardly and disingenuous sop to the Puritans. His contemporary, the young sprig Geoffrey Fenton, who also turned to story-making, opines that in histories "the dignitye of vertue and fowelenes of vice appereth muche more lyvelye then in any morall teachynge," although the rascal knew that his "histories" were the sheerest, if not the purest, of fiction, with any moral purpose that might exist chiefly of his own creating. A century and more later Eliza Haywood, the ambiguous author of many ambiguous novels of the eighteenth century, prefaces her "Life's Progress through the Passions" (an ambiguous title) with like hypoc-

risy: "I am enemy to all romances, novels, and whatever carries the air of them. . . . It is a *real,* not a *fictitious* character I am about to present"—which is merely another instance of fiction disguising itself, this time, I regret to say, as immorality in real life. And so they all go, forever implying that fiction is frivolous or immoral or worthless, until it is not surprising that, as Mr. Bradsher has reminded us, the elder Timothy Dwight of Yale College was able to assert, "Between the Bible and novels there is a gulf fixed which few novel-readers are willing to pass." Richardson was forced to defend himself, so was Sterne, so was Fielding, so was Goldsmith. Dr. Johnson was evidently making concessions when he advised romances as reading for youth. Jeffrey, the critic and tyrant of the next century, summed it all up when he wrote that novels are "generally regarded as among the lower productions of our literature." And this is the reputation that the novel family has brought with it even down to our day.

The nineteenth century was worse, if anything, than earlier periods, for it furthered what might be called the evangelistic slant toward novel-reading, the attitude that neatly classified this form of self-indulgence with dancing, card-playing, hard drinking, and loose living of every description. It is true that the intellectuals and worldly folk in general did not share this prejudice. Walter Scott had made novel-reading general among the well-read; but the narrower sectarians in England, the people of the back country and the small towns in America, learned to regard the novel as unprofitable, if not positively leading toward ungodliness, and their unnumbered descendants make up the vast army of uncritical readers for which Grub Street strives and sweats today. They no longer abstain and condemn; instead, they patronize or distrust.

All this—and far more, for I have merely sketched in a long and painful history—is the background seldom remembered when we wonder at the easy condescension of the American toward his innumerable novels.

The fact of his condescension is not so well recognized as it deserves to be. Indeed, condescension may not seem to be an appropriate term for the passionate devouring of romance that one can see going on any day in the trolley-cars, or the tense seriousness with which some readers regard certain novelists whose pages have a message for the world. True, the term will not stretch thus far. But it is condescension that has made the trouble, as I shall try to prove; for all of us, even the tense ones, do patronize that creative instinct playing upon life as it is which in all times and everywhere is the very essence of fiction.

How absurd that here in America we should condescend toward our fiction! How ridiculous in a country even yet so weak and poor and crude in the arts, which has contributed so little to the world's store of all that makes fine living for the mind! What a laughable parallel of the cock and the gem he found and left upon the dung-heap, if we could be proved not to be proud of American fiction! For if the novel and the short story should be left out of America's slender contribution to world literature, the offering would be a small one. Some poetry of Whitman's and of Poe's, some essays of Emerson more philosophical than literary in their worth, a little Thoreau, and what important besides? Hawthorne would be left from the count, the best exemplar of the fine art of moral narrative in any language; Henry James would be left out, the master of them all in psychological character analysis; Poe the story-teller would be missing, and the art of the modern short story, which in English stems from him; Cooper would be lost from our accounting, for all his crudities the best historical novelist after Scott; Mark Twain, Howells, Bret Harte, Irving! Really, the attempt to exalt American literature is grateful if one begins upon fiction.

And how absurd to patronize, to treat with indifferent superiority just because they are members of the novel family, books such as these men have left us, books such as both men and women are writing

in America to-day! Is there finer workmanship in American painting or American music or American architecture than can be found in American novels by the reader willing to search and discriminate? A contemporary poet confessed that he would have rather written a certain sonnet (which accompanied the confession) than have built Brooklyn Bridge. One may doubt the special case, yet uphold the principle. Because a novel is meant to give pleasure, because it deals with imagination rather than with facts and appeals to the generality rather than to the merely literary man or the specialist, because, in short, a novel is a novel, and a modern American novel, is no excuse for priggish reserves in our praise or blame. If there is anything worth criticizing in contemporary American literature it is our fiction.

Absurd as it may seem in theory, we have patronized and do patronize our novels, even the best of them, following too surely, though with a bias of our own, the Anglo-Saxon prejudice traditional to the race. And if the curious frame of mind that many reserve for fiction be analyzed and blame distributed, there will be a multitude of readers, learned and unlearned, proud and humble, critical and uncritical, who must admit their share. Nevertheless, the righteous wrath inspired by the situation shall not draw us into that dangerous and humorless thing, a general indictment. There are readers aplenty who, to quote Painter once more, find their novels "pleasaunt to avoyde the griefe of a Winters night and length of Sommers day," and are duly appreciative of that service. With such honest, if unexacting, readers I have no quarrel; nor with many more critical who respect, while they criticize, the art of fiction. But with the scholars who slight fiction, the critics who play with it, the general reader who likes it contemptuously, and the social enthusiast who neglects its better for its worser part, the issue is direct. All are the victims of hereditary opinion; but some should know better than to be thus beguiled.

The Brahman among American readers of fiction is of course the college professor of English. His attitude (I speak of the type; there are individual variations of note) toward the novel is curious and interesting. It is exhibited perhaps in the title by which such courses in the novel as the college permits are usually listed. "Prose fiction" seems to be the favorite description, a label designed to recall the existence of an undeniably respectable poetical fiction that may justify a study of the baser prose. By such means is so dubious a term as novel or short story kept out of the college catalogue!

Yet even more curious is the academic attitude toward the novel itself. Whether the normal professor reads many or few is not the question, nor even how much he enjoys or dislikes them. It is what he permits himself to say that is significant. Behind every assent to excellence one feels a reservation: yes, it is good enough for a novel. Behind every criticism of untruth, of bad workmanship, of mediocrity (alas! so often deserved in America!) is a sneering implication: but, after all, it 's only a novel. Not thus does he treat the stodgy play in stodgier verse, the merits of which, after all, may amount to this, that in appearance it is literary; not thus the critical essay or investigation that too often is like the parasite whose sustaining life comes from the greater life on which it feeds. In the eyes of such a critic the author of an indifferent essay upon Poe has more distinguished himself than if he had written a better than indifferent short story. Fiction, he feels, is the plaything of the populace. The novel is "among the lower productions of our literature." It is plebeian, it is successful, it is multitudinous; the Greeks in their best period did not practise it (but here he may be wrong); any one can read it; let us keep it down, brethren, while we may. Many not professors so phrase their inmost thoughts of fiction and the novel.

And in all this the college professor is profoundly justified by tradition, if not always by common sense. To him belongs that custody of the classical in literature

which his profession inherited from the monasteries, and more remotely from the rhetoricians of Rome. And there is small place for fiction, and none at all for the novel and the short story as we know them, in what has been preserved of classic literature. The early Renaissance, with its Sidney for spokesman, attacked the rising Elizabethan drama because it was unclassical. The later Renaissance, by the pen of Addison (who would have made an admirable college professor), sneered at pure fiction, directly and by implication, because it was unclassical. To-day we have lost our veneration for Latin and Greek as languages, we no longer deprecate an English work because it happens to be in English; nevertheless the tradition still grips us, especially if we happen to be Brahmanic. Our college professors, and many less excusable, still doubt the artistic validity of work in a form never dignified by the practice of the ancients, never hallowed, like much of English literature besides, by a long line of native productions adapting classic forms to new ages and a new speech. The epic, the lyric, the pastoral, the comedy, the tragedy, the elegy, the satire, the myth, even the fable, have been classic, have usually been literature. But the novel has never been a preserve for the learned, although it came perilously near to that fate in the days of Shakspere; has ever been written for cash or for popular success rather than for scholarly reputation; has never been studied for grammar, for style, for its "beauties"; has since its genesis spawned into millions that no man can classify, and produced a hundred thousand pages of mediocrity for one masterpiece. All this (and in addition prejudices unexpressed and a residuum of hereditary bias) lies behind the failure of most professors of English to give the good modern novel its due. Their obstinacy is unfortunate; for, if they praised at all, they would not, like many hurried reviewers, praise the worst best.

I will not say that more harm has been done to the cause of the novel in America by feeble reviewing than by any other circumstance, for that would not be true; bad reading has been more responsible for the light estimation in which our novel is held. Nevertheless it is certain that the ill effects of a doubtful literary reputation are more sadly displayed in current criticism of the novel than elsewhere. An enormous effusion of writing about novels, especially in the daily papers, most of it casual and conventional, much of it with neither discrimination nor constraint, drowns the few manful voices raised to a pitch of honest concern. The criticism of fiction, taken by and large, is not so good as the criticism of our acted drama, not so good as our musical criticism, not so good as current reviewing of poetry and of published plays.

Are reviewers bewildered by the coveys of novels that wing into editorial offices by every mail? Is the reviewing of novels left to the novice as a mere rhetorical exercise in which, a subject being afforded, he can practise the display of words? Or is it because a novel is only a novel, only so many, many novels, for which the same hurried criticism must do, whether they be bad or mediocre or best? The reviewing page of the standard newspaper fills me with unutterable depression. There seem to be so many stories about which the same things can be said. There seems to be so much fiction that is "workmanlike," that is "fascinating," that "nobly grasps contemporary America," that will "become a part of permanent literature," that "lays bare the burning heart of the race." Of course the need of the journalist to make everything "strong" is behind much of this mockery; but not all. Hereditary disrespect for fiction has more to do with this flood of bad criticism than appears at first sight.

Far more depressing, however, is the rarity of real criticism of the novel anywhere. As Henry James, one of the few great critics who have been willing to take the novel seriously, remarked in a now famous essay, the most notable thing about the modern novel in English is its appearance of never having been criticized at all. A paragraph or so under "novels

of the day" is all the novelist may expect until he is famous, and more in quantity, but not much more in quality, then. As for critical essays devoted to his work, discriminating studies that pick out the few good books from the many bad, how few they are (and how welcome! How we quote from them!), how deplorably few in comparison with the quantity of novels, in comparison with the quality of the best novels! Is there a medium of publication anywhere in English devoted to the discriminating criticism of good fiction?

And what of the general public, that last arbiter in a democracy, whose referendum, for a year at least, confirms or renders null and void all critical legislation good or bad? The general public is apparently on the side of the novelist; to borrow a slang term expressive here, it is "crazy" about fiction. It reads so much fiction that hundreds of magazines and dozens of publishers live by nothing else. It reads so much fiction that public libraries have to bait their serious books with novels in order to get them read. It is so avid for fiction that the trades whose business it is to cultivate public favor, journalism and advertising, use almost as much fiction as the novel itself. A news article or an interview or a Sunday write-up nowadays has character, background, and a plot precisely like a short story. Its climax is carefully prepared for in the best manner of Edgar Allan Poe, and truth is rigorously subordinated (I do not say eliminated) in the interest of a vivid impression. Advertising has become half narrative and half familiar dialogue. Household goods are sold by anecdotes, ready-made clothes figure in episodes illustrated by short-story artists, and novelettes, distributed free, conduct us through an interesting fiction to the grand climax, where all plot complexities are untangled by the installation of an automatic water-heater. I am not criticizing the tendency, —it has made the pursuit of material comfort easier and more interesting,—but what a light it throws upon our mania for reading stories!

Alas! the novel needs protection from its friends. This vast appetite for fiction is highly uncritical. It will swallow anything that interests, regardless of the make-up of the dish. Only the inexperienced think that it is easy to write an interesting story; but it is evident that if a writer can be interesting he may lack every other virtue and yet succeed. He can be a bad workman, he can be untrue, he can be sentimental, he can be salacious, and yet succeed.

No one need excite himself over this circumstance. It is inevitable in a day when whole classes that never read before begin to read. The danger lies in the attitude of these new readers, and many old ones, toward their fiction. For they, too, condescend even when most hungry for stories. They, too, share the inherited opinion that a novel is only a novel, after all, to be read, but not to be respected, to be squeezed for its juices, then dropped like a grape-skin and forgotten. Perhaps the Elizabethan mob felt much the same way about the plays they crowded to see; but their respect, the critics' respect, Shakspere's respect, for the language of noble poesy, for noble words and deeds enshrined in poetry, is not paralleled to-day by an appreciation of the fine art of imaginative character representation as it appears in our novel and in all good fiction.

Is it necessary to prove this public disrespect? The terms in which novels are described by their sponsors is proof enough in itself. Seemingly, everything that is respectable must be claimed for every novel—good workmanship, vitality, moral excellence, relative superiority, absolute greatness—in order to secure for it any deference whatsoever. Or, from another angle, how many readers buy novels, and buy them to keep? How many modern novels does one find well bound, and placed on the shelves devoted to "standard reading"? In these Olympian fields a mediocre biography, a volume of second-rate poems, a rehash of history, will find their way before the novels that in the last decade have equaled, if not outranked, the rest of our creative literature.

If more proof were needed, the curious predilections of the serious-minded among our novel-readers would supply it. For not all Americans take the novel too lightly; some take it as heavily as death. To the school that tosses off and away the latest comer is opposed the school which, despising all frivolous stories written for pleasure merely, speaks in tense, devoted breath of those narratives wherein fiction is weighted with facts, and pinned by a moral to the sober side of life. It is significant that the novels most highly respected in America are studies of social conditions, reflexes of politics, or tales where the criticism of morals overshadows the narrative. Here the novel is an admirable agent. Its use as a purveyor of miscellaneous ideas upon things in general is no more objectionable than the cutting of young spruces to serve as Christmas-trees. For such a function they were not created, but they make a good end, nevertheless. The important inference is rather that American readers who do pretend to take the novel seriously are moved not so much by the fiction in their narratives as by the sociology, philosophy, or politics imaginatively portrayed. They respect a story with such a content because it comes as near as the novel can to not being fiction at all. And this, I imagine, is an unconscious throw-back to the old days when serious-minded readers chose Hannah More for the place of honor, because her stories taught the moralist how to live and die.

The historically minded will probably remark upon these general conclusions that a certain condescension toward some form of literature has ever been predictable of the general reader; the practically minded may add that no lasting harm to the mind of man and the pursuit of happiness seems to have come of it. The first I freely admit; the second I gravely doubt for the present and distrust for the future. Under conditions as we have them and will increasingly have them here in America, under democratic conditions, condescension toward fiction, the most democratic of literary arts, is certainly dangerous. It is dangerous because it discourages good writing. In this reading society that we have made for ourselves here and in western Europe, where much inspiration, more knowledge, and a fair share of the joy of living come from the printed page, good writing is clearly more valuable than ever before in the history of the race. I do not agree with the pessimists who think that a democratic civilization is necessarily an enemy to fine writing for the public. Such critics underrate the challenge which these millions of minds to be reached and souls to be touched must possess for the courageous author; they forget that writers, like actors, are inspired by a crowded house. But the thought and the labor and the pain that lie behind good writing are doubly difficult in an atmosphere of easy tolerance and good-natured condescension on the part of the readers of the completed work.

The novel is the test case for democratic literature. We cannot afford to pay its practitioners with cash merely, for cash discriminates in quantity and little more. Saul and David were judged by the numbers of their thousands slain; but the test was a crude one for them and cruder still for fiction. We cannot afford to patronize these novelists as our ancestors did before us. Not prizes or endowments or coterie worship or, certainly, more advertising is what the American novelist requires, but a greater respect for his craft. The Elizabethan playwright was frequently despised of the learned world, and, if a favorite, not always a respected one of the vulgar. Strange that learned and vulgar alike should repeat the fallacy in dispraising the preëminently popular art of our own times! To Sir Francis Bacon "Hamlet" was presumably only a play-actor's play. If the great American story should arrive at last, would we not call it "only a novel"?

# Free Fantasia on Japanese Themes

By AMY LOWELL

ALL the afternoon there has been a chirping of birds,
And the sun lies warm and still on the western sides of swollen branches.
There is no wind;
Even the little twigs at the ends of the branches do not move,
And the needles of the pines are solid
Bands of inarticulated blackness
Against the blue-white sky.
Still, but alert;
And my heart is still and alert,
Passive with sunshine,
Avid of adventure.

I would experience new emotions,
Submit to strange enchantments,
Bend to influences
Bizarre, exotic,
Fresh with burgeoning.

I would climb a sacred mountain,
Struggle with other pilgrims up a steep path through pine-trees,
Above to the smooth, treeless slopes,
And prostrate myself before a painted shrine,
Beating my hands upon the hot earth,
Quieting my eyes with the distant sparkle
Of the faint spring sea.

I would recline upon a balcony
In purple, curving folds of silk,
And my dress should be silvered with a pattern
Of butterflies and swallows,
And the black band of my obi
Should flash with gold, circular threads,
And glitter when I moved.
I would lean against the railing
While you sang to me of wars
Past and to come—
Sang, and played the samisen.
Perhaps I would beat a little hand drum
In time to your singing;
Perhaps I would only watch the play of light
On the hilts of your two swords.

I would sit in a covered boat,
Rocking slowly to the narrow waves of a river,
While above us, an arc of moving lanterns,
Curved a bridge.
And beyond the bridge,
A hiss of gold
Blooming out of blackness,
Rockets exploded,
And died in a soft dripping of colored stars.

We would float between the high trestles,
And drift away from the other boats,
Until the rockets flared soundless,
And their falling stars hung silent in the sky,
Like wistaria clusters above the ancient entrance of a temple.

I would anything
Rather than this cold paper,
With outside, the quiet sun on the sides of burgeoning branches,
And inside, only my books.

Public Library,
LAWRENCE, MASS.

# Raemaekers, a Mainspring of Armed Force

By S. STANWOOD MENKEN

TO justify the translation of the art of Raemaekers into a direct instrument of war, a mainspring of armed force, requires understanding of certain less apparent, yet important, forces of modern conflict. This can be had only through the knowledge that wars are won through the maintenance of one nation's morale, while compassing the destruction of the enemy's spirit. Germany understood the worth of both of these principles, and acted accordingly. Raemaekers checked her plans.

That the army of Germany exemplified the perfection of the machinery of conquest was well known before July, 1914. Its manœuvers had shown the superiority of its discipline and the completeness of its equipment. No one, however, not even those acquainted with the black record of German troops in China, with their creed of terror, designed to destroy morale, believed it possible that they had been trained to use like methods against fellow-Europeans. Civilization expected civilized warfare of Germany. When the code of decency was supplanted by brute rule, the general impression was that the course of the military did not accord with the views of the German people. We were certain that rapine and plunder, poison and torch, would be as strongly condemned in Dresden and Munich as in Boston and Philadelphia.

We thought then that we knew the Germans; we recalled them as earnest students, kindly philosophers, energetic and capable merchants, apparent devotees of the great arts, and singularly faithful members of the family circle. Their general support of the terrorists of Louvain and the murderers and mutilators of the innocent constitutes too great a transformation in character to be the result of any incidental change; it cannot be condoned on the plea of war craze or battle fever. It is the direct expression of the law of cause and effect.

The psychology of rule or ruin was due to a cruelly false system of education deliberately instituted by the Prussian authorities. Their conduct in China, Belgium, and Armenia was not wanton, but designed, cruelty. Terror had a definite place in their war program. To appreciate this, we must recall the Hohenzollern conception of state and its very practical way of asserting divine right by marshaling all its human powers and resources. In this effort, stimulated by forty years of ambition for world conquest, the Hohenzollerns used the most modern business methods and made the scientific application of organization the great development in government of our generation.

This system appraised all material and human resources within the state, and applied them with discrimination for the aggrandizement of state power. In its accounting it reckoned the ideas and ideals of a people as real forces. It determined to utilize them to shape the thoughts of the German people to its own purposes. The result was that the same *Kultur* that perfected the army and the industries of Germany exploited the hearts and minds of the German people.

We need not detail the procedure or the extent to which this intent was concealed beneath the guise of benevolence or the appeal to love of the fatherland. From childhood the Germans were part of an exacting system of education.

In school and gymnasium they were taught the need of vindictive war and given the gospel of hate. The German strategist, planning a world conflict, knew that great wars are won by peoples and not by armies, the determining factor be-

ing the citizenry behind the lines, the high morale of an industrial people being of value far beyond that of resources, of *matériel,* or of fighting legions. Mental preparedness equips those staying at home to withstand the strain of war, assures political and financial support, and guarantees the continuance of supplies of all kinds. Napoleon stated that an army travels on its stomach. Civilians, trained and willing, keep the stomach full. A people uninstructed in the cause and strain of war are as great a menace to victory as raw troops. Bernhardi and Treitschke repeat these views throughout their works, and the latter lectured on it for a generation.

Modern war being a contest of machinery, this is truer than ever, for machinery requires continual renewal and restoration. The mechanic, young and old, male and female, is an integral part of the military forces. Without this machinery, modern battle would fail for the Hun, for he fights with his "Big Berthe," his gas, and his liquid fire; he does not wage war in single conflict, nor does he generally attempt to be a man in a man-to-man arbitrament. The German principle of creating morale safeguards the means to fight and to continue fighting.

An integral part of the design of the Germans is to provide for the destruction of the spirit of the enemy. Any weakening of their opponent's support by the people behind the line is to their advantage; accordingly, they endeavor to introduce among their foes political disturbance, financial stress, and economic destruction. The extreme possibilities of their program have found expression in the Russian revolution and the Italian retreat.

In their attempts upon a foe's morale, the instruments are the spoken word, the falsely printed newspaper, and the pen and brush, each designed to misinform the civilian population and misdirect popular emotion.

Early in the war the great writers and poets of the Allied nations joined in combating, with all the inspiration of the cause of liberty, the campaigns launched in varied guise by seditionists here and abroad. In this effort literature has made a worthy contribution to the battle for civilization. It remained, however, for the art and genius of Raemaekers to rout the propagandists of the enemy by delineating the great basic truths of war as waged by the Huns. It has been his work, more than that of any other person, to delineate the righteousness of the Allied cause.

His portraiture is a protest, an indictment, and an inspiration. He destroys the foe's misrepresentation and exposes his mendacity while constructively informing the mind and awakening the imagination. He enables us to grasp all the details of sorrow, of devotion, together with all the splendor of modern battle behind his story. He horrifies us with the brutality of uncivilized warfare, and at the same time arouses within us the determination to right the wrongs of an outraged world. His very shock is a stimulus, for in telling us of the horror of war, Raemaekers makes us understand that to stop it forever by victory is the only thing worthy of thinking and feeling human beings. By speaking the universal language which art alone possesses, he has made the war clear to those who cannot read. Because of this genius for arousing our emotions, he is the premier recruiting agent of the armies of civilization for and behind the battle-line. He is truly a mainspring of our armed forces.

It was Germany's recognition of this fact that led Maximilian Harden to say that Raemaekers's cartoons have done more harm to the Prussian cause than any armed division of Allied troops.

To particularize as to the value of any of Raemaekers's cartoons is impossible; all are fine in spirit and execution. To us of America those which make the strongest appeal relate to Belgium, its women and its children; they stir most profoundly our very soul. There is also particular strength in his conception of America in the person of a greater, nobler, and more impressive Uncle Sam, whom he dignifies

in many of his pictures. When looking at him, we are moved by the portraiture of the national figure, inspired by justice, to support the right. The public appreciation of these pictures of Uncle Sam—and there are many of them—prove that Raemaekers, by grasping the highest spirit of American patriotism, has done much of the vital work of unifying America in its belief of the necessity of our entrance into the war. For America he transforms the struggle from a war for England, France, or any other nation, great or small, into a battle for democracy, for liberty, and for all the progress of all the ages. He makes it a war to maintain American principles for Americans, with full warning of the dangers of defeat, just as in his Belgium cartoons he makes the struggle one to procure for Belgium that little that can be done for it after all the havoc and destruction. It is his power of suggestion that the cause of the Allied nations is a common one, to win a victory for humanity, that constitutes Raemaekers's most important service to mankind.

We Americans must take our lesson from Raemaekers, and ever have in mind the reasons for the German view of the importance of his work. Those of us who have learned from his preachments and can prevision the full extent to which this

war will test the strength of the nation must do our part to awaken the body politic here generally to feel that the war is their war and for their liberties. We must repeat, and again repeat, that to them and those who come after them in this free land victory is the one thing worth while to Americans who have America first in their hearts. If we do not do this at once and thoroughly, we shall come to a time, perhaps not far distant, when the people will object to a continuance of the war, or at least there will be such a division of public sentiment as to make its conduct difficult. The little troubles that we have had to face are mere incidents compared with the sacrifices demanded of our Allies. We must help our fellows to learn and, learning, be ready to do and do and give and give until victory is attained.

We shall soon have the returns from the battle-field. We shall read with anxiety the rolls of dead and wounded, mounting into the thousands; and then, when the burden has become heavy and the cloud of uncertainty dark, we shall face the greatest danger, and have to be prepared to meet the culmination of the campaign of sedition sown here by ignorant pacifists, pro-Germans, and their paid agents.

Unless we succeed in bringing the teachings of Raemaekers to the people, they will not know how to deal with these conditions. We may then have riot and disorder. We must be ready for situations that have not existed since the days of Lincoln; so that when the test comes the people will prove the strength and quality of their democracy in their answer to the question of America's continuance in the war. Whether the United States decides in favor of national honor and liberty or dishonor and vassalage will be largely determined by the effect of the campaign of patriotic education which is now being conducted by the National Security League and other far-sighted organizations to inform the people of the reason of the war and its import to each of them.

To those who have not actually seen gatherings of the pacifists and socialists in our great cities, or who do not form their opinions of public affairs with the illumination that comes through common touch with all classes of people, it is incomprehensible that any one should not favor the war and be in entire sympathy with our Allies. The fact is (and any public man acquainted with actual conditions will admit it) that a certain proportion of our people are opposed to the war. The issues are confused in the minds of the ignorant and the socialist, and the pro-German has created much antagonism by spreading the doctrine that the war is capitalistic, and therefore should be opposed by the working-class. They are conducting an active and continuous propaganda and seem to be supplied with sufficient funds to meet all their requirements. To combat constructively their sedition requires continuous and constant labor, demands industry and intelligence. Those most experienced feel that the best work can be done by the spoken word, and that next thereto there is no single force of greater value than the pictures of that inspired Hollander whose genius serves humanity.

An excellent aid to national security at this time would be to provide for the reproduction of Raemaekers's cartoons in such popular form as to place them in the hands of every man, woman, and child in the country. They should be part of every moving-picture program, and issued to the country press throughout the United States. The doing of this would bring to the workers in the field, the toilers in the mines, and the artisans in the shops the full story of the evil of Germany's plan, and would afford a stimulus to that awakening of the national soul which alone will preserve democracy, the hope of all lovers of liberty throughout the world.

# Alley Ways

By HELEN R. HULL

Author of "The Fire"

CYNTHIA hurried between the sheeted counters toward the door. She had lingered so long that the other clerks had gone, and Mr. Bell himself stood, just shaking off his managerial airs, in final directions to the basement man. He unlatched the door for Cynthia, who slipped past him with a grave good night. Within her gravity, though, hung streamers of delight; she was proud of Mr. Bell's black-haired suaveness, proud of it as something belonging to her, since he managed the store where she clerked; she delighted in her own importance in being thus let out of the secretive, closed shop. She glanced down the street to see whether any one had noticed her emergence. At the sight of a girl loitering before the windows a few stores ahead she shivered, a forbidden streamer fluttering out. Queenie would n't take a hint, then. Cynthia walked slowly toward her, framing bits of self-defense. She had waited as long as she could; Queenie should have been blocks ahead of her. Instead, there she was, dropping into step beside her, a sick furtiveness glinting in wide, blue eyes.

"If you 're tryin' to shake me, say so."

"Don't be a silly!" exclaimed Cynthia, and the relief that chased off the furtiveness in Queenie's face banished her own faint resolve. She could n't strike at her brutally, as her mother had demanded.

"Was it Bell kept you? You 're awful' late."

"No. I—I could n't come earlier."

They swung off the main street, Queenie struggling to keep step.

"If you tried to shake me now, after all I told you,—" her plaintive voice came over Cynthia's shoulder,— "I don' know what I 'd do."

"Has anything happened?"

"Say, you don't need to run home, do you?" She plucked at Cynthia's arm, and with a little laugh Cynthia slackened her stride.

"Nothing 's happened, Queenie?" she repeated.

"I saw him."

"Queenie! Again! Where?"

"This noon. He was waiting—down near the river."

"What did you do?"

"I acted like I did n't see him; and then—I tried to run; and then I got home somehow."

"You did n't talk to him?"

Queenie shook her head, her eyes staring into Cynthia's in dogged appeal.

"Good for you! O Queenie, good for you!" Cynthia's cheeks flushed.

"Well, you said you 'd help me if I did n't talk to him."

"And you said you could n't help it; and now you 've proved you could." Cynthia's voice rang out in young triumph.

"I was afraid he 'd wait for me tonight." Queenie glanced at the warehouses they were passing. "He turns me all to water. You don't know."

"I knew, if you wanted to do it, you could." Cynthia nodded wisely at Queenie. She glowed with her triumph; she had projected her own strength into this girl. "I 'll walk down your street with you, and then if he comes—" She ended with a note of scorn.

"I keep thinking it 's him I see."

"Don't think about him. He is n't worth it."

"He ain't worse 'n most men."

"But if you think about other things—"

"What things?" Queenie's full lips twitched. "You can pretend you ain't

thinking about it, but it 's right there." She seized Cynthia's arm, a curious gurgle in her throat. "See! Is that him?" She pulled Cynthia to a stop in front of a little drug-store, peering in between the red and blue bottles.

"Don't stop and stare!" Cynthia jerked her along.

" 'T was n't." Queenie turned her face slowly back to Cynthia. Little blotches of color showed under the soft, pale cheeks. She clung to Cynthia's arm, pressing it against her body. "Oh, I don' know how to bear it!"

A strange tremor moved through Cynthia. She dragged her arm free.

"Don't act so here on the street," she said gently. "Some one will notice you."

They were almost to the river. A wagon passed them, the pitch of its rumble changing hollowly as it came to the wooden bridge.

"You see," Cynthia went on as the girls reached the bridge, "it is wicked to feel like that, now you know he has a wife." Queenie's emotion was strange wine on her lips, dizzying her.

"I did n't know that when I got to loving him." Queenie stared down at the muddy, sluggish current.

Cynthia grew stern.

"You do know now," she said; "so you must stop."

A group of workmen straggled past them, one of them grinning, teeth white in the grime and tan of his face.

"From the yards," said Queenie, pointing to the tracks across the river.

"You are n't listening."

"Oh, I hear you. But what am I going to do?" Queenie clung to the rail. "Sometimes—" she flung up her hand—"I think I 'll jump in. Living so handy to the river, I think of it."

"Nonsense!" Cynthia drew her again into a slow walk. "Don't you talk that way. You 've got a job, and there are lots of things for you to do."

"Job! It 's all right for you to talk, coming in for two weeks of the sale. How 'd you like selling notions all the time? 'Yes, 'm, these are five cents. No; them are ten.' Fine way to live, ain't it!"

"I think it 's fun."

"You got something else ahead. Would you stay doing it?"

"Well," — Cynthia hesitated, — "the family would n't let me. It was all I could do to make them let me do it these two weeks. But I think I 'd like it. You could get to be head of a department."

"Get laid off for the dull season!"

They had reached the end of the bridge, and Cynthia stopped impatiently. Queenie's apathy roiled the clear water of her wisdom—a lip wisdom that she echoed unquestioningly.

"If you won't make any effort yourself!" she cried. Queenie sucked in the corners of her mouth; an incongruous dimple flickered in one cheek. Her huge sailor-hat had slipped back, and her fair hair lay in moist curls around her forehead and ears. She looked almost like a baby, thought Cynthia, pityingly, so that she hurried on. "But of course you want to. Now let 's think. If you don't like the store, why not try something else?"

Queenie shook her head.

"I set out to be a private secret'ry, but I did n't have the mem'ry. I saved up, and took a course, but I could n't learn it."

"Well,"—Cynthia walked on,—"there must be something. I 'll think about it."

They came to an alley squeezing between old sheds.

"Would you—" Queenie hesitated—"would you have time to come down a piece with me?"

The two stepped into the dingy passage, Queenie shrinking close to Cynthia.

"I always feel he might step out the other side of this."

There was nothing beyond the sheds, though, but a mud path close along the river, with a cluster of shacks.

"Third one 's where I live," said Queenie, defiantly. " 'T ain't much and it 's full of kids. You better go back now." She clutched at Cynthia's arm. "You won't shake me, will you? Just feelin' there 's somebody knows, gives me more spunk."

"SHE CLUTCHED AT CYNTHIA'S ARM. 'YOU WON'T SHAKE ME, WILL YOU? JUST FEELIN' THERE 'S SOMEBODY KNOWS, GIVES ME MORE SPUNK' "

"Of course not. I 'll help you, Queenie." Cynthia flung up her head, her voice vibrating in her throat. The squalor of the houses by the river, the strange, dirty alley, this soft, trembling Queenie—all became an enhancing mystery lying in her hands for her to shape. "Good night," she whispered. "I 'll see you to-morrow."

She ran back through the alley, half expecting to be halted by a stranger, by him, perhaps.

As, breathless, she reached the street she heard a loud "Cynthia!" and there was her father pulling up his horse. She climbed in beside him, her "Hello, Father!" as nonchalant as her quick breath permitted. Confusion whirled within her for a moment, and then quieted enough to be recognized as despair. What were all her defenses, now that she had been seen coming out of the alley itself?

"Little late, are n't you?" her father asked.

"Why, not much."

"Your mother asked me to pick you up."

In the pause that followed, Cynthia set her chin, her eyes on the smooth, rapid motion of Daffy's flanks. She would n't say a thing. He could go ahead, if he had to. After a moment he did, casually.

"What 's so attractive about that girl, Cynthy?"

"I tried to get rid of her to-night—" At her father's glance a flush prickled in her eyelids, and she went on: "I did. I waited until the store was locked up. She was still hanging around. She begged me to go down the alley."

"Well,"—he touched up the horse,—"you 've had enough of the store. Your mother needs you around the house."

A lurch of the road-cart threw Cynthia against her father, and she saw, incredulously, the lines down his lean cheeks deepen. He was n't joking. He had swung over to the other side, then. She had lost her amused ally.

"But, Father, the sale lasts all this week. I can't stop."

"Bell's won't go out of business. If you won't play fair, you can't do what you want to."

"It is n't playing fair to go back on somebody that needs you."

Her father looked around at her.

"You can't do that girl any good. She 's a poor lot. Your mother told you to drop her. That 's all there is to it."

He turned the horse under the elm-trees of the drive, and walked her in silence to the steps of the house. There he waited for Cynthia to get out. She stood for an instant by the wheel, her eyes entreating him. But with a flick of the lines he said:

"I 'll just tell your mother you are n't going to work any more," and Cynthia, lagging up the steps, knew bitterly he meant that as a concession, the only one he could make her.

Supper was ready; she could hear her mother moving about the kitchen.

"I 'll be right down," she called halfway up the stairs.

As she splashed her eyes with cold water she pressed her fingers against them, so that the blood in the tips pounded on the eyeballs.

"Oh, I hate them!" she thought. "I won't go down!"

Then Robert called shrilly:

"Cynthy! Supper!" and she went slowly down to the dining-room.

Through the desultory supper-talk she was aware of her mother's gaze drifting about her, retreating if she looked up restively. Robert, eyeing her over his bread and butter, announced between bites:

"Huh, Cyn looks sick of her job."

"I am not!" Cynthia flashed at him, and winced as her mother replied:

"Hush, Robert! Cynthia is tired."

Later, in a dark corner of the porch, Cynthia looked into her black mood. It was all distorted images of herself: the self Mr. Bell would think her for "quitting her job," when she had said she could work two weeks; the self he would think her if he learned that she was being dragged away like a baby; the self—this all a shattered image—that Queenie would think her when she failed to appear in the morning, failed to keep that

promise to stand by her. Gone were the bright images she loved of herself as a person of independence, as a superior saleswoman, and, brightest of all, sharpest, as a wise benefactor. Within the house voices droned, her father and mother talking. A little impotent rage blew through her, blurring the distorted images into a microcosm of humiliation. The screen-door opened, and Cynthia, at the sight of her mother's figure, large in the dusk, drew back into her corner, a hard shell closing to about her heart.

"Cynthia?"

"Yes."

"Oh, there you are." She settled into a chair near Cynthia, rocking leisurely. "Your father says you are n't going to the store any more."

Cynthia's shell strained together.

"You have n't been yourself since you were there. It 's too hard work."

"Other girls do it," cried Cynthia.

"They have to. You don't."

There was a silence, in which Cynthia felt tiny flames of antagonism lick out from her contracted heart. Then her mother spoke again in the tone of one offering diversion to a sulky child.

"Rachel Meredith came in this afternoon. She said her dresses had come home. Why don't you go over now to see them, if you are n't too tired? You won't have much more chance to see Rachel."

Cynthia stirred in her chair. She did want to see Rachel. She wanted to refuse her mother's suggestion, but after a moment of perversity she knew she wished more to see Rachel.

"I might go over," she admitted.

"Don't stay too late, although you won't need to get up early to-morrow."

Until she was out of sight of the house Cynthia walked slowly; then she quickened her steps until she was almost running. The huge elms gathered the night in pools under their branches; waves of light ran out from the windows she passed, breaking into curious white foam on rose-bushes or dropping on smooth, pale lawns. The self of humiliation drifted away from her. Rachel would help her, would know what to do for Queenie. The thought of Rachel sang through her—tall, sweet Rachel, with white, light-touching hands.

She crept noiselessly across the grass to the side of the Meredith house. The French windows stood open to the screened porch, and just within one of them Rachel sat reading. Cynthia caught her breath in a second of hushed adoration; mystery lay about Rachel, like the soft light on her dark hair and graceful neck. To-night and to-morrow she could sit there reading; then she would be gone, changed. The thought of the strange man who was to come Friday to marry Rachel stirred in Cynthia jealous wonder. She wanted Rachel to look up, to see her standing there. Suddenly, with the breath of some warm night scent, Queenie seemed to press against her, quivering, imploring —Queenie in love, too. Her image dimmed the mystery about Rachel, and Cynthia moved impatiently away from such disloyalty. At the sound Rachel glanced up, and, with a soft "Cynthia!" came out to the edge of the veranda.

"Don't stand there staring, little moth!" she laughed. "Come in!"

Her voice was a warm rain of confusion falling deliciously upon Cynthia. She stumbled on the step, and then Rachel drew her inside the screens, laying an arm about her shoulders, and led her up the broad stairway to her own room. There was mystery here, too, in the disorder of the quiet, spacious chamber, in half-filled trunks, and piles of soft colors and textures on low chairs. Two nights more, and the beautiful disorder would be gone.

"Sit here, child." Rachel pushed to the floor a mass of tissue-paper, and Cynthia crouched on a corner of the couch.

"They must all be packed to-morrow, and I knew you 'd wish to see them."

Cynthia watched mutely, her eyes on the slender hands which caressed the fabrics, shaking out folds of silk, touching bits of embroidery. Rachel slipped her arms into a bright mandarin coat, and

wheeled in front of Cynthia. Incongruously, Queenie seemed to fling up her hands there, clumsy, short-fingered. Rachel, turning back to Cynthia, paused.

"What is it?" she asked.

The coat dropped from her shoulders, and she stepped near the couch. Cynthia shook her head; Queenie had no place here.

"I believe you 'd like me not to be married, little dumb thing!" Rachel touched Cynthia's cheek with cool fingers. "Is that it?"

"Oh, no; no!"

"Want to be rid of me, eh?"

"Rachel!" At Rachel's laugh Cynthia flushed. Perhaps Rachel guessed how she reveled in the exotic pain of losing her.

"There, I won't torment you. Come, we 'll go out on the porch. This is all, except loads of silver. Mother can show you that, if you like, afterward."

On the veranda again, Rachel sank into her hammock, and bade Cynthia pull her chair close.

"Now," she said lazily," tell me what you 've done to-day."

"I can't go back to the store." Cynthia plucked at the fringe of the hammock. "Father saw me—coming out the alley where Queenie lives. She 's that girl, you know."

"I thought you decided last night to avoid her."

Cynthia drew her hand hastily away.

"She—needs somebody," she protested.

"O Cynthia," Rachel's voice rallied her, "your heart 's too great for the world. That little alley girl does n't need my Cynthia."

"But I can help her."

"Cynthia dear, Lottie used to live down there near the river. I asked her if she knew these McQuades."

"Well." Cynthia was hostile. Whatever that hired girl knew did not matter.

"This Queenie has a bad name. Her mother can do nothing with her."

"It 's a stepmother. And, Rachel, she wants to —to do what 's right. I know."

Rachel reached for Cynthia's hand, held it in her cool, firm grasp.

"It 's you that 's good, dear. You can't understand yet. You can't alter mud. You just get smirched yourself."

Cynthia held herself rigid against the sweet thrill of Rachel's touch.

"But suppose—you fell in love,"—she sought for tangible form to give her confused thoughts,—"and then—he was married. Would n't it be hard?"

"Cynthia," said Rachel, releasing her hand, "you are an absurd child. If the girl were decent, she would n't be in love with a married man."

For a shivering mon ent Cynthia sat silent. Bending over a deep, lovely pool to touch it, she had found it polished glass. Then Rachel, with a sudden movement, drew her out of her chair to her knees by the hammock. The bewildering sweetness of Rachel's arms around her, of Rachel's throat against her hot cheek, sent that moment scuttling away, an ugly spider, to some remote corner of her being. She need n't know it was there. With a little sob she relaxed into the fragrant darkness.

"Don't think about it." Rachel's lips brushed her ear. "We have so few hours left. You are worn out—that horrid store!"

Think? She could think of nothing with Rachel lavishing light hands about her. Cynthia, sitting by the swaying hammock, felt the mystery creep about her, too. Rachel was so rich in love she could pour it out until the swimming joy became pain within you.

When Cynthia came slowly up the walk to her own house, voices on the porch ceased, and the red star of her father's cigar glowed out.

"Yes, the things were very nice," she said in a vague way, moving on toward the door.

"Going to bed?"

"Yes. Good night."

Later, lying in bed, she heard that interrupted talk picked up again. She was too drowsy to care. With her mind full of the drifting images at the border of sleep, she was sinking, sinking, when, unguarded, out scuttled the horrid spider of

doubt, rousing her to full wakefulness. Her mother and Rachel had talked that very day. Rachel had connived with her mother. There was surely something wrong in such easeful dispensing with Queenie. But Rachel's good-night kiss was there on her lips, seducing her to languor, and she slept.

The next morning she bent to household tasks with eager humility. She was unconsciously trying to force herself back to an old order of things, as though only thus could she be sure of loyalty to Rachel, of matter-of-fact tranquility at home. Her father was to stop at Bell's to say she would n't be down. Who would be given her counter? And Queenie—she saw her fumble with the cord of a parcel, count change into some customer's outstretched hand, always with her eyes toward the door, watching for her. At her mother's approach her thoughts would scatter, a swarm of flies driven from a bit of refuse, to gather black as soon as she was left alone.

Toward noon she put on her hat and sought out her mother.

"I 'm going after my money," she said stubbornly. "Mr. Bell might not be in this afternoon."

Her mother lifted her eyes from the white stuff she was sewing. For a second her needle continued its little pricking sound along a seam.

"I wanted you to try on this skirt," she suggested. "You want it for Rachel's wedding, don't you?"

"I 'll be right back." Cynthia fled.

The street was hot and still. The shadows huddled close about the trees, and the sweetish odor of tar swam in the glare. Cynthia's hurrying body sucked in the heat, grew heavy with it; but the discomfort gave her a dim relief. When she came at last to the bridge she stopped, peering off at the gray huddle of shacks. A breath from the river touched her moist forehead, and she looked down at the water, above which hung a wavering glow like molten air. Then she went on more slowly until she stopped again inside the doors of Bell's store.

It seemed dark and cool after the street, the aisles stretching back empty, interminable. She made her way between the counters, a dull sense of severance moving in her. The woman behind the silks nodded to her; she could see Mr. Bell's sleek head over the office partition.

Some one seized her arm. Queenie, with reproachful, swollen eyelids, made a grimace of caution toward the office, and drew Cynthia into the shelter of the tall thread-cases.

"I thought you was n't ever coming."

"I can't work any more."

Queenie's lips twitched in her pallid face.

"Has a bad name." Cynthia seemed to hear Rachel's low voice. Poor Queenie! She looked as if she had melted a little and sagged down.

"Why not?" Queenie thrust her face close. "Is it—me? They won't have you seeing me?"

"They think the work 's too hard." Cynthia's quick words fell back from Queenie's grin of contempt.

"Oh, I know; I ain't such a fool. You 're too good." She leaned heavily on the counter, her eyelids growing redder. "Well, Bell 's kicked me out, too. 'Won't need your services, Miss McQuade, after to-night.' They 's just two things left." She broke off at the approach of a customer, who looked curiously at the two girls, fingered some ribbons, and trailed on. Cynthia waited tensely. "One 's the river, th' other 's him. Anyhow, he wants me."

"I 'll ask Mr. Bell." Cynthia's fingers clenched into Queenie's arm. "When he knows I 'm going to leave—"

Queenie's pale eyes hung on Cynthia's an instant.

"Oh, you need n't bother." She edged away.

Had she felt that echoing speech —"You can't alter mud"? Cynthia drooped. Her power had run out of her; she had somehow lost her grip on Queenie. With a shrug Queenie tucked her blouse into her tight belt, and presented herself to the customer who had drifted back.

"'MR. BELL, THERE 'S SOMETHING I WANTED TO ASK YOU . . . COULD N'T YOU KEEP QUEENIE McQUADE ON?'"

After an irresolute moment Cynthia made a rush toward the office. Awkward, aware of the dust on her shoes, she seated herself by Mr. Bell's desk. He looked up from his papers.

"Yes, Miss Bates?"

"I just came for my salary, Mr. Bell."

"Oh, yes. Your father stopped in this morning. So you 've had enough of salesmanship?" He smiled, and Cynthia saw him changed to the Mr. Bell of church socials, his authority dropping away.

"They think so," she confided.

"Next time you want a job,"—he pulled open a drawer,—"I 'll give you a recommendation." He counted out three half-dollars. "Up to last night, was n't it?"

Cynthia drew her finger along the edge of the desk. Into her manner came an alloy of flattery. Instinctively, to gain her request, she sought to please his suave maleness.

"Mr. Bell, there 's something I wanted to ask you." Her breath fluttered. "As long as I have to—resign,"—she offered that phrase as a small jest, and at his smile hastened on,—"could n't you keep Queenie McQuade on? She needs work, oh, very much! She 'll do her best."

Mr. Bell's smile was swallowed up in a return of his manager air.

"She 's not an efficient clerk," he said shortly. He dropped the three coins into Cynthia's lap, and as she gathered them into her hand, added: "I 'm sorry she 's presumed upon your being in the store. I told your father and Miss Meredith this morning I regretted it. We don't mean to hire such girls."

Cynthia shrank away from the curiosity under his heavy eyebrows.

"They spoke to you—father and Rachel Meredith?"

"Just a word."

Cynthia stumbled to her feet.

"She must have work. She has n't done anything." Did she say the words or only attempt them?

"Don't you bother your pretty head about her, Miss Bates. You can see it is n't fair to our patrons or our other clerks."

Then with a little nod he had dismissed her. Her furtive glance as she hurried from the store disclosed no glimpse of Queenie. Ducking across the street, she stopped in the shelter of the wooden Indian in front of the tobacco shop. No Queenie stalking her. Slowly she walked on in the swimming heat, the world and her own inner self swooning in a sort of suspended life.

When she dragged herself into the house, the glistening pallor of her face brought a sharp order from her mother.

"You lie down. I should n't have let you trapes down-town in this heat. This is the last bit of your foolishness."

She lay on the couch in the library. The shrill of locusts outside and the clatter of dishes in the dining-room seemed remote and unreal.

Doubling down the crooked ways of sleep, she sought for Queenie, while something formless and horrible pursued her. Its tentacles reached for her at her very heels. She tried to scream. It clutched her shoulder, and she wrenched herself free of dream and sleep, to find her mother looking down at her.

"You 'd better have some lunch, Cynthia. It 's late."

The rest of that day Cynthia gave herself with wistful docility to her mother's suggestions. She stood before the mirror while her mother knelt to adjust the folds of the white dress, a tall, thin girl with drooping shoulders.

"There, that 's the best I can do." Her mother rose stiffly. "You don't seem to like it."

"Yes, I do, Mother. It 's pretty." Cynthia let the dress slide to the floor and stepped out of the white pile, a flush touching her cheeks. She felt the somber weight of ingratitude that her mother should kneel there, working for her, while she had no joy even in the dress.

"If you 'd just fill out a little—" Her mother's eyes were on her shoulders. "After the wedding you 've got to rest up. You 're like a rail."

Cynthia drew her gingham dress hastily over her head.

After supper, to Robert's glee, she offered to play checkers. Something inside her lay numb, with faint pricklings, like a cramped foot. As she bent over the black and yellow squares she heard her mother say:

"After the excitement of the wedding she 'll be all right."

Rachel's lover had come that afternoon. Cynthia was full of fierce relief that there was no chance of seeing Rachel again.

But at last she walked slowly, in order that she might not grow warm and red, under the elms and up the path to the Meredith house. Mrs. Meredith herself opened the door. Unexpectedly she kissed Cynthia, sighing, "Your turn some day soon." For the first time Cynthia saw her as Rachel faded and hardened by the years. She led Cynthia into the parlor, heavy with the sweetness of many roses. Cynthia was the only outsider. She sank into a chair, pulling her feet close to the rockers; Rachel's aunt, in stiff gray silk, her father, florid and strident, the minister in formal black, regarded her solemnly, almost hostilely. Then, after a long moment, Rachel stood between the curtains. Her eyes sought Cynthia's over the great cluster of roses in her arms, caressed her swiftly, and lifted to the man beside her. Back flooded the beautiful mystery, and Cynthia abandoned herself to it. She scarcely saw the man, after one glance at his blond head over Rachel's. She saw only Rachel's face, the rise and fall of the lace at her breast. Incredibly soon it was over; Rachel lifted her face to the man, and a jealous ecstasy racked Cynthia at their grave kiss. Rachel turned to her people, laughing; her arms held Cynthia for an instant.

Presently the machine whirled up to the door, and in a flash Rachel was gone, slim, tailored, beside the straight, proud figure of her husband.

Cynthia started slowly toward home, Rachel's roses filling her arms, their fragrance swimming up in the heat. Insidiously another odor mixed with theirs, until, with a shiver, Cynthia halted. Stripped quivering from her, naked, rose the hidden impulse. She must see Queenie. Unless she did, she could n't endure this beauty. It was n't fair. Forgetting the heat, shaking away the little thought of her mother waiting to hear about the wedding, she turned down the long street to the river.

Even at the entrance to the alley she did not hesitate. The third house, Queenie had said. It stood nearer the river than the others, down a sloping bank. Cynthia walked straight to the door, the roses drooping against her dress. Scraggly hens scurried off the doorstep. Inside, at her knock, came a scuffling sound, a smart slap, followed by a child's cry. The door opened, and a woman, wiping reddened arms on her drab wrapper, faced her.

"How do you do?" Cynthia peered past her into a room full of the sour smell of wash-water. "I 'm Cynthia Bates." She tried to smile against the woman's grim stare. "Is—is Queenie here?"

"What you want of her?"

Cynthia shrank back, her roses and white dress suddenly strident with mockery. The woman snatched at a buzzing fly, and shook her skirts clear of the clutching child who had crept to her feet. He pursed his dirty little mouth for a cry, and she jerked him into her arms.

"What you want?" she repeated.

"I knew her in the store."

"Oh, you 're that one! Well, she ain't here."

"Is she working somewhere?"

"Working! Her! Folks won't keep her. Expectin' us to feed her—a grown woman."

The woman returned to her tubs, setting the child on a chair. Cynthia saw round eyes, pale like Queenie's, staring at her from behind the tubs.

"She is n't here?" she persisted.

"I don't know where she is, and, what 's more, I don't want to." The woman broke into irritated volubility. "I says to her, if you can't work, you need n't eat. Crazy about the fellows she was, wanting to dress up fine and run with 'em. I stood it till she mixed up with a married

man; then I says, 'this is enough of you.' "

"Where did she go?" Cynthia asked slowly.

"She ain't been here since yesterday morning. She need n't show her face here again."

Cynthia climbed the slope, the roses slipping from her arms. She glanced back once. The baby had crept to the step, and sat gravely pulling the red petals from one of them. She felt curious eyes nibble at her from the other shacks.

As she entered the alley, she looked back at the river, catching a sob at the sight of a bit of white. Only a paper sluggishly drifting; not Queenie's round, pleading face.

In the alley the air hung stagnant, rotting with the old buildings. Queenie was gone, Rachel was gone. She came out to the glare of the street, and after a second's pause went on to the bridge. Leaning on the railing, she forced her eyes back to the squalid shore. For the first time she saw it without a hovering vision of herself as ministering angel. There it lay. Somewhere else Rachel was hurried off to shining happiness. And Queenie—

A grinding moment, and stark and undisguised that dormant thing within her stood up. They had done it, Rachel and the rest—pushed Queenie back into her mud. Under goodness lay that festering.

She would confront them with that terrible accusation. Her head high, she started swiftly toward her home. Presently her steps lagged again. The hard brilliance of her judgment dimmed. They would only repeat the things they had said. She could hear her mother's scorn. With her white skirts swinging limply about her ankles she came to the quiet, comfortable houses, in one of which she lived. A strange aloofness filled her. If she tried to tell them, her father and her mother, they would drag her back, shut her in safely, keep her cabined, *good*. She would keep silent.

She came to the steps of the house, a pale light in her tired face. Her quest had begun, secret, bewildering.

## An Old Poet to His Love

*By MAXWELL BODENHEIM*

AN old silver church in a forest
Is my love for you.
The trees around it
Are words that I have stolen from your heart.
An old silver bell, the last smile you left me,
Is at the top of my church.
It rings only when you come through the forest
And stand beside it.
And then it has no need for ringing,
For your voice takes its place.

"THE STORM-CLOUD," BY FELIX-JOSEPH-AUGUSTE BRACQUEMOND

# Appreciation of Etching

By FRANK WEITENKAMPF

CONSIDERATION of the "Making of an Etching," in THE CENTURY for April, 1917, was proper and necessary as a preliminary. As was said then, "Appreciation of etching must be based in part on knowledge of the manner of production." Since the artist must adapt his method to the medium,—that is, the material and tools he uses,—some understanding of all this will aid in the appreciation of any work of art. But in the end appreciation 's the thing. It is what the artist has to say that concerns us.

Knowing the nature of etching, we can study and enjoy its application by the masters of the art. Its suppleness gives opportunity of expression to the most widely differing personalities.

We are often told that etching is an art of elimination rather than of addition, of summary indication rather than of elaboration; as with Whistler, an art of lines, not of masses. True; yet famous etchers have also submerged the individual line in a production of tones. Take Claude Lorrain, whose "Cowherd" is a wonderful rendering of the atmospheric effect of a late afternoon; or A. Waterlo; or Ruysdael; or Rembrandt, who in his famous full-length of Jan Six and in that sympathetic bit of self-analysis, "Rembrandt Drawing at a Window," has his lines advance in massed formation to produce completeness of effect. But their grouped lines have a free, interlocking flow different from the measured, regular run of the engraved line on copper and steel. It is just this which makes etching preëminently a process for the artist producing original work. In engraving, the burin, held with its handle in the palm of the hand, is pushed along through the surface of the copper-plate. The result is inevitably formal. In etching, the "needle" plays lightly through the etching ground on the copper in the manner of a pencil, with a free, spontaneous result.

The etcher speaks his mind freely and directly, provided the mind is there.

"THE COWHERD," BY CLAUDE LORRAIN

Ability to put a drawing on the coated plate and bite it in the acid bath is not enough. Technic is only a means to an end. Technical dexterity alone will not answer Ruskin's condition, "The highest aim of all imaginative art is to give noble grounds for noble emotions." Not all who etch are chosen to stand among those who justify the preëminence of etching as a "painter art" for original, direct expression. Personality is essential.

The really great etchers can be counted on the fingers of one's hands. At the head stand two, different in attitude and expression, yet alike in understanding of the medium, Rembrandt and Whistler.

Rembrandt is a big and compelling figure; his range wide, his expression varied, his insight, subtlety, and intensity the outcome of a whole-souled sympathy with his work in its relation to the world about him. His portraits recall Hamerton's saying that they showed dignity without pretension, while many modern ones had pretension without dignity. Witness that wonderful study of his mother, seated, a dignified, reticent, energetic old lady; Lutma; Clement de Jonghe; and his self-portraits, the one "leaning on a sill," a work of grace and charm, the lines firm, yet slender and sensitive, or the one "drawing at a window," wonderfully appealing in its introspection. His figure pieces range from the large "Christ Healing the Sick" (the so-called "hundred-guilder print"), with its strong chiaroscuro effect, to the slight, yet pathetically expressive, "David in Prayer." These portraits and figure pieces give utterance to fundamental sympathies appealing to our own. His views of his native land have been described as the "triumphal blossoming of landscape." They are "full of air and sun and space," writes Binyon, who adds that they contain the essential genius and atmosphere of Dutch landscape. That is always apparent, for instance, in that slight sketch, "Six's Bridge" (done while Six's servant ran out for mustard), the dramatically elaborated "Three Trees," the crisp, clear "Landscape with an Obelisk," or the comprehensive view of "The Gold-weigher's Field," in which the very atmosphere of Holland is summarily suggested.

Whistler was cast not in a finer, but a more delicate, mold. Perhaps one may attribute to him fastidiousness rather than

sympathies. In his earlier, French, period he tended toward fullness of effect, as in the famous "Kitchen." To this period belong also portraits such as the firmly placed, yet delicate, Drouet, and the "Engraver," with its unctuous dry-point emphasis. The London series shows somewhat more open lines, but still definite statement of detail, as in the "Black Lion Wharf," with no loss of unity, however. With the Venetian subjects his lines grow increasingly suggestive, incisive, like a rapier-thrust, placed with fine exercise of what Pater called the "tact of omission," giving summary impression with elimination of non-essential facts. Blank spaces are eloquent; the unsaid counts as well as the said. This unusual power of indication implied sureness of vision, discriminating selection, extraordinary sense of adjustment, remarkable arrangement of line. His works were "personal impressions, always new and beautiful," fresh, vivacious, joyous.

Whistler's brother-in-law, Sir Francis Seymour Haden, a surgeon by profession and one of the great etchers, produced plates marked by variety in method. Haden finely suited the manner to the purpose. The classically calm "Shere Mill Pond" is composed in well-balanced, firm lines; the "Towing-Path" has richness of dry-point bur, with droll expressiveness in the blur representing a little dog. Five sketches done in one day in Wales were set down in brisk notation of picturesque qualities, and in "Early Morning, Richmond," the shimmering atmospheric effect of the hour is carefully and subtly rendered. The influence of his home-land, often in its humblest and not always obviously picturesque aspects, is evident, for instance, in the "Water Meadow," "Egham Lock," and "Combe Bottom." Stress on incident, appeal to patriotic memory, are strong in "Breaking up of the *Agamemnon*," invested with noteworthy mood and atmosphere and movement. Thus again is emphasized the fact that national characteristics seen through a personality mark the finest works of art.

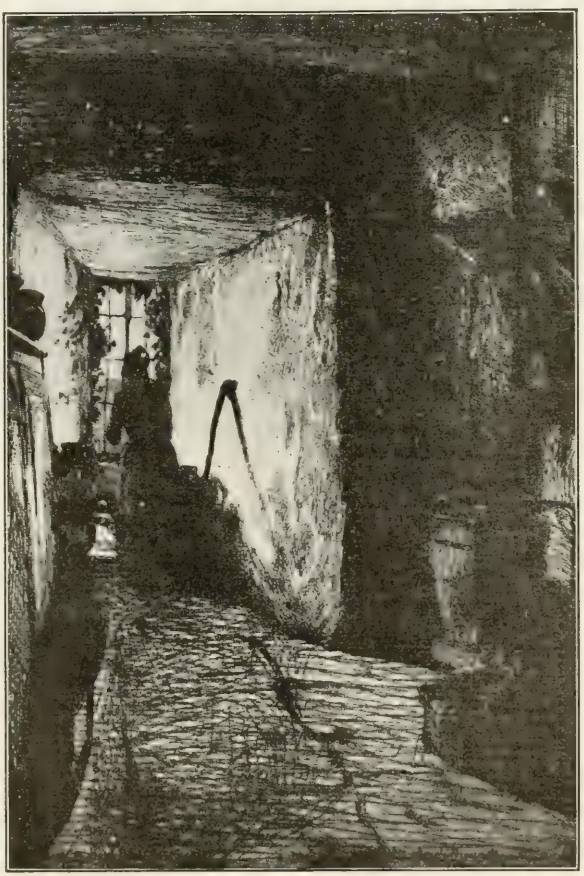
LANDSCAPE WITH THREE COTTAGES, BY REMBRANDT

PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER, BY REMBRANDT

Local interest again stands out strongly in Charles Méryon's series of etchings in which he held for us old Paris, which he saw disappearing in part under the leveling hand of city-planners during the Second Empire. His weirdly powerful pictures of the French capital, strangely fascinating, embody the spirit of other days. To him the stones of old Paris spoke of those who had lived and loved and battled and suffered there. And in the "Stryge," brooding over the city, he pictured one of the stone monsters of Notre Dame, which to him personified "stupidity, cruelty, lust, hypocracy." "It seems," said Goncourt, "as if a hand of the past had held the graver . . . . of the visionary poet-artist, who had seated at his sides madness and misery." Yet his methods were sane, even measured, his lines "firm, regular, delicate, but not spontaneous." There was never a finer conception of Notre Dame of Paris than his solemnly beautiful "Apse," for impressions of which he was glad to get a franc and a half, while recent years have seen them sell for fifteen thousand francs and more. Poor Méryon's fame was posthumous; in despair he destroyed his finest plates and died in a madhouse.

These four are great names in etching, the greatest; but there are others, to suit various tastes. Vandyke's portraits are brilliant examples of easy, decisive grace and nobility of expression. A group of seventeenth century Dutch and Flemish etchers includes Ostade, whose masterly descriptions of peasant life are well characterized and composed; Potter and Berghem, depicters of animals; and landscapists such as Ruysdael, Waterlo, and Breenberg, the last the author of a series of little plates of about three by two inches, but with remarkable breadth. And there was Hollar, that Bohemian transplanted by Arundel to the England of Charles I and the Protectorate, an honest, intelligent craftsman whose dexterity attracted Seymour Haden. He signed many interesting town views and some noteworthy studies of muffs. Still within the seventeenth century we have Claude Lorrain, already mentioned, and Callot, whose diminutive figures are set down with consummate skill in his "Miseries of War" and the two delightful views of Paris, showing the Tour de Nesle from upstream and down. These and other artists represent wide variety in point of view, in subject, in treatment.

Now there comes a clean jump almost to the nineteenth century. Stop to note the Englishmen Turner (whose "Liber Studiorum," a classic in etching and mezzotint, runs the gamut of landscape emotions); Girtin and Daniell, too little known; the Spaniard Goya, audacious, satirical, fantastic, powerful, fascinating; and the Italian Piranesi, who delineated the architectural beauties of old Rome in grandly picturesque effects. Then take a shorter stride to the middle of the nineteenth century and the French revival of the art. Corot etched a few plates, Millet a dozen or two, Daubigny a considerable number, Jacque very many. The last is properly credited with a deep and sincere love of simple country life. From him, emphasizing contrasts, one may turn to Buhot, dashing chronicler of the doings of Paris streets, vivacious, resourceful, an experimenter to whom all methods were permissible to gain effects. A different type, also an experimenter, was Bracquemond, of whom Méryon once said: "I cannot etch. That one, there, he is the true etcher," and to whom Gavarni and Millet came for technical aid. His resourceful mastery of processes was joined to robustness and versatility. Some of his ducks have the fascination that live ones had for *Wiggleswick* and *Septimus* in W. J. Locke's novel, and his "Old Cock" is

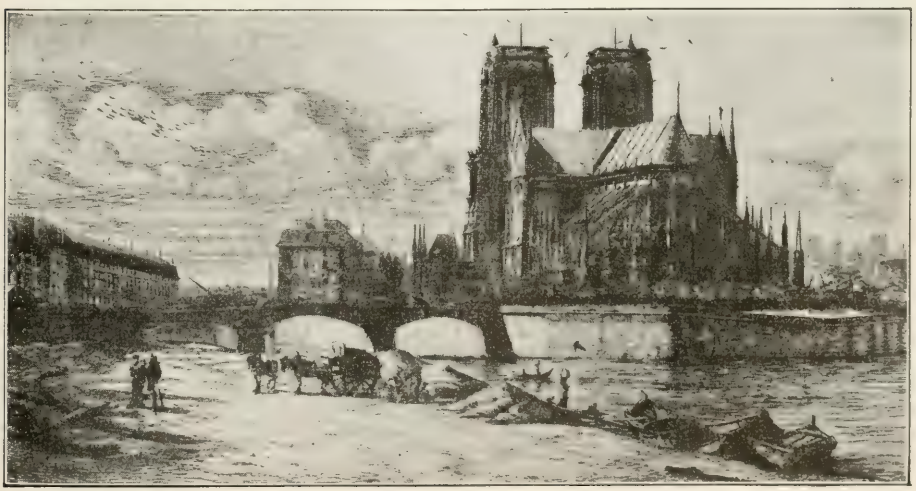


"THE KITCHEN," BY J. A. McN. WHISTLER

"THE TOWING-PATH," BY SIR FRANCIS SEYMOUR HADEN

a masterpiece of fowl characterization. Then there was Lalanne, an artist of facile draftsmanship, sane, self-possessed craftsmanship. Appian, too, and Veyrassat, who did delightful small plates of horses. Variety may be accentuated by such extremes as the expressive sketchiness in Jongkind's skating and other scenes, and the faithful, yet delicately free, translations, by Jacquemart, of glass and crystal and other ware into etching.

Legros, a "belated old master," went to England to live and teach, and to produce plates of singular force and a shy, uncompromising beauty. His development brought much change in handling. With his earliest work, grim, austere, weird, such as the Poe illustrations, there came sympathetic dealing with the existence of the poor, expressed with powerful seriousness in the unforgetable "Death of the Vagabond," the poor wretch gasping his



"APSE OF NOTRE DAME OF PARIS," BY CHARLES MÉRYON

"UPRIGHT VENICE," BY J. A. McN. WHISTLER

life away on a lonely spot in a howling storm. Portraiture he invested with gravity, dignity, and refinement. In his landscapes, all the tenderness in his outlook was intensified even by his very subjects, such as the brook-side scenes. His work is marked by contrasts, but through it all run "sincerity, sympathy, and power," to use Paul Haviland's words. Of a certain kinship to him is William Strang, while Short goes more, and with calm mastery, on the even tenor of the landscape artist's

PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF, BY SIR ANTHONY VANDYKE

"THE BLESSING," BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE

way. Cameron and Bone have attained enviable and deserved reputation, with accompaniment of rising auction prices. Brangwyn has practised the art with the bold sweep of line of his paintings, producing large prints for wall decoration rather than for the portfolio. A group of younger men in England, among them McBey and Malcolm Osborn, includes some whose work is likely to live.

In France perhaps the strongest personality to-day is Auguste Lepère, originally a wood-engraver. His energetic line and freedom of vision are expressed with both firmness and delicacy. His landscapes have charm as well as strength, and his figures are not mere *staffage*, but play their active part, as in that record of the Cathedral of Amiens, which he calls "L'Inventaire." Miss E. L. Cary has well said that he has a "vision singularly prompt and synthetic." He himself summed up his aim in the words:

A LANDSCAPE, BY ALPHONSE LEGROS

"Not to imitate. To express." Béjot, different in point of view, a tranquil, frank spirit, pictures a cheerful, sunny, happy Paris as he sees it.

You may turn to Sweden, where Zorn, a recorder of facts promptly seized and clearly presented, chants the praise of healthy beauty in his unabashed nudes. Or to Germany and the absolutely different, also absolutely local, art of Klinger. Or to Holland, and Bauer's visions of the Orient. Or to our own land. There one of the first to come to mind is Mary Cassatt. A remarkable insight into child nature is shown in her truthful, sympathetic presentations, in dry-point, of plain women and ordinary babies, without pose or the appeal of weak sentimentality, done with straightforward skill and summariness. Pennell, for years a Londoner, has sketched many scenes in many lands with unerring, rapid appreciation of picturesque qualities. In recent years he has been busied in drawing artistic effects from industrial constructions. Webster, Aid, and Hornby have found much inspiration in France, while C. A. Platt, Mielatz, Washburn, Hassam, Benson, Sloan, and others have sought subjects in our home-land. And from across our Northern border came D. S. MacLaughlan.

So, then, the art is being practised today with dignity and capability in various instances worthy of attention and support. It is a question of wise choice.

The field is large, the product varied. And suppose the things we like are not always obtainable, too rare, or beyond our individual pocket-book? One need not possess everything one appreciates. However, moderate collecting is still possible for the person of moderate means.

As etching attracts to further study, fuller information will be wanted. There are many books and magazine articles. In recent years alone C. Holme issued three volumes of reproductions of etchings, and Sir Frederick Wedmore set down his dicta in a bulky book. In an article such as the present it is impossible to give more than a slight indication of the wealth of interest in etchings. But the purpose of this screed will be attained if it leads some to seek a better acquaintance with the art. Nor have enough names been mentioned here to preclude the pleasure of discovery on one's own account.

In the end, " a mere bookish learning is a poor, paltry learning," as Montaigne has it. The thing to do is to see. Public print-rooms and dealers arrange exhibitions, and there are traveling shows.

The peculiar intimacy of enjoyment which the etching brings is emphasized also by the fact that it is not an art of broad effects, but must be studied close at hand. That intimacy is the beholder's as he responds to the artist's expression of mood, of himself, which Emerson, Delacroix, Corot, Millet, and many others have described, in widely different phrase, as the very essence of art. It is a bright French saying that the artist paints on any day, but etches only on his good days.

The point is to find and select those etchings which, as the outcome of an artistic and personal life worth while, offer us something worth admiring, and studying and feeling, something that enters into relation with our own life, something to live with. That is surely a good test for a work of art that it proves to be not a facile response to a whim or fancy or love of a joke, but can undergo daily contemplation and be worthy of it.

# The Happiest Time of Their Lives

By ALICE DUER MILLER

Author of "Come Out of the Kitchen," etc.

Illustrations by Paul Meylan.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I–X—Mathilde Severance lives in New York with her beautiful mother, Adelaide, and her stepfather, Vincent Farron, "a leader of men." Adelaide has divorced her first husband and is now deeply in love with Farron. Mathilde is eighteen and very beautiful. She meets Pierson Wayne, a young statistician, at a dance. The following night they become engaged. Adelaide is displeased, as she wants a "person" for Mathilde's husband and decides to turn Mathilde from "Pete" by judicious sarcasm. She sends her father, Mr. Lanley, to call on Mrs. Wayne. He finds his hostess a charming, energetic woman, but her candor draws them into a discussion that Mr. Lanley takes as a personal reflection upon him. Afterward Mrs. Wayne tells Pete that she thinks she has "spoiled everything." Adelaide herself goes to call on Mrs. Wayne, hoping to convince her that there must be no immediate engagement. She invites Mrs. Wayne and Pete to dine. At the dinner Mr. Lanley finds that he is not angry with Mrs. Wayne. The older people come to no definite understanding, but Farron assures Adelaide that Mathilde and Pete are really in love. That night Farron tells Adelaide that he is ill and probably cannot live. Farron's operation is successful, Pete's firm decides to send him to China, and Mathilde, after an unprofitable interview with Adelaide, says she will go with him. Mrs. Wayne goes to a dinner at Mr. Lanley's house, and is too frank.

## CHAPTER XI

EARLY the next morning, in Mrs. Baxter's parlance,—that is to say, some little time before the sun had reached the meridian,—she was ringing Adelaide's door-bell, while she minutely observed the curtains, the door-mat, the ivy plants in the vestibule, and the brightness of the brass knobs on the railing. In this she had a double motive: what was evil she would criticize, what was good she would copy.

Adelaide was sitting with her husband when her visitor's name was brought up. Since she had discovered that she was to be nothing but a sort of super-nurse to him, she found herself expert at rendering such service. She had brought in his favorite flowers, chosen a book for his bedside, and now sat gossiping beside him, not bringing him, as she said to herself, any of her real troubles; that would not be good for him. How extraordinarily easy it was to conceal, she thought. She heard her own tones, as gay and intimate as ever, as satisfactory to Vincent; and yet all the time her mind was working apart on her anxieties about Mathilde—anxieties with which, of course, one could n't bother a poor sick creature. She smoothed his pillow with the utmost tenderness.

"Oh, Pringle," she said, in answer to his announcement that Mrs. Baxter was down-stairs, "you have n't let her in?"

"She 's in the drawing-room, Madam." And Pringle added as a clear indication of what he considered his duty, "She came in Mr. Lanley's motor."

"Of course she did. Well, say I 'll be down," and as Pringle went away with this encouraging intelligence, Adelaide sank even farther back in her chair and looked at her husband. "What I am called upon to sacrifice to other people's

love affairs! The Waynes and Mrs. Baxter—I never have time for my own friends. I don't mind Mrs. Baxter. When you 're well and I can have a dinner, I ask all the stupid people together to whom I owe parties, and she is so pleased with them, and thinks they represent the most brilliant New York circle; but to have to go down and actually talk to her, is n't that hard, Vin?"

"Hard on me," said Farron.

"Oh, I shall come back—exhausted."

"By what you have given out?"

"No, but by her intense intimacy. You have no idea how well she knows me. It 's Adelaide this and Adelaide that and 'the last time you stayed with me in Baltimore.' You know, Vin, I never stayed with her but once, and that only because she found me in the hotel and kidnapped me. However,"—Adelaide stood up with determination,—"one good thing is, I have begun to have an effect on my father. He does not like her any more. He was distinctly bored at the prospect of her visit this time. He did not resent it at all when I called her an upholstered old lady. I really think," she added, with modest justice, "that I am rather good at poisoning people's minds against their undesirable friends." She paused, debating how long it would take her to separate Mathilde from the Wayne boy; and recalling that this was no topic for an invalid, she smiled at him and went downstairs.

"My dear Adelaide!" said Mrs. Baxter, enveloping her in a powdery caress.

"How wonderfully you 're looking, Mrs. Baxter," said Adelaide, choosing her adverb with intention.

"Now tell me, dear," said Mrs. Baxter, with a wave of a gloved hand, "what are those Italian embroideries?"

"Those?" Adelaide lifted her eyebrows. "Ah, you 're in fun! A collector like you! Surely you know what those are."

"No," answered Mrs. Baxter, firmly, though she wished she had selected something else to comment on.

"Oh, they are the Villanelli embroideries," said Adelaide, carelessly, very much as if she had said they were the Raphael cartoons, so that Mrs. Baxter was forced to reply in an awestruck tone:

"You don't tell me! Are they, really?"

Adelaide nodded brightly. She had not actually made up the name. It was that of an obscure little palace where she had bought the hangings, and if Mrs. Baxter had had the courage to acknowledge ignorance, Adelaide would have told the truth. As it was, she recognized that by methods such as this she could retain absolute control over people like Mrs. Baxter.

The lady from Baltimore decided on a more general scope.

"Ah, your room!" she said. "Do you know whose it always reminds me of—that lovely salon of Madame de Liantour's?"

"What, of poor little Henriette's!" cried Adelaide, and she laid her hand appealingly for an instant on Mrs. Baxter's knee. "That 's a cruel thing to say. All her good things, you know, were sold years ago. Everything she has is a reproduction. Am I really like her?"

Getting out of this as best she could on a vague statement about atmosphere and sunshine and charm, Mrs. Baxter took refuge in inquiries about Vincent's health, 'your charming child,' and your dear father."

"You know more about my dear father than I do," returned Adelaide, sweetly. It was Mrs. Baxter's cue.

"I did not feel last evening that I knew anything about him at all. He is in a new phase, almost a new personality. Tell me, who is this Mrs. Wayne?"

"Mrs. Wayne?" Mrs. Baxter must have felt herself revenged by the complete surprise of Adelaide's tone.

"Yes, she dined at the house last evening. Apparently it was to have been a tête-à-tête dinner, but my arrival changed it to a *partie carrée*." She talked on about Wilsey and the conversation of the evening, but it made little difference what she said, for her full idea had reached Adelaide from the start, and had gathered to itself in an instant a hundred confirma-

tory memories. Like a picture, she saw before her Mrs. Wayne's sitting-room, with the ink-spots on the rug. Who would not wish to exchange that for Mr. Lanley's series of fresh, beautiful rooms? Suddenly she gave her attention back to Mrs. Baxter, who was saying:

"I assure you, when we were alone I was prepared for a formal announcement."

It was not safe to be the bearer of ill tidings to Adelaide.

"An announcement?" she said wonderingly. "Oh, no, Mrs. Baxter, my father will never marry again. There have always been rumors, and you can't imagine how he and I have laughed over them together."

As the indisputable subject of such rumors in past times, Mrs. Baxter fitted a little arrow in her bow.

"In the past," she said, "women of suitable age have not perhaps been willing to consider the question, but this lady seems to me distinctly willing."

"More than willingness on the lady's part has been needed," answered Adelaide, and then Pringle's ample form appeared in the doorway. "There 's a man from the office here, Madam, asking to see Mr. Farron."

"Mr. Farron can see no one." A sudden light flashed upon her. "What is his name, Pringle?"

"Burke, Madame."

"Oh, let him come in." Adelaide turned to Mrs. Baxter. "I will show you," she said, "one of the finest sights you ever saw." The next instant Marty was in the room. Not so gorgeous as in his wedding-attire, he was still an exceedingly fine young animal. He was not so magnificently defiant as before, but he scowled at his unaccustomed surroundings under his dark brows.

"It 's Mr. Farron I wanted to see," he said, a soft roll to his r's. At Mrs. Wayne's Adelaide had suffered from being out of her own surroundings, but here she was on her own field, and she meant to make Burke feel it. She was leaning with her elbow on the back of the sofa, and now she slipped her bright rings down her slim fingers and shook them back again as she looked up at Burke and spoke to him as she would have done to a servant.

"Mr. Farron cannot see you."

Cleverer people than Burke had struggled vainly against the poison of inferiority which this tone instilled into their minds.

"That 's what they keep telling me down-town. I never knew him sick before."

"No?"

"It would n't take five minutes."

"Mr. Farron is too weak to see you."

Marty made a strange grating sound in his throat, and Adelaide asked like a queen bending from the throne:

"What seems to be the matter, Burke?"

"Why,"—Burke turned upon her the flare of his light, fierce eyes,—"they have it on me on the dock that as soon as he comes back he means to bounce me."

"To bounce you," repeated Adelaide, and she almost smiled as she thought of that poor exhausted figure up-stairs.

"I don't care if he does or not," Marty went on. "I 'm not so damned stuck on the job. There 's others."

"There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far," murmured Adelaide.

Again he scowled, feeling the approach of something hostile to him.

"What 's that?" he asked, surmising that she was insulting him.

"I said I supposed you could get a better job if you tried."

He did not like this tone either.

"Well, whether I could or not," he said, "this is no way. I 'm losing my hold of my men."

"Oh, I can't imagine your doing that, Burke."

He turned on her to see if she was really daring to laugh at him, and met an eye as steady as his own.

"I guess I 'm wasting my time here," he said, and something intimated that some one would pay for that expenditure.

"Shall I take a message to Mr. Farron for you?" said Adelaide.

He nodded.

"Yes. Tell him that if I 'm to go, I 'll go to-day."

"I see." She rose slowly, as if in response to a vague, amusing caprice. "Just that. If you go, you 'll go to-day."

For the first time Burke, regaining his self-confidence, saw that she was not an enemy, but an appreciative spectator, and his face broke up in a smile, queer, crooked, wrinkled, but brilliant.

"I guess you 'll get it about right," he said, and no compliment had ever pleased Adelaide half so much.

"I think so," she confidently answered, and then at the door she turned. "Oh, Mrs. Baxter," she said, "this is Marty Burke, a very important person."

Importance, especially Adelaide Farron's idea of importance, was a category for which Mrs. Baxter had the highest esteem, so almost against her will she looked at Burke, and found him looking her over with such a shrewd eye that she looked away, and then looked back again to find that his gaze was still upon her. He had made his living since he was a child by his faculty for sizing people up, and at his first glimpse of Mrs. Baxter's shifting glance he had sized her up; so that now, when she remarked with an amiability at once ponderous and shaky that it was a very fine day, he replied in exactly the same tone, "It is that," and began to walk about the room looking at the pictures. Presently a low, but sweet, whistle broke from his lips. He made her feel uncommonly uncomfortable, so uncomfortable that she was driven to conversation.

"Are you fond of pictures, Burke?" she asked. He just looked at her over his shoulder without answering. She began to wish that Adelaide would come back.

Adelaide had found her husband still accessible. He received in silence the announcement that Burke was down-stairs. She told the message without bias.

"He says that they have it on him on the dock that he is to be bounced. He asked me to say this to you: that if he is to go, he 'll go to-day."

"What was his manner?"

Adelaide could not resist a note of enjoyment entering into her tone as she replied:

"Insolent in the extreme."

She was leaning against the wall at the foot of his bed, and though she was not looking at him, she felt his eyes on her.

"Adelaide," he said, "you should not have brought me that message."

"You mean it is bad for your health to be worried, dearest?" she asked in a tone so soft that only an expert in tones could have detected something not at all soft beneath it. She glanced at her husband under her lashes. Was n't he any more an expert in her tones?

"I mean," he answered, "that you should have told him to go to the devil."

"Oh, I leave that to you, Vin." She laughed, and added after a second's pause, "I was only a messenger."

"Tell him I shall be down-town next week."

"Oh, Vin, no; not next week."

"Tell him next week."

"I can't do that."

"I thought you were only a messenger."

"Your doctor would not hear of it. It would be madness."

Farron leaned over and touched his bell. The nurse was instantly in the room, looking at Vincent, Adelaide thought, as a water-dog looks at its master when it perceives that a stick is about to be thrown into the pond.

"Miss Gregory," said Vincent, "there 's a young man from my office down-stairs. Will you tell him that I can't see him to-day, but that I shall be down-town next week, and I 'll see him then?"

Miss Gregory was almost at the door before Adelaide stopped her.

"You must know that Mr. Farron cannot get down-town next week."

"Has the doctor said not?"

Adelaide shook her head impatiently.

"I don't suppose any one has been so insane as to ask him," she answered.

Miss Gregory smiled temperately.

"Oh, next week is a long time off," she said, and left the room. Adelaide turned to her husband.

"Do you enjoy being humored?" she asked.

Farron had closed his eyes, and now opened them.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I did n't hear."

"She knows quite well that you can't go down-town next week. She takes your message just to humor you."

"She 's an excellent nurse," said Farron.

"For babies," Adelaide felt like answering, but she did n't. She said instead, "Anyhow, Burke will never accept that as an answer." She was surprised to hear something almost boastful in her own tone.

"Oh, I think he will."

She waited breathlessly for some sound from down-stairs or even for the flurried reëntrance of Miss Gregory. There was a short silence, and then came the sound of the shutting of the front door. Marty had actually gone.

Vincent did not even open his eyes when Miss Gregory returned; he did not exert himself to ask how his message had been received. Adelaide waited an instant, and then went back to Mrs. Baxter with a strange sense of having sustained a small personal defeat.

Mrs. Baxter was so thoroughly ruffled that she was prepared to attack even the sacrosanct Adelaide. But she was not given the chance.

"Well, how did Marty treat you?" said Adelaide.

Mrs. Baxter sniffed.

"We had not very much in common," she returned.

"No; Marty 's a very real person." There was a pause. "What became of him? Did he go?"

"Yes, your husband's trained nurse gave him a message, and he went away."

"Quietly?" The note of disappointment was so plain that Mrs. Baxter asked in answer:

"What would you have wanted him to do?"

Adelaide laughed.

"I suppose it would have been too much to expect that he would drag you and Miss Gregory about by your hair," she said, "but I own I should have liked some little demonstration. But perhaps," she added more brightly, "he has gone back to wreck the docks."

At this moment Mathilde entered the room in her hat and furs, and distracted the conversation from Burke. Adelaide, who was fond of enunciating the belief that you could tell when people were in love by the frequency with which they wore their best clothes, noticed now how wonderfully lovely Mathilde was looking; but she noticed it quite unsuspiciously, for she was thinking, "My child is really a beauty."

"You remember Mrs. Baxter, my dear."

Mathilde did not remember her in the least, though she smiled sufficiently. To her Mrs. Baxter seemed just one of many dressy old ladies who drifted across the horizon only too often. If any one had told her that her grandfather had ever been supposed to be in danger of succumbing to charms such as these, she would have thought the notion an ugly example of grown-up pessimism.

Mrs. Baxter held her hand and patted it.

"Where does she get that lovely golden hair?" she asked. "Not from you, does she?"

"She gets it from her father," answered Adelaide, and her expression added, "you dreadful old goose."

In the pause Mathilde made her escape unquestioned She knew even before a last pathetic glance that her mother was unutterably wearied with her visitor. In other circumstances she would have stayed to effect a rescue, but at present she was engaged in a deed of some recklessness on her own account. She was going to meet Pete Wayne secretly at the Metropolitan Museum.

## CHAPTER XII

In all her life Mathilde had never felt so conspicuous as she did going up the long flight of stairs at the Fifth Avenue entrance of the museum. It seemed to

"'POOR THING,' SHE SAID. 'I SUPPOSE SHE ONCE HAD A LOVER, TOO'"

her that people, those walking past in the sunshine on the sidewalk, and the strangers in town seeing the sights from the top of the green busses, were saying to one another as they looked at her, "There goes a New York girl to meet her lover in one of the more ancient of the Egyptian rooms."

She started as she heard the voice of the guard, though he was saying nothing but "Check your umbrella" to a man behind her. She sped across the marble floor of the great tapestry hall as a little, furry wild animal darts across an open space in the woods. She was thinking that she could not bear it if Pete were not there. How could she wait many minutes under the eyes of the guards, who must know better than any one else that no flesh-and-blood girl took any real interest in Egyptian antiquities? The round, unambitious dial at the entrance, like an enlarged kitchen-clock, had pointed to the exact hour set for the meeting. She ought not to expect that Pete, getting away from the office in business hours, could be as punctual as an eager, idle creature like herself.

She had made up her mind so clearly that when she entered the night-blue room there would be nothing but tombs and mummies that when she saw Pete standing with his overcoat over his arm, in the blue-serge clothes she particularly liked, she felt as much surprised as if their meeting were accidental.

She tried to draw a long breath.

"I shall never get used to it," she said. "If we had been married a thousand years, I should always feel just like this when I see you."

"Oh, no, you won't," he answered. "I hope the very next time we meet you will say, quite in a wife's orthodox tone: 'My dear, I 've been waiting twenty minutes. Not that I mind at all; only I was afraid I must have misunderstood you.'"

"You hope? Oh, I hope we shall never be like that."

"Really? Why, I enjoy the idea. I shall enjoy saying to total strangers, 'Ah, gentlemen, if my wife were ever on time —' It makes me feel so indissolubly united to you."

"I like it best as we are now."

"We might try different methods alternate years: one year we could be domestic, and the next, detached, and so on."

By this time they had discovered that they were leaning on a mummy-case, and Mathilde drew back with an exclamation. "Poor thing!" she said. "I suppose she once had a lover, too."

"And very likely met him in the room of Chinese antiquities in the Temple Museum," said Pete, and then, changing his tone, he added: "But come along. I want to show you a few little things which I have selected to furnish our home. I think you 'll like them."

Pete was always inventing games like this, and calling on her to enter in without the slightest warning. One of them was about a fancy ball he was giving in the main hall of the Pennsylvania Station. But this new idea, to treat the whole museum as a sort of super-department store, made her laugh in a faint, dependent way that she knew Pete liked. She believed that such forms of play were peculiar to themselves, so she guarded them as the deepest kind of secret; for she thought, if her mother ever found out about them, she would at once conclude that the whole relation was childish. To all other lovers Mathilde attributed a uniform seriousness.

It took them a long time to choose their house-furnishings: there was a piece of black-and-gold lacquer; a set of painted panels; a Persian rug, swept by the tails of two haughty peacocks; some cloud-gray Chinese porcelains; a set of Du Barry vases; a crystal-and-enamel box, designed probably for some sacred purpose, but contributed by Pete as an excellent receptacle for chocolates at her bedside. "The Boy with the Sword" for the dining-room, Ver Meer's "Women at the Window," the small Bonnington, and then, since Mathilde wanted the portrait of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and Wayne felt a faint weariness with the English school, a compromise was effected by the selection of Constable's landscape of a bridge. Wayne kept con-

stantly repeating that he was exactly like Warren Hastings, astonished at his own moderation. They had hardly begun, indeed, before Mathilde felt herself overcome by that peculiar exhaustion that overtakes even the robust in museums.

Wayne guided her to a little sofa in a room of gold and jade.

"How beautifully you know your way about here!" she said. "I suppose you 've brought lots of girls here before me."

"A glorious army," said Pete, "the matron and the maid. You ought to see my mother in a museum. She 's lost before she gets well inside the turnstile."

But Mathilde was thinking.

"How strange it is," she observed, "that I never should have thought before about your caring for any one else. Pete, did you ever ask any one else to marry you?"

Wayne nodded.

"Yes; when I was in college. I asked a girl to marry me. She was having rather a rotten time."

"Were you in love with her?"

He shook his head, and in the silence shuffling and staccato footsteps were heard, announcing the approach of a youthful art class and their teacher. "Jade," said the voice of the lady, "one of the hardest of known substances, has yet been beautifully worked from time immemorial—"

More pairs of eyes in that art class were fixed on the obviously guilty couple in the corner than on the beautiful cloudy objects in the cases, and it was not until they had all followed their guide to the armor-room, and had grouped themselves about the casque of Joan of Arc, that Wayne went on as if no interruption had occurred:

"If you want to know whether I have ever experienced anything like my feeling for you since the first moment I saw you, I never have and never shall, and thereto I plight thee my troth."

Mathilde turned her full face toward him, shedding gratitude and affection as a lamp sheds light before she answered:

"You were terribly unkind to me yesterday."

"I know. I 'm sorry."

"I shall never forget the way you kissed me, as if I were a rather repulsive piece of wood."

Pete craned his neck, and met the suspicious eye of a guard.

"I don't think anything can be done about it at the moment," he said; and added in explanation, "You see, I felt as if you had suddenly deserted me."

"Pete, I could n't ever desert you—unless I committed suicide."

Presently he stood up, declaring that this was not the fitting place for arranging the details of their marriage.

"Come to one of the smaller picture galleries," he said, "and as we go I 'll show you a portrait of my mother."

"Your mother? I did not know she had had her portrait done. By whom?"

"A fellow called Bellini. He thought he was doing the Madonna."

When they reached the picture, a figure was already before it. Mr. Lanley was sitting, with his arms folded and his feet stretched out far before him, his head bent, but his eyes raised and fixed on the picture. They saw him first, and had two or three seconds to take in the profound contemplation of his mood. Then he slowly raised his eyes and encountered theirs.

There is surely nothing compromising in an elderly gentleman spending a contemplative morning alone at the Metropolitan Museum. It might well be his daily custom; but the knowledge that it was not, the consciousness of the rarity of the mood that had brought him there, oppressed Mr. Lanley almost like a crime. He felt caught, outraged, ashamed as he saw them. "That 's the age which has a right to it," he said to himself. And then as if in a mirror he saw an expression of embarrassment on their faces, and was reminded that their meeting must have been illicit, too. He stood up and looked at them sternly.

"Up-town at this hour, Wayne?" he said.

"Grandfather, I never knew you came here much," said Mathilde.

"It 's near me, you know," he answered weakly, so weakly that he felt impelled to

give an explanation. "Sometimes, my dear," he said, "you will find that even the most welcome guest rather fills the house."

"You need not worry about yours," returned Mathilde. "I left her with mama."

Mr. Lanley felt that his brief moment of peace was indeed over. He could imagine the impressions that Mrs. Baxter was perhaps at that very moment sharing with Adelaide. He longed to question his granddaughter, but did not know how to put it.

"How was your mother looking?" he finally decided upon.

"Dreary," answered Mathilde, with a laugh.

"Does this picture remind you of any one?" asked Wayne, suddenly.

Mr. Lanley looked at him as if he had n't heard, and frowned.

"I don't know what you mean," he said.

"Don't you think there 's a look of my mother about it?"

"No," said Mr. Lanley, rather loudly, and then added, "Well, I see what you mean, though I should n't—" He stopped, and turning to them with some sternness, he asked them how they accounted for their presence in the museum at such an hour and alone.

There was nothing to do but to tell him the truth. And when Wayne had finished, Mathilde was surprised at her grandfather's question. She thought he would ask what her mother thought of it. If they had been alone, she would have told him that Adelaide thought Wayne a commonplace young man with stubby hands; but as it was, she had resolved to put her mother's opposition on a more dignified plane. Only Mr. Lanley did not ask the question of her. It was to Wayne he was speaking, when he said:

"What does your mother think of it?"

"Oh, my mother," answered Pete. "Well, she thinks that if she were a girl she 'd like to go to China."

Mr. Lanley looked up, and they both smiled with the most perfect understanding.

"She would," said the older man, and then he became intensely serious. "It 's quite out of the question," he said.

"O Grandfather," Mathilde exclaimed, clasping her hands about his arm, "don't talk like that! It would n't be possible for me to let him go without me. O Grandfather, can't you remember what it was like to be in love?"

A complete silence followed this little speech—a silence that went on and on and seemed to be stronger than human power. Perhaps for the first time in his life Lanley felt hostile toward the girl beside him. "Oh dear," Mathilde was thinking, "I suppose I 've made him remember my grandmother and his youth!" "Can love be remembered," Pete was saying to himself, "or is it like a perfume that can be recognized, but not recalled?"

Lanley turned at last to Wayne.

"It 's out of the question," he said, "that you should take this child to China at two weeks' notice. You must see that."

"I see perfectly that many people will think it so. But you must see that to us it is the inevitable thing to do."

"If every one else agreed, I should oppose it."

"O Grandfather!" wailed Mathilde. "And you were our great hope—you and Mrs. Wayne!"

"In a matter like this I shall stand by your mother, Mathilde," he said, and Mathilde imagined he meant as opposed to herself. But he was making an even greater renunciation.

Adelaide was surprised and not pleased when Mathilde came home late for lunch, bringing the Wayne boy with her. It was not that she had expected her one little phrase about Wayne's hands to change her daughter's love into repugnance,—that sentence had been only the first drop in a distillation that would do its poisonous work gradually,—but she had supposed that Mathilde would be too sensitive to expose Pete to further criticism. Indeed, there seemed something obtuse, if not actually indelicate, in being willing to create a situation in which every one was bound to suffer. Obtuseness was not a defect

with which Adelaide had much patience.

Mathilde saw at once that her mother was going to be what in the family slang was called "grand." The grandeur consisted in a polite inattention; it went with a soft voice and immobile expression. In this mood Adelaide answered you about three seconds later than you expected, and though she answered you accurately, it was as if she had forced her mind back from a more congenial ether. She seemed to be wrapped in an agreeable cloud until you gave her some opening, and then she came out of her cloud like a flash of lightning.

Wayne, who had lived his life so far with a woman who did not believe in the use of force in human relations, viewed these symptoms of coercion with the utmost indifference; but Mathilde had not so far freed herself as to ignore them. She was not afraid, but easy conversation under the menace was beyond her. She could n't think of anything to say.

Adelaide was accustomed by these methods to drive the inexperienced—and she considered Pete pitifully inexperienced in social fine points—into a state of conversational unrest in which they would finally ask recklessly, "Have you been to the theater lately?" and she would question gently, "The theater?" as much as to say, "I 've heard that word somewhere before," until the conscientious conversationalist, rushing from futility to futility, would be finally engulfed in some yawning banality and sink out of sight forever.

But Wayne resisted this temptation, or, rather, he did not feel it. He had the courage to be unafraid of silences, and he ate his luncheon and thought about the pictures he had been seeing, and at last began to talk to Mathilde about them, while Adelaide made it clear that she was not listening, until she caught a phrase that drove her grandeur away.

"Near where we met my grandfather?" Mathilde asked.

By this time Adelaide had gathered that the two had been in the museum, and the knowledge annoyed her not only as a mother, but as an aristocrat. Without being clear about it, she regarded the love of beauty—artificial beauty, that is—as a class distinction. It seemed to her possible enough that the masses should love mountains and moonlight and the sea and sunsets; but it struck her as unfitting that any one but the people she knew, and only a few of them, should really care for porcelains and pictures. As she held herself aloof from the conversation she was annoyed at noticing that Wayne was showing a more discriminating taste than her own carefully nurtured child. But all such considerations were driven away by the mention of her father, for Mr. Lanley had been in her mind ever since Mrs. Baxter had taken her unimpeded departure just before luncheon.

"Your grandfather?" she said, coming out of the clouds. "Was he in the Metropolitan?"

"Yes," said Mathilde, thankful to be directly addressed. "Was n't it queer? Pete was taking me to see a picture that looks exactly like Mrs. Wayne, only Mrs. Wayne has n't such a round face, and there in front of it was grandpapa."

Adelaide rose very slowly from table, lunch being fortunately over. She felt as if she could have borne almost anything but this—the idea of her father vaporing before a picture of the Madonna. Phrases came into her head: silly old man, the time has come to protect him against himself; the Wayne family must be suppressed.

Her silence in the drawing-room was of a more concentrated sort, and when she had taken her coffee and cigarette she said to Mathilde:

"My dear, I promised to go back to Vincent at this time. Will you go instead? I want to have a word with Mr. Wayne."

Adelaide had never entered any contest in her life, whether it was a dispute with a dressmaker or a quarrel with her husband, without remembering the comfortable fact that she was a beauty. With men she did not neglect the advantage that being a woman gave her, and with the particular man now before her she had, she knew, a third line of defense; she was the mother of his love, and she thought she detected in

him a special weakness for mothers. But it would have been better if he had respected women and mothers less, for he thought so highly of them that he believed they ought to play fair.

Sitting in a very low chair, she looked up at him.

"Mathilde has been telling me something about a plan of yours to take her to China with you. We could not consent to that, you know."

"I 'm sorry," said Pete. The tone was pleasant. That was the trouble; it was too pleasant a tone for a man relinquishing a cherished hope. It sounded almost as if he regretted the inevitable disappointment of the family.

Adelaide tried a new attack.

"Your mother—have you consulted her?"

"Yes, I 've told her our plans."

"And she approves?"

Wayne might choose to betray his mother in the full irresponsibility of her attitude to so sympathetic a listener as Mr. Lanley, but he had no intention of giving Mrs. Farron such a weapon. At the same time he did not intend to be untruthful. His answer was this:

"My mother," he said, "is not like most women of her age. She believes in love."

"In all love, quite indiscriminately?"

He hesitated an instant.

"I put it wrong," he answered. "I meant that she believes in the importance of real love."

"And has she a spell by which she tells real love?"

"She believes mine to be real."

"Oh, yours! Very likely. Perhaps it 's maternal vanity on my part, Mr. Wayne, but I must own I can imagine a man's contriving to love my daughter, so gentle, so intelligent, and so extraordinarily lovely to look at. I was not thinking of your feelings, but of hers."

"You can see no reason why she should love me?"

Adelaide moved her shoulders about.

"Well, I want it explained, that 's all, from your own point of view. I see my daughter as an unusual person, ignorant of life, to whom it seems to me all things are possible. And I see you, a very nice young man. But what else? I ask to be told why you fulfil all possibilities. Don't misunderstand me. I am not mercenary. Mathilde will have plenty of money of her own some day. I don't want a millionaire. I want a *person.*"

"Of course, if you ask me why Mathilde should love me—"

"Don't be untruthful, Mr. Wayne. I thought better of you. If you should come back from China next year to find her engaged to some one else, you could tell a great many reasons why he was not good enough for her. Now tell me some of the reasons why you are. And please don't include because you love her so much, for almost any one would do that."

Pete fought down his panic, reminding himself that no man living could hear such words without terror. His egotism, never colossal, stood feebly between him and Mrs. Farron's estimate of him. He seemed to sink back into the general human species. If he had felt inclined to detail his own qualities, he could not have thought of one. There was a long silence, while Adelaide sat with a look of docile teachableness upon her expectant face.

At last Wayne stood up.

"It 's no use, Mrs. Farron," he said. "That question of yours can't be answered. I believe she loves me. It 's my bet against yours."

"I won't gamble with my child's future," she returned. "I did with my own. Sit down again, Mr. Wayne. You have heard, I suppose, that I have been married twice?"

"Yes," He sat down again reluctantly.

"I was Mathilde's age—a little older. I was more in love than she. And if he had been asked the question I just asked you, he could have answered it. He could have said: 'I have been a leader in a group in which I was, an athlete, an oarsman, and the most superb physical specimen of my race'—brought up, too, he might have added, in the same traditions that I had had. Well, that was n't enough, Mr. Wayne, and that was a good

deal. If my father had only made me wait, only given me time to see that my choice was the choice of ignorance, that the man I thought a hero was, oh, the most pitifully commonplace clay—Mathilde sha'n't make my mistake."

Wayne's eyes lit up.

"But that 's it," he said. "She would n't make your mistake. She 'd choose right. That 's what I ought to have said. You spoke of Mathilde's spirit. She has a feeling for the right thing. Some people have, and some people are bound to choose wrong."

Adelaide laid her hand on her breast.

"You mean me?" she asked, too much interested to be angry.

He was too absorbed in his own interests to give his full attention to hers.

"Yes," he answered. "I mean your principles of choice were n't the right ones—leaders of men, you know, and all that. It never works out. Leaders of men are the ones who always cry on their wives' shoulders, and the martinets at home are imposed on by every one else." He gave out this dictum in passing: "But don't trouble about your responsibility in this, Mrs. Farron. It 's out of your hands. It 's our chance, and Mathilde and I mean to take it. I don't want to give you a warning exactly, but—it 's going to go through."

She looked at him with large, terrified eyes. She was repeating, 'they cry on their wives' shoulders,' or, he might have said, 'on the shoulders of their trained nurses.' She knew that he was talking to her, saying something. She could n't listen to it. And then he was gone. She was glad he was.

She sat quite still, with her hands lying idly, softly in her lap. It was possible that what he said was true. Perhaps all these people who made such a show of strength to the world were those who sucked double strength by sapping the vitality of a life's companion. It had been true of Joe Severance. She had heard him praised for the courage with which he went forth against temptation, but she had known that it was her strength he was using. She looked up, to see her daughter, pale and eager, standing before her.

"O Mama, was it very terrible?"

"What, dear?"

"Did Pete tell you of our plan?"

Adelaide wished she could have listened to those last sentences of his; but they were gone completely.

She put up her hand and patted the unutterably soft cheek before her.

"He told me something about putting through your absurd idea of an immediate marriage," she said.

"We don't want to do it in a sneaky way, Mama."

"I know. You want to have your own way and to have every one approve of you, too. Is that it?"

Mathilde's lips trembled.

"O Mama," she cried, "you are so different from what you used to be!"

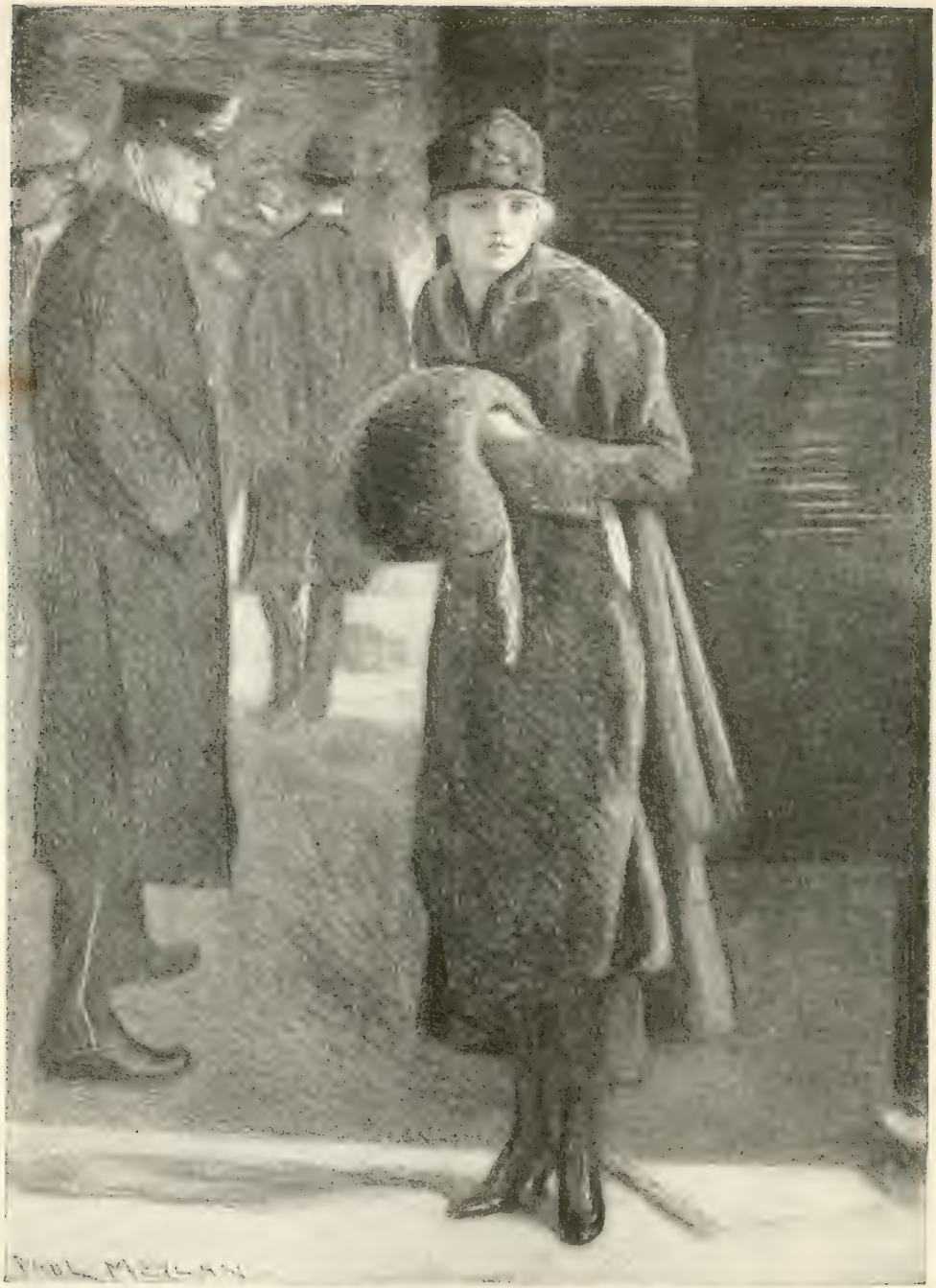
Adelaide nodded.

"One changes," she said. "One's life changes." She had meant this sentence to end the interview, but when she saw the girl still standing before her, she said to herself that it made little difference that she had n't heard the plans of the Wayne boy, since Mathilde, her own tractable daughter, was still within her power. She moved into the corner of the sofa. "Sit down, dear," she said, and when Mathilde had obeyed with an almost imperceptible shrinking in her attitude, Adelaide went on, with a sort of serious ease of manner:

"I 've never been a particularly flattering mother, have I? Never thought you were perfect just because you were mine? Well, I hope you 'll pay the more attention to what I have to say. You are remarkable. You are going to be one of the most attractive women that ever was. Years ago old Count Bartiani—do you remember him, at Lucerne?"

"The one who used scent and used to look so long at me?"

"Yes, he was old and rather horrid, but he knew what he was talking about. He said then you would be the most attractive woman in Europe. I heard the same thing from all my friends, and it 's true. You have something rare and perfect—"



HE HAD PROMISED TO BE WAITING FOR HER

These were great words. Mathilde, accustomed all her life to receive information from her mother, received this; and for the first time felt the egotism of her beauty awake, a sense of her own importance the more vivid because she had always been humble-minded. She did not look at her mother; she sat up very straight and stared as if at new fields before her, while a faint smile flickered at the corners of her mouth—a smile of an awakening sense of power.

"What you have," Adelaide went on, "ought to bring great happiness, great position, great love; and how can I let you throw yourself away at eighteen on a commonplace boy with a glib tongue and a high opinion of himself? Don't tell me that it will make you happy. That would be the worst of all, if you turned out to be so limited that you were satisfied,—that would be a living death. O my darling, I give you my word that if you will give up this idea, ten years from now, when you see this boy, still glib, still vain, and perhaps a little fat, you will actually shudder when you think how near he came to cutting you off from the wonderful, full life that you were entitled to." And then, as if she could not hope to better this, Adelaide sprang up, and left the girl alone.

Mathilde rose, too, and looked at herself in the glass. She was stirred, she was changed, she was awakened, but awakened to something her mother had not counted on. Almost too gentle, too humble, too reasonable, as she had always been, the drop of egotism which her mother had succeeded in instilling into her nature served to solidify her will, to inspire her with a needed power of aggression.

She nodded once at her image in the mirror.

"Well," she said, "it 's my life, and I 'm willing to take the consequences."

## CHAPTER XIII

When Mathilde emerged from the subway into the sunlight of the City Hall Park, Pete was nowhere to be seen. She had spent several minutes wandering in the subterranean labyrinth which threatened to bring her to Brooklyn Bridge and nowhere else, so she was a little late for her appointment; and yet Pete was not there. He had promised to be waiting for her. This was a more important occasion than the meeting in the museum and more terrifying, too.

Their plans were simple. They were going to get their marriage license, they were going to be married immediately, they were then going to inform their respective families, and start two days later for San Francisco.

Mathilde stared furtively about her. A policeman strolled past, striking terror to a guilty heart; a gentleman of evidently unbroken leisure regarded her with a benevolent eye completely ringed by red. Crowds were surging in and out of the newspaper offices and the Municipal Building and the post office, but stare where she would, she could n't find Pete.

She had ten minutes to think of horrors before she saw him rushing across the park toward her, and she had the idea of saying to him those words which he himself had selected as typically wifely, "Not that I mind at all, but I was afraid I must have misunderstood you." But she did not get very far in her mild little joke, for it was evident at once that something had happened.

"My dear love," he said, "it 's no go. We can't sail, we can't be married. I think I 'm out of a job."

As they stood there, her pretty clothes, the bright sun shining on her golden hair and dark furs and polished shoes, her beauty, but, above all, their complete absorption in each other, made them conspicuous. They were utterly oblivious.

Pete told her exactly what had happened. Some months before he had been sent to make a report on a coal property in Pennsylvania. He had made it under the assumption that the firm was thinking of underwriting its bonds. He had been mistaken. As owners Honaton and Benson had already acquired the

majority of interest in it. His report,—she remembered his report, for he had told her about it the first day he came to see her,—had been favorable except for one important fact. There was in that district a car shortage which for at least a year would hamper the marketing of the supply. That had been the point of the whole thing. He had advised against taking the property over until this defect could be remedied or allowed for. They had accepted the report.

Well, late in the afternoon of the preceding day he had gone to the office to say good-by to the firm. He could not help being touched by the friendliness of both men's manner. Honaton gave him a silver traveling-flask, plain except for an offensive cat's-eye set in the top. Benson, more humane and practical, gave him a check.

"I think I 've cleared up everything before I leave," Wayne said, trying to be conscientious in return for their kindness, "except one thing. I 've never corrected the proof of my report on the Southerland coal property."

For a second there was something strange in the air. The partners exchanged the merest flicker of a look, which Wayne, as far as he thought of it at all, supposed to be a recognition on their part of his carefulness in thinking of such a detail.

"You need not give that another thought," said Benson. "We are not thinking of publishing that report at present. And when we do, I have your manuscript. I 'll go over the proof myself."

Relieved to be spared another task, Wayne shook hands with his employers and withdrew. Outside he met David.

"Say," said David, "I am sorry you 're leaving us; but, gee!" he added, his face twisting with joy, "ain't the firm glad to have you go!"

It had long been Wayne's habit to pay strict attention to the impressions of David.

"Why do you think they are glad?" he asked.

"Oh, they 're glad all right," said David. "I heard the old man say yesterday, 'And by next Saturday he will be at sea.' It was as if he was going to get a Christmas present." And David went on about other business.

Once put on the right track, it was not difficult to get the idea. He went to the firm's printer, but found they had had no orders for printing his report. The next morning, instead of spending his time with his own last arrangements, he began hunting up other printing offices, and finally found what he was looking for. His report was already in print, with one paragraph left out—that one which related to the shortage of cars. His name was signed to it, with a little preamble by the firm, urging the investment on the favorable notice of their customers, and spoke in high terms of the accuracy of his estimates.

To say that Pete did not once contemplate continuing his arrangements as if nothing had happened would not be true. All he had to do was to go. The thing was dishonest, clearly enough, but it was not his action. His original report would always be proof of his own integrity, and on his return he could sever his connection with the firm on some other pretext. On the other hand, to break his connection with Honaton & Benson, to force the suppression of the report unless given in full, to give up his trip, to confess that immediate marriage was impossible, that he himself was out of a job, that the whole basis of his good fortune was a fraud that he had been too stupid to discover—all this seemed to him more than man could be asked to do.

But that was what he decided must be done. From the printer's he telephoned to the Farrons, but found that Miss Severance was out. He knew she must have already started for their appointment in the City Hall Park. He had made up his mind, and yet when he saw her, so confident of the next step, waiting for him, he very nearly yielded to a sudden temptation to make her his wife, to be sure of that, whatever else might have to be altered.

He had known she would n't reproach him, but he was deeply grateful to her for being so unaware that there was any grounds for reproach. She understood the courage his renunciation had required. That seemed to be what she cared for most.

At length he said to her:

"Now I must go and get this off my chest with the firm. Go home, and I 'll come as soon as ever I can." But here she shook her head.

"I could n't go home," she answered. "It might all come out before you arrived, and I could not listen to things that"—she avoided naming her mother—"that will be said about you, Pete. Is n't there somewhere I can wait while you have your interview?"

There was the outer office of Honaton & Benson. He let her go with him, and turned her over to the care of David, who found her a corner out of the way, and left her only once. That was to say to a friend of his in the cage: "When you go out, cast your eye over Pete's girl. Somewhat of a peacherino."

In the meantime Wayne went into Benson's office. There was n't a flicker of alarm on the senior partner's face on seeing him.

"Hullo, Pete!" he said, "I thought you 'd be packing your bags."

"I 'm not packing anything," said Wayne. "I 've come to tell you I can't go to China for you, Mr. Benson."

"Oh, come, come," said the other, very paternally, "we can't let you off like that. This is business, my dear boy. It would cost us money, after having made all our arrangements, if you changed your mind."

"So I understand."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean just what you think I mean, Mr. Benson."

Wayne would have said that he could never forget the presence under any circumstances of his future wife, waiting, probably nervously, in the outer office; but he did. The interest of the next hour drove out everything else. Honaton was sent for from the exchange, a lawsuit was threatened, a bribe—he could n't mistake it—offered. He was told he might find it difficult to find another position if he left their firm under such conditions.

"On the contrary," said Peter, firmly, "from what I have heard, I believe it will improve my standing."

That he came off well in the struggle was due not so much to his ability, but to the fact that he now had nothing to lose or gain from the situation. As soon as Benson grasped this fact he began a masterly retreat. Wayne noticed the difference between the partners: Honaton, the less able of the two, wanted to save the situation, but before everything else wanted to leave in Wayne's mind the sense that he had made a fool of himself. Benson, more practical, would have been glad to put Pete in jail if he could; but as he could n't do that, his interest was in nothing but saving the situation. The only way to do this was to give up all idea of publishing any report. He did this by assuming that Wayne had simply changed his mind or had at least utterly failed to convey his meaning in his written words. He made this point of view very plausible by quoting the more laudatory of Wayne's sentences; and when Pete explained that the whole point of his report was in the sentence that had been omitted, Benson leaned back, chuckling, and biting off the end of his cigar.

"Oh, you college men!" he said. "I 'm afraid I 'm not up to your subtleties. When you said it was the richest vein and favorably situated, I supposed that was what you meant. If you meant just the opposite, well, let it go. Honaton & Benson certainly don't want to get out a report contrary to fact."

"That 's what he has accused us of," said Honaton.

"Oh, no, no," said Benson; "don't be too literal, Jack. In the heat of argument we all say things we don't mean. Pete here does n't like to have his lovely English all messed up by a practical dub like me. I doubt if he wants to sever his connection with this firm."

Honaton yielded.

"Oh," he said, "I 'm willing enough he should stay, if—"

"Well, I 'm not," said Pete, and put an end to the conversation by walking out of the room. He found David explaining the filing system to Mathilde, and she, hanging on his every word, partly on account of his native charm, partly on account of her own interest in anything neat, but most because she imagined the knowledge might some day make her a more serviceable wife to Pete.

Pete dreaded the coming interview with Mrs. Farron more than that with the firm—more, indeed, than he had ever dreaded anything. He and Mathilde reached the house about a quarter before one, and Adelaide was not in. This was fortunate, for while they waited they discovered a difference of intention. Mathilde saw no reason for mentioning the fact that they had actually been on the point of taking out their marriage license. She thought it was enough to tell her mother that the trip had been abandoned and that Pete had given up his job. Pete contemplated nothing less than the whole truth.

"You can't tell people half a story," he said. "It never works."

Mathilde really quailed.

"It will be terrible to tell mama that," she groaned. "She thinks failure is worse than crime."

"And she 's dead right," said Pete.

When Adelaide came in she had Mr. Lanley with her. She had seen him walking down Fifth Avenue with his hat at quite an outrageous angle, and she had ordered the motor to stop, and had beckoned him to her. It was two days since her interview with Mrs. Baxter, and she had had no good opportunity of speaking to him. The suspicion that he was avoiding her nerved her hand; but there was no hint of discipline in her smile, and she knew as well as if he had said it that he was thinking as he came to the side of the car how handsome and how creditable a daughter she was.

"Come to lunch with me," she said; "or must you go home to your guest?"

"No, I was going to the club. She 's lunching with a mysterious relation near Columbia University."

"Don't you know who it is? Tell him home."

"Home, Andrews. No, she never says."

"Don't put your stick against the glass, there 's an angel. I 'll tell you who it is. An elder sister who supported and educated her, of whom she 's ashamed now."

"How do you know? It would n't break the glass."

"No; but I hate the noise. I don't know; I just made it up because it 's so likely."

"She always speaks so affectionately of you."

"She 's a coward; that 's the only difference. She hates me just as much."

"Well, you 've never been nice to her, Adelaide."

"I should think not."

"She 's not as bad as you think," said Mr. Lanley, who believed in old-fashioned loyalty.

"I can't bear her," said Adelaide.

"Why not?" As far as his feelings went, this seemed a perfectly safe question; but it was n't.

"Because she tries so hard to make you ridiculous. Oh, not intentionally; but she talks of you as if you were a *Don Juan* of twenty-five. You ought to be flattered, Papa dear, at having jealous scenes made about you when you are—what is it?—sixty-five."

"Four," said Mr. Lanley.

"Yes; such a morning as I had! Not a minute with poor Vincent because you had had Mrs. Wayne to dine. I 'm not complaining, but I don't like my father represented as a sort of comic-paper old man, you poor dear,"—and she laid her long, gloved hand on his knee,—"who have always been so conspicuously dignified."

"If I have," said her father, "I don't know that anything she says can change it."

"No, of course; only it was horrible to me to hear her describing you in the grip of a boyish passion. But don't let 's talk of it. I hear," she said, as if she were

changing the subject, "that you have taken to going to the Metropolitan Museum at odd moments."

He felt utterly stripped, and said without hope:

"Yes; I 'm a trustee, you know."

Adelaide just glanced at him.

"You always have been, I think." They drove home in silence.

One reason why she was determined to have her father come home was that it was the first time that Vincent was to take luncheon down-stairs, and when Adelaide had a part to play she liked to have an audience. She was even glad to find Wayne in the drawing-room, though she did wonder to herself if the little creature had entirely given up earning his living. It was a very different occasion from Pete's last luncheon there; every one was as pleasant as possible. As soon as the meal was over, Adelaide put her hand on her husband's shoulder.

"You 're going to lie down at once, Vin."

He rose obediently, but Wayne interposed. It seemed to him that it would be possible to tell his story to Farron.

"Oh, can't Mr. Farron stay a few minutes," he said. "I want so much to speak to you and him together about —"

Adelaide cut him short.

"No, he can't. It 's more important that he should get strong than anything else is. You can talk to me all you like when I come down. Come, Vin."

When they were up-stairs, and she was tucking him up on his sofa, he asked gently:

"What did that boy want?"

Adelaide made a little face.

"Nothing of any importance," she said. Things had indeed changed between them if he would accept such an answer as that. She thought his indifference like the studied oblivion of the debtor who says, "Don't I owe you something?" and is content with the most non-committal reply. He lay back and smiled at her. His expression was not easy to read.

She went down-stairs, where conversation had not prospered. Mr. Lanley was smoking, with his cigar drooping from a corner of his mouth. He felt very unhappy. Mathilde was frightened. Wayne had recast his opening sentence a dozen times. He kept saying to himself that he wanted it to be perfectly simple, but not infantile, and each phrase he thought of in conformity with his one rule sounded like the opening lines of the stage child's speech.

In the crisis of Adelaide's being actually back again in the room he found himself saying:

"Mrs. Farron, I think you ought to know exactly what has been happening."

"Don't I?" she asked.

"No. You know that I was going to San Francisco the day after to-morrow—"

"Oh dear," said Adelaide, regretfully, "is it given up?"

He told her rather slowly the whole story. The most terrible moment was, as he had expected, when he explained that they had met, he and Mathilde, to apply for their marriage license. Adelaide turned, and looked full at her daughter.

"You were going to treat me like that?"

Mathilde burst into tears. She had long been on the brink of them, and now they came more from nerves than from a sense of the justice of her mother's complaint. But the sound of them upset Wayne hopelessly. He could n't go on for a minute, and Mr. Lanley rose to his feet.

"Good Lord! good Lord!" he said, "that was dishonorable! Can't you see that that is dishonorable, to marry her on the sly when we trusted her to go about with you—"

"O Papa, never mind about the dishonorableness," said Adelaide. "The point is"—and she looked at Wayne—"that they were building their elopement on something that turned out to be a fraud. That does n't make one think very highly of your judgment, Mr. Wayne."

"I made a mistake, Mrs. Farron."

"It was a bad moment to make one. You have worked three years with this firm and never suspected anything wrong?"

"Yes, sometimes I have —"

Adelaide's eyebrows went up.

"Oh, you have suspected. You had reason to think the whole thing might be dishonest, but you were willing to run away with Mathilde and let her get inextricably committed before you found out —"

"That 's irresponsible, sir," said Lanley. "I don't suppose you understood what you were doing, but it was utterly irresponsible."

"I think," said Adelaide, "that it finally answers the question as to whether or not you are too young to be married."

"Mama, I will marry Pete," said Mathilde, trying to make a voice broken with sobs sound firm and resolute.

"Mr. Wayne at the moment has no means whatsoever, as I understand it," said Adelaide.

"I don't care whether he has or not," said Mathilde.

Adelaide laughed. The laugh rather shocked Mr. Lanley. He tried to explain.

"I feel sorry for you, but you can't imagine how painful it is to us to think that Mathilde came so near to being mixed up with a crooked deal like that—Mathilde, of all people. You ought to see that for yourself."

"I see it, thank you," said Pete.

"Really, Mr. Wayne, I don't think that 's quite the tone to take," put in Adelaide.

"I don't think it is," said Wayne.

Mathilde, making one last grasp at self-control, said:

"They would n't be so horrid to you, Pete, if they understood—" But the muscles of her throat contracted, and she never got any further.

"I suppose I shall be thought a very cruel parent," said Adelaide, almost airily, "but this sort of thing can't go on, really, you know."

"No, it really can't," said Mr. Lanley. "We feel you have abused our confidence."

"No, I don't reproach Mr. Wayne along those lines," said Adelaide. "He owes me nothing. I had not supposed Mathilde would deceive me, but we won't discuss that now. It is n't anything against Mr. Wayne to say he has made a mistake. Five years from now, I 'm sure, he would not put himself, or let himself be put, in such an extremely humiliating position. And I don't say that if he came back five years from now with some financial standing I should be any more opposed to him than to any one else. Only in the meantime there can be no engagement." Adelaide looked very reasonable. "You must see that."

"You mean I 'm not to see him?"

"Of course not."

"I must see him," said Mathilde.

Lanley looked at Wayne.

"This is an opportunity for you to rehabilitate yourself. You ought to be man enough to promise you won't see her until you are in a position to ask her to be your wife."

"I have asked her that already, you know," returned Wayne with an attempt at a smile.

"Pete, you would n't desert me?" said Mathilde.

"If Mr. Wayne had any pride, my dear, he would not wish to come to a house where he was unwelcome," said her mother.

"I 'm afraid I have n't any of that sort of pride at all, Mrs. Farron."

Adelaide made a little gesture, as much as to say, with her traditions, she really did not know how to deal with people who had n't.

"Mathilde,"—Wayne spoke very gently, —"don't you think you could stop crying?"

"I 'm trying all the time, Pete. You won't go away, no matter what they say?"

"Of course not."

"It seems to be a question between what I think best for my daughter as opposed to what you think best—for yourself," observed Adelaide.

"Nobody wants to turn you out of the house, you know," said Mr. Lanley in a conciliatory tone, "but the engagement is at an end."

"If you do turn him out, I 'll go with

him," said Mathilde, and she took his hand and held it in a tight, moist clasp.

They looked so young and so distressed as they stood there hand in hand that Lanley found himself relenting.

"We don't say that your marriage will never be possible," he said. "We are asking you to wait—consent to a separation of six months."

"Six months!" wailed Mathilde.

"With your whole life before you?" her grandfather returned wistfully.

"I 'm afraid I am asking a little more than that, Papa," said Adelaide. "I have never been enthusiastic about this engagement, but while I was watching and trying to be coöperative, it seems, Mr. Wayne intended to run off with my daughter. I know Mathilde is young and easily influenced, but I don't think, I don't really think,"—Adelaide made it evident that she was being just,—"that any other of all the young men who come to the house would have tried to do that, and none of them would have got themselves into this difficulty. I mean,"—she looked up at Wayne,— "I think almost any of them would have had a little better business judgment than you have shown."

"Mama," put in her daughter, "can't you see how honest it was of Pete not to go, anyhow?"

Adelaide smiled ironically.

"No; I can't think that an unusually high standard, dear."

This seemed to represent the final outrage to Mathilde. She turned.

"O Pete, would n't your mother take me in?" she asked.

And as if to answer the question, Pringle opened the door and announced Mrs. Wayne.

(To be continued)

# Free

*By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES*

Over and over I tell the sky,
I am free—I.

Over and over I tell the sea,
I am free.

Over and over I tell my lover
I am free, free—over and over.

But when the night comes black and cold,
I, who am young, with fear grow old;
And I know, when the world is clear of sound,
I am bound—bound.

# The Efficient Use of Coal

(This article was prepared in the offices of the United States Fuel Administration)

THE people of the United States must save this year fifty million tons of coal out of what would otherwise be their ordinary consumption, for the war has made it necessary to furnish to ourselves and our allies one hundred million more tons of coal than the country normally produces. No more than half of that demand can be met by increase of production. In the circumstances, however, a shovelful or a ton of coal saved is as good as a shovelful or a ton mined; therefore the duty, indeed the necessity, is squarely before the people to save that other fifty million tons. Upon the saving depends in part the winning of the war.

There are several things upon which the winning of the war is said to depend, saving coal, producing and saving food, preserving the morale of our troops at the front, and keeping up the spirit and determination of the people at home. Every one of these is indeed an essential factor, and if we fail, or if our allies fail, in any one of them, we shall lose the war, and permit Germany to become the mistress of the world, with our country crumpling to the position of a vassal state dominated by the imperial eagles of the kaiser.

Back of the man power and the money power necessary to achieve victory looms the coal power, without which both men and money will be useless. For this is a war the crucial factors of which are machinery and transportation by land and sea, and these depend upon coal. Munitions can not be made without an ample supply of coal, and to send troops to the front without mountains of munitions behind them is to betray them to inevitable slaughter and capture. Munition factories devour coal and they must be fed amply and incessantly, even if we all shiver in our homes to furnish them with their necessary fuel. It is estimated that munition plants will increase their coal consumption this year by from 33 1/3 to 50 per cent. over their consumption last year. Virtually all of them are running on a twenty-four hour daily schedule, and are being called upon by the Government to increase their production in every possible way. One of these large companies will require during the coming year 250,000 more tons of coal per month, if its production of munitions is to equal what is needed from it.

The transportation problem makes an equally important demand upon our coal-supply. Our war-ships must be coaled. Our troop-ships, which are carrying constantly increasing numbers of soldiers to reinforce the battle-lines of England and France and Italy, must be kept going back and forth across the sea. The scores of supply-ships, which carry munitions and food and fuel and clothing, must have a stream of coal flowing into their bunkers. The supreme efforts which our railroads are making to transport the vastly increased traffic of munitions, food, supplies, and troops demand a huge increase, estimated at forty million tons, in their usual consumption of coal. The many buildings of our big army cantonments must all be heated.

In addition to war needs, there are others only a little less important that must have their quota of coal. The direct requirements of the Government have increased enormously, and public utilities, especially in the Eastern part of the country, are consuming from a fourth to a third more coal than formerly. There has been a large expansion in the steel and cotton textile manufacturing industries, and in consequence these factories need a larger supply of coal. In 1916 the

production of steel increased over the previous year by ten million tons. On the basis of four tons of bituminous coal for one ton of steel product, which is the usual proportion, the steel industry in that year increased its consumption of coal by forty million tons over that of the previous year. During the coming year there will be a great increase of production, and consequently of coal. The cotton mills in the Carolinas and in New England are speeding up their spindles to supply the swelling demands for their fabrics, and this means that they, too, must have a larger supply of coal than ever before.

It is not that we lack coal. According to the estimates of the Federal Government, our mines contain 3,553,637,100,000 tons yet unmined. One difficulty lies in the impossibility of getting out of the ground the enormously increased amount that has suddenly become necessary. This calls for an amount of labor that can be supplied only with difficulty.

A much greater problem is the carrying of the coal from mine to consumer; for the transportation facilities needed for the moving of so much more than the usual amount are not available and cannot be supplied. Although more than half the freight tonnage carried by the railroads in former years was coal, the supply of coal-cars was then adequate. Now it falls so far below the need that some of the larger mines cannot run full time because there are not enough cars to carry away the product. With manufacturing plants heavily engaged upon war work, it is impossible to increase adequately the supply of coal-cars. The number that could be manufactured in a year would be no more than a drop in the bucket, and priority must be given in the factories to the things of which the need is most urgent and vital.

Still more important is the shortage in locomotives. The enormous amount of additional transportation which has suddenly fallen on the railroads calls for locomotive facilities beyond their power to supply. A large percentage of the engines which are being manufactured must be sent to France in order that the American troops and their supplies can be moved wherever needed without delay. Many old locomotives that had been discarded have been brought back into use; but these old engines are themselves voracious consumers of coal, and thus add a new complication to the problem. It is estimated that the work of the railroads needed by the country this year will necessitate the consumption by their locomotives of 175,000,000 tons.

The problem has now become clear. One of the crucial factors in the winning of the war is to provide for ourselves and our allies an immensely increased amount of coal. So large is that amount and so great are the calls for other purposes upon labor supply and transportation facilities that we can provide consumers with only half of the increase imperatively needed. Therefore, out of the amount we would normally consume we must save fifty million tons.

This will not be a difficult achievement. All that is necessary is an entire willingness on the part of consumers to learn and practise more economical methods of firing, whether in kitchen stoves or in the engines of large plants. The problem is a personal one, and it must be felt to be personal and immediate by every man, woman, or child who handles a shovelful of coal. Every one must feel that if he wastes a ton, a pailful, or a shovelful of coal, he is adding to the transportation problems and burdens of the railroads, is slackening the speed of munition plants, reducing the number of shells and rifles and bags of wheat and Red Cross supplies that can be sent across the ocean, prolonging the war, increasing the number of the slain and wounded.

The conservation division of the United States Fuel Administration is ready to give advice and help to users of coal who are willing to serve their country by substituting more economical and efficient methods of consumption. Technical experts and experienced men from every class of coal-consumers have studied the

problem and have arrived at definite and accurate results. The work of conservation falls under two heads, economy in the use of fuel, and the elimination of coal where its consumption is wasteful or of small consequence.

In the conservation, or economical use, of coal the department gives instruction by means of posters and printed directions, and also by the help of technical engineers who have volunteered to lecture, give public instruction to firemen and others, and to visit large plants.

In the homes of the country much can be done in the task of saving fifty million tons of coal. If every householder in the land would save one small shovelful of coal per day, the saving for the year would amount to fifteen million tons, or almost one third of the whole amount. If every householder would save one furnace shovelful of coal per day, it would amount to twenty-five million tons. In kitchen stoves and household furnaces there usually is great waste in the use of coal. Proper control of the dampers is one of the chief secrets of economical heating. Keeping the heating surfaces clean is another important matter, for soot is even more effective as a non-conductor of heat than asbestos. Smoke-passages must be kept clean. Oil-stoves and fireless cookers should be used as coal-savers as far as practicable. Most American houses are overheated, and their inmates will have better health and coal will be conserved if their temperature is not allowed to rise above sixty-eight. Weather-strips, double windows, extra radiators, and heating-drums in stove-pipes will pay for themselves in the lessened consumption of coal that will result, and there will also be achieved an important saving.

The Federal Bureau of Mines has prepared detailed and explicit directions for conserving coal without lessening efficiency that will be sent to any one desiring them. They cover firing methods in kitchen and heating stoves, household furnaces, large plants, and deal with both bituminous and anthracite coal. The people of this country have always been exceedingly wasteful in their use of coal, and the necessity that is now upon them of reducing their consumption finds them ignorant of how to achieve an equal result with less coal. If this winter, from the housewife in the kitchen to the manager of the large plant, they will practice scientific methods, they will not only help to hasten the day of victory in the war, but will also pave the way to a greater industrial efficiency after the war is over.

The United States Fuel Administration expects to see much coal saved by the elimination of useless or unimportant consumption. Another important saving can be effected by reducing the amount of electricity used for illuminated signs and useless outdoor displays. All water power which can be made available, and all that is already in use, should be developed to the full extent, thus relieving the demands upon the coal-supply. It is hoped that Congress will pass a law for daylight saving, which, it is estimated, will save at least a million tons of coal per year.

It is the hope of the Fuel Administration that the voluntary economies of industrial and domestic consumers, added to the increased coal production, will provide sufficient coal to meet the pressing and most necessary demands of the war as well as the needs of our own people. Otherwise the mighty necessity of prosecuting the war to a successful finish, to which everything else must bow, will compel the imposition of some kind of limitation upon manufacturers of non-war products. But arbitrary limitation is a last resort, and to be avoided if possible. It is not likely to become necessary if the people feel that this is their own problem, in the solution of which each of them must do his individual part. Each one must feel that the responsibility is upon him to cut off all waste and unnecessary consumption, to economize if by no more than a shovelful of coal per day, and to begin without a moment's delay the learning and practising of scientific and economical methods of heating.

# The Citizen Paper

By ALMA ESTABROOK ELLERBE and PAUL LEE ELLERBE

Illustrations by W. T. Benda.

KONRAD KOWALEWSKI stopped his horses and waited for the girl he was to marry.

She came across the bare, brown fields to meet him. A faint mist, as white as the ash of hickory and luminous in the long, low rays of the early sun, clung about her like a veil. It lent her grace and mystery. But as she came, the fragile miracle dissolved before the day, and although Kowalewski did not see, her mystery and grace went with it. Great-limbed, clear-skinned, young, stolid, like Konrad himself, she tramped toward him in the full morning light.

Slouched forward on the high seat of the wagon, he let his glance return from her approaching figure to rest with satisfaction on the broad backs of his horses. No one knew what they meant to him. For years he had saved to buy them, and while he had saved he had walked the thirty miles that lay between his homestead and the town. The strength and the hours he had wasted! He hated waste.

Behind him, a tiny brown spot on the lighter brown of the earth, lay his house, in the center of his homestead. No other broke the vast monotony. Mirages danced sometimes on the horizon's edge, sometimes a hawk flew over, and sometimes at dusk an owl. He could count five yucca-bushes from his cabin door. There was nothing else except the great bare, rolling plains and the wind. The house was only a soddy, and the crops he had harvested were only dry-land crops; but house and crops alike had been wrested from the prairie with his big, scarred hands, in the sweat of his bearded young Russian face.

There was a time not many years ago when the place where his windmill flared in the Colorado sun was called the Great American Desert; it is Konrad Kowalewski and his fellows who have changed all that. These were his possessions: the land, the house, the crops, the horses, and the woman. He gathered them in his mind and jingled them as a boy jingles the pennies in his pocket.

The sky behind Justina Knodel was already hot and blue. She had walked five miles from her father's homestead to meet him. When she swung up to the seat beside him she smelled pleasantly of the sun. He started his horses. The sluggish blood of his muzhik fathers quickened a little. In a few months she would be his wife, and some day there would be water on his land, and beets—beets where now he raised wild hay and millet and scanty Kafir-corn; beets like green tufted dollars there in the soil, sticking up thickly and prosperously row after heavy row. Beyond that he did not think; it marked the boundary of his dream.

To have the daughter of well-to-do Peter Knodel sitting close beside him, his promised wife, made it all seem nearer than ever before. He did not touch her, and he did not look long at her, but the slow fire in his cheeks evoked an answering fire in hers. A tongue of that great flame that warms and lights and energizes the race had found their hearts. They recognized it dimly, and would have spoken of it if they could; but there was no speech in them except the speech of utility. He had lived too long alone, and conversationally the women of her communion followed their men.

It was the great day of Kowalewski's life. He had built toward it ever since he had crossed the ocean, and, in place of the labor and poverty of a peasant farmer of Grodno, Russia, had settled down to the

labor and poverty of a dry-land homesteader of Colorado. He was now on his way to town to be naturalized. The machinery of his mind, which usually worked with slow and quiet regularity, was disturbed. It jerked from contemplation of the district court-room, where he was to be made a citizen of the United States, to the land office, where he was to complete proof upon his homestead by the production of his certificate of naturalization, to the tiny, ugly German Lutheran church where he, a landowner, an American who had made good, was soon to marry Justina Knodel.

He wanted to say something about these things, but the silence of the prairie had permeated his heart. Most of all he wanted to talk about the questions he would be asked in court. He sought for some new fact which he could impart to Justina, but Justina knew all the facts. At the end of two miles he asked if the hoof of one of her father's horses had healed; she told him it had.

Suddenly a meadow-lark, tipping a telephone pole like a knob of gold against the keen, fresh blue of the sky, flung out a ringing challenge to all the Konrads and Justinas of the world, a quick succession of notes jubliant with the morning, vibrant with the joy of the young West. But they did not look up, though he was almost the last of the year. He whipped it all out over again with the same perfection of verve and finish, and left them, perhaps for the winter. A vague sense of fulfilment was at their hearts. Kowalewski laid his big hand, open, upon her knee, and she put hers into it. Their fingers closed and clung for a moment, then fell apart.

After a while he found simple things to say of his plans. She nodded her head; the little black shawl that covered it slipped to her shoulders. They spoke in German. English was still difficult. The wagon rattled on through the country of their adoption.

From the dry-land district the road led them into a region of affluent ditches. The lonely, unmarked miles were broken by long rows of cottonwoods; the delicately hung, frost-smitten leaves, stirring and flashing in the sun, were like masses of yellow butterflies. Dry-land crops gave place to the heavy, faintly yellowing green of sugar-beets and the green-brown of alfalfa, stripped of its last cutting.

On the border-line lay Sergius Reitler's homestead; good land, well tilled and watered; a little neatly painted wooden house; a big, red barn; the sharp peak of a dugout, on the dirt roof of which sunflowers flared in summer; a bit of orchard.

Sergius Reitler was in his yard, his twisted body drooping to his two canes, his chickens about his feet. As he peered up with almost sightless eyes at the two on the wagon-seat and wished Konrad good fortune on his errand in a voice that was cracked and weak, he seemed an old man. Most people had come to regard his kindly wisdom as the distillation from the experience of years. But it came from pain, not from time. The accident that had taken him suddenly off the stage of life and placed him irrevocably among its spectators had found him in the prime of manhood.

Every one knew what had happened to him. Out where even the fences stopped and the prairie-hawk had to fly high to sight another house, he had fallen one August morning from his windmill, and, while his dog kept the coyotes from eating him, had lain, broken-backed, face up, on the buffalo-grass; and there for two calm, blue days the fiercest sun that rides the sky had slowly blackened and burned and tortured him until he had become an unrecognizable thing and scarcely a man at all.

He was adviser, arbiter, friend to all the county, he had helped Kowalewski in many ways; but his misshapen figure was a blot on the world's brightness that morning. Kowalewski did not like to look at him. His greeting was brief. He drove on briskly to Justina's home.

Peter Knodel and his kind are replenishing the earth. Proof of it was spread out in his fields, against the yellowing green of his beets, like a huge piece of tapestry.

KONRAD AND JUSTINA

The design was wrought in stalwart, bending backs—the dull-blue, faded calico backs of his wife and daughters, the bright-blue overall backs of his grown sons, the small, rounded, brown backs of the younger children, and his own broad, red-sweatered back, vividly crossed with new, white suspenders.

A freeze might come at any time, and the beets must be dug while the ground was still soft. As he held in his horses for Justina to get down, Kowalewski could see that the last of the crop would be on its way to the factory within the week. Peter Knodel was forehanded and industrious. It was a good family to be marrying into.

Justina took her place in the rows. Her back made another spot of blue in the fields.

"Goot luck, Konrad!" shouted Peter Knodel. He straightened his stout form with difficulty and waved his hand. The other Knodels waved and shouted, too, and Kowalewski drove on with a warmth at his heart.

He remembered his first journey along that way five years before, an alien, with no English and no friends, poor, alone, and afraid. He had walked over there on the right, close to Peter Knodel's fence. There had been only one faint road across the prairie then; now there were four, side by side, their ruts worn deep by German-Russian wheels, too deep for comfortable traffic, so that Kowalewski, the Knodels, and the rest were beginning for themselves a fifth, wherein the feet of his big Percherons moved ponderously while he thought of the changes in his fortunes.

His land, his wife, his citizenship! He was on his way that day to grasp them all at last. And though his heart pounded from nervousness, he wished the naturalization hearing had fallen in some less-busy season, so that Justina, and maybe her father and mother, too, could have gone to court with him to hear him answer the questions, so sure was he—sure even while he was afraid. That was Kowalewski.

When evening came his citizen paper would be safely in the bank, the land office would have a copy of it, he would have bought and put on in Simon Raabe's store elk-hide shoes, a sheepskin coat,—he fingered the holes in the one he wore,—and a blue-flannel shirt, and he would be eating supper in Peter Knodel's house, while his horses had their fill of oats and hay in Peter Knodel's barn.

The Percherons went at a heavy trot. The thud of it beat out for him in painful, halting cadence: "The Constitution of the United States—is the fundamental law by which—the country is governed . . . The three branches of the Government are—" It came hard, that kind of thing. He took his mind in both his hands and wrenched out the words, "the legislative—the executive—and the judicial." That was the worst of all. "An anarchist is—one who disbelieves—in organized government. I am not—an anarchist." Much that his lips said had no more meaning for his mind than the words of an incantation.

It was a funny business, this answering questions to get a thing that was worth money. But it was the law. When they told you something was the law, it always ended talk, and you did what they said.

He tried to remember to what he had pledged himself in his "Declaration of Intention," his *first* citizen paper, made two years before. The words eluded him, but hung somewhere in his mind like a forgotten tune: "It is bona fide my intention to renounce forever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty, and particularly to Nicholas II, Emperor of All the Russias, of whom I am now a subject. . . . I am not an anarchist; I am not a polygamist nor a believer in the practice of polygamy; and it is my intention in good faith to become a citizen of the United States of America and to permanently reside therein. So help me God."

He drove into town thinking about it all, and hitched his horses to the rail in front of the court-house. More teams were tied in the public square than he had ever seen there. Every one knew the reason: one night a few months before the red reflection of the Great War had spread itself faintly throughout the peaceful, empty stretches of the county, and with it had gone the rumor that those of foreign birth who were still unnaturalized could be taken back by force to fight for the princes, potentates, states, and sovereignties to which they had failed to forswear allegiance.

They did not want to go. German, Russian, English, Swede, Norwegian, Pole, or what you will, un-American, perhaps, in this or that, or everything, they were bound together strongly by one bond, the land. The aliens of the county were tied to its soil like the cottonwoods that flanked the irrigating-ditches. Their roots went down as deep. They had come, landless and homeless, to a place where into the hands of each of them had been given a part of the country, to have and to hold forever, to homestead and inhabit. They wanted to stay.

So when Kowalewski went into the court-room he found the nations of the

earth gathered there, waiting to be made citizens of the United States and secure in their tenure of the land.

The German-Russians predominated, tall men, most of them, big-boned, and heavy. From his place by the door Konrad Kowalewski's glance went easily above the heads of them all. He nodded to his friend Andyjewski, who was one of the witnesses on his petition for naturalization, and went over to a place beside him, where he stood. All the seats were filled.

As it waited patiently, this gathering of dry-landers, it might have seemed the flotsam upon the curling wave of society, the strays that American civilization had forced out there ahead of itself where no one else would go; the men who held, as it were, the economic firing-line.

The county seat to which they had come was a town of wide streets and charming houses, and there was learning there, with prosperity and comfort. But these men with the seamed and anxious faces were all from the dry-land country, where life steps to a different measure. There was not one of them whose hands and feet and limbs and skin and countenance and hair and clothes did not prove it. They were blazing the way, laying the deep foundations, beginning the conquest of the wilderness, and the wilderness was exacting heavy toll for what they won. At one time or another they had all got caught in the cogs of things and been chewed somewhere.

As the hearing went on, Kowalewski saw that the judge and the government man were kind. They did not wish to close the doors upon any one; but the questions they asked were not an empty form. The young and the sound must answer them, homestead or no homestead, or go away unnaturalized, to return, if they wished, at the next hearing to try again.

It was hard to get up before that crowd of people, with all you had in the balance, and say out loud the things you had learned alone on the empty plains, the bailiff at your elbow to prod you if you did n't do right. Kowalewski's throat contracted and closed as he waited, and the sweat broke out on his big body.

But he *knew* it, he *knew* it, he *knew* it! All the judges and government men and bailiffs in the world could n't scare it out of him. He cleared his throat so loudly that people looked at him; he stiffened his muscles and stood straight.

The government man was asking Joe Guliani, a bright-eyed young Italian who worked for the railroad, if he was a polygamist.

"Who? Me?" said Joe, in staccato surprise. "No; me no p'lyg'mist. Me *Democrat!*"

Kowalewski laughed with the rest, too loudly in his relief at being permitted to make a noise; then he sighed deeply. He wished they 'd call his name and get done with it.

Joe Guliani came down the room, showing all his teeth in a friendly, shamefaced grin. His hearing had been continued until he could learn a little. He thought Uncle Sam made all the laws, and said the two houses of Congress were the White House and the Blue House!

"Konrad Cowylooski!" called the clerk. "Witnesses, John Andyjooski and Simon Raabe. Come forward and take your places."

Kowalewski stepped out clumsily. Holding himself very straight, he walked toward the judge with heavy, confident steps that beat out for him: "The Constitution—is—the fundamental law—by which—the country is—governed."

His witnesses walked after him. He was n't afraid now, and his head was clear.

He came out of the court house staring dully ahead. Mechanically he buttoned his jacket and turned up the collar. He did not go to Simon Raabe's to buy a new jacket or the elk-hide shoes; there was nothing to take to the bank, nothing to leave at the land office.

He drew himself heavily up over the wheel and turned the horses toward home. The wind blew out of the north. The west was full of storm-clouds. When he

reached Peter Knodel's place there was no one in sight except Sergius Reitler, wrapped in a heavy coat, working his way swiftly across the field with queer, stabbing, powerful thrusts of his canes. He was going to Knodel's house. Kowalewski turned at the gate and went in the same direction.

With his body humped forward, he held his horses to a walk, unconsciously timing their heavy steps to the sullen movements of his thoughts, and watched the sharp, zigzag motions of Reitler's limbs. There seemed no bodily strength left in the man. It was as though his mind propelled him over the uneven ground. Kowalewski felt it and was senselessly angry. Suddenly he did n't like him, this Sergius Reitler; he knew too much. He felt that somehow in his place Reitler would have been naturalized, would have swung things his way; he did n't want to see Reitler and talk about it.

Justina came out to meet him, her shawl over her head, her eyes shining with the importance of the day. When she saw how he slouched on the high seat she cried anxiously:

"Did n't they give you the citizen paper, Konrad?"

He shook his head without replying, and looked uneasily at Sergius Reitler, who came up and stood shaking on his canes, the sweat of his exertion on his wrinkled forehead. He wished Reitler would go away.

"Was it that you could n't answer the questions?"

"They did n't ask me any."

"Then—why—"

"What was the trouble, Kowalewski?" It was always hard for Reitler to talk after he had been moving about. His cracked voice gave a touch of diablerie to everything he said. It added to Kowalewski's irritation. He did n't want to tell him, but he had to. Reitler was his friend, and somehow people always told him what he wanted to know.

"I took my first paper in the wrong county."

That was the gist of it. They talked there in the cold for a long time, while the gray in the sky thickened into black, and Reitler by dint of patient questioning got the matter clearly into his head at last. These were the facts: Kowalewski had made his declaration of intention to become a citizen of the United States—his first citizen paper—in the district court at Blackrock, the county seat of Franklin County, and he should have made it in the district court at No Wood, the county seat of Pawnee County; for he had lived then on Reitler's place, working for wages, and Reitler's place and the homestead Kowalewski had filed upon later, after he had saved a little money, were both just across the line in Pawnee County. He supposed the clerk ought to have known better than to take his paper, but he had n't. Every one thought it was all right until the government man from Denver told the judge about it. Then they found that his first paper was n't any good. He would have to make a new one in the right county.

They had n't asked him what county he lived in; just, "Where do you live?" and he had said Owl Creek, because he got his mail there. Reitler or Knodel or Andyjewski would have said the same thing, and they knew as well as he did that Owl Creek was in Franklin County, but that their homesteads and all the land on that side of the road were in Pawnee County.

It was a two days' journey by rail around to No Wood. They hardly ever went there. They were always going to Blackrock to buy supplies, to do their banking, to sell their crops. They read the "Franklin County News." They were Franklin County men.

The clerk thought it was all right. Was he supposed to know more than the clerk? He looked at Justina appealingly. Her black eyes were round and frightened.

Reitler said:

"If you go to No Wood now and make a new first paper, how long is it you must wait to get your second paper?"

"Two years," said Kowalewski, desperately, still looking at Justina.

Justina gave a little cry of despair. If he remained an alien, he could not prove up on his homestead; and as his wife she would become an alien, too, and lose the land she had filed on as a desert entry. Her father had spent money on that land. The family depended upon it. They could not let it go.

He stared through the first wandering flakes of the coming storm at a huge tumbleweed journeying solemnly and steadily before the wind. It had the air of being bound for a far goal without knowledge of Peter Knodel's fence. He watched it until the wires caught it. It would stick there with hundreds of others until some one pulled it loose.

The Knodels came out and urged him to stay for supper.

"No, I must go home," he said. When they asked him what had happened, he said, "Reitler will tell you," and started off through the snow.

Justina came with him to the gate.

"Maybe if Father and Sergius Reitler went to Blackrock they could fix it for you?"

But Kowalewski shook his head. There was nothing to do but begin all over again. The government man had told him. The government man could fix it if anybody could.

"It 's his business, and I guess he knows."

He looked at her wistfully, hoping for he scarcely knew what.

If this had meant only harder work and longer hours, he would have bent his back to it without comment or hesitation, and she would have helped him. She was almost as old at labor as he, as old at saving. But what would their work and their thrift amount to against the impersonal animosity of the law?

A slow color came into her cheeks beneath his look. Man-limbed, heavy featured, wind-whipped, she stood holding her shawl together, staring silently up at him, her heart-beats in her throat.

Helpless, they looked to each other for help.

One of the Percherons whinnied for home, the other began to paw; they pulled on the lines.

"Well, I guess I better go."

She stood where he left her, staring after him as he drove off into the night.

He looked back once. He could see nothing but the lighted window, like an opening in the curtain of the dark, and through it the table where Reitler sat with the Knodels at supper. He knew they were talking about him. As he drove on at any gait the horses chose he felt that he had suddenly become an outcast. It could n't be the same for him at Peter Knodel's any more. The door of the only house that had been like home was closing against him. And even his own house would n't be his soon.

It was dark and unfriendly when he reached it. In the blackness around him there was n't a light. Overhead all the stars were gone. A coyote howled. He brushed the back of his hand across his eyes and slid down over the wheel.

The next morning as he sat at breakfast before the sun was up the jingling of the harness on Peter Knodel's big horse made him look up from his plate. An old shepherd dog trotted ahead of the wagon, his nose down.

Peter Knodel tramped past the front door of the soddy in his thick square boots and, rapping at the back, looked in. He did not enter. His body filled the doorway. The world behind him was still gray.

He liked Konrad Kowalewski, but he knew no way to soften facts. He said what he had come to say. He had telephoned a lawyer. If Justina married Konrad, she could n't prove up on her desert land until Konrad became a citizen. That would take two years. They could n't wait. If they did, some one would file a contest against the land. They needed the land. They could n't get along without it.

He lingered a moment, but as Kowalewski only nodded, he went away; and Konrad sat with his arms stretched along the table and stared at the empty doorway.

His breakfast dishes were on the table,

newspapers, a memorandum-book in which he kept his simple accounts, his bank-book, and loose sheets of paper on which he had practised writing in English. His name, with experimental flourishes, showed in many places; and sometimes there was "Justina," and once "Sergius Reitler." He had pushed everything aside to make room for his arms.

After he had sat there a long time a second figure filled the doorway. Justina had been hurrying. Her brown face was moist. A lock of her sunburned hair was loose. Back of her long gleams of light quivered across the bare, white plains; the sun was up. It silvered the edges of her silhouette as she stood in his door.

"Did he come to tell you that I can't marry you?" she asked.

He nodded without moving.

"And is—is it nothing that you are going to do to try to keep me, Konrad?"

He looked at her wonderingly. In his eyes was loss of faith in justice, in men's sense of honor, in fairness, in decency, in right. Hunger or cold, drought or privation, failure of crops, disappointment, sickness—any of these things he could have met; but the law! He did not know how to meet *that*.

"Am I smarter than the judge and the clerk and the government man from Denver?" he asked her bitterly.

His horses neighed for their breakfast. The sun came in at the window. All the big, uncrowded radiance of the plains lay beyond the door. The wind blew sweet and mild. The god of early morning and wide, free spaces was abroad. There was a deceptive smell of spring in the air.

They did not say anything. They did not open their arms to each other. She turned and went away, tramping the earth almost as her father had tramped it.

He got up stiffly and fed his horses. That day he drove to No Wood and declared his intention anew, with three Greeks who worked on the railroad. They had just come to the United States and could not speak English. He reflected bitterly that after nearly eight years he was no less an alien than they.

Then he faced the emptiness of his life with stolid acceptance. He fed his horses, his chickens, and his pigs, he brought in the last of his crops; but he did not read the paper, go to town, or talk with his neighbors. When he heard the infrequent sound of wheels on the road before his house he made sure that it was not Justina and went inside and closed the door. He did n't want his friends to rub it in by telling him how sorry they were.

For fourteen days he watched the sun come up, sending its first feeler of light between two rounded hillocks in the east, silvering the short, curly buffalo-grass, touching his window into flashing white fire, waking all the wide, fresh-smelling prairie into life; burn its way through its great blue arc, and set at evening behind a yucca-bush with one straight, stiff, black stalk that looked like a little cross against that big, yellow bubble of flame, while he wondered about Justina, and what a wiser man than he could do about it all, and did nothing but wonder and brood and listen, listen, listen to the creaking of his windmill.

On the fifteenth day he went to Blackrock to buy food. He had nothing left.

In Simon Raabe's store you could get anything. He made his purchases as quickly as possible, avoiding the people he knew, pretending he did n't see them.

He was leaving with his packages when Stefan Ostovitch came in and grinned at sight of him. Ostovitch was a big man, with a reputation for wit. When he grinned the others in the store grinned with him, and some of them came closer to hear what he would say. The two men had always disliked each other.

"They tell me Sergius Reitler 's stole your girl." Ostovitch's voice took in the store. He glanced about for approval. There was a general chuckle.

"What is that you say?" said Kowalewski, stupidly. "What do you say?" He did not understand at all, but he shifted his bundles to his left arm and looked hard at Ostovitch.

"You ain't heard about it? You ought to get around more. Justina Knodel 's

"HE WALKED TO THE FENCE"

took up with Reitler. She 's going to marry him, they say."

"You 're a liar!" said Kowalewski, and struck so suddenly that every one was surprised. It was only his open palm, but the smack of it could be heard in the street. It sent Ostovitch sprawling on top of a tub of sour pickles and a tin cracker box.

Kowalewski went out and left him there. He was n't afraid of Ostovitch, but he was afraid of the other thing.

"Sergius Reitler!" he said to himself. "Good God!"

It was so preposterous that it would have passed with him for one of Ostovitch's empty witticisms if it had n't been for the air of general understanding. He felt that Ostovitch had spoken for them all.

Beneath the crack of the whip his horses trotted hard. Soon the steam rose from them in the cold, clear air of late afternoon. He was going to Sergius Reitler's place as fast as he could.

But beneath his anger he knew that he would find no comfort there. Life had gone well with him for years; then suddenly he had tripped and fallen outside his orbit. He felt that he was n't going to get back again. He did n't put it that way to himself, for he had never heard of orbits; but he *felt* it that way.

Those people in the store had a right to laugh. They were parts of the established order of things, solidly swinging along in the way they should go, fitting in with the judge and the clerk, the government man from Denver, and the law.

He drove up the last rise in the road toward Sergius Reitler's. What he found there stayed with him even more vividly than the group of grinning faces in Simon Raabe's store. He saw it whenever he shut his eyes: a bare, brown bit of prairie sloping gently upward toward the west, and on the rounded horizon-line, against an after-sunset band of clear orange light, Justina plowing, and Reitler following her! She seemed a little larger than life, her skirts high kilted, her clothes blown backward from her big body's robust curves. The horses strained to the work. She guided the plowshare steady and straight through the tough sod. Behind her Reitler scuttled on his canes, crooked, sinister, repellent, almost black in the dying light.

Kowalewski stared at them with his mouth a little open. He closed it and thought:

"I 'll go over there and ask him what he 's doing, and then I 'll pick a quarrel with him and beat him to a jelly before her face."

He wrapped the lines about his whip and got down. He walked to the fence, placed his foot on the middle strand of barbed wire and his hand on the tip of a post, and stopped there, thinking how Spot Roberts, the sheriff, would ride out to his soddy, as he had seen him ride once to the house of Benjamin Ginsberg, and take him to the jail where Ginsberg had been kept for four months, and then to the penitentiary at Cañon City, where Ginsberg was still and would be for three years more.

It was the law again. They had him. He would go home and think it out.

When his horses stopped of their own accord at his gate he was huddled into his seat, thinking with dull reiteration thoughts he had better have left alone.

The door of his little sod barn was open. As he stepped into it he was startled by the snarl of an animal. He jumped back quickly and shut the door from the outside. Then he tied his horses, got a lantern, and with a ladder climbed into the loft of the barn through the window.

A big, gaunt mongrel dog faced out from one corner, with a forced and wavering show of courage.

Kowalewski lowered the lantern on a piece of baling-wire and stared at the dog. Its eyes were like his own eyes had been when he had sat on the wagon-seat outside, but of course he did n't know it. He twisted the end of the wire around a projecting nail, and left the lantern hanging while he found a rope. He made a slip-noose, lowered it and tried to catch the dog. The dog snarled as fiercely as he

could, barked once in a way that almost said: "Is n't this all a joke? I 'm a dog, you know, not a coyote," and shrank back into his corner, trembling in every muscle.

Kowalewski prodded him out with a hay-fork, and after a while got the noose over his body. He pulled him up about four feet from the ground, tied the rope around a rafter, and left him hanging there in the middle of the barn, spurting out his last desperate bits of strength in horrible yelps and shrieks of terror and pain.

Kowalewski climbed down the ladder, got his heavy whip from the wagon, opened the door, and lashed the dog to death.

He had never done a cruel thing before.

He lay all night on his bed with his clothes on, staring straight up into the dark, thinking of the people in Simon Raabe's store who had laughed at him, Justina against a clear band of orange light plowing on top of the hill, and Reitler zigzagging after her on his canes.

He had thrown the body of the dog in the arroyo down behind the barn. Coyotes came to eat it. Their crude yelpings made him shiver.

He did n't work the next day, but tried all day to think what he should do. If Justina had left him like that for any other man it would have made him just as angry, but it would n't have made him quite so *sick*.

"Sergius Reitler!" he would say to himself, *"Sergius Reitler!"*

Late in the afternoon he looked out of his window and saw Andyjewski coming from a distance. He knew his buggy. He hurried down behind the barn and hid in the dry bed of the arroyo, where the coyotes had been. They had picked the bones of the dog quite clean.

Andyjewski pounded on the door for a long time, looked through the house and the barn, where Kowalewski's horses were quietly munching hay, and finally went away.

If he had seen Kowalewski's eyes over the tuft of buffalo-grass he would have come back and pulled him out of the arroyo. But he went away into the world of men, where a man may live in safety, orientated from day to day by contact with his fellows, and left Kowalewski in a world of brown grass and sky, good only for the delicately sinuous antelope; the wary coyote; the little hardy, cheerful junco, which minds no weather the skies can send; the bustling, stupid prairie-dog; and the keen-winged, lonely hawk.

When he climbed out of the arroyo it was dark. He sat quietly in his house for a long time without making a light. He was more comfortable now. He had decided to kill Sergius Reitler.

He did not think about what would happen afterward. He only knew that when he had done it he could come back and go to sleep, and he had not slept for two weeks.

The moon came up over the prairie. Through his open door he watched the black shadows of the windmill-vanes follow one another in a flattened circle on the ground. When the edge of the circle touched the corner of his barn he struck a match and looked at his clock. It was nearly midnight. He walked out of his house and down the road, faint white in the moonlight, gashed with black where the deep ruts lay.

He did n't walk like a murderer, but like a man going about his matter-of-fact, daylight business. He mounted Reitler's steps neither noisily nor furtively, and laid his hand on the door-knob as if he belonged there.

Through the open window he could see dimly Reitler sitting up in bed.

"Who 's that?" Reitler croaked.

"You know who it is, Sergius Reitler."

"Kowalewski? Come in. The door is unlocked."

He was lighting a candle when Kowalewski entered. His powerful hand and the bulging muscles on his outstretched forearm were like the green branch of a dead tree, almost all the rest of him shriveled and dried and useless.

Kowalewski stood by the bed. He wanted to tell him to get up and be as

much of a man as he could. It made him uncomfortable to have him lying there in his coarse night-shirt, like a woman or a child, as slight beneath the gray cotton blankets.

"What 's the matter with you?" said Reitler, quickly. "What do you want?" His voice had the rasp of a shovel on a gritty pavement.

"You think I lose my woman, eh? Well, maybe I do; but *you* won't get her."

Reitler lifted himself higher in the bed. For an instant he was too amazed to speak. Then he slipped down again and drew the blanket about his chin.

"You thought that Justina was going to marry *me?*" There was a weary patience in his tone. He looked at Kowalewski curiously. Then he realized suddenly that the glare in Kowalewski's eyes was tinged with madness; that he could not be stopped with words.

Kowalewski dug his nails into his calloused palms. A pendulum swinging in his mind ticked off: "In a minute now I 'll kill him. In a minute."

There was no heat in him, but a monomania that must be gratified. He bent deliberately and stretched out his curved hands for Reitler's throat. He expected some resistance, but he thought he would crush Reitler quickly and be done with it. He was astonished when his wrists were grasped by stronger hands than his own. He tried to wrench them free. The little bed was dragged half-way across the room; but the crippled man's grip only held him more tightly, and he found himself drawn down resistlessly.

He braced himself with his knees against the side of the bed, and tried to keep away; but he went down as surely as he had seen old apple-trees go down in Andyjewski's orchard one year at the tug of a steam-tractor. He fought with all his prairie-toughened strength. His eyes came closer and closer to the narrow slits of hardened skin that were all that was left of the eyes of Sergius Reitler. His arms were forced behind his back; his face was pressed at last against the shoulder of Reitler's night-shirt.

He threshed about with his legs, smashing a chair. He strained the muscles of his back and neck. Reitler's arms bent him as he could have bent a woman. They twisted his right arm across his back until there was a sharp pain in the shoulder-socket. One of them held it there. The other took him by the throat and choked him until he grew dizzy and sick and weak, sagged, and gave way in every tautened muscle, and went out suddenly like a candle.

He came to, lying on the floor. He listened to a curious noise that sounded like a rattling whistle. He looked to see where it came from. It was Reitler's breathing. Reitler was sitting up in bed, regarding him.

He raised himself with his left arm, since his right did n't seem to work, and got to his feet slowly. He was n't clearly aware of anything except that he wanted to get out. But he could n't. He was so dizzy and sore that he had to sit down.

Reitler was talking. He scarcely heard the words.

"Women don't marry men like me. . . . Trying to find the old county-line. . . . We sent Andyjewski to tell you." There were pauses between his sentences. He controlled his breathing with difficulty.

Kowalewski wondered what he was talking about.

"Yesterday we found it after two weeks' hard work—"

"Found what?" said Kowalewski, trying to think.

"The old county-line."

"The old county-line?"

"Yes. Square holes about a foot below the sod, with pieces of burned wood and ashes in them, all that 's left of the stakes that marked the original government survey. Prairie fires destroyed the rest long ago. I 've always thought the line was wrong. Old Demarest, who died ten years ago, used to say so. The old line runs *east* of my house, Kowalewski, not west of it along the road."

Kowalewski began to see, but not clearly.

"What will that do to me?" he asked breathlessly.

"*It will make you a citizen.* I 've talked to the judge. The old line shows—"

"It will make me a citizen?" interrupted Kowalewski, incredulously. He forced his dazed mind to comprehend.

"The old line shows that you lived in Franklin County when you took your first paper. Your first paper is all right. The judge will give you your second papers whenever you want them."

Kowalewski sat still and blinked at the light.

"And I won't lose my land?" he said slowly.

"No. We saved it for you. Justina is a good girl, Konrad. You must take care of her."

Kowalewski worked his big hands together, though it hurt his shoulder. His gratitude was like a wave, rising and running forward. He tried desperately to find words for it, but he only succeeded in swallowing something in his throat.

A little cold wind came through the window, sweet with the blended night swells of the prairie.

"My God! I tried to kill you!"

The moonlight touched Kowalewski's broad, red face and black beard, and glistened on sudden tears in his wide-set eyes. He stood up, making a loud noise with his heavy shoes on the bare floor. He brushed the back of his hand across his forehead as if to clear away a nightmare. There was a naked simplicity in his profound silence.

He lifted Sergius Reitler's pipe from the floor and put it on the table beside his bag of tobacco.

"You 'll be wanting it in the morning," he said.

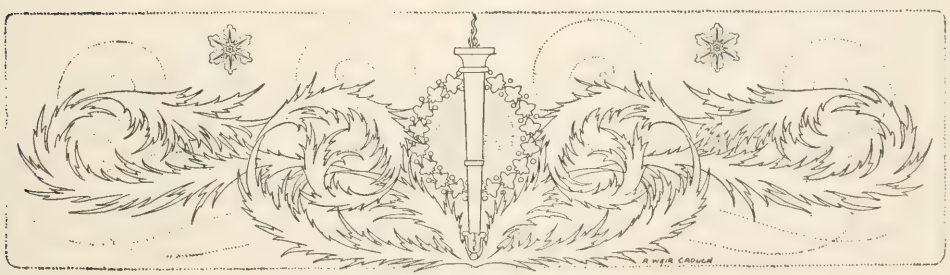
And he went away as quietly as he had come.

Over him, in the keen, thin air were a few sharp silver stars against a sky faintly washed with clear blue. In the west an old battered, third-quarter moon had fallen on the jagged saw-teeth of the Rockies, and hung there as he stumbled away.

It was one of those Western nights when the world seems fire-new from the hand of its maker.

It was *his* country, after all. He felt it dimly, and his body tingled strangely all over. He sobbed a little as he went, like a great, inarticulate boy, astonished and ashamed.

He came to the plough where Justina had left it. The point of the share projected over a square hole. He could make out the white of ashes. He stood a long time by the plow. He stretched out his hand to the place where her hand had been. The look in his eyes was the seed of new things—for his children and America.



# "Lady Writing"

By JOHANNES VERMEER

(*See frontispiece to this number*)

IT was a good thing for the world at large that the Frenchman Burge-Thoré loved to travel and at the same time thought very highly of some little pictures he saw in Delft, otherwise he never would have written that series of articles for the "Gazette des Beaux Arts" that made Johannes Vermeer and his charming works known to the present generation.

Houbraken, the historian of that day, somehow forgot to mention him among the noted painters of the seventeenth century, and fifty years after his death he was entirely forgotten. Three facts, however, had been recorded: he was born in 1632, married in 1653, and died in 1675. It appears that he occupied a respectable position in Delft, for besides owning property, he was several times elected the head of the artists' Gild of St. Luke.

In the year 1696 twenty-one of his paintings were sold at auction in the city of Amsterdam, of which the "Lady Writing" was one. At that sale it brought about six dollars in our money. Since then one of his works has sold for two hundred thousand dollars.

Even after nearly a century of diligent searching only thirty-six authenticated canvases have been placed to Vermeer's credit. Eight of these are owned in the United States, and three are in the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts in New York City.

Vermeer was an almost faultless craftsman in an age when good craftsmanship was common. We feel the perfection of the drawing in the "Lady Writing" and the subtilty of the gradations of tone and color.

The lady is seated in a chair with carved lion-heads, at a table covered with a blue cloth. Upon the table, in orderly arrangement, are the various articles used by any well-to-do young lady of her time. She wears a coat of yellow material trimmed with white fur. Nothing could be finer than the modulation of the color from the light on the shoulder to the shadow on the back. Her face, not a pretty one, is turned toward the spectator, and her hair is done up in ribbons or curl-papers. It was the custom to decorate the walls of Dutch homes with maps, and painters like Terburg, Hooch, and Vermeer made artistic use of this fact. Such a map hangs on the wall in this painting.

There is no doubt that Vermeer's reputation is fully reëstablished, and if through the malice or carelessness of Houbraken he was lost to the world for a time, he has now regained his popularity, and his works are among the priceless treasures of the collectors of the twentieth century.

A. T. VAN LAER.

# IN LIGHTER VEIN

## Little Annie

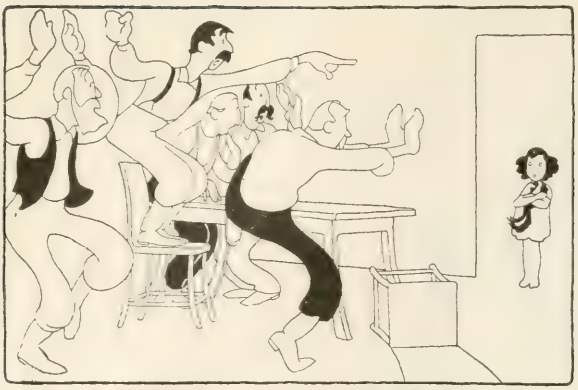
By RAYMOND S. HARRIS

Drawings by Gluyas Williams

"IT 'S funny sometimes what a little girl will take to mother," old Mr. Peters said.

"Now, I recollect Tom Jenkins's girl Angelica—that was when Tom was prospecting up in Shirt-Tail Cañon. Angelica she never had no dolls or nothing, and she took up with an old potato what had a sort o' nose on it and a kind o' face, with places that looked like eyes, if you held it just right. Angelica cuddled that spud and used to wrap rags around it, and put it to bed just like it was a baby. Well, Tom he was always scraping along on nothing, and one day he mashed up the potato for dinner; but Angelica she would n't touch a morsel o' it, and she cried and took on for days. She got some pine-cones later, and used to fuss with them considerable, but somehow they never seemed to fit like the potato did.

"What I was starting to say, though, was to speak o' little Mary Watts. Mary had a pet sheep afterward, but afore that she had what she called her baby kitten Annie. One day Mary was out behind the barn, and she saw a little sort o' kitten a-peeking out from under the floor, and she called 'Kitty! Kitty!' to it, and run into the house, all excited, and got it a saucer o' milk. Well, the little thing it et up the milk like lightning, and Mary



"WE ALL SPRUNG UP AND YELLED FOR HER TO DROP IT"

reckoned it had lost its mother, and she took to carting it all the milk on the place, till her mother had to cut down on that a bit, account of there being none for our coffee or nothing.

"Right away it got tamer and tamer, and one day here comes Mary with the critter in her arms, and we all sprung up and yelled for her to drop it; and when she came right on into the house, her face just speaking with love, we just naturally fell out through anything that was handy, door or window.

"She had picked up with a little baby skunk.

"We circled around the house for a spell, calling and coaxing Mary to take the skunk back and leave it; but she stuck to it like a soldier, and said it was her kitten. We kept edging closer, it being dinner-time, and finally got right into the house with it; and blamed if it was n't sort of a pretty, soft little thing, just as cunning as any kitten, and a whole lot cuter, with its stripes down its back and around its nose. Bill Long he petted it, and it never said nothing, so by and by we all got to looking it over, and it seemed to like to be handled, and as gentle as a fat hog having its back scratched. You could n't notice nothing about it to make you think it *was* a skunk except its looks. We soon forgot about the skunk part altogether, and paid no more attention than if it was a real cat.

"Mary she moved it into the house then, and got a box up in her room where it always slept, and she had some old rags for a bed, and mothered that animal all the time continually. It took all the petting it could get, and was the nicest-mannered little thing you 'd want to see. In fact, it got to be too nice for to make f r i e n d s. Butter would n't melt in its mouth, and it was always a-looking after itself, and sort o' seeming to pride itself on being so awful' nice. Bill Long he said that critter was too stuck up to suit him, and we all got to feeling we 'd like the animal better if it was n't so tickled with itself. To see it act, you 'd 'a' thought it was a tuberose 'stead of a skunk.

"I knew a young woman like that once. She was so all-fired good and pure and sweet, and so pleased with herself at being such, that everybody would 'a' laughed if she 'd fell down in a puddle, or something. Well, we got to feel the same way about Annie. She was too stuck up and always saying to herself how nice she was.

"Things was going on that way when we had a big dance at the mine, and everybody come from away down to Hangtown and up to Georgetown and over by Forest Hill and from miles around. They was

"SPRUNG UP ON HARVEY TUBB'S SHOULDER"

all a-dancing the Virginia Reel in the big room down-stairs where we men et, and all was going fine when Alvin Moor he come over from the Big Indian Mine with a little pup what he called Roger. Alvin was a great hand with children, and he brung this dog over to Mary.

"She was up-stairs in her nightgown and supposed to be in bed, but looking through a knot-hole in the floor at all the dancing, and when Alvin showed up and yells: 'Where 's Mary? I got a pup for her,' why, Mary comes a-running down, holding up her night-gown nigh to her little stummick, and she grabs the dog and darn near squeezes him to death right there. Afore the night was out we all wished she had.

"Then back she goes to her room, a-holding that dog, and all was peaceful for about an hour. Finally Mary got a little sleepy and starts to bed, but can't think what to do with the pup till she recollects the box her skunk slept in; so she moves Annie over a little, and puts that fool pup down right next.

"SHE WAS TOO STUCK UP"

"Next thing we heard the darndest yipping and skuffling and yowling you ever hear', and all of a sudden down the steps shoots Annie, all doubled up and scared plumb crazy, and she jumps off the landing right into the middle of the floor, and chases around a half dozen times, like a dog chasing its tail. Well, she never missed a one o' us, and we all started to pile out o' there, when she took the same notion, and sprung up on Harvey Tubbs's shoulder, and then over on Minnie Shenk's head, and so on out the window.

"After her came the pup by this time, a-falling and rolling and yapping down the stairs the way pups do, and he was almost as bad as the skunk. We kicked him into the chicken-house and locked him in all night.

"Then little Mary came down, crying and scared and wanting her kitten; but we never gave the pore little thing no sympathy at all. We was n't fit to give sympathy to nobody, needing it all ourselves.

"For Annie she had forgot herself. All the manners she had picked up and plastered on, all the fussy goings on and way of being too nice to live, all dropped off o' her when the pup lit inside that box. If she 'd 'a' been awake, maybe she would 'a' got out of it graceful-like; but being caught asleep, she sort o' lost her head, and clean disgraced herself afore she recollected. We did n't know how Annie was ever going to look us in the eye again and put on that manner o' being so nice and refined. But we did n't never find out.

"In the morning we found her drowned in the spring, and we was n't able to use that spring for two years after. She decided, probably, she could n't face us all after that come-down. Her spirit, we figured, was broke', for she realized she was just common skunk, after all. So she ended it right there, and we lassoed her tail with a long piece o' string and drug her out a ways and buried her. The pup he dug her up that afternoon and worried her around the whole place, and we put him in a box and drove him over to the Big Indian Mine, and left him at night. But next night he was back, in the same box.

"Still, there was something sort of aiming at better things inside of Annie. If she had n't been a skunk, she would 'a' been a mighty fine something else. Skunks ain't well understood, and people have no patience with 'em; but they is a good deal like that Limburger cheese I got down at the city three years ago come next December: once you get under the smell, you 'll likely find 'em mighty sweet."

# The Hall of Infamy

Verse by W. R. BURLINGAME. Drawings by W. E. HILL

THE WOMAN WHO POINTS OUT THINGS

I SOMETIMES like to travel thus
Above the world upon a bus,
And gaze in reminiscence down
Each byway of my native town;
But when there comes, and sits behind,
This creature, with a guide-book mind,
Who tells about the vast expense
Of each familiar "residence,"
Who points out as we go along,
And never fails to get facts wrong,
I must confess I fume and fuss,
And lose all pleasure in my bus,
And yearn, if it would be polite,
To set her poor companion right.

I 'm not a selfish man, I think,
Nor do I feel that printer's ink
And journalistic brilliancy
Are spent exclusively for me;
Yet somehow, when I sit and scan
My paper, I despise the man
Beside me in the subway who
So calmly sits and scans it, too.
I turn the page, but without shame
He reads the next one just the same.
I 'd like to tell him what I mean,
But that would only make a scene;
And so I silently abuse,
And quite forget to read the news.

# Arts and the Man

*By LOUIS UNTERMEYER*

Xenophon Cohn has a tale of his own—
  The tale of an artist-attorney;
His mother had praised him and petted and raised him
  To play all the pieces of Czerny.
At nine he could do what Bach never knew
  And at ten he had written a novel;
Before he was twenty his paintings had plenty
  Of points to make enemies grovel.
His dreams were of fame that would carry his name
  All the way from the East to El Paso;
So when he read law, the things that he saw
  Were the works of George Moore and Picasso.
In his briefs to the courts upon contracts and torts
  He would quote from the classics verbatim,
And his eloquent fury would drive every jury
  And judge in the county to hate him.

Xenophon Cohn grew as thin as a bone,
  His flesh and his practice diminished;
But still his discussions on all the new Russians
  Went on, like his cases, unfinished.
He sprinkled his speeches with pages of Nietzsche's
  And proved that most murders were right.
He argued that arson was something a parson
  Might do for the sake of the light!
He talked for a time on the colors of crime,
  He referred to the rhythms of stealing,
And proved his intenser convictions by Spencer,
  Backed up by statistics from Wheeling.
Though his larynx grew weak, he continued to speak
  And to show that each truth was a treason;
Till by patient appliance he lost all his clients,
  His money, his friends, and his reason.

And the lesson is this: when you study the law,
  You must shun the enticements of art;
You must stick to the quarrels of people with morals
  And keep the two callings apart.
There is something absurd in the use of a word
  That will stir up the middle-class spleen;
For art, like a child, should be seen and not heard,
  While art to the herd is obscene.

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BUILDING A BATTLE-SHIP

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# "Jake Bolton, 551"

By JOHN GALLISHAW

Author of "Gallipoli"

Illustrations by E. G. Teale

CAPTAIN GRAHAM, the recruiting officer, inwardly pleased but outwardly noncommittal, surveyed appraisingly the wind-tanned, good-humored face of the tall recruit, and demanded his name, his occupation, his address, next of kin, and such other particulars as go toward filling out an enlistment-blank. The recruit, it appeared, had no next of kin and no permanent place of abode, and on the official records his name and occupation were set down as Bolton, Jake, trapper and woodsman.

The rank and file of the First Colonials, who respect no official record save the pay-roll, paid no attention to this, but hailed him as "Hippo," because of his two hundred and thirty pounds.

He took his place easily in the First Colonials. He was a crack shot, since much of his livelihood had depended on his skill with a rifle, and learning to shoot had come to him as unconsciously as learning to walk to ordinary children. All his twenty-five years had been spent in the forest, and all his sustenance had been wrung from it. Hunting had given him the training of a scout, lumbering had developed muscles of steel in a frame of iron, and danger and exposure he took as matters of course. For a soldier no better material could be desired.

The doctors found him organically faultless and his eyesight abnormally keen, and passed him as "fit." So Captain Graham, prophesying that in three months he could n't be told from a regular, detailed him to his own beloved B Company, and noted his name as good material for a non-commissioned officer.

"That man," he remarked to Lieutenant Townsend, "is bound to make good."

"Making good in the army," said Lieutenant Townsend, "depends entirely on how you get started. It 's a case of give a dog a bad name, and you hang him."

"I go by a man's eyes," replied the captain. "That man has character enough in those straightforward eyes of his to live down any bad name he can ever acquire."

When the preliminary sorting out and posting had been completed, the First Colonials crossed the ocean and went into intensive training under canvas with their fellows at Salisbury Plain. In the beginning Jake justified Captain Graham's prophecy; his behavior was excellent during the first month or two. After that, however, the monotonous discipline of military life began to pall upon his free spirit. Then it was that his downfall began and that he acquired a new nickname. To the First Colonials he was thenceforth known as "Name and Number."

Although he was the soul of courtesy, some peculiarly obstinate streak in him made it galling for him to say "sir" to an officer, as laid down in the strict rules and regulations that govern the conduct of a private soldier in the British army. In his own regiment this little idiosyncrasy mattered not at all, since the officers knew how to exact obedience from their men. Certain English officers, however, who took it upon themselves to reprimand him insisted upon the "sir."

When Salisbury was knee-deep in liquid mud the trouble began through a particularly youthful-looking subaltern who had imbibed too freely at the officers' mess. He disputed the narrow strip of dry sidewalk with Jake, who was on his way from camp to the town of Salisbury. That was in the first year of the war, when the only requirement for a commission as a second lieutenant in the English army was an uncle. The subaltern, who had the chest of a consumptive, the shoulders of a ginger-ale bottle, the voice of a schoolgirl, and the manners of a pampered Pekingese, ordered Jake to step off the dry sidewalk that he might pass. The argument was short; a St. Bernard might so have argued with a lap-dog. The big Colonial seized the subaltern by the coat-collar, swung him round behind him, and proceeded. "They 'll soon be wheeling 'em up in baby-carriages to give them commissions," was his only comment.

The enraged subaltern followed him closely, demanding at thirty-second intervals, "I say, my man, what is your name and numbah?"

There is one form of torturing prisoners that German ingenuity has so far failed to devise; compared with it, crucifying with bayonets or inoculating with tetanus germs is merciful. It consists in saying to a private soldier, "I say, my man, what is your name and numbah?" Usually in the British army it precedes an inquisition before the commanding officer, resulting in anything from two-days confinement to camp to fourteen-days field punishment No. 2, which consists of being spread-eagled every day for two hours to the wheel of an artillery-wagon. It is a form of reprisal practised by fledgling lieutenants on home duty toward men returned from active service, who are guilty of such heinous offenses as not saluting or forgetting to button their greatcoats. At Salisbury Plain in 1914 there were many men to whom the question was a veritable sword of Damocles. To this category Jake belonged.

Into the town of Salisbury he strode, apparently unaware of the existence of the subaltern panting behind. More than ever the combination resembled the St. Bernard and the Pekingese. Through the streets of Salisbury Jake proceeded, stopping frequently at places that displayed alluring signs setting forth "Ales, Wines, and Intoxicating Liquors, Licensed to be Drunk on the Premises." Always the officer followed him, and always the yapping cry rang out behind him, "I say, my man, what is your name and numbah?" Ever and anon the officer appealed to other Colonials to arrest the man; but they shrugged their shoulders, disclaiming any duty of obedience to an officer not of their own battalion. Some of them told him frankly, "We 'll be damned if we 'll arrest one of our own men"; but others, more wily, desiring to be beyond reproof, asserted sickness.

Scornfully careless of the riot he created, Jake swung along, pausing only at intervals to refresh himself, and behind the frantic subaltern followed his comrades, taking up the wail, "I say, my man, what *is* your name and numbah?" The officer's patience was rewarded when Jake fell asleep on a bench and leaned his bulk against one of the signs, blotting out the part that referred to the liquors. The picture he presented was of a gigantic young man sleeping heavily against a sign which read "Licensed to be Drunk on the Premises." An hour later a corporal's guard, sent by the subaltern, found him there, loaded him into a cart, and took him with much indignity to the guard tent on Salisbury Plain.

The next day the colonel of Jake's battalion heard the complaint of the young

"'I SAY, MY MAN, WHAT IS YOUR NAME AND NUMBAH?'"

officer, and although he hated any interference with his battalion, discipline had to be maintained. He lectured Jake on the necessity of respecting the uniform of a superior officer, and sentenced him to four days "C. C." for being drunk.

This, translated, means four days confined to camp. To Jake this mattered very little, since all his money was gone and all his headache was not. The four days passed as all days pass, and the headache disappeared the way of all headaches, but the legend of Jake's parade through town endured. Among the First Colonials it is a classic. Some of them have read of "Sherman's March to the Sea," and a few of them of "Paul Revere's Ride," but in days to come, when Sherman is only a name and Paul Revere is forgotten, the survivors of the First Colonials will tell their children's children of the night that "Name and Number" marched through Salisbury and of his ignoble ride back.

Beginning with that night life changed for Jake; he could not live down that nickname. Thenceforth it was a usual thing to see young Richards, the seventeen-year-old bantam drummer, petted, spoiled, and beloved of every one, stride behind Jake, piping up at intervals in an absurd falsetto voice, to the huge amusement of onlookers, "I say, my man, what is your name and numbah?"

Through ten months of training in the British Isles and in Egypt the legend pursued him, and for officers of battalions other than his own Jake fostered a hatred that was the greater since he found few opportunities to vent it. A less good-natured man might have become soured, but toward his comrades his attitude of easy-going friendship remained always the same. He answered as cheerfully to "Name and Number" as if it had been his real name, and through the weeks that the First Colonials sweltered in their marquees on the edge of the desert near Cairo the question he had made famous ranked with the one attributed to the Governor of North Carolina. No matter how sultry the day or how thick the flies, there was always a response. Into a marquee where twenty men listlessly smoked cigarettes

and swatted flies between whiffs some one would stick his head and inquire in a voice tinged with an exaggerated English drawl, "I say, my man, what *is* your name and numbah?" No call to arms or official command could ever move them as did that question. The twenty would rise and shout as one man in a monotonous singsong, "Jake Bolton, 551, B Company, First Colonials."

At last the First Colonials went to the Dardanelles, and no sooner had the battalion landed on the peninsula than Jake fulfilled the promise of his physique and training. He became one of the best soldiers in the battalion. Through the long days, monotonous and fly-infested, when the well-nigh intolerable heat brought complaints and grumblings from his companions, he lay on the firing-step of the trench, contentedly puffing at a large pipe. Through ghastly nights, when the whine of bullets ticked off the minutes, he crawled through no-man's-land, his deer-stalking experience standing him in good stead. On trench raids, in listening-posts, lying through mud-soaked hours as silent as a snake and just as dangerous, wriggling through dank, uncut grass of neglected orchards, he was unequaled. At such work he was at home; to him every sound in that ghoulish hunting-ground was pregnant with meaning. The sharp crack of a broken twig that went unnoticed by others he interpreted rightly as the movement of the wily sniper. In accordance with the law of mutation, therefore, he became a sharp-shooter, and thenceforth was free to go and come as he pleased. For the sharp-shooter is an arrogant king of the trenches; his attitude toward the ordinary soldier is that of a senior of a small college toward a freshman. He calls no one his superior unless it is another sniper with more kills to his credit. Thenceforth Jake was as nearly happy as mortal can be. Thereafter he was wont, just as dusk made indistinct the landmarks of no-man's-land, disguising them with nature's own camouflage, to take his rifle, examine the telescopic sights carefully, clean it painstakingly, equip himself with sufficient bully beef and biscuits, and disappear for two or three days at a time, until he returned in answer to some ingenious signal displayed by young Richards just in time for the semi-weekly distribution of rum.

Sweltering heat, sameness of food, lack of sleep, and scarcity of water made no difference to him. He found it all strange, exciting, and stimulating; and while the bulk of the battalion sickened, he waxed strong. In two months the First Colonials had been reduced to one third of their original strength; the remainder, each doing two men's work, toiled on. Jake, returning one drizzly night from four hours' digging in a new communication trench, sought young Richards, who was to relieve him. The latter shivered in his blankets, and instead of his usual bantering, said simply, "I 'm sick." Jake felt the throbbing forehead, gave him a drink of his own precious rum, then, seizing his own blanket, wrapped the young drummer in it, and returned to the communication trench. "I made a mistake," he explained. "It 's not your turn yet. I 'll call you when it is."

After that he always took the turn of young Richards in digging communication trenches, so that the little drummer who had been his chief tormentor might sleep.

"If we had a regiment of men like him," said the general who was inspecting the lines, and came upon Jake working, "we 'd dig our way to Constantinople." That was when the First Colonials had been on the peninsula only two months, and had advanced only four miles inland. Despite the fact that one hundred and forty miles separated them from Constantinople, the First Colonials visualized the entire distance traversed by trenches that they had dug. At any rate, the general's statement encouraged Jake and his friends to dig through tangled ravines and hills scarred and torn by shells a winding communication trench, deep and narrow, down the four miles that separated the firing-line from the beach, thus forming one of the highways for the supplies of ammunition and food.

Through this newly completed trench one moonlight night came a tall Sikh, bearded and dignified.

"Some nights ago," he said, speaking carefully and slowly to Lieutenant Townsend, who had been hurriedly summoned by the sentry, "my mule-cart was blocked. God was good, and sent to help me some men of your regiment. They were in search of mail, which they found not. On the beach which is called Kangaroo Landing there are now ten bags of mail for the First Colonials." Having, by returning a favor, thus lived up to one of the first principles of the Sikh religion, he saluted gravely, turned on his heel, and disappeared.

"I want ten volunteers to get that mail," said Lieutenant Townsend. Four times that number volunteered, because it meant a trip to the beach, where there was a possibility of meeting artillery men, who usually had numerous cigarettes. Jake was one of the ten selected, and he set off with his usual good nature. During the trip down the sinuous communication trench, save for the occasional sharp crack of an explosive bullet or the whine of one that was spent, there was nothing to indicate that men were fighting. The party emerged upon a broad plateau, flanked by hills, one of which formed an effective barrier to Turkish artillery fire, and served as an excellent location for dugouts. Through slits in the canvas coverings of these, candles guttered in the wind, and their light guided the party past the first-aid dressing-station, but did not prevent them from almost blundering into a battery disguised as a clump of bushes, whence some artillery men cursed them. Thence they skirted the Indian transport, warned therefrom by the squealing of mules, shaping their course by the Red Cross that flapped bravely in the fresh breeze above the hospital tent, fronted by a row of silent motor ambulances, finally emerging upon a rocky foreland from which many piers and floats ran out into the angry, wind-swept waters of the Ægean Sea. This was Kangaroo Landing. One side of the beach was piled high with boxes landed recently from the lighters that incessantly plowed a spray-covered course from the piers to deeper water, where the transports lay beyond the range of Turkish fire. The other side was given over to a dump in which were piled the kits of the dead, together with those of the wounded, who had been relieved of them before they were taken off to the hospital ship, the red cross of which, outlined in electric light, now shone, steady and unwinking, far out in the bay, now and then obscured by some fantastic, unsubstantial gray shape of a war-ship flitting to and fro in the moonlight, superintending the landing of reinforcements.

A little beyond the heap of piled-up equipments a lone Australian paced slowly back and forth outside the barbed-wire inclosure that contained the Anzac dead who had been killed in the landing. The lonely sentinel stopped long enough to greet them, indicated the dugout where they might find their mail, and resumed his march.

"Be careful to-night," he cautioned; "they 're shelling the beach."

"Is it Beachy Bill?" queried Jake, referring to a battery of three-inch guns the shells of which cleaned up the beach every night at stated intervals.

"It 's another one this time," answered the Australian; "heavy six-inch shells from a battery on the Asiatic shore. This one is Beachy Bill's sister. Down here we call her Asiatic Annie."

Evidently Asiatic Annie had sung her hymn of hate for that night, and the party were enabled to secure their ten bags of mail. In a dugout they found them, and each man selected a bag, hoisted it to his shoulder, and began the return journey. All the lighter bags had been taken by the others, and the heaviest one fell to Jake, who had lingered to chat further with the Australian. But his bulk and muscle were well equal to the load, and his good nature surpassed both. Without complaint he placed the bag on his shoulders, pushed past the others, and fell in at the head of the line.

"THE LONELY SENTINEL * * * INDICATED THE DUGOUT WHERE THEY MIGHT FIND THEIR MAIL"

When the party reached the communication trench the corporal took Jake's rifle to lighten his burden, and the cavalcade wound through the trench. Jake hurried as much as the nature of the trench would permit, for he was anxious to witness the opening of the mail-bags, and in a short time he and the corporal were a considerable distance in advance of their companions. After fifteen minutes of walking they stopped until their companions overtook them. Jake crouched down in the shadow of the bag and lit his pipe; then, leaning against the bag, puffed contentedly.

"I wonder if I get a letter from that girl in Edinburgh," said the corporal, a man of many amours. "By Jingo! I wish I was there now. How 'd you like to stroll down Prince's Street to-night, Jake?"

"Not me," said Jake, decidedly. "The Peninsula of Gallipoli is good enough for me: good smoking tobacco, lots of fags, nothing to worry you, rum twice a week, and all the bully beef and biscuits you can eat, to say nothing of that damned apricot jam." As he again shouldered the mail-sack at the sound of the approaching party he added: "I 'm better off at the front than I ever was training. I have some money storing up in the pay-office in London, and nobody ever says to me out here, 'I say, my man, what is your name and numbah?' " He imitated as best he might the voice of an English officer. They had now reached a point where the parapet was three feet higher than the top of Jake's head. Here the battle had raged fiercely. Wave upon wave of Turks had attacked and attacked again, hurling themselves upon British bayonets, forming and reforming, rallying with superb intrepidity, in an endeavor to drive out of their land the handful of invaders. But dour Scotch and fiery Irish had doggedly met them, and shoulder to shoulder with the lean Australians had succeeded in holding their own and digging themselves in. This trench, hastily dug under fire, the First Colonials had later incorporated in their communication trench to save labor, for here the ground was hard and unyielding, and beset with huge rocky formations. To avoid these, the trench twisted and curved and turned at sharp angles.

Just now, around one of these corners came a young British officer, at the sight of whom Jake heaved a sigh of resignation, as a man might sigh on waking from a pleasant dream. The man who came around the corner of the trench was the subaltern of Salisbury. Jake recognized him immediately. Stick, monocle, faultlessly fitting uniform—there was no mistake.

" 'T is him," said Jake, "just the same as ever, walkin' on eggshells. Sherman was right."

The encounter was Salisbury repeated. Jake halted, glaring; the officer halted. If he recognized the tanned, determined-looking giant before him, he gave no sign.

"I say, my man," he said, with his impersonal, irritating drawl, "put that bag on the parapet and let me pawss."

Jake glanced at the parapet, three feet above his head, then at the officer.

"Who are you, anyway," he said, "ordering me about?"

"I am your superior officer. Put that bag on the parapet and let me pawss."

Jake allowed the bag to slide gently to the bottom of the trench.

"Officer or no officer," he said grimly, "you can walk over it."

To the credit of that subaltern's intelligence, be it said, he grasped the situation immediately. He walked over the bag. By this time the rest of the party had come up and stood resting, watching the scene with the most intense interest and enjoyment.

The subaltern, now on the other side of the bag, glaring at them, produced a pencil and a note-book, at the sight of which they sobered. "I say, my man," he said, indicating Jake with the pencil, "what is your name and numbah?"

At this the fatigue party lost its gravity, and, led by Jake, yelled in a chorus that reverberated down the deep trench, "Jake Bolton, 551, B Company, First Colonials."

The officer, frowning, noted the names, first Jake's, then the corporal's and some others' as witnesses, and departed, breathing threats of dire punishment.

"You 'd better knock wood the next time before you begin to boast of how well off you are, Jake," said the corporal.

"How did I know I was going to meet him?" demanded Jake. "I hope," he added feelingly, as the corporal readjusted the mail-bag for him, "that nothing happens to him—nothing, that is, worse than being cut in two by a shell or dying of thirst with a bottle of rum three feet away from him." From then till he pulled his blanket about his head for the night Jake indulged in wild inventions designed for the discomfiture of the subaltern.

The next morning at nine o'clock the corporal was ordered to report to the colonel as witness and to escort the prisoner. The prisoner appeared little worried. This was by no means the first time he had been called before the colonel.

"The colonel hates that little runt," he said, "hates anybody that butts in on his battalion. Remember the steward of the *Oscalona?*"

This was a reference to a famous occasion when the colonel had refused to interfere in behalf of the steward of a transport who had run foul of the wrath of the First Colonials.

"The colonel is a good sport," said Jake as he reached the edge of the dugout that constituted the orderly-room in which the colonel tried all cases of misdemeanor. Inside, the colonel, the adjutant, and some officers of the headquarters staff, seated at a rough table, were dealing with defaulters. A little to one side stood the subaltern. Jake was ordered to wait while the other cases were dealt with. His offenses were usually original and of special interest. Therefore the colonel, who always looked forward with keen relish to Jake's case, made it a point to finish with other offenders first, in order that he might give Jake full consideration.

"Jake Bolton, 551, B Company," called an orderly, and the prisoner and his escort entered. The charge was "Insubordination and insolent behavior toward an officer on the night of October third."

"Bolton, have you anything to say?" asked the colonel.

"Yes, sir, I have this to say. I 'll bet five pounds that that little runt there"—he indicated with a casual nod the subaltern, who glared contemptuously in return—"could n't lift that bag, let alone put it on the parapet."

The colonel was proud of his First Colonials, and he had suffered much from outside interference. In the regiment it was whispered that on the occasion of the Salisbury complaint he had requested the young officer to keep away from his battalion. As Jake had said, he was a good sport.

"Have you that much money with you?" he demanded of the astonished Jake.

"No, sir," said Jake; "but for the first time since the outbreak of war I have more than that coming to me in London."

"Oh, well," said the colonel, with a twinkle, "I 'll lend you that much money if you wish to make the wager." The colonel was running true to form.

"Mr. Penton," he added, turning to the bewildered subaltern, "should you care to take up Private Bolton on this wager?"

"No, Colonel," said Mr. Penton; "I have n't come here to make wagers. I came here to have the man taught a lesson. He was insolent to me. Why, Colonel, he did n't even call me 'sir'!"

Apparently Mr. Penton was not particularly tactful. Had he been, he might have studied the colonel a little more closely.

"Oh," said that officer, very suavely, "that alters the case. You are quite certain of that. You are positive he did n't call you 'sir'? Then I assume you base your charge on that?"

"Yes, Colonel," agreed Mr. Penton, his eyes brightening; "I base my charge on that."

"Well, you see, Mr. Penton," said the colonel, "I gave my men instructions in daily orders some time in September that they must in no way give any indication

to the enemy of the rank of an officer. When the place is alive with snipers and spies, calling you 'sir' comes under that heading. Anyhow, it is hard to expect those Colonials to call you 'sir'; they don't even 'sir' me. Bolton, dismiss."

Jake's joy at the discomfiture of Mr. Penton was not unmixed. It was tinged with regret because simultaneously he resumed his old nickname of "Name and Number." The men who had been in the party sent for the mail-bags spread the story, and the First Colonials seized upon it, talked of it, and enlarged it; for every item of gossip is seized upon in the trenches. In many forms the episode was garbled and distorted. It was given out by a corporal with imagination that Jake had died and had refused to enter heaven because St. Peter had demanded his name and number.

Although he continued good natured and added much to the life of the First Colonials, the thought of that nickname rankled. So things stood when the battalion moved up one night to a particularly dangerous section of the firing-line.

At right angles to the portion of trench which they took over, a narrow sap, or rough ditch, ran out toward the Turkish position, terminating near a ridge that commanded both their own and the Turkish trenches. Whichever side could gain possession of this ridge could enfilade the enemy's lines. To hold the sap commanding this ridge was of such vital importance that a bomb-proof overhead covering had been put on it at great cost in human life, and twenty bomb-throwers garrisoned it day and night. These twenty men were from a famous Irish regiment, and the First Colonials, who are beloved of the Irish, instead of spending their resting time in their own trench, went out into this sap to exchange gossip with them. The Irish, steadily sapping toward the ridge, discovered that the Turks had dug to within twenty-five yards of them. One of them, sighting the Turks, seized some bombs and jumped up. "Look at Johnny Tur-rk! Let 's bomb him t' hell out of ut."

But the Turk would not be bombed out; he stayed where he was despite the

"SUDDENLY THE MEN IN THE SAPHEAD FOUND THEMSELVES WITHOUT BOMBS"

deluge of bombs hurled at him. Not only did he refuse to budge, but he sent over some of his own bombs toward the Irish sap. While this exchange of bombing was going on, Jake made his way through all the dirt and dust and smoke to the head of the sap, where only the few yards separated him from the Turks. In one item of armament the British are superior to the Turks; the Turkish bombs explode five seconds after they are thrown; the British take only three seconds. That day in the saphead the difference of two seconds was of great account. For a short time the British supply of bombs ran out. The man who was frantically trying to pry the cover off a box of them with a bayonet found difficulty in doing it, and suddenly the men in the saphead found themselves without bombs.

At this unfortunate moment the Turks found the range of the British sap, and one of their bombs landed at Jake's feet. Instead of throwing himself flat on the ground, as most of the others did, or retreating to the part of the sap covered by the bomb-proof roof, he stooped down coolly, picked up the bomb, and threw it back, so that it exploded near the Turks who had sent it. The two extra seconds were just enough to allow him to return it. Then his own supply was resumed. A staff officer, attracted to the sap by the noise of bombing, stood silent, a little behind him, wonder-struck, open-mouthed, gazing at the big Colonial. He took a note-book and pencil from his pocket and approached Jake.

"I say, my man," he said, "what is your name and number?"

The look on Jake's face was a study. He knew that his proper place was in his own trench and that he had no business in that sap; also he knew that every time that question had been shot at him before it had meant a reprimand. For a moment he stood puzzled and undecided; he felt that somehow fate was dealing unfairly with him. The officer repeated his question, but more loudly this time, that he might be heard above the noise of some twenty of the First Colonials now crowding into the sap behind him. They, thinking that some of their friends were bantering Jake, shouted the answer they all knew so well:

"Jake Bolton, 551, B Company, First Colonials."

"Is that correct?" demanded the officer of Jake.

The light of insurrection, which flared for an instant in Jake's eyes, died out.

"Yes," he answered resignedly. Then shrugging his shoulders, he turned to the man next to him and said, "What in hell have I done now?"

In a dugout close to the firing-line Captain Graham gazed through a haze of tobacco smoke at Lieutenant Townsend.

"Had a visit to-day from a brass hat, my boy," he said. Brass hat is the irreverent way in which officers of the line refer to staff-officers.

"Straffing you about the condition of the trenches, I suppose," volunteered the other.

"Wrong; he wanted to make certain about Sergeant Bolton."

"Who 's Sergeant Bolton?"

"He 's Jake Bolton, No. 551, of my company."

"Oh, you mean my friend 'Name and Number.' I thought Jake was a private."

"So he was until to-day, when he was promoted for bravery in the face of the enemy. The brass hat was getting correct particulars, so that he could recommend him for a Distinguished Conduct Medal. Remember now what I said to you once about that man's eyes?"

THE SKEER IN THE ALPS

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# The Italians at Bay

By G. WARD PRICE

The official British correspondent, an eye-witness

UDINE was a typically quaint and sleepy little Italian town galvanized into unnatural life and prosperity. Every one who has spent a week in Italy can put the picture of the place before his imagination in a moment: streets of dark, restful, Gothic cloisters; a broad piazza flanked by a graceful loggia; remains of medieval fortifications of which the towering gate-houses still narrowed each entrance to the town; a general air of pleasant tranquility and of a well-being that was a legacy from the more spacious days of centuries gone by. The nature of the place was that of mellow old wine, very gracious, rich with associations that brought a glow to the palate of memory, but for all that something of which one wanted only little at a time. A glimpse of Udine as she had been for centuries was delightful, to dwell there would seem like being buried alive.

To this forgotten township of the old Venetian province had come suddenly in the spring of 1915 all the bustle and congestion of the headquarters of the whole Italian Army. For the next two and a half years you could hardly find a room in Udine to sleep in; the people of the place opened large modern restaurants and cafés for the officers and soldiers who crowded its streets; big shops filled the gloom of the old arcades with an incongruous expanse of plate-glass windows; the good burgesses of Udine made money and waxed fat.

It seemed, indeed, as if the steady shower of war prosperity that had fallen upon them for two years might last until that indefinite, but to most minds far-off, day when peace should come. For it was the general opinion that in the West, at least, the war had reached a condition of tactical dead-lock. Trench warfare had petrified movement, except in laborious shiftings of a few hundred yards at a time, hardly perceptible on a small-scale map. The day of sweeping advances, of sudden retirements, was over. At a reasonable distance behind that unbudging wall of trenches you were as secure from personal displacement by the war as if you were at the other end of Italy; indeed, no earlier than the beginning of this month of October some people had arrived with their

families at Udine from other parts of the country to carry on trades connected with the life of the army.

I myself set foot in Udine for the first time on October 20. I was going back to the Macedonian front, where for two years I had been the official correspondent of the British Army, and I had asked the War Office to authorize me to visit on the way the British batteries which since April had been coöperating with the Italian Army on the Isonzo. General Cadorna had given them high praise in a message to the British Government after the fighting in which they had taken part in May, and I thought it would be interesting to see British and Italian troops side by side in the field for the first time.

Visitors to the Italian front used to find most convenient arrangements made to give them a rapid idea of conditions there. Lying almost entirely among mountains, the line presented unusual opportunities for survey from dominating heights, and there were many places where, at leisure and in virtual safety, one could watch the Austrian intrenchments from close range. Fast cars took you up to these vantage-points, and a number of staff-officers, speaking perfect English and knowing every detail of the front and its history, raised these visits from the level of sight-seeing excursions to opportunities for learning a great deal that was important and technical.

The very last of these journeys, which had been made by visitors of every country, took place on October 24, the day that the great Austro-German offensive began, and I remember how, as we drove along in the rain, all our talk was of the bad news of that morning—that the enemy, reinforced by a huge number of divisions brought secretly from the Russian front, and profiting by a night of rain and fog, had thrust down into the valley of the Isonzo between Plezzo and Tolmino, carried, apparently by surprise, two Italian lines across the ravine after a short and very violent bombardment, and then, pushing on, had captured Caporetto, thus cutting off the Italian troops on Monte Nero and the other mountains beyond the Isonzo, and opening a most serious gap in the very center of the Italian line.

The day was one of evil omen. We went to Gorizia, that pretty Austrian spa that was taken by the Italians last year, and has suffered from the war as much as Udine, its neighbor across the old frontier, has prospered. In the heart of the town its old castle towers up from an isolated crag, and from the battlements you can look across the valley to the Italian and Austrian lines on the slopes of San Marco opposite. Scores of parties like our own had made this visit to Gorizia Castle, and to-day the driving rain and valley mists made observation so bad that it seemed more than usually safe to show oneself above the ramparts on the side toward the enemy. Yet we had not been there three minutes,—a group of two well-known American correspondents and one Italian, with an Italian officer, and myself, — when an Austrian six-inch shell burst with a crash hardly ten feet from the right-hand man of our line. A black wall of flying mud towered up and blotted out the sky; three of us were thrown headlong by the force of the explosion. Only the fact that the shell had fallen deeply into the rain-softened bank of earth on top of the battlements saved the names of the last four visitors to the Italian front from being recorded on graves in Gorizia cemetery.

"I 've brought people here seventy or eighty times," said the officer who was with us, "and nothing like that has ever happened before."

"We 've evidently brought bad luck," said some one, and so, little though we guessed it, we had.

During the first fortnight of October it had been a remark frequently made throughout Italy that an Austrian push was probable before the real winter set in. I had heard this likelihood discussed by people at the Chamber of Deputies on my way through Rome, but without serious significance being given to it. The Austro-Swiss frontier had been closed for five weeks, always a sign that important move-

Photograph by International Film Service

CITY OF UDINE

ments of troops were going on in the enemy's country; something more unusual was that even the postal mails from Austria to Holland and Scandinavia had been suspended.

According to the talk one heard in Italy, Cadorna had already had in mind the chance of a strong autumn attack on his army when he arrested his own offensive in September after capturing by a brilliant stroke the greater part of the Bainsizza plateau beyond the Isonzo, taking thirty thousand prisoners and one hundred and fifty guns. The French and British general staffs, it was said, had asked Cadorna whether he meant to go on with his offensive, for which they had contributed contingents of guns. Cadorna's reply had been that he had strong Austrian forces against him, of which he knew the total, but that he also believed large reserves of unknown quantity were available for use against him, owing to the collapse of the Russian Army. In these circumstances he preferred to consolidate and prepare rather than to continue to challenge forces that could not be exactly estimated.

Both the increase of enemy strength on the Italian front and the paralyzing uncertainty under which the Allies labored, were directly due to the debacle of the Russian Army during the summer. The means by which commanders-in-chief arrive at the indispensable knowledge of what forces they have against them is through a highly organized intelligence department, working in close coöperation with the similar departments of the other Allied armies. Each of these departments, by interrogating prisoners and reading papers found on enemy dead, by collating the reports of the air service, by minutely sifting the enemy press, arrives at a fairly accurate knowledge of the enemy's order of battle on the front of its own army. So essential is this system to the successful carrying-on of operations that raids are often specially organized on the enemy trenches with the sole object of capturing prisoners who may be able to give information that will clear up some point about which there is uncertainty. All the knowledge of the enemy's dispositions thus collected by each of the Allied armies is open to all of them; it is exchanged and compared and collated, so that they finally arrive at a fairly complete knowledge of the distribution of the enemy's forces in each one of the theaters of war.

Now, when the Russian Army went to

pieces in the summer, its intelligence department collapsed with the rest. The Russian Army has taken virtually no prisoners for a long time, and consequently the facts about what troops the Austrians and Germans have on that front have not been ascertainable. It was known that the enemy used to have about one hundred and thirty divisions there, but no one could tell whether they still remained or whether they had been brought away to be held in reserve for some sudden operation on another front.

In this way it came about that the sudden attack by an unexpectedly large Austro-German force upon the Isonzo line took the Italians by surprise, with the result that they lost in three days not only all they had won in two and a half years of hard fighting, by sacrifices and sufferings and labors beyond human estimation, but also the larger part of that rich northeastern department of their country which was for centuries the metropolitan province of the great Venetian republic.

On October 22 we learned at Italian headquarters that ten German divisions, about one hundred and twenty thousand men, had arrived behind the enemy front on the Isonzo and were concentrated in reserve round Laibach. This was the first time in the whole war that German troops had met the Italians on this front. The number of new Austrian divisions was reported to be even greater. Many new batteries of heavy caliber had also arrived and were registering their ranges; indeed, when the attack actually came, it was found that the number of fresh guns was even greater than had been thought, for some of them did not reveal their position by registering, but, taking their ranges from guns earlier in position, fired not a round until they joined in that terrific first bombardment with which the attack opened on the morning of October 24.

Most serious was the situation, but even yet no one grasped how bad the reality was going to be. It was generally accepted that all ground beyond the Isonzo would have to be abandoned, but it seemed beyond all doubt that the Italians would be able to make good their defense along the steep ridge that forms the western side of the Isonzo valley. As you looked from those heights across the river, it was like looking from the wall of a medieval castle; you dominated everything, and behind you were great Italian guns ready to fill the gorge of the Isonzo and the slopes beyond with a barrier of bursting steel.

But one of those combinations that have often helped the Germans in this war helped them to the success that seemed impossible. It was made up of the secrecy with which they had been able to complete their preparations, of the luck of surprise and bad weather, and above all of the fatal failure in their duty of certain detachments of the Italian forces.

One of the successes of this year's German offensive was the creation in the heart of an efficient and gallant army of this canker of disaffection by propaganda that has been as energetic and as dangerous to our cause as any of the enemy's operations in the field. In every Allied country it has been active; among the English it is at work corrupting labor, preying on the nerves of the overstrained worker, and whispering any subtle lie that will sap his will and undermine his spirit. In France one fractional part of the widespread organization that carries on this treacherous work is being exposed by the revelations in the Bolo case. In Italy the Germans cunningly twisted fanatics, both socialist and clerical, into agents for forwarding their work, and they had flooded the country with money to corrupt the army which they had not been able to beat in the field. The individual soldiers of every country, including above all the Central empires themselves, are dead-weary of the war, but the enemy alone has had the cunning and the baseness deliberately to exploit this feeling to his profit, working through the agency of bought traitors and hired spies. And so the Austro-Germans had managed to imbue a limited part of the Italian Army with the distorted idea that the quickest way to regain the longed-for comforts of peace was to refuse to fight

and thus open the way for a rapid Austrian victory.

When this ferment of disloyalty had done its work, the Germans were ready to attack the particular sector of the line mountains on which the Italian main line lay, and from the town lead several easy roads that follow various routes into the plain beyond. Already the enemy was pressing in force along those roads. The

Photograph by Brown Brothers

SCENE FROM THE ITALIAN BATTLE-FRONT SHOWING ARCH OF GORIZIA BRIDGE

held by the troops that it had most affected. These were on the left wing of the Italian Second Army, which held the front of the Isonzo from Plezzo down to Tolmino, and it was on that point that the enemy directed his first thrust.

The news of the taking of Caporetto on the morning of October 24 had about as startling an effect at Italian headquarters as would be produced on the British front if it were suddenly announced that the Germans were in Ypres. Not only was Caporetto a town on the Upper Isonzo which the Italians had seized by dashing forward across the frontier the very morning that war was declared, but it also stood at the head of a most important strategical valley leading back into the Italians had, indeed, fallen back to reserve positions, but were the enemy to win through,—as he did within two days,—he would be on the flank and almost in the rear of the whole Italian Army of a million men.

Just how the Germans progressed so fast that by noon on October 24 they had a machine-gun posted on the square in Caporetto still remains, eight days later, incompletely explained. All that is really known is this: at 2 A. M. they started a very violent bombardment. When the shelling suddenly stopped after only two hours, the Italians regarded the interruption merely as a lull, for the artillery preparation for an infantry attack in force usually lasts much longer. With the val-

ley hidden by darkness, mist, and rain, and seeing more dimly than usual through the mica of their gas-masks, the Italians knew nothing of the German infantry's advance up the valley from the Santa Lucia bridgehead, south of Tolmino, until the enemy had actually reached their wire. In this way the Plec line of defense across that reach of the Isonzo known as the Conca di Plezzo, a line specially designed to check an offensive from Santa Lucia, was captured by surprise, and then German troops poured down into the river gorge from Mrzli on its eastern side, until the valley was full of the enemy, and Monte Nero and the other Italian outpost positions on the heights beyond the Isonzo were completely surrounded.

The valley being in their possession, the Germans wasted no time. Pushing northward along the river, one detachment occupied Idersko and Caporetto; another proceeded to assault the height of Starijok, just above Caporetto; yet another strong force made a frontal attack on the ridge of Zagradan, which runs like a wall along the Italian side of the river, and after fierce fighting took Luico, one of the pivots of the defenses upon it. Elsewhere he had attacked at the same time with less definite result. Mount Globocak was seized by surprise. It was an Italian big-gun position, and orders were given for it to be retaken at any cost. So a distinguished brigade of bersaglieri was sent up to counter-attack, and drove the Germans from the captured guns down the slopes of Globocak again. North of Caporetto, too, the angle of the Italian line at Zaga had been assailed, but had resisted, and across the river on the Bainsizza plateau the most violent fighting of all took place, as a result of which the Italian line was withdrawn from Kal, and the heavy guns and equipment were sent back across the Isonzo, though the Italian counter-attacks on the Bainsizza were carried out with such dash that they captured several hundred Austrian prisoners.

Now the enemy's plan stood out in all its formidable strength and strategy. He had opened a gap in the Italian front; through this gap he was pouring overwhelming forces. Already the rest of the Italian Second Army and the Third Army on the Carso to the south of it were outflanked. If the whole of that great force was not to have its line of communications cut and be surrounded, it must be immediately and rapidly withdrawn for a great distance. An immense sacrifice of Italian territory was imperative if the Italian Army was to be saved from a trap by the side of which the fall of Metz was the capture of an outpost. During the afternoon of October 25 the general order of retreat was given.

I went up again to visit the British batteries which were with the Third Army on the afternoon of the twenty-fifth, and from one of their observatories watched the heavy shelling. The Austrians were using huge seventeen-inch howitzers, and the explosions of their gigantic shells, each weighing a ton, was like a small eruption. A solid block of piebald smoke as big as a cathedral sprang into the air and it was a minute or more before the last of it had drifted away.

And as the sun was setting I went down to Monfalcone, to a place which could not be mentioned then, but which was at the same time probably the oddest and the most romantic point of the world's fighting-line. Monfalcone was for the Austrians a sort of combination of Birkenhead and Bournemouth. There were important ship-building yards there, and it had besides popularity as a seaside place. In the shipyard the Austrians had left an eighteen-thousand-ton liner, of which the hull was complete and the decks built in.

To reach the ship you passed through a yard that was a rusty monument to the futility of war. There were all the tools of constructive labor just as they had been dropped when this nightmare of destructive passion burst upon the world; weather-reddened traveling cranes rusted to the tracks on which they will never move again; trucks overturned, a lathe smashed by a shell that had torn a wide gap in the roof above. Here, where the

air used to tremble all day long with the clang of giant hammers, there was now silence and desertion, and the offices from which great ships were controlled on their voyages to far-off seas had become the barracks of Italian artillerymen.

There was a big wooden staircase that the Italians had built leading up to the various decks of the great liner, and, once on board, you could walk out to the forward bridge of the ship where from a sort of conning-tower you looked out at the Austrian trenches less than a mile away without the possibility of being seen. An odd observation post, neither asea nor ashore, and to make the confusion of elements more complete, the gunners whose guns barked continually from just behind it were sailors of the Italian Navy, dressed not in blue, but in military gray-green.

Triest, the coveted city, lay ten miles away in full view, and each night the Italians saw its windows answer with flashes of dull gold the last rays of the sun setting behind Italy. As you looked from Monfalcone across the dreamy blue of the empty gulf between, the town lay like a stone image, lifeless except for the white smoke curling gently from a single tall chimney into the quiet evening air. Much nearer along the coast was the Castle of Duina standing on an abrupt cliff. It belongs to the Grand Duchess of Thurn and Taxis, who used to gather parties of poets, painters, and writers there to stay in what was like a legendary palace looking down from its high headland upon the sunlit, sail-flecked Adriatic, stretching away into the shining distance.

It was from that last fair glimpse of Triest that you turned back to the grave realities of the situation. On the next morning, the twenty-sixth, the Italian supreme command announced that the Bainsizza plateau was being evacuated. It had been won with great losses and gallantry in August, and the Italians had laboriously equipped it with roads and military establishments to create a firm taking-off place for the next attack upon the crest of Mount Gabriele, which was expected to drive the Austrians back for five miles up the Vippaco valley, on the way to Laibach, one of the back-doors to Triest.

The same day came the news of the fall of the Italian Government, which had been attacked during the last fortnight by a strange combination of the advanced wing of the pro-war party who considered that the ministry was not displaying enough firmness in its conduct of the campaign, with the pacifist socialist party who denounced the Government for infringing the constitutional rights of the people in the interests of militarism. A feeling of *malaise* was in the air. All the elements of success were present in the Italian Army except the most important of all, the psychological element.

By this time motor-lorries had already begun to pour back through Udine, and in the streets the Signal Corps were taking down the telegraph-wires. You saw little parties of father, mother, and children suddenly emerge from house or shop, each with hand-luggage. If you looked closely you generally saw that the woman was crying.

On the twenty-sixth there were frequent attempts to reach Udine by German flyers who were new to the ground. It was the first time that the Italian Air Corps had had to deal with a German attempt to contest their supremacy and they came well out of the trial. Ten enemy machines were brought down during the day, two individual Italian airmen accounting for three each. When the enemy machines were sighted heading for Udine the jarring scream of a siren gave the alarm, and the police cleared the streets.

Saturday, October 27, was the day of general exodus.

I left Udine early on Saturday morning, in the car of the British general commanding our artillery contingent on the Italian front, to go up to the batteries and see how they got on in the retreat. We crawled out toward the front along roads blocked with rearward-moving traffic for which there was no organization, and after lunching at the general's headquarters at Gradisca, I went on to

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

A VIEW OF THE RIVER ISONZO CLOSE TO THE FORTRESS OF GORIZIA, SHOWING THE POEGAR BRIDGE AND BRIDGE-HEAD

Rubbia, just across the Isonzo, to the south of Gorizia, where was the group headquarters of the batteries. Already the supply services of the Third Army were pouring in a black mass along the road, screened at the side and overhead by rush-mats from the observation of the enemy. Voices and hammering under the long wooden bridge across the Isonzo at Rubbia were signs that the Italian engineers were putting in position charges of explosive to blow it up when as much material as possible had been brought over. Some of our batteries had already been withdrawn to rearward positions not far from group headquarters and were firing as fast as the guns could be reloaded. The others were still in their old emplacements a mile or so farther forward, being shelled terrifically by the Austrian twelve-inch batteries, but having extraordinary luck. They were using up as much of their ammunition as they could, because it was becoming clearer every moment that the Italian transport service was not going to be able to supply the lorries to move the shells, which were big enough for fifty of them to make a full lorry-load.

A major from one of the batteries came into group headquarters while I was in the mess. He was dark under the eyes after a couple of sleepless nights, for his men had been working hard all round the clock to get the ammunition back from the forward dumps, labor that afterward proved wasted, as there were no lorries forthcoming to carry it farther on. Sixty twelve-inch shells and one aëroplane bomb a yard away from one of his four guns was the afternoon's experience of his battery, and only one man wounded made up the casualty-list for the same period.

"And I 'm going to have a damn good dinner to-night whatever happens," he announced. "Goodness knows when we shall eat or sleep again. So the fowls and the rabbits we had in the battery are being killed this afternoon."

There were Austrian shells falling on the hill by group headquarters, but none fell on that dense-packed road along which military traffic of every kind and shape crawled and stuck and crawled on again. The tension grew greater at our headquarters. The guns needed tractors to move them, and motor-lorries were required to carry the battery stores. For the English artillery contingent had no transport of its own, the arrangement having been that this should be supplied by the Italians. The French artillery contingent with the Italian Army, on the other hand, was independent in this respect.

The organization with regard to the transport of guns is different in the Italian and the British armies. The British system is that every gun shall have its motor or horse-haulage permanently assigned to it, so that it is always mobile at a mo-

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

GORIZIA, IN THE REAR OF THE ENEMY BOMBARDMENT

ment's notice. In the Italian Army the mechanical transport service provides haulage for all units when required, and as it is only in extraordinarily exceptional circumstances that every single thing in the army needs moving at once, they are able to effect considerable economies over the British method, which constantly keeps large numbers of lorries and tractors and cars, together with their drivers and mechanics, idle, since the units to which they are attached are not at the moment in need of transport.

By the time it was dark on Saturday evening the likelihood of all the British guns getting away seemed doubtful, and the Italian artillery colonel who supervised their employment as corps artillery came to our group headquarters to say that preparations must be made for blowing the last of them up, and that in any case each tractor must tow more than one gun and come back for others directly it had got its first tows behind the Isonzo.

And now the darkening landscape suddenly began to spring out into brilliant points of light, as everywhere behind the Italian front, supply-depots, military stores, and vast collections of wooden sheds were set in a blaze. Gorizia was the site of a special conflagration, and the enemy gun-fire was steadily increasing, till sometimes the barrage rose to a single prolonged roar, and you could not have got a knife edge between the bursts.

By 7:30 P. M. six of our guns were across the river and the rest were now firing like field artillery, with no other batteries between them and the enemy. They kept up this protection of the retreat of the infantry so long, in fact, that the last round of all, at about 10 P. M., was fired just before the gun was hitched to the tractor, and there was yet another gun that had had its breech mechanism smashed for fear it might have to be left behind.

The bright moon hung in a pale-green sky, looking down on a dozen roads each crawling like a black snake with the close press of retreating troops. As I was making my way back to Gradisca the whole firmament leaped into sudden brilliance and every feature in every face among the throngs around me on the road stood out for several seconds under a ghastly light. Then followed from behind Monte Michele, a deep, rolling roar. It was the first of the explosions of the great abandoned stores of gun-ammunition behind the front. From then till dawn the night sky was continually breaking into a glare like that of a gigantic sunset, and the crash of destroyed artillery ammunition shook the ground. The less brilliant, but steadier, glow of burning stores and sheds and houses was constantly multiplied, and the flash of every new explosion revealed fresh masses of black smoke rising in sharp outline against the lurid horizon. It was an apocalyptic spectacle; nothing short of a volcanic eruption could

produce those tremendous effects of infernal illumination. Millions of pounds worth of material, all the fruits of two and a half years of labor, were burned and blasted out of existence in a few hours.

The difficulty that complicated the Italian evacuation of their war-zone was the fact that every hour the need for speed became more urgent, if utter disaster was to be averted. A unit would be given twelve hours to get to the point on the railway where it was to entrain and then an hour later its time-limit would be reduced to two hours. A headquarters might be told that a sufficient supply of motor-lorries would be available to evacuate all its material and that it had better begin getting rid of chairs and tables and its superfluous stuff at once, but no sooner had these less important stores gone than word would come that no more transport was available and that all the immensely valuable stores and reserves of ammunition that still remained, must be abandoned, as no lorries could be found for them.

Moving a great army is an affair of time-tables. There is room for only a certain amount of men and material on the roads and railways at one time, and every man and every wagon above that maximum becomes a factor of confusion and retards the movement of the whole mass to a dangerous degree. The sudden retreat of an army is often reduced to chaos, first, because a thoroughly worked-out plan of general retirement exists but rarely in the strong-boxes of any general staff, and secondly, because in the absence of a time-table drawn up in detail and strictly enforced, the elementary principle of self-preservation leads every unit of the army to put itself on the road just as quickly as it can get transportation. This is not to say that confusion is an invariable indication of personal panic; but it is very natural, and even very proper, that every battery commander, the director of every military store and depot, and the leader of every body of troops which is not definitely ordered to remain, should have the individual determination that his particular command shall not fall into the hands of the enemy. The artillery officer firmly resolves that he will save his guns at all costs; the heads of supply departments are in charge of valuable stores which their army needs for its very existence and which would be of great aid to the enemy

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

BRITISH ARMY OFFICERS DISCUSSING OPERATIONS WITH AN ITALIAN GENERAL

if captured, and the troop-leader naturally argues that it would be futile to allow his men to be cut off when a general retreat has already been ordered. So if the organization of withdrawal is left to the discretion of the people involved in it, as it has to be when the whole thing has not been deliberately arranged beforehand, confusion is almost inevitable.

Moreover, the enemy always seems to be advancing much faster than he really is. Under the discouragement that every army feels in falling back, it is easy to credit the pursuer with exaggerated powers of rapid motion; the defeated soldier forgets that the miles are just as long and weary for his adversary trudging painfully after him as they are for himself. Rumor, too, spreads wildly among tired and disheartened men. Enemy cavalry, enemy armored motor-cars, hurrying ahead to cut him off—that idea haunts the mind of each man in an enforced retirement. A further complication is caused when, as was the case in the Italian withdrawal, the civilian population is also desperately anxious to be gone before the arrival of the enemy. The news of the forthcoming evacuation of territory spreads backward with rapidity, and the roads along the route of the retreating army fill at once with unregulated, disorderly swarms of frightened civilians and their household baggage, hastily stowed on slow-moving, dilapidated carts that are likely to break down at narrow points of the way and block whole miles of military traffic for hours at a time. The Italian Army had to endure a great deal of that kind of complication. Theoretically, of course, a general could throw back cavalry and mounted police along the line of his retreat and forbid any civilian traffic whatever under pain of military penalties; but it is very difficult to use such measures against your own countrymen threatened with invasion, specially when the whole aim and object of your war is to free men of your own race from foreign domination. And not only does the sentimental reason of saving fellow-citizens from the yoke of an invader forbid this course, but also considerations of common humanity. In the old wars, when the danger-area of fighting was restricted to the places where opposing troops actually came into contact, there was no particular danger for the civilian inhabitants remaining in invaded territory; though their property might suffer from the enemy's requisitions, their lives were likely to be safe. But wars of this modern character spread destruction broadcast over a whole region. A rear-guard action will involve a rain of shells that may smash to pieces any village on the line of retreat; gas may be used, creeping into the refuges where the non-combatant population has taken shelter, and choking them there like vermin in a hole. War is no longer a civilly organized affair of pitched battles; it is a wild fury of destruction, raging across the whole country-side like a typhoon.

If the English batteries on the Italian front had brought with them to Italy their full organization of transport, they could have saved all their ammunition and stores, their ordnance workshop and supplies. As it was, they had been incorporated in the Italian Army as corps artillery on the Italian basis; they had to take their chance of getting transport along with every one else, and consequently of all their equipment they could save only the guns themselves, which after all was what chiefly mattered.

Discipline is a camouflage of numbers. A thousand men marching past in column of fours does not make upon the mind the same impression of multitude as the sight of half that number in a disordered rabble. Regularity and compactness reduce the appearance of mass; and you receive a profounder suggestion of size from a comparatively small pile of natural rocks than you do from the geometrical pyramids. In the same way an army whose formations are suddenly relaxed seems to swell enormously in numbers. You can drive through a region where a million men are stationed under regular military organization and get no idea of congestion, but if those men are suddenly dissolved from a closely knit body into a crowd of indi-

vidual persons, the same country-side seems hardly large enough to hold them all.

So, as with that little party of Englishmen I started on the retreat in the early morning hours of October 28, we seemed to be engulfed in a constantly broadening flood of human beings. We were in a train, the men in open trucks, miserable enough under the cold, streaming rain, the officers crowded into a closed van with the baggage. When we started in the dark we had the train to ourselves, but as I awoke three hours later from an uneasy sleep and looked out of the van, the rest of the train already swarmed with Italian soldiers who had clambered upon it as it crept along at a snail's pace. And when dawn came we saw ahead of us a long vista of trains stretching out of sight, while behind stood another queue of them, whistling impatiently like human beings at a ticket office; sometimes one of them would back a little and make the others behind it back too, all screeching furiously with their whistles exactly as if they were trying to shout, "Where are you coming to?"

Along the railway, and on the roads at both sides of it, and across the fields beyond the roads, moved at the same time a crawling mass of people, all going in the same direction, all at about the same pace, without stopping, without talking to one another, every one of them just plodding slowly, wearily, persistently rearward. As you watched them you knew that each man had in his mind just one idea, to keep on moving like that until he knew that he was safe. There was no panic or fighting during the retreat except at isolated times and places: the situation was just this, that for the unique and imposed will that sways an army there had been substituted a multitude of individual wills all striving independently for the same end of self-preservation.

These dark, sluggish streams of men and vehicles and beasts crept tortuously over the country-side like the channels of a delta trickling to the sea. Here and there little eddies of stragglers had been thrown out to each side. It is a curious thing, which I have noticed under similar conditions before, that each person or little group of persons in this mass of human beings seemed almost unaware of the presence of the rest. You would see a family party of peasants gathered round their ox cart and making a meal of bread and raw red wine without so much as a glance at the motley thousands streaming by at their elbows; a soldier would strip off his wet clothes on the road's edge to change them for some that he had looted from a wayside store with no apparent perception of the women trudging past; nor did they seem to notice him. The niceties of convention are quickly dulled by fatigue, and it is only the easefulness of modern life that makes the coarser little realities of human nature seem shocking.

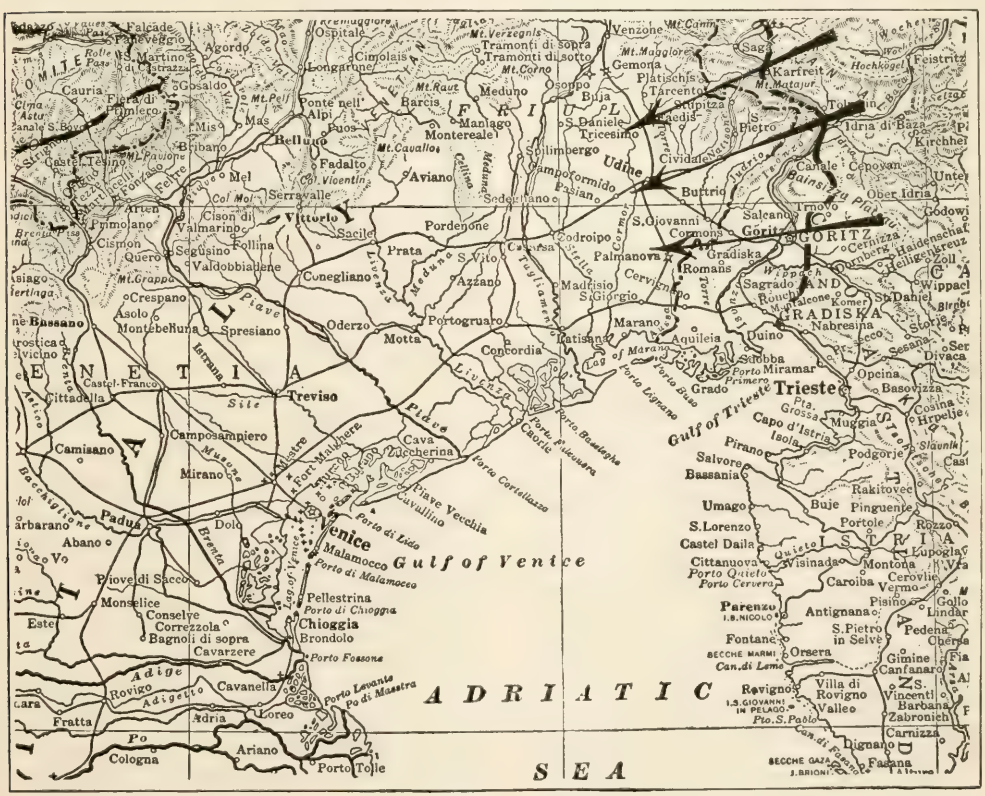
Among the trains that stretched out of sight along the line there were some trucks stacked with bundles of military mackintoshes, woolen helmets, shirts, thick socks. Some inquisitive soldier discovered these and disinterred a complete outfit for himself. A few minutes later he was a changed figure, with clean clothing in place of his own muddy, rain-soaked things, and a stiff blue mackintosh and sou'wester hat over all. The transfiguration attracted envious attention, and he was besieged with questions. Soon those trucks with their piles of white packages looked like giant sugar-basins swarming with wasps, and all around were throngs jostling one another for the next place on the heap. It was all quite good-humored; they were all laughing, waving their arms, calling to friends on the trucks to throw them a shirt or a waterproof, and when these things came flying down to them they turned away with the satisfied smile of children. Nothing puts human beings in such thoroughly good temper as to get something for nothing.

In this way the whole track soon became a litter of old clothes, which the retiring soldiers trampled into the mud. Amid all this chaos one kept on meeting utterly incongruous figures, for with all the world road-worn, shabby, and dirty,

to be clean and well-dressed is to be grotesque. Amid this multitude of haggard, unwashed, unshaven, dead-beat males, I noticed two Italian ladies treading delicately over the rough ballast of the railway-track. They had naturally brought with them in their flight the most valuable of their possessions, which were of a kind to be most conveniently carried on their persons. Against this gray background of mud and rubbish and a disbanded army their two figures glittered with a brilliance that would have been conspicuous in the rue de la Paix. Heavy sable furs and muffs almost bowed their shoulders; each finger had two or three rings that flashed in the light; round their necks were gold chains hung with pendants, and yet, instead of the air of self-satisfied ostentation that might well have gone with a display so lavish, there were only two pathetically little, frightened, perplexed faces, and an uncertain gait that did not promise much further progress along that ankle-wrenching railway-line.

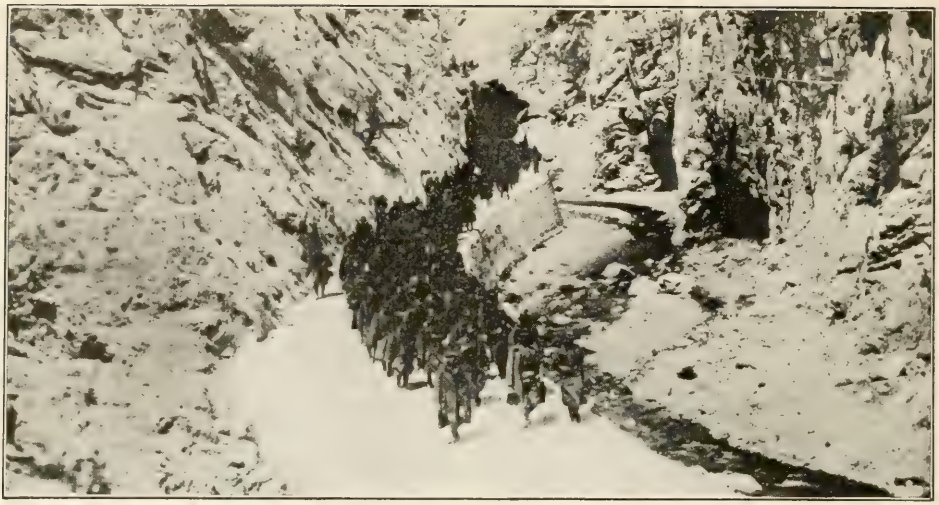
By this time I had left the train, which had taken thirty hours to cover fifteen miles, and was walking ahead along the track. There was always the chance that something might happen to the two bridges farther on over the Tagliamento, and I wanted to be on the same side of the river as the telegraph office when that occurred.

These bridges were the feature that dominated the whole movement of retirement. In military terms, they constituted a defile upon its route. Everything had to converge upon one of those three narrow passages, and until they were crossed there was no security for the Italian Army. Rear-guard actions were, indeed, fought at intermediate places such as the line of the Torre, west of Udine, where General Petiti di Roreto made a stand with six brigades, the valley of the Judrio, the heights above Cormons. But such efforts




Courtesy of "The Literary Digest"

THE DRIVE INTO ITALY



Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

AUSTRIAN TROOPS MARCHING THROUGH A PASS IN THE ALPS

could do no more than delay the enemy's advance; the respite that the Italian Army so urgently needed to pull itself together, to reassemble its units, redistribute its artillery, and, in short, gather into one hand again the scattered threads of control, could be found only behind the Tagliamento River, forty miles back from the old front line.

Fortunately from Saturday night through Sunday night, the first period of the retreat of the fighting troops as distinct from the rearward services of the army, it poured torrentially with rain, and this, while increasing the hardships endured by the men, contributed in two ways to their salvation; for one thing it swelled the swift and now bridgeless Isonzo, which the enemy had to cross, brimful, and turned the Tagliamento, usually a trickle of water in an untidy stony bed across which a man can wade, into a broad deep flood; it, furthermore, kept the Austrian and German aëroplanes from following up to sweep with bomb and machine-gun the tightly packed roads where they could have massacred victims by the hundred and might have turned the retreat into a hopeless rout.

Though the men exposed in open trucks or sludging along the muddy roads and swampy fields had cursed the rain bitterly, its value to our side became conspicuously plain when Monday morning broke bright with autumn sunshine.

It was about ten o'clock on that morning when I reached the village of Latisana, where was the southernmost bridge across the Tagliamento. The streets of the little town were simply chock-a-block with troops which were pouring into it from converging roads. Two or three Italian officers, splashed to the eyes with mud and hoarse with shouting, had organized some control at this point, or otherwise nothing would have moved at all. Pushing soldiers this way and that, seizing horses' heads, straining their voices against the din of clattering motors, they held up each stream of traffic in turn for a few minutes and passed the other through.

Conspicuous in his khaki among this spate of Italian gray, stood an English soldier contentedly munching dry brown bread. The motor-bicycle at his side indicated him as a despatch-rider belonging to one of the batteries. It would have been hard to say whether machine or man was the more travel-stained. The cycle's front wheel was badly bent, evidently by some collision; the soldier's hand was bound with a dirty rag, and his face clotted with the blood of a congealed scratch, the result of having been pushed off the road by a motor-lorry in the dark and falling headlong down a stone embankment. Yet

Photograph by International Film Service

ITALIAN WOUNDED WAITING FOR TREATMENT AT THE HOSPITAL ON TOP OF MOUNT ADAMELLO. THAT THE ITALIAN ARMY MEDICAL SERVICE SURPASSES THAT OF ANY OTHER ALLIED ARMY IN THOROUGHNESS OF PREPARATION AND IN EXPEDITIOUS TREATMENT OF THE WOUNDED IS THE CONVICTION OF AMERICAN MEDICAL MEN WHO RECENTLY VISITED THE ALLIED FRONTS

about both mount and man there was still an air of efficiency and unimpaired fundamental soundness that was encouraging, and the mud-plastered figure saluted the English officer at my side with a flick of the wrist that would have passed on the parade-ground at Wellington Barracks. Two guns of his battery, he reported, were three or four miles back down the road; the men were dead-beat, but the worst was that they had had nothing to eat for thirty-six hours, owing to the tractor that had their rations on board catching fire and burning them; they had picked up scraps of bread that other troops had dropped, and some of them had tried and appreciated cutlets from a dead mule; they needed food to restore their strength for they had been working hard without sleep for two days and nights. It had been forty-eight hours of continuous hauling on those heavy guns, which were constantly getting edged off the road by other traffic, and which had to be unhitched every time the tractor stopped because it was so overloaded that it would not start with the full weight of its tow. So the officer had sent him on ahead to scout for food, and he had just found a *sosistenza* where they had given him a sack of bread to take back.

"You all right yourself?" asked my officer-companion.

"Quite all right, sir, thank you," he answered, and slinging the bulging sack across his shoulders, the despatch-rider straddled his battered bicycle and set off on a sinuous path through the wedged traffic, with his bent front-wheel writhing like a tortured snake.

This news of the existence of a *sosistenza* was good hearing. I myself had not the least idea of how to get to Padua, the nearest place from which I could hope to send a telegram, except by walking there; and Padua was sixty miles along the railway-line. Two days' walking, two brown loaves the gift of the Italian officer in charge of the bread-depot, and a stick of chocolate; it was a prospect of no allurement. I stepped into place in the long trail of refugees and started, however. It needed no more than two hours of stumbling over sleepers and crunching on the rough stone ballast of the track to make of me as tired and dull-witted a hobo as the rest. We all walked in single file, keeping as far as possible to a strip of soft mud at the side of the line where the going was easier, and one's whole mind

had become before long entirely concentrated on nothing more than the increasing soreness of two tired feet and the gradual development of a blister on a big toe. From Portogruaro onward, however, my own personal luck changed, and by getting one lift after another I reached Padua the same night.

Gradually the throng at the Latisana bridge increased, and eventually no less than eleven of the British guns attached to the Italian army were drawn up at the side of the road waiting their turn to cross. The English colonel who commanded the group to which they belonged had arrived and was using the funnel of the bridge to collect his scattered units. The men, refreshed with the bread that they had received from the Italian food-depot, were resting by the side of the road; an Italian artillery colonel, under whose command the guns had been when on the Third Army front as corps artillery, was on the bridge trying to hold up the onpressing, unbroken string of heterogeneous traffic long enough for the English guns to be edged into the procession. Then suddenly one of those things happened to which an army in retreat is peculiarly liable. How it started no one seems to know. One theory is that Austrian soldiers dressed in Italian uniforms had been hurried on ahead by the enemy to mingle with the retreat and spread such panics. What actually happened was that several men galloped up all at once on horseback shouting, "The Austrians are here." Immediately the crowd, hitherto patiently waiting its turn to cross the bridge, made one simultaneous push toward its opening. Beyond the river there was the whole country-side to scatter over; on this side they could expect no other fate than to be caught helplessly in a trap. It was like a stampede in a burning theater; the desperate eagerness of every person in the crowd to get on the bridge stopped almost any one from getting there. Carts and people at the edge of the road were shoved down the embankment by the weight of the dense mass surging along its center. And then to add to the terror of the moment there was heard above the shouts and oaths of the struggling mob a low, foreboding hum, the characteristic drone of Austrian aëroplanes. It is hard to see what could have come of the situation but complete and bloody disaster if it had not been for the decided action of some Italian officers. By main force they thrust into the middle of the entrance to the bridge and checked the panic with sheer personal determination. The sound of their authoritative voices brought back the sense of discipline that had momentarily gone. Under their orders the pushing throng sorted itself into some order. A jibing mule was summarily shot to clear the road, and so in a few minutes, despite the constant approach of the low-flying enemy aircraft, a way was cleared for the English guns to cross the bridge. They were scarcely over when the first Austrian machine, swooping down, dropped bombs and opened fire with its machine-gun on the tight-packed road. The attack did not do much damage, though one British Red Cross car was filled as full of holes as a pepper-pot; but the experience showed how much worse the retreat would have been had not the heavy rain of the week-end kept the Austrian airmen in their hangars.

So the retiring army reached the Tagliamento, and completed the first stage of its retreat. Once behind that barrier the Italians could be sure of a certain breathing-space, but to secure its protection was the most difficult part of their rearward movement. To the constant convergence which the lack of more than three bridges rendered necessary must be attributed much of the confusion of the retirement and the abandonment of the military equipment that was still to the east of the Tagliamento when the pressure of the enemy finally compelled their destruction.

The Germans fully realized the formidable obstacle to the retreat of the Italians which this rain-swollen river constituted, and they made a determined effort to secure for themselves a passage across its upper course while the Second and Third armies to the south were not

yet behind the stream. There is a bridge a few miles west of the town of Gemona which was not being used by the retreating army because of its comparatively flimsy construction. The Tagliamento, then very high, was, like many mountain streams, subject to very rapid rises and falls. Therefore, part of the enemy advance-guard, which was following up the Italian retirement was pushed on ahead to try to obtain control of this bridge at Gemona, for use at any rate when the waters had sunk a little. This German detachment forced its way across the bridge with considerable courage, some of them being swept away by the swift stream pouring over it, but on the other bank they were immediately faced with stout resistance by the Italian rear-guard, and with their backs to the river virtually all the enemy who had crossed the Tagliamento were killed or captured.

The gallant and skilful conduct of the rear-guard of the Italian army is, indeed, the brightest part of the gloomy story of the retreat.

The cavalry, specially, played a distinguished part in covering the retirement. Charging machine-guns with the lance, and holding commanding positions until they were virtually cut off, these regiments had very heavy losses. A retreat where circumstances make it impossible to get the whole of the army away imposes upon the rear-guard a call for special self-sacrifice, since the moment never comes when, the whole of the main body being safely past, it can break off the combat and itself retire, its duty done. In the withdrawal of the armies that were along the front in the Cadore and Carnic Alps, occasions of this kind occurred several times during the week throughout which the retreat lasted, when rear-guard detachments were completely surrounded. At Lorenzago a force in this position succeeded in cutting its way back to join the main body again; west of Gemona, however, the remnants of the Thirty-sixth Division were so thoroughly engulfed by the advancing Austro-German forces that, having used up all their ammunition, they were obliged to surrender. And so, gradually, not without moments of discouragement almost amounting to despair, the Italian armies, which ten days before had been fighting on Austrian territory with every prospect of carrying still further a series of victories that had lasted two years and a half, found themselves on the defensive far back of their own borders, awaiting the attack of a triumphant and advancing foe. It had been a terrible trial for them and for the nation at their back. Almost in one night, dreams of imperial expansion, cherished with an enthusiasm that gave them an air of virtual reality, faded into a remoteness beyond reckoning. The war that had been from the first gloriously offensive, was suddenly transformed into an outnumbered struggle against invaders who had already seized half of one of the richest provinces of Italy. Yet, though numbed by the shock and stricken to the heart by the realization of her disaster, Italy reacted well. There was no talk of yielding to be heard, only anxious discussion of the best means of organizing the further resistance that would so soon be necessary.

For though the great majority of the Italian army had succeeded for the moment in escaping from the grasp of the Austro-Germans, the enemy was steadfastly pursuing. Encouraged by a victory that must have more than realized his most ambitious hopes, reinforced by captured guns and material, he would wait only long enough to get sufficient strength into position before hurling the whole of his weight once more against the Italian line.

To meet this second shock on the Tagliamento was not possible. The river itself quickly became, as the rain stopped and the waters fell, too easily traversable an obstacle to be worth fortifying. The line which it would have imposed upon the Italian army was, moreover, too long to be held in the depth desirable for resistance to the attack of superior numbers. So the Tagliamento was occupied as an intermediate position only long enough to shield the further retreat of the army and

its transport behind the broader and deeper stream of the Piave.

Here at the time of writing the Italian forces are in position and the enemy's advanced detachments have begun to register ranges and destroy possible observation posts across the river with such artillery as they have so far had the time to bring up. Whether the Piave line and the rest of the Italian front to the westward, which has had to be modified in conformation with the general movement of retreat, can be held indefinitely, will probably be a question of heavy guns. If the enemy can bring up his larger artillery before reinforcements of the same character arrive from France and England, a further retreat from north and east to another river-line may well be necessary. Fortunately the winter rains that have set in make for delay in the arrival of such cumbrous war-engines as the Austrian seventeen-inch mortars, and it may be that persistent mud and rain will compel the Austrians to be satisfied with holding the considerable tract of territory that they have won.

But all preparations are being made to face the conceivable eventuality of another retirement. The most serious consequence that this would entail would be the abandonment of Venice and the necessity of bringing that inestimable city within close range of the destruction of war. Even at this early stage, therefore, while the danger to Venice is as yet not urgent, the Italian Government is doing its best to surround her with the protection of such neutrality as the conventions of war, for what they are worth, secure to undefended and unoccupied towns. No person in uniform is allowed to enter the place and the civilian population is being encouraged to leave by free railway transport and subventions to support them until they can settle elsewhere. Even in such tragic hours Venice keeps up her old tradition of light-heartedness. The cafés round the great piazza are full in the evenings with a cheerful crowd. Moreover, to go into St. Mark's is to enter a sort of neolithic grotto; the pillars, set about with sandbags, have the girth of the arcades of a Babylonian temple; bulging poultices of sacks protect each fresco; as a building it reminds one of a German student padded for a duel. The Doge's Palace, too, is more hidden with scaffolding than it could have been when it was being built; each of those delicate columns of different design is set around with a stout palisade of timber balks. Venice, indeed, looks like a drawing-room with the dust-sheets on the furniture and the chandeliers in bags, and to complete the parallel, the family is going away before one's eyes.

Sad days for Italy, days unimaginable a month ago. There must, indeed, be virtue in the Allies' cause since such ordeals as these still leave our courage high.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

GRAND PLACE IN GORIZIA

# S. O. S.[1]

By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

Author of "The Wings of Horus," etc.

Illustrations by Gerald Leake

IT is a question how many witnesses shall be required to establish the veracity of an occurrence so singular, especially when one of such witnesses is a dog.

Three of us, two men and a girl, had skimmed the snow-covered Jura slopes on our skees since noon, arriving toward four o'clock at the deserted chalet where the fourth was to meet us. Upon the arrival of that fourth hung all the future happiness of the girl, and he was to come from a village far away on the other side. The Christmas rendezvous had been carefully arranged.

We had brought provisions for making a hot supper in the empty building, a lonely farm-house used only in summer, and our plan was to skee back all together by moonlight.

"Put on your extra sweaters before you begin to cool," said the older man, coming round the corner with an armful of logs from the frozen woodpile. "I 'll get the fire going. Here, Dot,"—turning to his niece,—"stack your skees, and get the food out. He 'll be hungry as a bear."

The three of us bustled about over the crisp snow, and the older man had a wood fire blazing upon the great open hearth in less than ten minutes. The interior of the big room lit up, shadows flew overhead among the rafters, and shafts of cheery yellow light flashed even into the recesses of the vaulted barn that opened out into the cow-sheds in the rear. Outside, the dusk visibly deepened from one minute to the next.

The cold was bitter; but our heated bodies fairly steamed. The big St. Bernard ran, sniffing and prancing, after each of us in turn, and from time to time flew up the mounds of snow outside, where he stood, with head flung back and muzzle up, staring against the sunset. He knew perfectly well that some one else was expected and the direction from which he would come. The effect of the firelight streaming through door and cracks of muffled window into the last hour of daylight was peculiar; night and day met together on the threshold of the chalet, under the shadows of that enormous snow-laden roof. For the sun was now below the rim of the Suchet ridges, flaming with a wonderful sheet of red and yellow light over the huge white plateau, and the isolated trees threw vague shadows that easily ran into a length of half a kilometer. Rapidly they spread, assuming monstrous shapes, half animal, half human; then, deceiving the sight, merged into the strange uniform glow that lies upon a snow-field in the twilight. The forest turned purple; the crests of the pines cut into the sky like things of steel and silver. Everything shone, crackled, sparkled; the cold increased.

"Dorothy, where are you going?" sounded the older man's voice from the door, for the girl was out on her skees again. Her slim young figure, topped by the pointed, white snow-cap, was sprite-like.

"Just a little way over the slopes—to meet him," came her reply. She seemed to float above the snow, not on it.

With decision he called her in, and it was the warning in his tone that perhaps made her obey.

"Better rest," he said briefly; "we 've

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got a long run home in the moonlight." On her skees she came "sishing" back down the gleaming slope to his side, neat and graceful, her shadow shooting ahead like black lightning, enormously elongated. "The Creux du Van precipices, besides, lie over that way," he continued. "They begin without warning—a sheer drop, and nothing to show the edge."

"I know them," she said, pouting a little.

"He knows them, too," her uncle answered, putting a hand on her shoulder. "He 'll take the higher slopes. He 'll get around all right." He had noticed the look in her soft, brown eyes that betrayed —it was the merest passing flash—an eagerness lying too close upon the verge of anxiety. "Harry knows these ridges even better than I do."

He helped her stack the skees, then turned to whistle in the dog, which had stayed behind on the summit of the slope she had just left, and it was at this instant, I think, that I first suddenly became aware of an unusual significance lying behind the little scene. Such moments are beyond explanation or analysis; one can only report them. They pertain, some hold, to a kind of vision. I can merely affirm that the flash came to me in this wise: I saw the big dog, his outline sharply silhouetted against the skyline and his head turned westward, refusing for the first time that day to obey instantly a whistle that for him was a summons always to be obeyed. His master, noticing nothing, had already gone inside; but the girl saw what I saw, caught a flash similar to my own, and recognized in the animal's insignificant disobedience a corroboration of something in herself that touched uneasiness. I cannot prove it,—she has never spoken of it,—only, as she stood there a moment, with the sunset in her face and her tumbled hair half over her eyes, I intercepted the swift glance that ran upward to the St. Bernard, traveled beyond him to the huge, distant snow-slopes, and then fell upon me. It was love, perhaps, that carried and interpreted thus the instantaneous wireless message—the love that lay undelivered in my heart, as in her own, and, since she was foresworn already, lay unrecognized. In view of what followed, I cannot wholly say. My sight held clearer and steadier than her own, and it came to me that my strange perception, sharpened to bitter sweetness as if by sacrifice, approached possibly to some kind of inferior divination of the wounded soul. The next minute the great dog came bounding down, and we entered the chalet together, busying ourselves with fire, benches, table, and supper. The portable little kettle of aluminum already steamed upon the hearth.

With us—with myself, at any rate—came into the cozy fire-lit interior a sensation that was new. I felt the terror and desolation of these vast, snow-covered mountains, immense, trackless, silent, lying away from the world of men below the coming stars. Winter, like a winter of the polar regions, held them fast. In the brilliant sunshine of the day they had been friendly, enticing, sympathetic. Now, with the icy dusk creeping over their bare, white faces, the freezing wind sifting with long sighs through the forests below, and the silent Terror of the Frost stalking from cliff to ridge with his head among the stars, they turned terrible. With the coming of the night they awoke to their true power. They showed their teeth. Our own insignificance became curiously emphasized. I thought of the Creux du Van precipices, sweeping crater-like with their semicircle of dark grandeur, a gulf of snow-drifts about their dreadful lips, six hundred feet of shadows yawning within, and shuddered.

"You 're cold," said Dot, softly, pulling me to the fire, where she warmed her steaming boots. "I 'm cold, too." We piled the wood on; the flames leaped and crackled; shadows flew among the rafters.

"Harry 's due any minute," said her uncle. "We 'll drop the eggs in as soon as we hear his whistle." He stooped down to pat the St. Bernard, which lay with head stretched on his fore paws before the fire, staring, listening. "You 'll hear him

"FOR INTO THAT GREAT FIRE-LIT INTERIOR STEPPED AT ONCE THE FIGURE OF A PEASANT"

first," he laughed cheerily, giving the beast a resounding pat. "Long before we do."

The dog growled low, making no other response to a caress that usually brought him leaping to his master's breast. We heard the wind keening round the wooden walls, rushing with a long faint whistle over the roof, and we drew closer to the fire. For a long time no one spoke. The minutes passed and passed.

It was then, quite suddenly, that we heard a step in the snow; but not before the dog had heard it first and bounded to his feet with a growl that was more like a human roar than any animal sound I have ever heard. He fairly leaped toward the door, and the same second Dot and I were also upon our feet.

"What 's the matter?" exclaimed her uncle, startled and surprised. "That 's only wind, or snow falling from the roof."

Behind us the wooden walls gave out sharp, cracking reports as the heated air made them expand; but in my heart something turned into ice with a cold that lay beyond all cold of winter. The terror I at first experienced, however, was not for myself, but for this soft, brown-eyed little maid who shot so swiftly by me and opened the heavy door. I was ready there to catch her, ready to protect and shield, yet knowing by some strange authority within me that she stood already safe, held by a power that lay beyond all little efforts of my own.

"HIS TEETH FASTENED UPON THE ROOT AND SKEE-STRAPS. WE PULLED TOGETHER"

For into that great, fire-lit interior stepped at once the figure of a peasant, large, uncouth, lumbering, his face curiously concealed either by the play of the shadows or by the fall of his hair and beard,—to this day I know not which,—filling the threshold with his bulk, the freezing wind rushing in past his great, sheathed legs, and an eddy of dry snow veiling him like a flying cloak beyond. He stood there a second with an atmosphere of power about him that seemed to dwarf everything, and of such commanding stature that into my mind, bewildered and confused a little with the sudden entrance, ran the thought of a bleak and towering peak of mountain. It came to me that the chalet must crumble, the huge beams split, and fall upon our heads. There was a rush of freezing wind, a touch of ice, and at the same time I was aware of some strange, intolerable beauty, as of wild nature, that made me hide my eyes. It was only long afterward that I remembered there was no snow upon his feet, that his eyes remained hidden, and also that he spoke not a word.

"The door 's blown open!" cried the uncle. "For God's sake—"

All this, moreover, in the tenth of the first second, for immediately I saw that the St. Bernard was bounding round the figure with an unfeigned delight that knew no fear; and next, that he had stretched his arms out toward the girl with a gesture of tenderness and invitation possible only in this whole world to the arms of woman. Terrible, yet inconceivably winning, was that gesture, as of a child. And the same moment, to my amazement, she had leaped forward and was gone. With her, barking and leaping, went the St. Bernard dog.

"Dot, you silly child, where in the world are you going? Do shut the door! It 's not Harry yet. It was a false alarm." It was the matter-of-fact tone of her uncle's voice that let me into the secret—that only she, I, and the dog had witnessed anything at all.

"I 'll go with her and see her safe," I shouted back, and it was only then, as I turned toward the door again after saying it, that I understood there was no one standing there, and that her leap had been really a springing run toward the corner where her skees lay. Already, I saw, they were on her feet. She was away. I saw the dog bounding over the frozen slope beside her. He was a little in front. He held her skirt in his teeth, guidingly. In that pale wintry light of the rising moon I saw their two outlines against the snow. They were alone.

"Bring brandy and a blanket!" I had the sense to call back into the room, and was after her in my turn. But the frozen fastenings of my skees had never seemed so obstinate. It was a whole minute before I was whizzing down the mile-long slope. The speed was tremendous, and the skees skidded on the crust. She left only faint indications of her trail. It was the barking of the dog that guided me best, and far away below me in the yellow moonlight the little speeding spot of black that showed me where she flew, heading straight for the Creux du Van.

At any other time such a descent as we two then made would have been sheer lunacy, even in daylight. The tearing speed, the angle of the huge slope, the iciness of that gleaming crust, all were invitations to disaster; and with the gaping chasm of the Creux du Van lying waiting at the bottom, it was simply a splendid race into suicide. The water poured from my eyes, the frozen mounds whipped by like giant white waves, and no sooner was the black line of some isolated pine-tree sighted than it was past, like the telegraph-poles to an express-train. Only the yellow face of the big rising moon held steady.

She had soon outstripped the dog, and as I shot past him, wildly cantering, with his tongue out and steaming, open jaws, he caught vainly at my puttees. The next moment he was a hundred yards behind me.

But Dot, guided by some power that the mountains put into her little feet, knew her direction well, and went as straight as a die to the edge of the awful gulf; then stopped dead, buried to her neck in a drift that climbed wave-like upon the very lips of the chasm. It stopped her, as ten minutes before it had also stopped another, coming down from the slopes that lay to the westward. I saw the hole of the valley gaping at our very feet as a successful "telemark" flung me backward beside her just in the nick of time.

"Quick!" I heard her cry. "He 's still sliding!" It was then that I realized that the third body, lying there unconscious where the drift had likewise stopped it, was slowly moving with the weight of snow toward the edge. One skee already projected horribly over the actual brink. I heard a mass of snow detach itself and drop even as she said it.

It took less than a second to detach my belt and fasten it to his leg; but even then I firmly believe the strain of our slow pulling must have landed us all three into the gulf below had not the arrival of the St. Bernard put a different complexion upon the scene. It was the grandest thing I have ever witnessed. A second he stood there, the supreme instinct of his noble race judging the problem. He knew the softness of the drift that must engulf him

if he advanced; he also saw it sliding. Very slowly, like a courageous human being, on all fours, calculating distance, angle, and tensions, as it were, by his superb animal divination, he crawled round to another side. He crept gingerly along the very edge. His teeth fastened upon the boot and skee-straps. We pulled together. God! I cannot understand to this day how it was that the four of us were not gone! He knew, that splendid dumb creature. We merely followed his magnificent lead.

A moment later we were safe on hard, solid snow. As we lay back exhausted, the snow immediately at our feet slid with a hiss, and disappeared into the valley hundreds of feet below. But the St. Bernard, still pulling carefully and gently by himself, was next busily licking the boy's white face and breathing his heat upon him, when help arrived with the brandy and the blankets. I believe it was the tireless and incessant attentions of that great dog that really saved the life, for he lay upon the form with his whole body, keeping him warm, and letting go only when he understood that the blankets and our arms, carrying him to the chalet, might replace his own self-sacrificing love.

"I heard a voice crying outside the door in the wind," she told me afterward. "It was his voice, you see, and it called me by name. I don't know what guided me to the place, for I think I shut my eyes the whole way till I fell at his side."

## Forest Lake

*By LOUIS UNTERMEYER*

What hushed, green spires are these! No sound
Of war disturbs this holy ground;
  The reverent breezes seem to bear
  The quiet like a silent prayer.
The very silences surround
  The ripples with a chastening air.
And softer than its solitudes,
The lingering peace of evening broods
Over these woods.

The leaves are clasped, the trees are bowed,
And in the west a rosy cloud,
  Screening the sun, seems like a veil
  Hung in the skies to hide the grail.
And now, as twilight comes to shroud
  Each open path or secret trail,
The whisper of the waves has grown
Into a chanted monotone,
Ancient, unknown.

And, like the echo of a choir,
Up in some towering poplar's spire
  A veery's high note trembles long
  And bursts into a spray of song,
An ecstasy of silver fire:
  "I have seen God, O heedless throng!
This forest is His temple; in this field,
Deserted and forgot, He is revealed.
Come, and be healed!"

# The Freedom of the Seas

By ELLERY C. STOWELL

Author of "The Diplomacy of the War of 1914," etc.

NOTWITHSTANDING the wordy pitfalls with which the subject of the freedom of the seas has been surrounded, a brief consideration of the question will show how simple it really is. Even those unlearned in the law of nations can readily grasp the basic principle, namely, the right of vessels under the flag of any nation to sail the high seas without let or hindrance save such as is specifically recognized by the society of nations. This rule is the foundation of all international commerce by sea. There is no principle of international law more important for the development of civilization.

Centuries ago arrogant naval powers claimed dominion over certain waters, and led mercantile states to contend for the freedom of the ships of all nations in time of peace to come and go at will in every sea. When during the Revolutionary wars Great Britain impressed seamen from American vessels, the cry was again raised against the unjustifiable attempt to enforce British law upon the decks of American vessels. After Europe had settled down to a few years of peace another controversy arose over the visit and search in time of peace of vessels suspected of engaging in the slave-trade. France and the United States preferred to coöperate with Great Britain in the suppression of the loathsome commerce by instituting a patrol of the African coasts for the purpose of examining vessels under their own flags rather than recognize the right of British warships to undertake this duty for them. With great difficulty a satisfactory solution of this difference was reached.

These successive controversies left the meaning of the "freedom of the seas" somewhat obscured. In the present war the phrase has been given still another new and ingenious meaning, derived from German sources, namely, that the naval power of all nations should be reduced to a relative equality, so that no head should rise above another. Germany might then be enabled to remove forever the menace of a strangling blockade. No wonder that Germany, stimulated by the desire to attain this goal, has skilfully played upon the jealousy of lesser powers against the superior naval strength of Great Britain, and has employed her Dernburgs and other diplomatic resources to fan the fires of anachronous prejudice against the Island Empire. Germany has worked to create the impression that she favored the inviolability of private property in naval warfare, but at the Second Hague Conference her support of the adoption of this very proposal was subordinated to the previous regulation of the question of contraband and blockade. And yet when Great Britain proposed a self-denying ordinance in the shape of the complete abolition of the right to seize contraband, Germany vetoed any action. It is said that the statesmen of the British delegation were on the point of adjourning, in company with the plenipotentiaries of a majority of the powers, to the Hôtel des Indes to adopt a special convention embodying this reform, when Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, head of the German delegation, interposed. He made appeal to the "gentlemen's agreement" under which they had attended the Hague Conference, to the effect that no action should be taken by the states represented without unanimous consent, so that Germany might not find herself again in an embarrassing minority, as at the recent Algeciras Conference. The majority yielded to this German veto.

Germany cannot but desire the immunity of her great merchant fleets from capture, but military considerations seem always to prevail at Berlin, and the kaiser's counselors preferred to retain the liberty of destroying their enemies' commerce even at the risk of annihilating their own. Germany may have nursed the hope of becoming some day the first naval power, when she might protect her own merchant fleets while she ravaged those of Great Britain. Perhaps she trusted to some happy occasion when she might effect a combination of naval forces for the same purpose.

Even if we admit that the German Government, faced by military disaster, now sincerely desires to secure the recognition of the inviolability of private property from seizure on the high seas, we must carefully examine what would be the situation resulting from the adoption of this modification of the existing rule.

A rule which is not supported by the actual and persisting interests of the powerful states must depend upon the combined action of the majority of the powers for its enforcement solely on the ground that it is the recognized law. Now that we have witnessed Germany's violation of a most sacred treaty guaranteeing neutralized Belgium from invasion, it is not to be expected that the nations of the world will place, as over against the interests of the German Government, any great confidence in her plighted troth. If, then, we should by solemn treaty agree to the adoption of the immunity of private property at sea, we should have to be forewarned against the treacherous violation of the rule by the German Government whenever its interests might seem to make it worth while. On the other hand, in England, France, and the United States, where there exists a deep respect for treaty engagements, public opinion might feel so secure in the verbal protection of the treaty provision that the legislators would not recognize the need of adequate naval preparation. We should then have set a trap for law-abiding nations that the German Government could spring, like Belgian neutrality, at any moment it might find convenient.

Neither can it be said that the adoption of the provision for the immunity of private property at the present time would be in conformity with what are likely to be the continuing needs of international relations. The era of wars is, alas! not over, and when great nations fight, they will be prone to attack the life-giving stream of foreign commerce as the surest means of crippling the enemy. When at last the states of the world shall have formed a more perfect union, it will then be possible to protect all private property and all neutral commerce against the onslaughts of war. A day, now far removed, may come when the embattled hosts of rival nations will give place to a wager of battle to decide the conflict. The battle will then be confined to the combatants alone without violent interference with the peaceful pursuits of non-combatants or destruction of their property. First, however, we must evolve great engines of destruction, so perfect that a few skilled heroes will direct each one of them. These war machines will be so costly that only a few great powers will have the resources to construct and maintain them. Wise legislation and skilful systems of taxation will be necessary to organize the whole people for their support. A chosen few, picked from the whole nation, will man them, men in the full vigor of their strength, physically perfect to endure the terrible strain, and powerful of brain to meet and surmount every intricacy of mechanics and every difficulty of strategy. Above all, these hero-supermen must be of such unswerving character that they will, day in and day out, without surcease, devote their unflagging zeal to the great task of defending the civilization for which they contend. This evolution and the increasing economic burden of maintenance of this machinery will make war the luxury of the most powerful states and will cause the area of war constantly to recede. Small nations will no longer be able to maintain military establishments, and eventually the millions of men now battling upon the field of honor will have been replaced by a con-

test among a few men in control of stupendous machinery. Whatever truth this picture may possess, we must apprehend that in the wars of the more immediate future the efforts of belligerents will not be confined to combatants alone, but that the attacks will be likewise directed against the enemy's international commerce as the most effective method of bringing him to submission.

GERMANY has known how to play upon the jealousies of other nations in regard to the naval superiority of Great Britain. She has been aided by the fact that warships are easily counted wherever they go and carry with them a connotation of naval might. Great Britain has been portrayed as a naval power holding the world in thrall. At the beginning of the war Dr. Dernburg and other German agents distributed maps showing the chain of English naval and coaling stations encircling the world. Yet these two factors of wide-extended naval stations and the first navy of the world, when seen aright, are only the expression of the precarious situation of the British Empire.

At the present time Great Britain is no longer able to maintain the two-power standard by means of which she once could meet single-handed any combination of the two next greatest navies of the world. A coalition of the two next powers would now destroy England's control of the sea, imperil her food-supply, and bring her to submission. The significance of this fact is often overlooked. It simply means that Great Britain must so conduct her relations with other states and so use her naval power as not to bring about a coalition between other states. This situation is of itself an earnest of a broad-minded, liberal policy and does not depend upon mere professions of upright intentions. The day has passed when Great Britain could, if she would, impose her will upon the high seas. Britannia polices the seas for all. She no longer rules them. Great Britain draws her strength from grateful peoples. Separated by seas and without compulsion, Canada and Australia have raised great armies. The nation which has known how to retain the loyal support of the Boers and of the teeming millions of India cannot be called a menace to free institutions.

On land, however, there is a power that threatens the independence of all other nations. Germany is well entrenched at the strategic center of Europe. She commands all the routes north and south, east and west. Thanks to her magnificent state-controlled system of railways, she can mass her well-drilled regiments at any point of her interior lines. Supported by her misguided millions, she has been able to resist the combined strength of Europe in a desperate struggle extending over years. If the extension upon the seas of such a land power as this should not be checked, Berlin would become in verity the capital of the world. Great Britain stands, then, as the trusted guardian of Europe against the overwhelming might of Prussia.

The liberal nations of the world must come to recognize the incontrovertible fact that Great Britain is taking up their burdens and is standing as the outpost of the higher civilization against the advance of benumbing bureaucracy. The British squadrons protect us against a soulless Prussia.

Already the other empires of the world have pooled their naval resources for the policing of the world. Even before the war they may be said to have formed a "super-empire," France guarding the Mediterranean, the United States policing American waters, and Japan patrolling the far-Eastern seas. A growing confidence in one another and a better understanding of the need of coöperation for the care of the common interests of world commerce and of international security have strengthened this informal combination for the good of all. Germany alone held aloof and would pursue her dreams of aggrandizement. She was willing to risk the happiness of the world on the chance that her own sphere of activity might be the larger. As soon as the German Government has been taught the error of its ways, the other world powers

can peacefully pursue the system of co-operation previously begun. They will continue to strive for the greatest sphere of service to humanity, and not fear that common dependence one upon the other which is the best, perhaps the only, guarantee of a prolonged peace.

In the truest sense of the word the freedom of the seas must ever mean the reign of international law upon the seas. During the first few months of the present war the United States was technically neutral. But our rights as a neutral to ship supplies to Germany were disregarded. The explanation was that the Allied powers felt that they were really fighting for us, and they could not believe that public opinion in this country would insist upon the full letter of the right to ship supplies to the invader of Belgium. After months of education the American people have come at last to realize the true significance of the conflict. They comprehend fully now that Great Britain and France have been fighting their fight for the supremacy of international law over the cynicism of national egoism, and now the American nation has joined them heart and soul. When this noble companionship of arms shall have brought the conflict to a successful termination and laid low the specter of faithless German bureaucracy, we may rest assured that the freedom of the seas will be set forth in no uncertain terms. Never again shall the sea-borne commerce of civilization be subjected to barbaric and indiscriminate slaughter through irresponsible engines. Mines shall not float in all parts of the high seas to strike innocent women and children on passenger-vessels and inviolable hospital-ships alike. The use of submarines as commerce-raiders will be prohibited unless they be perfected to such a degree that it is possible for them to ascertain the true character of the vessel they attack. From the very results of German frightfulness and disregard of the principles of international law has come the awakening of the conscience of the whole world to the consequences of international lawlessness. All the nations will set down the true principles of the freedom of the seas, and no froward government will ever again dare to transgress them. Thus shall we know the freedom of the seas.

Just as President Wilson in his great war message of April 2 set forth the fundamental principles upon which the law of nations is based, so at the forthcoming conference following the termination of hostilities will the delegates assembled proclaim the superior right of innocent commerce to traverse the ocean without danger of collision with mines or of unwarned attack from submarines. The field of naval warfare will not be unreasonably restricted, but the needs of a continuing and progressive civilization will receive due consideration. The object of man is not war, but progress. When the nations fully realize that he who prefers the success of his military forces to the survival of the common ideals of civilization is a common enemy and that all must combine against him for the defense of those ideals, then, and only then, will none be found so reckless as to insult the majesty of the law common to all nations, and the reign of law among all nations and upon all seas shall be.

# Louis Orr, Painter-Etcher

By LAWRENCE CHAMBERLAIN

IT is a happy coincidence that now when France rejoices to salute America and Americans as comrades she has accorded an unusual honor to a young artist of Hartford, Connecticut, who has been working in Paris for the last eleven years. The French Government has purchased for deposit in the Louvre Louis Orr's plate of a notable study in copper of the Pont Neuf, the finest of Parisian bridges.

Mr. Orr has attacked that section of the bridge that arches the Canal de Monnaie, structurally a separate bridge, looking from the steps leading down from the Quai de Conti to the waters of the canal, where the boats warp through the lock in their journeys up the winding Seine. Both the subject and the point of view are as trite as any in Paris. This, however, is only as it should be, for the structure appeals to a wide range of artistic emotions. The disposition of mass in the bridge is satisfying; the main reliance is on beauty that is form; there is abstinence from ornament not structural. The artist makes these impressions poignant under a sympathetic needle that draws around the great object a background of motley ancient habitations, with a foreground of water, not imposing these things as accessories, but rendering the whole instinct with life.

Who shall dispute with a conscientious workman to whom no pains are too great, no details too minute, no phase of the many-sided existence he seeks to portray too humble, only provided the net result may be a true revelation and a worthwhile message? There is growing pleasure in this Parisian bridge as one examines the loiterers on the pier-turrets, the vegetable man balancing his fructible burden with the cords he holds, the laundry wagon from the Fontaine de Grenelle, the balloon woman en route to the Boulevard de Sébastapol, the "Pons" boy with his basket of *pâtisserie,* and the old fisherman under the arch awaiting the end of his wife's work in the adjacent wash-house.

Unfortunately, these contributing details are necessarily obscured in the photographic reduction, but before the paper or the plate one may draw back content with the whole, satisfied with the inevitableness of the medium for the work. It is easy to understand why Rembrandt and Whistler in their later years withdrew from canvas to copper for adequate expression of expanse and finesse. It is even possible to believe that an American painter-etcher destined to rank with the masters is in process of making. France, at least, encourages the view.

In this instance the capacities of the medium are illustrated in another way. The sky, which will bear reworking for composition, has fullness of light no pigment can give, without extravagance in space, which would detract from the height of the bridge. In the formal disposition of light masses and in symmetrical, but entirely natural, counterposition of light and dark, this work will excellently serve class-room discussion.

Orient the picture with a mirror, or reverse it, to see the thing merely as line and mass; then observe the horizontal, perpendicular, and even oblique axes of light and dark. Many can arrange a composition in four "spots," some in

three; only a master in an unnoticed two. The repose of the picture lies in this, not in the weight of the spans, although the formalities of design are almost mathematically exact. The greatest contrast in light and dark is in the approximate center, and the swirl of sky light has its diagonal contrast in the swirl of dark canal waters around the stern of the boat. Nevertheless, an unfailing sense in the selection of detail and in the play of atmosphere and in the shadow from unseen trees on the right bank pull the picture together.

In the etching itself Louis Orr felt the ineptitude of the steel needle to carry that swirl of water right into the foreground and close to the eye. Therefore the artist drew on the nude copper down at the water's-edge with an ordinary supple quill pen, employing a mixture of India ink and sugar; later, in the studio, he recoated his plate with the etching-ground and dissolved the sugar and ink lines, exposing his copper to the action of acid. But, most remarkable, there were no "states" pulled of the plate in the course of its completion.

In preparation for this work Orr painted three oils of the same subject from the same point of view to get acquainted with his subject, to familiarize himself with the color values. All the best etchers are painters or painter-etchers; their work has a different and superior quality. This sort of familiarity renders easy the drawing on copper in reverse and permits pulling proofs with the subject rendered as in nature itself, not as in nature seen in a mirror.

The second illustration shows the same bridge etched in 1913, in the beginning of Orr's present manner. He had even then a good grasp of pattern, and knowledge of how sunlight is created by juxtaposition of black and white, but the individual line had not yet attained its full significance. The later work has the abandon of matured reflection and execution; the former displays breadth and power still restrained by the artist's limitations.

This talented young man owes much to his ancestry. Since the middle of the eighteenth century the Edinburgh Orrs have been prominent in graphic arts, and John W. Orr of New York, the grandfather of Louis Orr, was the dean of American wood-engravers.

That the French people think him worth watching is clear; Orr is approximately the fourteenth American to have work admitted to the Luxembourg Gallery and he has a greater number of works there than any other one of the American group.

It is probably true that the "Canal de Monnaie" is the first work of fine art by a living American to be purchased for the National Musée du Louvre. It is certainly the first work by an American graphic artist, and perhaps the only work by an American painter. Lastly, it is the first original etching by any painter-etcher to be purchased for deposit in the Louvre. It is a rule knowing few exceptions that the Louvre receives only the works of artists who have been dead at least twenty years.

Last August Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis and I were given audience by Cardinal Luçon at Rheims, and his Eminence did us the honor of conducting us through the ruins of that greatest of French cathedrals. The demolition of the structure is persistent. It occurred to us that it would be well to catch the pathetic beauty of the ruin under the hand of a master artist, not merely for the sake of posterity, but that America might be touched by the vandalism, and alleviative war agencies might benefit by the sale of reproductions.

The French Government promptly granted our request that Louis Orr be permitted to etch the cathedral, and this he did under circumstances that are best described in his letter to me from Paris, of September 18:

> The day I arrived I commenced work, and so did the Boche. Fourteen shells fell in and about the cathedral. I am told that "Rheims is calm at present," as only one hundred and fifty to three hundred *obus* fell daily. As I had two or three nice cellars handy, I did not mind such a few.

In the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris

"CANAL DE LA MONNAIE"

# IN FRANCE

## *Eight Etchings*

## By Louis Orr, Painter-Etcher

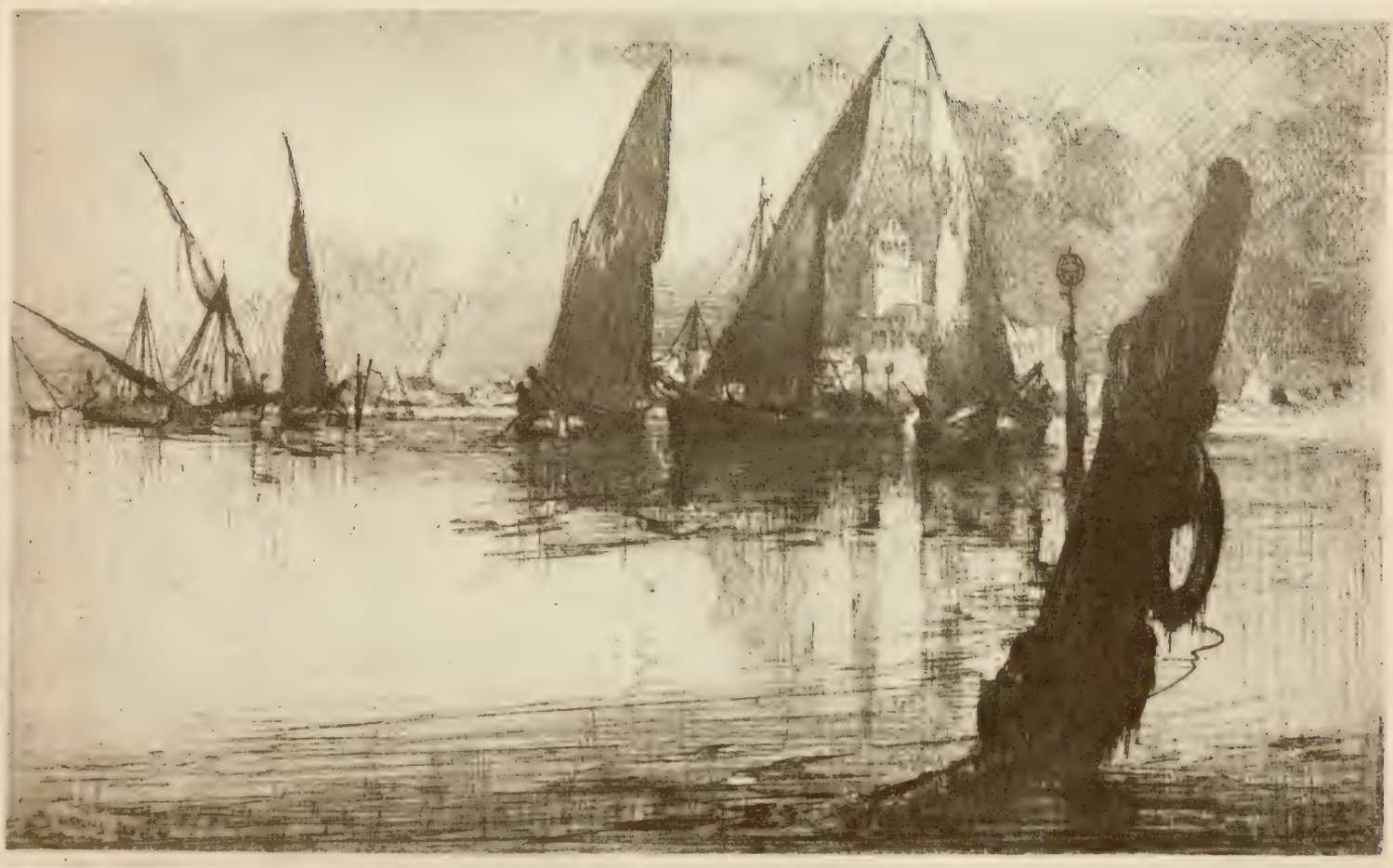
"CANAL DE LA MONNAIE"
"PONT NEUF"
"CHURCH AT ST. GILLES DU GARD"
"LES SAINTES MARIE-DE-LA-MER"
"COUR DU DRAGON"
"PASSAGE DE LA PETITE BOUCHERIE"
"SOUVENIR DE LA PROVENCE"
RHEIMS CATHEDRAL UNDER FIRE

In the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris

"PONT NEUF"

In the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris

"CHURCH AT ST. GILLES DU GARD"



In the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris

"LES SAINTES MARIE-DE-LA-MER"

In the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris

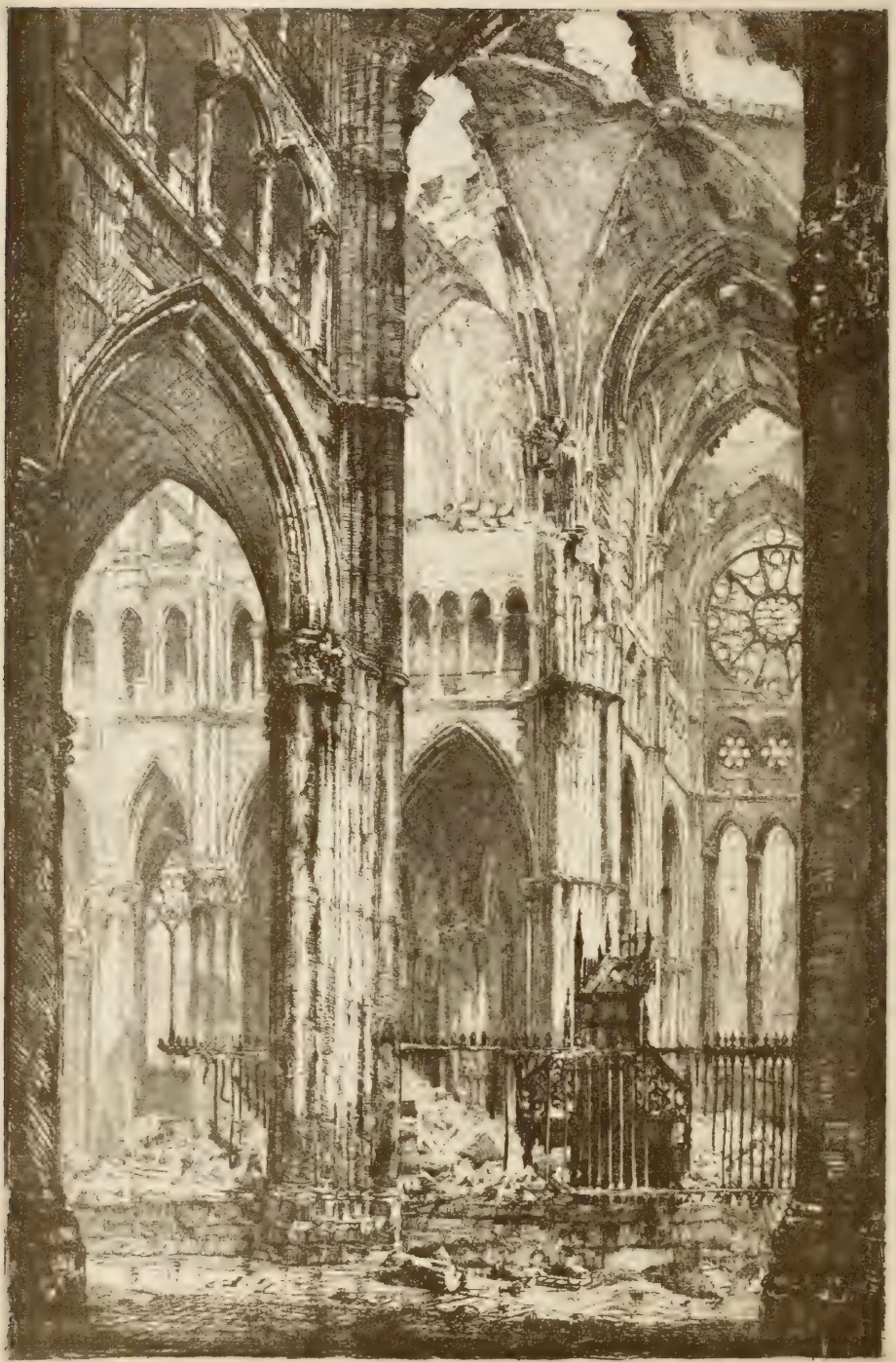
"COUR DU DRAGON"

In the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris

"PASSAGE DE LA PETITE BOUCHERIE"

In the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris

"SOUVENIR DE LA PROVENCE"



Courtesy of Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL UNDER FIRE

# He Understood Women

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Illustrations by Dalton Stevens

THE incident was certainly grotesque, yet it serves to introduce Marcia Morse, expert and popular ingénue of the American theater, especially when told in her own words. Alas! if we could also catch the peculiar, whimsical, alluringly feminine smile that played over her pretty face as she spoke, it would be better still.

"You remember that poor Gertie Colburn," she said, "who was always haunting the offices and getting jobs to appear in act three as one of the neighbors? Well, Gertie had a mother,—a real one,—and she died, and the poor girl had nobody in the world to help her; so of course I did it. I had to pick out the casket, if you please, and the undertaker came around behind, after the first act of the matinée, with a box of samples of linings and things. He was a funny little man with a bald head and a comedy frock-coat, and feeling real devilish at being in an actress's dressing-room. He showed me the samples and rattled off his spiel mechanically, but his heart was n't in his work. He was really making goo-goo eyes at me over those dreadful things. And there was poor Gertie, two doors away, just breaking her heart, with her mother dead, and I flirting outrageously with the bald-headed undertaker because I just could n't disappoint him. He did so want me to be what he thought actresses were!"

"Marcia, you 're hopeless," said her friend with a laugh. "You 'd flirt with *anything.*"

"That 's not true," Marcia retorted. "The trouble is, anything will flirt with me, and I 'm too kind-hearted."

She was sitting on the veranda of her new summer home as she spoke. Marcia Morse's summer home would have struck the casual observer as a paradox. The spoiled darling of the fluffy school of American sentimental comedies, whose picture adorned hundreds of dressers at Williams and Yale, had purchased a farmhouse in a remote corner of the southern New England hills, a house over a hundred years old, repainted and papered it in exquisite taste, furnished it simply with good mahogany, added a side veranda, a colonial portico over the front door, bought a horse and buggy, and for three months was living the simple life.

"You 're a queer one," her friend went on. "I suppose you know that young carpenter who 's been building your front porch is head over heels in love with you, and took about a week longer to do the job than he needed to?"

Marcia laughed her rippling, infectious laugh, which added about fifty dollars a week to her salary.

"But he did it just as I wanted him to," she said, "and that 's worth the extra time. If I 'd been here in the spring, I 'd have got a better job all over the house."

"Well, I must say," the other woman went on, "that if every man I met fell in love with *me,* I would n't bury myself up here among the rubes. I 'd go to Newport or Bar Harbor and catch a million dollars."

"But I don't want a million dollars; I 've got all that 's good for me now," said Marcia. "I just love my little old house and these rolling, wooded hills, and there are just enough people of our profesh around to talk shop with when I feel I have to."

"Who?" cried the other, scornfully. She was somewhat older than Marcia, and

mostly played shrewd women-of-the-world rôles. "That grumpy Sawyer person who makes you work like a pack-horse when he stages your play, and that young freak who paints scenery that looks like a dope dream, and that high-brow critic Thomas, and all three of their dull wives; and finally, Harold Winthrop, who writes such wonderful plays that nobody will produce 'em! That 's your fascinating 'colony.' Honest to God, Marcia, I don't see how you stand it."

"But, you see, dear, I have you for company over the week-end," said Marcia, sweetly.

She was getting tired of her guest, who certainly did not fit into this rustic setting. Presently she left her to doze in a hammock, and went out to a pasture knoll behind her house. Why did she herself fit here? she wondered. Marcia was a clever young woman; she knew that. She had been on the stage since she was sixteen years old, a decade now, and before that her schooling had been of the most casual sort, picked up anywhere as her widowed father, a musical-comedy conductor who had once aspired to higher things, journeyed about the country. She had finally run away from a school near Boston and appeared in her father's own chorus, where her tears and pleading finally induced him to let her remain. She had a little speaking part before the season was over, and before he died he had seen her on the way to fame. The road had really been ridiculously easy, she realized. She had been popular from the first, and took to the stage like a duck to water. But where had she learned how to design a colonial porch for the carpenter or how to appreciate colonial woodwork and good mahogany? Why did n't she prefer the sort of thing her friend Hope Malden, back in the hammock, preferred? Why did she come here to this rustic intervale in the New England hills and find it so soothing to her spirit?

"It must be papa's secret love for Bach coming out," she thought, "or maybe my mother's character."

She had never known her mother, the daughter of a Connecticut clergyman whose family had dropped her when she married a man of the theater; but her father had talked of her often, and always with a note of wistful reverence.

Marcia raised her eyes and looked across the intervale to a small white farm-house beside the road which climbed the hill on the farther side. In that house Harold Winthrop lived and wrote the plays her friend so scornfully said nobody would produce. That was n't quite true, because two of his plays had been produced by the most artistic manager in New York, and had enjoyed great critical favor and one of them some mild patronage. Moreover, they had been printed, and were read by the more serious students of drama. Marcia had the texts, and something in them stirred her deeply. They had a crisp style, a high seriousness, an intellectual weight, in startling contrast to the amiable piffle in which she habitually played, and the heroines demanded work of the actress, and thought and deep feeling. Down in her secret heart she cherished the ambition to play the heroine in a Winthrop drama.

She had not met Winthrop yet, though she had been in her new house two weeks. He had never been at the teas and parties in the other homes of the "colony," for his house had been his grandfather's, and he was rather a native than a summer superimposition. He lived in the old place quite alone now save for a farmer and his wife, who kept the house, and he spent a good deal of time out on the farm, working hard himself, for it was generally believed that he was poor. His only family was a younger brother, whom he was sending through college. Marcia had seen him only from a distance, a tall, wiry, lean-faced Yankee type uncannily like a picture she had of her maternal grandfather, the Connecticut clergyman. Just why he interested her so much she could not say, but she sat here now gazing across at his farm, and a slow discontent with the work she had been doing in the world grew in her bosom. If she could appreciate colonial mahogany and the charm of simplicity

in a house, and want it about her, why should she be content with less than the best craftsmanship in the plays she acted? Why was it that her pretty face and irresistible feminine lure, which she knew she possessed, should keep her on a lower level than her mind and spirit could appreciate? Was she doomed always to work below her best, as her father had been? Why should she have to go back to New York late in August to rehearse "Mary's Silk Stocking," in which she would n't do much more than show her own, pout a little, laugh a good deal, and be made sentimental love to by a leading man who wore irreproachable clothes?

She looked back at her own house, freshly painted, with its three thousand dollars' worth of mahogany furniture and its three tiled bath-rooms, and then across the intervale to the old farm-house where Winthrop lived, which doubtless had no bath-room at all.

"He could probably write plays like 'Mary's Silk Stocking,'" she thought, "and put in a flock of bath-rooms. Why does n't he?"

Not wishing to have to answer even to herself, she went back to her veranda.

Coming around the corner, she heard voices. Hope had waked up and was talking with a young man, a boy, rather, of twenty or twenty-one. He was an extremely good-looking boy, too, and Marcia smiled on him sweetly as she advanced.

"This is Mr. Winthrop, Marcia," Hope said. "He came to see you, but I would n't tell him where you were. He was so much better company than you are that I made him wait."

"You—you are not Harold Winthrop!" Marcia exclaimed.

The boy laughed.

"Hardly! He 's my big brother. I 'm home on my vacation to see him before I go to camp. I heard you were here, so I came to call. We 're old settlers here, you know, but brother 's such a hermit he never makes calls. You must excuse him."

The boy was looking at Marcia now with unconcealed admiration, and blushed happily when she extended her hand.

"I know your brother 's awfully busy on a new play," she said. "Besides, men always have to have women folks to do their social duties for them—or else nice young brothers."

"Well, I was pretty keen to meet you," the boy admitted frankly. "I saw you from nigger heaven last winter, and—and—well, you were fine!"

Marcia beamed upon him.

"I like to hear you say that," she said. "I wish I could hear your brother say it, too. I know he does n't like me."

"Why, how could he help it?" young Winthrop asserted gallantly.

"But he does n't, does he?" she persisted.

"Well, he thinks Mrs. Fiske is *the* actress," the boy admitted.

"So she is," said Marcia.

"Humph! she can't even dress," put in Hope.

"She does n't have to," Marcia asserted. "If you and I could do as much with a page speech as she can do saying nothing, we 'd be great."

"Of course she is wonderful," the youth agreed; "but I 'd like to see you in one of Hal's plays, just the same. I bet it would go then. He 's just finished up one now that he thinks Cohen and Glass are going to take, and you 'd be wonderful in that."

"You dear boy!" cried Marcia, "I could kiss you for those words!" Young Winthrop blushed furiously, and she added:

"Don't be scared; I won't. Would you like to see my little house?"

The boy followed her rapturously into the low living-room, with its huge old fireplace, its fine mahogany, its bright curtains and mezzotints, and she saw his eyes rove about, and noted with a thrill that he, who instinctively knew, approved. Indeed, there was even surprise on his frank young face.

"Did you expect to find a champagne glass and a cigarette-stub lying on the golden-oak table?" she asked slyly.

He colored again, stammered, and said finally:

"Brother would be dippy over this fur-

niture. We 've got some old stuff that was grandfather's. You must see it."

"But you have it; I collect it. Your brother would n't forget that," she replied.

"Why are you so down on brother?" he suddenly flared up. "That was n't a nice thing to say."

"It was a horrid thing," she admitted. "I feel horrid to-day. I want to quit piffle and act in one of his plays, and I know he would n't let me, without even asking him; so I 'm just catty. That 's the way we actresses are built. You 'll have tea, won't you?"

"Yes; but *I 'll* ask brother. To-night."

"Don't you dare!" cried Marcia. "If he does n't think of me for the part himself, it means he could never see me in it. Don't you dare!"

She held him with her eyes as she spoke, a challenging, provocative glance, and then let him carry the tea-tray to the veranda, putting it gaily into his hands.

Hope departed the next morning, but in the afternoon young Bob Winthrop was back again.

"Cohen and Glass have taken Hal's play!" he cried. "Gee! I'm glad for old brother. Honest, he needs the coin; for I 'm a big drain on him in spite of a scholarship, and he wants me to go to medical school and he wants to get the barn fixed and tile drain the bog and build a bath-room and do a lot more to the old place."

"I 'm glad, too," said Marcia. "Sam Cohen will push his play hard, and not just put it in a dim little high-brow theater and let it die. You did n't dare disobey me, did you?"

An older and less infatuated man would have smiled at the quick shadow of vexation that crossed her face when he answered, "No, of course not"; but Bob was serenely innocent.

"I tell you what I did do, though," he went on; "I just gave brother a blowing up for not coming over to call and see if there was anything he could do to help you get your place straightened up—outside, I mean, the farm and things. I just gave it to him good, and he promised he 'd come."

"When is his lordship going to condescend?" Marcia inquired, with a quick, nervous laugh.

"There you go again, slanging brother," said the boy. "I 'll not like you if you do that."

His tone was so näively serious with hurt loyalty that Marcia flashed her softest smile upon him and touched his sleeve.

"You must admit it does n't flatter me much when your brother has to be scolded into calling on me," she said. "You know, we actresses are a spoiled and pampered lot. We expect all men to be our willing slaves. You ask your brother if that is n't so."

Bob was thrilling under the touch of her fingers on his arm. He could only look into her face and answer:

"Maybe brother's afraid of you. I—I don't blame him."

The boy colored at his boldness, but Marcia only laughed, with a look at him from under drooped lashes, and said he was a "silly boy."

They went to get the tea-things, and when they returned to the veranda Harold Winthrop was standing there contemplating his brother's hat. The color flamed to Marcia's cheeks as Bob introduced them, and she knew her hand was cold as she put it into his. His hand was large and brown and hard, with rough nails—the hand of a farmer. He was looking at her narrowly through shell-rimmed gold spectacles, and though she kept her eyes on his, she felt curiously, unreasonably on trial, and resented it.

"Bob tells me I 'm very remiss in not calling on my new neighbor," he was saying; "but you must forgive me, as I 'm a farmer, and we can't get help this year."

"I 've always thought of you as a dramatist," she managed to say. "The storekeeper told me I was feeding my horse with your oats, but I was more interested in feeding my own mind with your plays."

The speech sounded forced and sententious as soon as she had emitted it, and she sat down at the tea-tray and began to pour the tea rather hastily.

"So you 've read my plays," he said. "I

"'I OUGHT TO BE MAD AT YOU,' SHE SAID"

'm flattered by that, I assure you. Strange as it may seem, they were written for actors, not women's clubs."

"Your brother tells me you 've sold a new one to Cohen and Glass. They 'll see that it gets to actors, I 'm sure. They may be short on art, but they 're long on profits. They really manage me, you know; Heine is just one of their blinds. Will you have cream in your tea? I suppose you 'd think me awfully bold if I asked you to let me read the new play?"

She passed him his tea with her sweetest smile.

"Thanks," he said, taking the saucer between a thumb and finger that seemed in danger of crushing the fragile china. Then he hesitated a moment. "I 'm a blunt man, Miss Morse," he said, "and, unlike some of my fellow-playwrights, I loathe reading my stuff to other people or otherwise inflicting it on 'em. If you 're not just polite, and really mean you 'd like to read it—why?"

"I 'll be blunt, too," she said, and smiled again. "I like your plays because there is real psychology in your women's rôles. Some day I want to act in one of them. I 'd like to see if there 's a chance in this one."

"Gee, Hal, she could do the lead great!" put in Bobbie.

Marcia threw the youngster a secret, intimate, warning glance, and then watched the older man's face.

"I 'm a pretty good business proposition," she added, with an apologetic laugh.

"Yes, I 'm aware of it," he said slowly.

"But you don't think I 'm much of an actress?"

"I think you do what you do more charmingly than any woman on our stage," he answered quietly; "but, to be quite honest, what you do is n't what I want done in my play."

"Mansfield started as *Ko-ko,* and ended as *Peer Gynt,*" said she. "We all have to do what they 'll let us. Besides, I could n't hurt your play much just reading it, could I?"

There was just a touch of pleading in her tone, and of wounded pride and sweet-tempered irony. She lifted large eyes to Winthrop's face as she spoke.

"You ought to write a tragi-comedy some day, called 'The Ambitious Ingénue,' " she added.

Winthrop met her gaze, and a slight smile crossed his grave, thin face.

"There 's no denying you," he said. "I won't even point out the intimate connection between *Ko-ko* and *Peer Gynt.* I 'll bring the manuscript to-morrow. But please don't try to take my play away from me!"

Marcia bit her lip.

"I ought to be mad at you," she said. "A lot of playwrights would be tickled to death if I wanted to act their pieces."

"I 'm delighted at your wanting to," Winthrop answered, "so long as you don't do it."

He smiled gravely at her again, she fancied with a certain mockery in his eyes, and rose to go.

"You 'd better take your brother," she said, "or I might exercise my fatal fascination on him, too."

"I fear it 's too late to save him," said Winthrop in the same tone.

"And I 'm sure he does n't want to be saved," the boy cried gallantly, but with comic sincerity.

"You are much nicer than your brother, but I have to study now," she said smilingly. "Even *my* silly little parts take *some* study."

She patted the boy familiarly on the sleeve, and put out a friendly hand to Winthrop; but her eyes challenged him, and Bob was suddenly jealously aware of some sex spark passing across between them, over his head as it were. He went, moody and reluctant.

The next morning Winthrop left the manuscript before Marcia was up, and right after breakfast she took it out to her favorite pasture knoll to read it. It was a strange play, and her first thought was, "Why on earth did Cohen and Glass accept this?" It was called "The Beauty." The heroine was a lovely, gracious being who cast a spell of sex enchantment over every male she met, till after two acts she

had a veritable procession at her chariot-wheels, all variously diverted from their most useful channels in life. So natural, even artless, was her sex spell that her conquests cost her nothing, and she gave nothing in return. She was not at all a vampire in the vulgar sense; she was the apotheosis of the pretty girl. So far the play ran in a vein of youthful and romantic comedy, just tinged with the underlying satire. Then tragedy entered, grotesque and startling. There was an accident, the heroine was terribly burned about the face, and she actually appeared on the stage disfigured with a livid cheek and forehead, and one saw her admirers drop away, some brutally, some pityingly, but all go, while she, who had no weapons but her sex charm, who had given nothing to them for bond, grew into a miserable figure of woe. It was *Timon of Athens* in terms of the boudoir. Only one man stood by, whom she had least favored because he was least flattering. He offered his skin to save her loveliness, and it was not until she had accepted the sacrifice and then suddenly waked to the realization that it was sacrifice, and rejected it, and in that rejection found a soul within herself, that she became woman.

The bald synopsis can convey nothing of the skill and tact and psychological truth which made this bizarre tale enthralling. At first Marcia instinctively recoiled at the third act, and thought of the fate of any pretty actress who would show herself thus disfigured to an audience. It was grotesque, and impossible in the theater. But then she began to realize that it was only as the girl became unlovely to look at that she became pathetic, at first merely painfully so, then tragically so. It was this brutal wiping away of the physical charm, the sex appeal, that bared the soul of the woman, and ultimately enabled her through suffering to reach sacrifice, and through sacrifice, love —love, which thus stood up above the romantically sensual suggestion of the early acts, a thing of calm and exalted beauty. Marcia turned the last page of the manuscript with glowing eyes. This odd play of a butterfly in a boudoir, this thing of modern silks and the latest smart patter, which Cohen and Glass were going to toss out to Broadway, was burning with a high sincerity, a deep purpose, was, perhaps, the life creed of the strange, aloof, lean Yankee across the valley there in his weathered farm-house. And what a chance for an actress! To tempt, to cajole, to fascinate, and flirt through two acts, and then to fight an audience with almost the odds against her of the woman in the play, and just by sheer emotional poignancy and spiritual power to drive through to victory! A great ambition seized her. That *must* be her rôle! Of course she could play the first two acts better than any actress in America; she knew that. And the last two? Well, it was her chance. She sat there in the pasture planning the rôle till her maid came searching for her to tell her lunch was cold.

That afternoon Winthrop rode up on horseback. She was glad to see that he had left his brother behind.

"Put your horse in the stable," she said, "and let 's walk out in the pasture. I can't talk so well in a veranda chair, and I 've got to talk awfully well to-day!"

The man noted her shining eyes, with a question in his own, and followed her.

"I think it is a wonderful play," she said without skirmish. "I don't see why Cohen and Glass accepted it, to be sure, and act three has got to be played like Duse to get by; but if it is so played—oh, it will make real people, real husbands and wives and lovers, look into one another's eyes in silence!"

Winthrop shot her a quick glance.

"If some critic should say that," he declared, "I 'd have hope for the tribe. Cohen and Glass took it because Cohen has a funny little streak of idealism in him, and Glass thought the third act was 'somethin' new, my boy, a brand-new punch.' You don't think it 's too grotesque for the stage?"

"I did think so at first," she answered, "till I 'd read the whole act. Then I began to see how it could be played—"

The man stirred uneasily.

"You would n't consider me for the rôle?" she switched quickly.

He shook his head.

"Why not? Frankly, please. Let 's talk right out. I love the play, and I 'm crazy to act it. Cohen and Glass would have to give it to me, too, if I wanted it, or I 'd quit 'em, and they don't want that. It 's fired my ambition as nothing else ever did. I feel sure I could do it, and I don't care if that sounds horribly egotistical. But we must think of the play first, must n't we?"

"I 'm afraid I must, anyhow," Winthrop answered a little drily. "It means a lot to me to have it succeed in the box-office sense, and I know your pull there; but there are things more important than the box-office to an honest writer—hang it, don't make me drool platitudes! You know what I mean."

"Yes, I know what you mean; but you have n't yet told me why you think I could n't play it."

"I—I don't know that I can tell you," he answered evasively.

"Have you picked somebody, if I may ask?" she tacked.

"Yes, *I* have. I don't know about C. and G."

"Who, if I may ask again?"

"Rita Norman," he said.

Marcia turned away quickly to repress what she knew was an unpleasant look on her face; then she brought her sweetest smile full upon him.

"You 'll admit I could play the first two acts better than Rita could," she said, "won't you?"

Again a faint smile crossed his lean face as he met her gaze.

"In a way you could," he replied, "and in a way you could n't."

"I don't understand. You think I 'm about like *Elsie* in the play,—oh, yes, you do!—so I 'd just be playing myself. What could be easier than that?"

"Ah, you 're wrong!" he exclaimed. "It is n't easy to play oneself; it 's very difficult. If a play is trying to point out the wider significance of a character, it can't be played by a person like that character, but only by a person who can stand outside of the character as well as inside and make its meanings clear."

Marcia bit her lip.

"You *are* frank," she said. "And you don't think I could play acts three and four either, I suppose, because they get beyond what I am, so I could n't understand 'em. You don't leave me much scope for the practice of my profession, Mr. Winthrop."

He looked at her thoughtfully and not unkindly. Indeed, his eyes dwelt on her flushed face with a lingering regard.

"You said to be frank, Miss Morse," he finally began. "The difference between my plays as I try to write them and the plays I have seen you in is that I try to go below the case to the meaning of it, while your authors are content to accept the romantic illusions of the crowd and never go below at all. Whenever I have seen you, you have been the woman being loved or, rather, desired, never the woman loving. Like my *Elsie,* you have cast the sex spell of youth and loveliness, as you 've cast it over my brother in real life, and as you could cast it over me if you tried—"

"You flatter me!" she put in.

"But you have never made me feel that you could play with a double edge," he went on quietly, "at once casting this spell and explaining to an audience its significant lack. For the pathos of the small soul finding itself suddenly alone, for the glory and beauty of sacrifice, out of which real love is born to make a religion of desire, I honestly doubt the present adequacy of your art. Yet without that pathos my third act fails; without that glory the whole message of my drama remains undelivered. I 'm very sorry—"

"You need n't be," she said briefly. "It is I who am sorry that I ever spoke to you about it. So you think I 'm just a pretty little vampire!"

"My dear girl," said he, "are n't you rather reducing to off-stage personalities a question of acting? I think you have the lure of feminine youth and loveliness, yes. But to say, or even remotely to imply, that

you lack the sacrificial flame would be something of which I am quite incapable. I only say that in my poor judgment your art is not yet mature enough to suggest these emotions on the stage. Please, I 'm not a boor!"

She looked at him narrowly. He was dressed in a last year's suit, she noted, and his hair needed cutting. His hands were hard and brown, and the back of his neck was tanned almost leathery; yet he had the same high forehead, the thin face, the sternly kind eyes of her maternal grandfather. After all, she reflected, she was of his blood; she could see through him. Sacrifice! Her grandfather had sacrificed her mother to his bigoted Puritanism. Now this man would sacrifice the success of his play to his ideal of its representation, ignoring the fact that the public would rather have youth and charm than the skill of a Duse, and brutally telling her, too, that she was a little flirt whose ambitions were hopeless till, no doubt, she had gone through some kind of suffering. Yes, that was the idea, the old conventional idea, that the artist must suffer before she can act or sing or play. Imagination is negligible. Well, no wonder such people could n't understand imagination.

"It is perfectly true I have never loved a man," she suddenly found herself saying; "it is perfectly true I 've never had to sacrifice anything in my easy, selfish life. I 'm very sorry. I should like to love somebody. I even hope it is n't too late yet, though I 'm twenty-six, you know. But because Salvini had never murdered a woman did n't keep him from giving a tolerably good performance of *Othello,* I 'm told. Of course, I never saw him. There is a thing called imagination, you know."

Again Winthrop smiled that grave smile of his.

"But doubtless Salvini had felt like killing a woman," he said.

"And doubtless I 've felt like loving a man," she retorted, not letting her eyes fall from his.

There was an electric moment of silence.

"And why did n't you?" he asked.

"Because he was too much like my grandfather," she replied.

"And your grandfather was—"

"One of them was a teacher of the violin in France," she answered, and rose abruptly.

Marcia spent an uncomfortable evening. She was quite unused to being denied anything she wanted, and it seemed to her that she had never wanted anything so much as to act this part. Her imagination was on fire with it, and all that was sincere and ambitious in her artistic consciousness urged her on to the trial. Yet this proud, cold, self-sufficient author was going to give it to Rita Norman! Rita Norman! Why, she was thirty-five, if she was a day, and looked it, too, if you used glasses on her, and had *never* been as pretty as she was right this minute. Of course Rita had had more training, but that could n't make up for the lack of youth and beauty. Besides, *she 'd* had training, also. She knew a thing or two Winthrop did n't give her credit for.

Well, if she wanted the part so badly, why did n't she go to Cohen and Glass and ask for it? A lot Winthrop would have to say about his leading lady if they made up their minds differently. Why did n't she?

Suddenly she knew why she did n't, and it was n't because her pride made her want to win the rôle from Winthrop's own hands, either, which she had at first told herself. No, it was because she could n't go behind his back. Why? She had schemed for rôles before now—rôles she far less desired than this. Well, he was Harold Winthrop, and she just could n't.

Yet why should n't she? Why should n't she get even with the man who had told her she did n't know how to act with a double edge, and who had virtually told her that in real life she was always the woman being loved—or, rather, desired—and never the woman loving? She blushed in the dimness of her chamber, where she had turned the lamp low. So he would n't even call it love! This spell she cast, this spell she could n't help casting, this spell she admitted she had used at times to

further her own ends, had to be transmuted by some mysterious chemistry of suffering or sacrifice, or wrapped in some aura of spiritual ecstasy, before he would call it love. "He who would find his soul must first lose it"—the words came to her out of memory. Love, for Winthrop, seemed to be something akin to the soul, to religion, about which she had never so much as thought. What a gulf there was between her and him, after all! And yet there was her grandfather.

"Why should I be sitting here thinking about him, anyhow?" she suddenly said aloud.

Then, in the dimness, she knew why; the answer came. She put a white hand on her bosom, and her lips parted as she stared out of the window across the moon-soaked fields.

The next morning it was a resolute Marcia who took the manuscript of "Mary's Silk Stocking" up to the pasture for three hours of study. She had been working only a short time, however, when she saw a high-powered car pull up into her drive. Hastening to the house, what was her amazement to see Sam Cohen standing on the veranda, clad in a ridiculous motor-cap and long duster, while a chauffeur in plum-colored livery sat stolidly at the wheel of the great car in which the little man must have bobbed about on the rough road like a pea in a punch-bowl.

"Hello, my dear! Surprised to see me, eh?" he said, patting her hand. "Out hoein' potatoes, eh?"

"Out studying this silly part," she answered, showing him the manuscript.

"Well, well, let 's sit down. I want to talk to you about that. Came up to see you and Winthrop and Sawyer, and this Homes feller who paints scenery the high-brows are all dippy about—you know, Gordon Craig stuff. Stopped the night at an inn down the road—rotten place. But it 's hot in town, my dear; thought I 'd get away. You got a pretty place here. Ain't much noise. A chicken woke me up this mornin'—regular chicken, I mean."

"How mean of him!" Marcia said, and smiled. "You were going to talk to me about 'Mary's Silk Stocking'?"

"Oh, yes. Like the part?"

"I hate it."

"Nonsense! It 's a typical Morse part; you *love* it, my dear. However, how 'd you like to tackle a regular part, the kind the Fiskes and Marlowes want to eat up?"

"What are you giving me?"

"A chance, dearie, a chance—what the critics say we managers never give you actors. Morrie and I have plunged on a play by this guy Winthrop, and Morrie 's getting cold feet on it an' says it needs you to pull it through; an' I told him he was balmy in the bean, that the peepul would n't never stand for seein' you in a high-brow rôle, Sardoudlin' all over the shop. But he said they 'd stand anythin' from you,—once, anyhow,—and it kind o' tickled me to put you across in a regular show. So it 's yours, my dear, if you want it."

Marcia suppressed all signs of excitement. Instead, her eyes narrowed, and she regarded the little man shrewdly.

"What are the terms?" she asked.

"Just the same, of course. Five hundred per, and fifteen per cent. of the gross over seventy-five hundred."

"But you don't believe it 'll run so much over seventy-five hundred as 'Mary's Silk Stocking' would, do you?"

"My dear, ain't you willin' to make a sacrifice for your art?" he asked plaintively. "Besides, you ain't dropped below ninety-five hundred in five years, not even in 'Betty's Big Match,' and God knows—"

Marcia smiled.

"Does Mr. Winthrop know of your choice?" she asked.

"Huh! he 's only the author!" said Cohen. "I 'm goin' to his house now,—it 's across the valley, ain't it?—and I 'll send the manuscript back to you by Patrick-Alphonse here," with a jerk of the thumb toward the impassive driver. "You read it, an' give me an answer to-night, eh?"

"I 've read it," she said briefly.

"Eh? You have? What do you think? Some darin' show, ain't it?"

"'I THOUGHT I KNEW A LOT ABOUT WOMEN,' SAID HE. 'BUT I WAS A FOOL'"

"Yes, it 's an interesting play," she answered judicially.

"Well, will you do it? I 'd like ter know before I see Winthrop. He 'll holler at havin' you, my dear."

"Will he?" Marcia spoke with sudden bitterness. Here was her chance. Why should she let it go? She could say "Yes" now, and it was settled. Besides, she whispered to herself, it was really for his good. She could send Bobbie through college for him. With Rita Norman in the part, the play was as good as done for. All around, then, to say "Yes" was the thing to do. Yet she hesitated.

"I— I 'll tell you to-night," she finally said. "Come here to dinner. Do me one favor, will you? Don't tell Mr. Winthrop that you 've seen me. Promise? He—he 'd think I 'd put you up to it, and then he 'd *never* consent.

"O. K.," Cohen answered. "I get you, dearie. But you 'll play it, or I miss my guess. I knew you had an itch to be a real actress. I 've seen you scratchin'."

That afternoon Marcia had her horse harnessed, and drove off down a back country road, through the woods and beside a tumbling brook. She wanted to get away, to think and not to think, to make up her mind and not to make up her mind. What she desired above everything in all her career was in her grasp at last, and so easily in her grasp, as everything had always come to her! And yet to grasp it was to strike a blow in the dark at him—at him and his silly, narrow idealism, or his rarefied standards, or whatever you called it. Call it what you please, though, it was the essence of him; it was what made him—how should she put it?—not "splendid," not "noble," perhaps just "fine" was the best.

She was five miles from home on the return journey, her mind and heart still in chaos, when, jogging around a bend, she saw him just ahead, striding along in the same direction. Turning at the sound of her buggy, his eyes flashed recognition, and he cried:

"Whoa! I just this minute wanted to see you. Will you give me a lift?"

"Certainly," she answered, pulling up. He wasted no words.

"I was tramping to settle my mind," he said. "Who do you think came down on me this morning like a bomb from a Zeppelin? Sammy Cohen! He says he and Glass have picked you for *Elsie,* and he won't listen to Rita Norman—"

"And now you want to ask me to refuse?" said Marcia, quickly.

"Oh, no," he answered. "That would n't be reasonable or even within my rights. I 've simply been debating whether I should refuse to sign the contract at all, try the play on somebody else, or take a chance on Cohen's faith in you—and your own faith, which is more to the point, of course. It was n't an easy decision, Miss Morse, as you can guess after our talk yesterday. The play means a lot to me, more than you can guess, and if its message is n't got across, I shall bleed heart's blood. But Bobbie—well, Bobbie's got to go back to Cambridge, that 's all. He 's *got* to; I promised father. So I was coming to tell you, Miss Morse, and to ask you to do your best for our little play,—it is ours now, you know,—and to believe me when I say that I 'll never speak another word of doubt now we 're in the boat on the open sea. We 'll work and pull together; and there 's my hand on it!"

Marcia was looking straight ahead at the bobbing head of her horse, which she saw through the blur of a sudden mist of inexplicable tears. She put out her hand mechanically, and felt his big, hard fingers close over hers. "Fine"—yes, that was the word. She did n't want to take back her hand. Indeed, she let it rest in his a long moment without daring to meet his glance.

"You 've said some very hard things to me," she almost whispered, "and I tried to be angry with you; but I could n't be more than vexed, because I know you are honest, and I 'm afraid correct, too, in some ways. But I can't help my faith in myself, and we both have faith in the play, and I 'll work for it as I never worked before."

She gave his fingers a little pressure, and withdrew her hand. Then something

made her turn her face to his, and she saw him looking at her wistfully, almost sadly.

"Why—why do you look at me that way?" she said.

"Because you are so young and so lovely," he answered. "Perhaps I am losing *my* faith in the play. It seems to me the world was made for youth and loveliness, this road with its shadows, that brook with its lisp, the June wind, and the buttercups. All the rest is but an evil that we have glorified to make necessity endurable."

Again she averted her face, and made no answer for a long time. Finally she said:

"You must n't lose your faith. You—you must n't!" And then she drove on again in silence—a silence so charged that the road seemed interminable; and yet she would not believe it when he asked to be let down at the bars that opened on a short cut to his farm.

Cohen arrived at her house half an hour later.

"Well, my dear, a busy and successful day! Sawyer is going to stage 'The Beauty,'" he cried, "and Homes is going right to work on artistic scenery that will be the final, ultimate, last word in bughousiness."

"You mean Mr. Winthrop has accepted me?" she asked, with a show of incredulity.

"Yes, my dear. He had to walk the pill down,—ten miles, he said,—but he got it swallowed, and is feeling better already. So it 's all right. I 'm going to beat it for little old New York right after dinner, and tell Morrie, and ease what he calls his mind. I like to drive at night, just borin' a hole into the dark. Better 'n a play, I call it."

Marcia was tapping the veranda floor slowly with her foot.

"You 're not forgetting something, are you?" she asked.

"What, my dear?"

"You know, you 've not asked me yet if *I* consented."

Cohen's fat sides shook.

"Oh, that 's a detail I *had* forgot!" he laughed. "Sure, *you 'll* consent all right. I seen that all along."

"You understand women almost as well as Mr. Winthrop, don't you?"

"I understand *actresses,* my dear," he said.

"Thanks," said she. "What would you do with the play if I *did n't* consent?"

"That's one o' them hy—hypo—what do you call 'em?—questions, ain't it? You *will* consent. It 's the play we 've picked for you this season, my dear."

A note of disagreeable harshness entered his voice, and Marcia met it with compressed lips.

"I would n't forget, if I were you, that I 've not sent my new contract back yet," she retorted. "You won't pick any play for me that I don't like, this season or any other season. Just get that fixed in your head. I asked you, What 'll you do with 'The Beauty' if I don't play it? That 's a fair question. Can't you give me an honest answer?"

"We 'd put Rita in it, if you want to know. How 'd you like to see her in a rôle that 's the chance of your life? Those first two acts are just *made* for you, dearie, and after that, Lord, how you can make 'em sit up and rub their eyes!"

"You 'd still keep the play, then?"

"Say, we know a good thing. What 's your dope, anyhow?"

"Simply, that I won't take the part, that 's all. I did ten miles to-day, too, and I 've decided it 's not for me."

"Oh, now, dearie, that 's all bull!" he cried. "What 'll Morrie say to me? You *know* you can do it. You know you *want* to do it."

"I did want to, but I don't now. I—I 'm not ready for that rôle yet. I 'd spoil the play. You and Morrie are wrong. An actress can't save a good play by her rep that she spoils by her bad acting. That's final."

"Now, dearie—"

"I said it 's final," she broke in. "Come to dinner. I want to talk about 'Mary's Silk Stocking.'"

"Well, you *are* a bum actress!" he cried. 'I don't understand you at all."

"Perhaps I 'm only a woman," she retorted quietly. "You 've never had much to do with them, have you?"

She was deaf to his further pleading, and finally he desisted, knowing when he was whipped. Immediately after dinner he left in a huff, and she watched the red tail-light of his car disappearing rapidly down the road in a fog of dust, like an angry, inflamed, backward-glancing eye.

Then she went out on her pasture knoll, in the flood of summer moonlight, and the antiphonal chorus of frogs in the meadow below, the shrill of night insects all around her, was like the chime of a myriad tiny sleigh-bells. She felt a great peace take possession of her breast, and looking across the silvered haze of the valley, she saw a yellow point of light where his house stood under its protecting maples, and her thoughts were of him; neither of his play nor of hers, neither of ambition nor of success, but all of him. She wondered what he was doing now. She wondered if he and his nice little brother were sitting by the table—a family table that his grandparents had used—talking of Bobbie's career. It must be sweet to have a brother, she thought. It must be sweet to have a home, with all its subtle, fragrant ties of memory and love. She felt her heart go out across the moon-soaked intervale and enter the imagined room, like a disembodied thing, and instinctively she put her hand over her bosom to feel if it was still beating in her breast. Then she smiled softly, foolishly at herself, and went back to her own lonely dwelling, glad beyond words that she had no disturbing guest.

In mid-morning there was a clatter of hoofs, and Winthrop rode his big horse right up the pasture to her side.

"What's the meaning of this?" he cried. "I get a telegram from Cohen saying he 's decided on Rita Norman, after all. It 's not my doing, honestly. You must believe that! After I 'd consented, you don't think I'd—"

"Of course not," she said, and smiled up at him. "It—it was my doing, Mr. Winthrop. Sammy did n't want to confess he 'd failed to persuade me. He really has the box-office mind, you know; all managers have. But I could see finally that I 'm not ready for the rôle. I—I got cold feet, and would n't risk it."

She smiled at him again as he gave his horse a slap that sent him grazing, and stood looking down into her face.

"I 'm sorry," he said.

"You 're sorry?" she asked, incredulous.

"Yes. In the first place, I shall always feel guilty for fear my clumsy words may have made you doubt a little your own powers, and that 's a crime, the more so as I was selfishly thinking of my own play and not at all of you. In the second place, Bobbie will be broken-hearted, for he loves you madly and adores me. In the third place, I 'd begun to want you in the part myself, because—well, I 'd begun to want you in the part."

Marcia twisted the wisp of lace and linen she called a handkerchief around her fingers.

"I 'm not sorry," she said, looking out over the pasture. "We—we will be better friends for my not being in your play. Some time, perhaps, you will write me another when I 've learned to act better."

She was aware that he was still looking down at her, and raising her face she met his grave, kindly smile.

"I thought I knew a lot about women," said he, "but I was a fool."

"Then you are learning!" she managed to say.

"Yes, I 'm learning," he said slowly. His voice grew grave and deep. "Miss Morse, I want to be your friend. I want you to forget, if you can, much that I 've said, and let me know the woman behind that snare of loveliness which is the public you."

"The woman!" she half whispered. "I —I 'm only an actress, and a poor one, Mr. Winthrop."

"You would have to be a very good one to persuade me," he answered, sitting down beside her. "But let 's not talk of plays and acting this lovely morning; I 'm sick of 'em all."

"Wha-what shall we talk about?"

"We might even just sit still and listen to that white throat singing in the birches," he said, and smiled.

She clasped her hands about her knees for reply, and looked out across the valley, sun-flooded now, to the little house beneath the maples. But now her heart did not cross the spaces. It beat hard within her breast, hard and happily. She was silent so long that the man leaned forward to see her face, and suddenly she averted it, and raised her handkerchief up to her eyes.

He took it from her presently, and spread it on his big, lean knee.

"It 's such a silly little rag!" he said.

Then he put it back into her hand with the least shy pressure of her fingers, and once more they were silent.

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# Jugoslavia, a New European State

By MILIVOY S. STANOYEVICH

THE terms *Jugoslaveni* (South Slavs) and *Jugoslavia* (South Slavs' Land) are of recent date. The adequate substitutes for these names in bygone times corresponded to the words *Illyrians* and *Illyria*. The older Greek historians, Herodotus and others, very often mentioned Illyria and its tribes, who were living in a state of intermittent warfare with their neighbors and one another. In the second and third centuries B. C. the Illyrians formed a kingdom of which the borders extended along the eastern shore of the Adriatic from Rieka to Drach and inland as far as the Danube and the Serbian rivers Timok and Vardar. This region comprises the modern provinces and state of Serbia, Montenegro, Dalmatia, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Croatia-Slavonia, and Albania.

In the third century (229 B. C.) the Greeks and Romans defeated the Illyrian queen Teuta, and a considerable part of her territory was annexed by the conquerors. In the fifth century began a series of invasions which profoundly modified the ethnical character of the Illyrians. Between 600 and 650 almost all Illyria was occupied by new invaders, the Slavs, who came from Galicia. Two groups of tribes which settled the lands of the Adriatic were Serbs and Croats. They virtually spoke a single language, and were so closely related that they were almost always regarded as one nation. The Croatians settled in the western half of Illyria, the Serbians in the eastern. The former came inevitably under the influence of Rome and the latter under the influence of Byzantium. Hence the distinction between them became a marked difference of civilization and creed, which has always tended to keep the Mediterranean Slavs disunited. In this manner old Illyria became entirely Serbo-Croatian in population, language, and culture. Its name disappeared from history. Politically it was revived by Napoleon. According to the treaty between France and Austria (October 14, 1809) the Illyrian provinces (Carniola, Dalmatia, Istria, Gorica, Gradiska, Triest, with parts of Carinthia and Croatia) were occupied by French troops and governed in the interest of Napoleon. The Republic of Ragusa (Dubrovnik) was annexed to them in 1811, but about the end of 1813 the French occupation ceased to be effective, and they reverted to Austria. In 1816 *Ilirska Kraljevina* (The Illyrian Kingdom) was formed from these provinces, and recognized by the Vienna Government as Austrian crown lands.

The Austrian and Hungarian domination over the Southern Slavs aroused indignation when Croatia, Istria, and Slavonia were declared simple appanages of the Hungarian crown, *partes adnexa*

(subject provinces), according to the Magyars, or *regna socia* (allied kingdoms), according to the Austrians. Each of these phrases afterward became the slogan of a political party, although neither is accurate. The Serbo-Croats preserved their local autonomy, the use of their language for official purposes, their elected diet, and their other ancient institutions, but the Hungarian political and arbitrary control was represented there by the *ban*.

The Croats, Serbians, and Slovenes acquiesced temporarily before a superior military force. However, when the Magyars later endeavored to introduce Hungarian as the official language, and when oppression became intolerable, a party was formed under the great Croatian patriots, Count Janko Drashkovich, Ljudevit Gaj, and Stanko Vraz—a nationalist, or "Illyrist," party. In 1843 this party was suppressed by an imperial edict. Austria now hoped that this would be the end of the national patriotic movement known by the name of Illyrism. But her labor was fruitless. Under the spur of persecution the zealous patriots passed from their romantic literary campaign to more practical activities.

In 1848 Serbia helped Croatia rebel against Hungary, and although the effort failed, yet the idea of South Slav unity after 1848 assumed a positive political aspect. In 1867 a brilliant Croatian, Bishop Strossmayer, founded the Jugoslav Academy in Zagreb and induced the Catholics to welcome the idea of union with the Orthodox. But the Treaty of Berlin (1878) crushed to some extent the idea of Jugoslavia, for it tied Serbia's hands politically, and she was the only free Balkan State, except little Montenegro, to battle for Jugoslav rights. Yet at the congress Serbia was given merely four districts and impressed into silence as to further claims. Bosnia was reduced to the status of a Turkish province occupied by Austria-Hungary. In the Slovene countries (Istria and Carniola) the Liberals became the champions of pure nationalism. Croatia remained under Hungarian control, while Dalmatia acknowledged Austria's sovereignty. Serbia redoubled her interest in Macedonia and Old Serbia (Novi-Bazar), where the newly created principality of Bulgaria (1878) has also begun a system of propaganda. Serbia likewise grew closer to Montenegro, and the people of Bosnia began to lodge protests in Vienna and Constantinople.

The date 1878 was a mile-stone for the idealistic presentation of the cause of Jugoslavia. The date 1900 marks the opening of the cause of Jugoslavia as a political fact. About the latter date the Serbs and Croats in Austria-Hungary formed the Croatian Progressive party and the Independent Serb party. The idea had previously been embodied in the formation of Jugoslav literary societies, student associations, journals, and art movements.

In 1905 the Serbs and Croats formed a new political party, the Serbo-Croatian Coalition, which vigorously attempted to unite Dalmatia to Croatia by the adoption of a resolution at Fiume (October 2). At that time the Croats had announced a program for securing freedom and unity through union with the Hungarian "Coalition party." This move was seconded by the Serbs at Zadar, who accepted (October 16) the identical program. The plan failed, but this movement provided for Austria a welcome pretext to set about intriguing against Jugoslav propaganda. Conditions were created which led to disastrous and scandalous outcomes at the Zagreb and Friedjung trials.

In 1908 Austria annexed the Turkish provinces of Bosnia-Herzegovina, which she had had the right to occupy since 1878, and paid for the same sixty-five million francs at Turkey's demand. Serbia and Montenegro protested at this political bargain, from which they were excluded, although the matter concerned their own skin. Their protests, however, were hushed after a few months by the *fait accompli*. In 1912 came the opportunity to turn upon Turkey at least. Serbia and Montenegro formed with Greece and Bulgaria an alliance against Turkey. And

MAP OF PROPOSED JUGOSLAVIA

when again, in the Second Balkan War, Serbia flouted Bulgaria, the people in Bosnia, Herzegovina, Croatia, Dalmatia, and Istria came to expect everything from Serbia and nothing from Austria-Hungary.

Consequently, Austria-Hungary looked about for means to suppress the mounting South Slav vigor directed toward the Serbian nation, and found the overt act in the Sarajevo tragedy. War against Serbia was declared June 28, 1914, and Serbia was called upon to suffer from the deed which had been attributed to Jugoslav persons. But the Slavic cause was upheld, for Serbia turned to Russia for protection, and received not only the support of Russia, but eventually of all Russia's allies. In the beginning of the war Serbia showed certain success, but later on, when she was attacked by the joint powers of Germany, Austria, and Bulgaria, she was defeated, and the Jugoslavs fled to Italy, France, England, and continued their propaganda for the South Slavic cause. Meanwhile actual warfare showed to the great body of the Jugoslav people the impossibility of organizing an effective plan of military resistance; thus many Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes within the Austrian Empire were forced to enroll in the armies of that state.

The Jugoslav Committee was formed in London, May-July, 1915, and was presided over by Dr. Ante Trumbich, a lawyer and president of the Croatian National party of the Diet of Dalmatia, who had also been mayor of Splet, and deputy of Zadar in the Austrian parliament. The committee members represented Dalmatia, Istria, Triest, Croatia, Bosnia, and Carniola; also the Serbs from Hungary and three members from the Jugoslavs in the

United States of America. The first action of this committee was to present (May 10, 1915) a memorandum to Delcassé and Isvolsky; its second plea for the aspirations of Jugoslavs was in the form of a memorandum to Lord Crewe (July 4, 1915). On October 1, 1915, this committee began the publication of the "Southern Slav Bulletin," an official paper of the organization brought out simultaneously in English at London and in French at Paris.

Abroad there were organized, besides the London committee, branches in North and South America. On March 10, 1915, a congress met at Chicago with 563 delegates representing the immigrants in North America. The Austro-Hungarian consuls in the United States immediately campaigned against the formation of an American Jugoslav Committee, which was nevertheless formed at Pittsburgh when, on November 29, 1916, a second Jugoslav convention was held. Meanwhile in South America a reunion of Jugoslavs was held at Antofagasta, Chile, in January, 1916, to which came delegates of the Jugoslav colonies in Bolivia, Peru, and the Argentine, who declared themselves in accord with the rulings of the London committee.

The program of the London committee consisted in keeping alive the idea of future political unity of the Serbians of Serbia proper with the kindred Croats and Slovenes held under Austrian rule. The formation of opinion came from the Serbs, who were free to speak their political mind. The Croats were actually the most advanced of the group; but owing to the circumstances of Croatia still being under Austrian rule, they were not able to speak so forcibly or so openly as the politically free Serbians. As for the Slovenes, they were in the position of choosing to be with the Serbo-Croats rather than to be under Austria-Hungary; in other words, never having been politically free, they desired not so much complete independence as the opportunity to rule themselves in company with their brother Croats and Serbs.

The South Slav Committee, sitting in London, on account of their situation in England, the great-power ally of the Serbian nation, had no special political prerogatives, but had sympathy and unity of plan with the Serbian Government. By Serbia's alliance with Russia previous to the war she had automatically succeeded to alliance with the greater powers when the declarations of war ranged England, France, and Russia against the Central powers. England emphasized her intention to protect Serbia by loaning her money and by publishing pledges to avenge Serbian wrongs at the hands of the Austro-German and Bulgarian forces. The South Slav Committee at London counted on this political support of Great Britain for Serbia to serve their common cause.

On July 20, 1917, the leaders and representatives of the Serbo-Croatian Coalition, together with the representatives of the Serbian Government, met at Corfu to discuss the Southern Slav problem on practical grounds. The outcome of this meeting was the Declaration of Jugoslav Independence. "The Great Charter of Liberties" for the Southern Slavs enunciated at this joint meeting is embodied in thirteen clauses. The clauses read as follows:

(1) The State of the Serbs, the Croats, and the Slovenes, who are known also under the name of Jugoslavs, shall be a free and independent kingdom with indivisible territory and one citizenship. The state shall be a constitutional, democratic, and parliamentary monarchy, with the dynasty of Karageorgevich ruling, which at all times did share the ideas and the sentiments of its people and did ever put liberty and the will of the people above everything else.

(2) The name of the state shall be, the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes; and the title of the ruler, King of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes.

(3) The state shall have one crest, one flag, and one crown, the same to be composed of the present emblems. The crest and the flag of the kingdom will be emblems of unity. The flag, as a symbol of

unity, will be displayed on all the state buildings throughout the kingdom.

(4) The separate flags, Serbian, Croatian, and Slovene, have the same right and may be freely displayed on all occasions; the same holds true for the separate coats-of-arms.

(5) The three national terms, Serbian, Croatian, and Slovene, are equal before the law throughout the whole kingdom, and every one shall have the privilege to use any of them on all occasions of public life, and employ them before all authorities.

(6) Both alphabets, Cyrillic and Latin, are reciprocally recognized, and every one shall be entitled to their unrestricted use throughout the whole kingdom; the royal administration shall have the right, and the local autonomous authorities shall be obliged, to use the same at will, according to the inclinations of the respective peoples.

(7) All recognized religions shall be freely and openly professed; the Orthodox, Catholic, and Mohammedan sects, which are preponderantly established among our people, shall be equal and have equal rights in regard to the state; and in view of that, the lawgiver shall see to it that religious peace shall be secured in accordance with the spirit and tradition of all the people.

(8) The calendars shall be equalized as soon as possible.

(9) The territory of the Kingdom of the Serbs, the Croats, and the Slovenes shall be understood to include all lands in which this people, under three names, live indivisibly in great aggregates; all separatism is to be regarded as detrimental to the vital interest of unity. This people does not in any way desire anything belonging to others. They wish to be free and united. For this reason they energetically refuse any partial solution of the problem of their liberation in connection with the unification of Serbia and Montenegro into one state.

(10) The Adriatic Sea shall be at the disposal of all nations as free and open to all people having interests there.

(11) All citizens throughout the whole kingdom shall be equal and have the same rights toward the state and before its laws.

(12) The election of representatives to the national parliament shall be universal, equal, direct, and secret. This manner of voting shall be applied to municipal elections as well as to other administrative bodies. The voting shall take place in each community.

(13) The Constitution, which shall be framed by the constituent assembly convoked especially for this purpose by equal, universal voting, shall be the basis for the whole public life of the state; it shall be the beginning and the end of all authority, and the fundamental right according to which all state activity is regulated. The constitution will give to the people the possibility of developing its individual activities in the local autonomous administrations, as instituted by natural, social, and economic conditions. The constitution shall be voted upon and adopted in its entity by such a numerical majority as may be resolved by the constituent assembly. The constituent assembly as well as the laws framed by it shall become valid only with the sanction of the king.

Such is the completion of the new state in its beginning. It remains to be seen what will result from this new embarking, which is threatened by numerous difficulties. Most important is the query, What will the powers think of this new move, which must have international affiliations?

Austria-Hungary's voice has long been heard. There is no need to require much more than a restatement of historical events since the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand in order to cast a light upon the opinion which this South Slavic happening produces in Austria. Even before the advent of the declaration, Austrian opinion was divided on this subject. It is well known that Germans, Slavs, and Hungarians formed the component parts of the Austro-Hungarian Empire when Francis Ferdinand gave birth to the idea of a triple monarchy to satisfy the aspirations toward autonomy of those three parts.

But the Slavs, wishing complete independence more than a mere sop to their vanity, would have none of that idea. The Berchtold foreign ministry, which had in some measure favored this scheme, fell from power with the battle defeats of the Austro-Hungarian forces in Serbian territory and the failure of its policy in the Balkans. The successor, Stephen Burian, formerly administrator of Bosnia-Herzegovina, was placed as a link in the strengthening of the German chain; but, like his own successor, Clam-Martinic, whose idea was state consolidation regardless of the openly expressed dissatisfaction of the Bohemians and Poles, had to give way before a force which was continually augmenting. The recognition of this force toward irruption and democracy Emperor Charles partly glimpsed, for the fall of Germanophile Tisza, the Hungarian premier, was only an indication of an opposing order of things. In May, 1917, the Slavs in the Reichsrath *en bloc* gave stirring declaration to the principle of liberty and democracy demanded by their constituents. The "Neue Freie Presse" and the "Neues Wiener Tagblatt" (May 31) combatted this view. However, the Slav delegates remained strong in their views that the old order must be changed according to the spirit manifested over all great Russia, over China, from the Baltic Sea to the Pacific Ocean, where democracy is ruling, while Austria still remains unchanged. The declaration of Jugoslavia heralded democracy; into the formation of that document were woven the spirit of the American Declaration of Independence and the experience of the French Republic. But Austria does not view such democracy as separate from her empire. Since the date of the declaration the royal and imperial monarchy has officially proclaimed that, although she does not oppose the idea of Jugoslavia, yet she contends that that state shall be under her protectorate or sovereignty.

But what of allegiance to the claims of nationalism when a conflict arises between just this recent Jugoslavia and one of the very group of powers urging guaranties of democracy? Italy's position will be the most questionable in the Entente reception of the Jugoslav state. However, considering Lloyd George's pledges of support for Serbia given to Premier Pashich, it can well be seen that conflicting claims of new Jugoslavia and Italy could be healed. Guglielmo Ferrero points out a factor often overlooked—Slav coöperation with Italian in developing the Adriatic. Let the partition of the Adriatic now be transverse instead of longitudinal; let it be a cross-sea industry reviving days of Venice. As for the province of Istria, as well as certain cities and colonies along the Adriatic Sea that Italy lays claim to possess in the course of time *par voie d'infiltration,* their future ought to be decided by plebiscite. Indeed, it is possible to read into the proclamation of Jugoslavia an interpretation of the knotty points. Clause Ninth says: "The territory of the Kingdom of the Serbs, the Croats, and the Slovenes shall be understood to include all lands in which our people, under three names, live indivisibly in great aggregates." This clause probably would renounce for Jugoslav territory those places where Slavs live in slight aggregates compared with the Italians. In cases of extreme ambiguity it may not be far fetched to suggest internationalization for such cities as Triest, Fiume, and Zadar, in the sense in which Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck were in the days of the Hanseatic League.

While the Jugoslavs want unification, realization of their national ideals, they do not make any pretension on the ground of historical traditions and privileges; but they want the creation of a state on the principle of unity of territory, unity of race and language, and unity of national aggregates of population. Yet whether the greater powers, including recalcitrant Italy, will be satisfied or not with the purpose and aims of this new state, there can no longer be any doubt that the advent of Jugoslavia has already been proclaimed in the great circle of the nations.

# To One Who Comes Now and Then

By FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

When you come in, it seems a brighter fire
  Crackles upon the hearth invitingly;
The household routine, which was wont to tire,
  Grows full of novelty.

You sit upon our home-upholstered chair
  And talk of matters wonderful and strange,
Of books and travel, customs old which dare
  The gods of time and change.

Till we with inner word our care refute,
  Laughing that this our bosoms yet assails,
While there are maidens dancing to a flute
  In Andalusian vales.

And sometimes from my shelf of poems you take
  And secret meanings to our hearts disclose,
As when the winds of June the mid-bush shake
  We see the hidden rose.

And when the shadows muster, and each tree
  A moment flutters, full of shutting wings,
You take the fiddle and mysteriously
  Wake wonders on the strings.

And in my garden, gray with misty flowers,
  Low echoes fainter than a beetle's horn
Fill all corners with it, like sweet showers
  Of bells in the owl's morn.

Come often, friend. With welcome and surprise
  We 'll greet you from the sea or from the town;
Come when you like and from whatever skies
  Above you smile or frown.

# Auguste Rodin

By JUDITH CLADEL

Author of "Rodin: the Man and His Art," etc.

A STRONG affection united Léon Cladel, my father, and the master sculptor whom we buried yesterday[1] in the garden of his modest villa.

This pure tie I had the signal honor and the good fortune to inherit. Auguste Rodin, with the graciousness of genius where women are concerned, and that French courtesy which made him so true a gentleman, accepted me as his spiritual daughter. It pleased him to direct my education in art; there was something of the apostle in this passionate lover of the beautiful which found in my youthful enthusiasm a soil propitious for the good word.

During fifteen years I was associated with him in his work; I received the confidences of his seeking soul, priceless treasures that in many writings I have tried to gather together. Here I wish only to recall the character of the man; this was not less exceptional than his genius.

The incarnation of the virtues of the race, which are to-day glorifying our nation of peasants and warriors, he seemed compact of strength and fineness. He had the ardor that undertakes superhuman tasks and the constancy that carries them to a successful end.

For this man of will there existed only one real human value, conscience in work. He hated laziness, ignorance, commercialism, duplicity; he revered sustained effort, patience, order in the humblest and the greatest alike.

"Conscience is the plumb-line of the artist," he said, in one of those pregnant phrases which were characteristic of him and which come to the man of action alone. "Between the statesman who does nothing and the workman who knows his trade, it is the workman I respect; he is my real fellow." He denounced the love of money as the dissolvent force in modern societies, and without any useless declamation remarked simply, "Germany has followed a base idea that can lead to nothing but ruin and oblivion; she has followed the idea of lucre." Everything that was mendacious, superficiality in art, false skill, hollow words, excited his scorn. "Exact truth, not appearance, is the mistress of things." That is not the dictum of the sculptor alone; it is the splendid dictum of the teacher. Every statesman ought to take it as his motto.

At the beginning of the war he did not dare to hope that France would preserve to the end this essential strength of patience which seemed to him and to many of us the privilege of the Northern peoples; but as the days passed he was filled with a positive veneration for the incomparable fortitude of our soldiers. "The patience of the trenches," he said, "is the sublime virtue of this war."

This vigor of mind and spirit, which life had brought him little by little, despite the inevitable, harrowing struggles of genius against mediocrity, explains the altogether extraordinary effect which Rodin had over all who came close to him. Amid the exhausting uncertainties that beset the modern soul, this beautiful being, massive in form and in thought, rose up with the august calm of a Moses. He dominated the chaos of ideas from the height of a very simple philosophical conviction, based upon the love of nature and the supremacy of intelligent labor. He conveyed such an impression of latent courage, of sure power, that those who lost faith during the long years of war and the overwhelming of France said to them-

[1] In November, 1917.

Photograph by Chournoff, Paris (1917)

MADAME AUGUSTE RODIN AND THE MASTER

selves in the presence of Rodin, "The country which has produced such a man cannot die!"

Especially in his old age the great sculptor had attained a wonderful serenity. In his perpetual contact with nature, which he saw with the eyes at once of the lover and of the naturalist, he had wholly divested himself, in her presence, of the spirit of criticism; for him there was no longer either good or evil, but only the opposition of forces and temperaments. This gave him a superior equilibrium, a contagious certitude of having found the true meaning of life. Every time I saw him in his immense studio at Meudon, casting the eye of a gracious sovereign over the people of his sculpture, I said to myself, "He is one of the Blest."

By an accord rarer than is generally supposed, his art had followed a parallel path in this progress toward serenity. Daily he put from him everything impetuous, harsh, harassing, in order to attain the immense sweetness of a modeling bathed in air and light. Before these marbles of his one is overcome with a strange charm, amazed to find oneself unable to distinguish the moment in which light becomes dense and turns to shadow from that in which shadow dissolves and turns to light.

Alas! The marvelous eyes that discerned the indiscernible are closed forever. The hand of the noble workman is relaxed in eternal repose.

He had been declining, if not in health, at least in strength, since the autumn of 1914. For a year he had ceased to work; fortunately, he did not regret it. His last work was a masterly bust of his friend Etienne Clémentel; then he stopped abruptly, leaving no sign of mediocrity or decay. He was arrested as a great tree is arrested which has yielded all its flowers and all its fruit and passes without becoming less majestic. In a sort of twilight, an unbroken reverie, he dreamed over what he had always loved, the flowers of his garden, his animal friends, the changing sky, his precious collections. A brief illness carried him away without suffering. During the last two days, feverish, but calm, despite all, he no longer spoke, his lips keeping an obstinate silence, though his great blue eyes were still alight. Just once, as he was lying there, his voice rose as clear and full of distinction as ever, showing that even on the threshold of death the dream of art had not ceased to haunt his brain: "And they say that the work of Puvis de Chavannes is not beautiful."

A few hours later he passed through the mysterious gate with no cruel reawakenings, nothing to interrupt the tranquil force, the dignity of attitude that had been his through life. Later, in his bed, in the white robe in which we clothed him, under the shining silver of his hair and beard, his hands crossed, he was a vision of sublime beauty. He seemed a great monk—the monk of art that he truly was—hushed in the peace of his conscience. He seemed as it were the very incarnation of sculpture. In truth, he was sculptured himself; for what shone from his beautiful, austere features was the rigor of his professional conscience, the nobility of his thought, in which he equaled the greatest creators of all time.

While our hearts overflowed with emotion and gratitude for the work of art which he achieved in himself and offered to us as a last gift, the voice of memory murmured to us these words, uttered once by him: "I have tasted happiness in love's most powerful form, work. And when my hour comes, I shall sleep in nature and regret nothing."

# Mars, Revolutionist of Industry

By HAROLD KELLOCK

Author of "Fair Play for the Railroads," etc.

WHILE our newspaper strategists are occupied in deciding whether the war will be won in Flanders, in the East, on the Italian line, in the Balkans, or on the sea, it is becoming increasingly apparent that the war may be won or lost at home, here in the United States. Assuming that the war is to be fought to a military conclusion, the nature of its termination will depend in a large measure on whether the American democracy is able to organize its internal resources to a maximum of effectiveness. Only through such organization can the United States eventually become a great force on the fighting-lines. If we fail in organization, it is probable that the Allies cannot endure, to so great an extent are they dependent on us.

Beside the colossal task of industrial mobilization that faced the United States with its entrance into the war, the problem of raising an army of a million or even several million men is comparatively simple. Already we have been able to mobilize a great army without material disruption of any phase of our national life; but in order to effect the industrial mobilization necessitated by our entrance into the war we have been compelled to revolutionize our whole industrial scheme. This revolutionizing process is still in progress; probably it has only begun.

The war brought a strain on the industrial fabric of every country that even the most far-sighted statesmen and economists had not foreseen. Everywhere the *laissez-faire* system broke down completely. Competitive individualism in the processes of production and distribution, which apparently served well enough in time of peace, failed woefully under war conditions. In country after country the governments were compelled to step in and scrap the old systems of free competition, to coördinate the whole machinery of production and distribution under government control.

### HOW GREAT BRITAIN ORGANIZED ITSELF

A striking instance is Great Britain, whose reputation for conservatism toward any change of method has been completely blasted by the war. As soon as Great Britain entered the war the Government took over all the railroads and operated them as a unit to serve the needs of the nation and the war. A normal profit was guaranteed to stockholders, and skilled railroad men were left in charge, but coöperation replaced competition.

At the outset Great Britain found herself deprived of nearly three fourths of her normal supply of sugar, which she was accustomed to import from Germany and Austria. The Government immediately became a purchasing agent to supply the British people with this necessity. It has served in this capacity ever since and has seen to the distribution at a fixed price. It also went into foreign markets for the

purchase of grain and other food-stuffs. It commandeered ships to carry the grain. It allowed the millers a fixed price and sold the flour at a loss in order to guaranty to the people a pound of bread at less than five cents. The Government enforced a standardization of the loaves in regard to weight, and as time went on it dictated the ingredients of the loaves, insisting on twenty per cent. adulteration. In greater or less degree a similar control has been exercised over other food-stuffs and commodities. In agriculture the Government has decreed what lands shall continue as grazing-lands and what shall be turned over to the plow. It has stimulated production by guaranteeing prices for certain needed farm commodities, such as potatoes.

The Government has assumed broad powers over the labor market. In all industries essential to the war, in which are included all industries essential to the national existence, the Government in effect fixes the compensation of labor. Compulsory arbitration for labor disputes is enforced, and strikes and lockouts are barred under heavy penalties. Through a system of labor exchanges workers are furnished for the essential industries. Through a system of licenses, government control of raw materials, and other methods, industries classed as non-essential have gradually been cut down. No non-essential industry which uses materials essential for war purposes or employs labor available for the manufacture of munitions exists in England to-day. No Englishman could now start in his country a factory to make, let us say, such things as chewing-gum or jewelry or silk shirts. He could not secure the labor or the machinery or the raw material or facilities for marketing his product.

### OUR INDUSTRIAL UNPREPAREDNESS

When the United States entered the war it faced a much larger task of industrial mobilization than any of the other Allies. In addition to our own problem of supporting our own population, raising and training a great army, transporting it to Europe, and maintaining it four thousand miles from our shores, we were confronted with the added burden of the dependence on us of the Allies themselves, struggling against the German war machine with a constantly reduced man power to supply their needs. Among them whole populations and whole armies were relying on us in greater or less degree for war munitions and equipment, shoes and clothing, food-stuffs, ships, railroad materials, metals, machinery for the farm and factory, and automobiles.

To meet this tremendous strain on our industrial vitality we had a go-as-you-please system of production and distribution; a decadent railroad system, suffering from competition and the malpractices incident to competition, laboring under the diverse regulatory laws of the National Government and forty-eight States, with one sixth of our railroad mileage represented by roads in the hands of receivers or just emerging from bankruptcy.

We were probably in a state of greater industrial unpreparedness than any other great nation entering the war with the exception of Russia.

Our political leaders have always exhibited considerable timidity in facing economic problems. So, for that matter, have our leaders in economic affairs. Perhaps the economic leaders have been not unnaturally distrustful of the politicians, and our politicians have been either too trustful or too distrustful of the economic leaders. Moreover, we have made a practice of electing men to Congress not so much for their ability as for their plausibility.

For fifty years our congressmen have attempted to solve most of our internal problems by tinkering with the tariff, and during the last fifteen years this activity has been supplemented in Washington by that favorite latter-day pastime of American statesmen, busting the trusts.

### THE ANTI-TRUST HANDICAP

Nearly thirty years ago, when improvements in transportation and communi-

cation were beginning to make industrial concentration on a national scale inevitable, the Sherman Anti-Trust Law was passed with the intent to make such concentration illegal. In the scramble toward business integration that had set in, flagrant injustices had been perpetrated, and the Sherman Law was designed to put an end to them; but incidentally it served to establish the dictum that a business must be bad because it was big. This dictum has been the key-note of our governmental policy in dealing with business ever since.

Of course the Sherman Law was no more effective in keeping back the rising tide of big business than King Canute's broom in keeping back the sea. The perfection of the telephone drew the nation and the nation's business together. By 1905 the main office of the Cudahy Packing Company in Denver was talking with the branch manager in Boston every day. Within the next decade the telephone conquered the Rockies, and San Francisco could converse with New York.

The result was that, though the Sherman Law hindered business development, it could not stop the increasing concentration, even when, during the Roosevelt and Taft administrations, the trust-busting fury was at its height. Where one business was sliced to pieces under the law, a hundred new combinations sprang up. The law was evaded by devious shifts. There were anti-trust cases that the Government spent scores of thousands of dollars pressing to a decision, the only result of which was the establishment of a more cumbersome method of bookkeeping in the desicated industries, or at best a loss of business efficiency.

But there was no let-up. "Competition was the life of trade," and there was an end to the argument. With our entrance into the war that theory vanished, for a time at least.

With war a very stern condition instead of a theory confronted us. The tremendous demand on all our resources of production called for a tremendous acceleration that our haphazard system of free competition could not provide. Even our acknowledged genius for individual business organization could not save us there. We had to supplant individual effort with coöperation, to reorganize on a national scale all industries dealing with war necessities and the necessities of life. We had to burst asunder many of our ill-fitting political garments, the accumulation of thirty years of congressional tailoring, that were hampering our industrial movement.

### A WEDGE OF INDUSTRIAL DICTATORSHIP

When we entered the war we had a Council of National Defense, consisting of six members of the cabinet and seven business men as advisory members. The council, which had power to investigate transportation and war industries and make recommendations for putting these activities on a war basis, had been authorized by law in August, 1916, and was organized in the autumn. It had been at work about a month when war was declared, and immediately its scope was greatly enlarged. Subcommittees of prominent business men in all lines were called to Washington to assist in its work.

The army and navy departments were confronted by a colossal purchasing problem for which their limited organizations were wholly inadequate. They had to secure with the utmost speed materials, equipment, supplies of every conceivable kind, and to spend several billion dollars. The council undertook the task of finding where they could supply their needs, of coördinating and systematizing their purchases, of assuring the buying at the source of production rather than pursuing the governmental method of purchasing through non-producing agents or middlemen who exacted extortionate profits.

It was discovered by the General Munitions Board of the council that the army and navy had been accustomed to bid against each other, and even different bureaus in the same department not infrequently bid against one another. This price-raising practice was eliminated, and other reforms were effected.

In purchasing war materials and supplies the Government had sumptuary powers which enabled it virtually to fix its own prices. If the producer did not agree to a reasonable price, the Government could commandeer the business and run it, with a reasonable compensation to the owner, for the period of the war. Through the Federal Trade Commission it has been able to investigate thoroughly any business whose prices have been subject to question. It has been able to maintain labor standards in manufacturing businesses in which it has been the principal purchaser. It has enforced union rates of wages. It has prevented discrimination against labor organizations. In some commodities, such as copper, steel, and steel products, it has not only fixed a government price, but made this price a standard for the trade generally.

"Let us alone," was a popular slogan of business organizations throughout the country a few years ago. The war put a quietus on this cry. The Government is exercising control over business through scores of agencies to-day. As the war continues, this control will be greatly broadened and strengthened. After the war it is probable that business will never be "let alone" again.

### UNCLE SAM, SHIP-OWNER.

Another agency that the Government found itself in possession of was the United States Shipping Board, empowered to purchase and build. To-day the Shipping Board is the sole customer of every shipyard producing mercantile tonnage in the United States. The Government controls all our shipbuilding activity. In addition it has under requisition all American vessels of over 2500 tons dead weight.

The U-boat has made ships the great problem of the war. "We need ships, more ships, and again more ships," cried Lloyd-George last spring, and the need is even more imperative to-day. We know now that the net loss of British mercantile tonnage from the beginning of the war up to last December has been one sixth of the total. Other European nations, neutral as well as belligerent, have sustained a similar loss.

Ships mean life to the Allies. In wheat alone, on the basis of the 1917 crop, they have been faced by the necessity of importing 600,000,000 bushels. The United States and Canada had an exportable balance, based on normal consumption, of only about a third of this figure. In addition Australia has had available for export 135,000,000 bushels, India 100,000,000 bushels, and Argentine could have spared a considerable portion of the new crop of 200,000,000 bushels. But so far as starving Europe has been concerned, this potential supply of bread in Australia, India, and the Argentine might as well have been on the moon. The depleted shipping facilities of the world cannot spare the bottoms to go so far afield for grain.

So Uncle Sam has entered the ship-owning field on a grand scale. At the beginning of the war he seized the big German merchant fleet in our harbors and commandeered the 3,000,000 tons of shipping under construction in our yards for foreign account. In addition he has contracted for the building of about 5,000,000 tons and laid extensive plans, extending over several years. At the conclusion of the war the United States will be the largest individual ship-owner in the world. The American merchant marine will be in a position to press Great Britain hard for the supremacy of the seas.

During the crisis the Government has taken a firm grip on American shipping. Government initiative and power, and particularly government credit, were found necessary to meet a great need. It is improbable that the Government will ever permit this business of water transportation, so vital to the industrial growth of the nation, to get wholly without the sphere of its regulation after the war.

### MERGING RAILROAD EFFORT

Our railroads were about as unprepared for the war emergency as our merchant marine. Their earnings in 1916 were

greater than in any previous year of their history, but when war came to us they were suffering from a long period of financial drought. "Railroads are not a good buy," had become a truism in banking and brokerage houses where the world comes for advice on investments. The sins of the fathers bore heavily on many of the railroads. The rebate period had left deep scars, and the period of trust-busting and multiform regulation had well-nigh finished our railroad system as a national going concern.

A Railroad War Board, consisting of five skilled executives, voluntarily assembled at Washington to run the railroads of the country for war purposes during the conflict. There is something pathetic in the struggles of the War Board to make headway against fearful odds. Ahead of them the members saw Government dictatorship looming, and they hated it. They hated it in the very marrow of their bones. They toiled valiantly and in vain to serve the country and ward off the terrible bogy-man.

A fearful handicap was the lack of equipment, due to the long period of financial starvation. The newspapers have printed reams about car shortage, but the matter was not so much a question of cars as of locomotives and lack of terminal facilities, particularly in the East.

The hoary Interstate Commerce Law of 1897 added to the difficulty. It forbade the roads to pool traffic or earnings. In those desperate days of the past competing railroads entered into pool agreements to prevent rate-cutting wars. To-day the Interstate Commerce Commission fixes rates, and therefore rate-cutting wars are impossible; but the old law against pooling still holds. To some extent the War Board effected pooling of equipment, but over a period of thirty years the Government had encouraged individualism and competition. Team work did not come easy. Little roads were jealous and fearful of big roads. Big roads were jealous of one another. Individual railroad men acted with the finest sort of patriotic energy, but, after all, it is the primary business of the individual railroads to earn the highest possible dividends.

The state railroad commissions—nearly forty-eight of them — also complicated matters. Some of them let the railroads alone during the emergency and let sleeping laws of an obstructive nature lie; but others were not so accommodating. The new order threatened their state prerogatives, and they resented this.

So freight of all kinds increasingly clogged the great Pittsburgh gate and piled up along the network of lines running westward from New York. With the beginning of winter the sugar famine in the East and the coal famine throughout the Northern States brought matters to a crisis. President Wilson decided it was time to follow the British example for the duration of the war, seize the roads,—the whole 265,000 miles of them, —and have them operated as a unit, under a national dictator, for the needs of the nation and the war.

A government railroad dictatorship during the war probably will not harm the railroads as properties. It ought to have the effect of stabilizing railroad securities. It ought to go far toward proving to responsible government agencies the fallacy of permitting forty-eight varieties of state regulation and the fallacy of the small railroad unit. It ought to bring about salutary changes in our anachronistic railroad laws. Unquestionably it will show that the railroads hereafter must be managed on a national scale. Either the Government will have to let the railroads nationalize transportation after the war or the Government will have to undertake that task itself. Whatever happens, the grand old game of merging two one-million-dollar roads and calling them a ten-million-dollar road, and shouting for higher freight rates to pay dividends on the ten millions, must be ended. Hereafter, whatever happens, all the railroad cards must be on the table.

Two other agencies through which the Government has sought to mobilize industry have been the Fuel Administration and the Food Administration.

The Fuel Administration has absolute control of the coal business of the country through all the ramifications of production and distribution. It can fix prices from the mine to the consumer. In cases where its regulations are not obeyed, it may commandeer a business in any branch of the coal industry and run it for the duration of the war.

### HOOVER'S TREMENDOUS TASK

In the original law the Food Administration enjoyed no such sumptuary powers. It was limited to regulating profits, mainly through a system of licenses for businesses concerned with food production or distribution; but it had virtually no control whatever over the retailer doing a business of less than $100,000 a year. It is inevitable that the powers of the Food Administration will be greatly extended. They may have been extended by the time this article is printed.

When Mr. Herbert Hoover was appointed Food Administrator on August 10 last he faced a tremendous task. In the matter of production and distribution of essential food-stuffs our *laissez-faire* system had culminated in a condition essentially vicious. In the matter of wheat, for instance, the hard-working farmer received only twenty cents of the consumer's dollar. The rest was swallowed up in transit. Food-gamblers and manipulators were allowed to prey upon the people's bread. In some instances as many as seven middlemen all took their bit from the farmer's product. Throughout the food industries generally the law of supply and demand, which was possibly invented by a food-profiteer at the time of Noah, held full sway, and the food speculators and profiteers were its high priests. By a carefully established system of manipulations, assisted by storage facilities and knowledge of human needs, they made the sacred old law serve their purposes.

The Food Administration has been able to eliminate gambling in several essential food-stuffs. In the matter of wheat it has, according to its own statements, doubled the farmer's share of the consumer's dollar. It has cut down food-hoarding; but so far as the housewife is concerned, save in the matter of bread, it has not halted the soaring prices. Bread is a little cheaper than it was when flour sold in the neighborhood of $17 a barrel instead of the present price of about $10. Apparently there is no limit to the price of most other commodities.

The Food Administration, by agreement and through the club of its licensing system, regulates to a large extent the price of wheat and flour from the farmer down to the baker. It has brought into use a standard war loaf, but it has not been able to enforce a standard price. In the case of sugar it has formed an International Sugar Committee to control the supply, and has fixed the price of sugar by agreement through every stage down to the wholesale price, but not to the retail price. Through sectional committees it has been arranging milk prices in various cities. It has more or less pegged prices, and stimulated production, in insecticides and certain cattle feeds.

But in the great mass of food-stuffs and in most of the things the farmer needs the Food Administration has thus far had no appreciable effect in lowering prices. In fact, it has only scratched the surface of a tremendous problem—a problem involving coöperation in the production of farm machinery and supplies, in transportation, in all the agencies of distribution. It is a problem involving labor. It will not get us very far to fix arbitrarily the prices of a few farm products unless we fix the prices of all, unless we extend some sort of regulation to the things the farmer must buy, unless we assure the farmer of a supply of labor. To-day the farmer is unable to compete with the war industries in the labor market. The things he buys are for the most part left wholly to the law of supply and demand.

### PRICES VERSUS PROFITS

One great handicap to the success of the Food Administration is that it visualizes its task in one way, and the public visual-

izes it in another. The public sees the problem as one of reducing the burdensome prices. The Food Administration sees it primarily as one of stimulating production not only to feed our armies and our own people, but to assure an adequate supply for the peoples of those nations coöperating with us in the War and to let the neutral nations have enough to keep off starvation. High prices stimulate production; low prices discourage it. According to all our standard economic precepts, unless all the agencies of production and distribution are assured a broad margin of profit, production will fall off.

In Great Britain and in Canada the food administrations have explained this frankly and announced that they were not primarily concerned with lowering prices. Our own Food Administration has not successfully made the American people understand this. In fact, the general public has scented a conspicuous lack of frankness about essential things. When the price of a commodity is fixed, particularly when it is fixed on a basis fifty per cent. higher than obtained the previous year, the average citizen feels that he is entitled to information on the factors that made for that particular price. On the whole it is unfortunate for the morale of the country that the Food Administration has made a practice of calling to its aid only the producer and distributor in connection with price-fixing. Representatives of the consumer could at least present in the price-fixing conferences those human considerations which, in the case of vital necessities like milk and bread, are almost as important as the dividends which we must maintain at all costs.

It may be remarked that Food Administrators may come and go, but prices will get steadily higher and shortages increase as both labor and capital are absorbed more and more in war purposes. Every country in the war has found itself in a vicious circle in this respect. As labor grows scarcer it commands more, and the dwindling amount of capital commands greater returns. Then prices go up all round, and labor again demands more.

The Food Administration may blunder, but its powers will be increased as the war continues and it will exercise an increasing control over our kitchens and tables. At the start it had to rely largely on voluntary efforts at conservation. Already it is apparent that this plan is futile. We face a compulsory rationing system in the near future. Bread-cards will almost inevitably come in the spring, with adulterated bread. England is already extracting eighty-one per cent. of her wheat for bread instead of the normal seventy-one per cent. France has increased her extraction to eighty-five per cent., and Italy to ninety-one per cent. In other words, the people of these countries are eating a large percentage of chaff, and bread forms a much larger proportion of their diet than of ours. In France the percentage of bread is fifty per cent.; here three and one-half per cent.

We must share our bread with the peoples who are fighting with us; we must share all our food. That is the problem of the Food Administration.

Through such agencies as the Food Administration, the Fuel Administration, the Railroad Administration, the Shipping Board, and the Council of National Defense, as well as by direct action on the part of the President, our whole industrial machine has been materially changed. The laws of supply and demand have been suspended in essential industries, and competition has been abolished. Elaborately built-up rules of procedure have been thrown overboard. For American industry the war has been an adventure in reality, the sternest sort of reality. It has taught us much, and we have much more to learn.

### BIG BUSINESS FLOCKS TO WASHINGTON

Our foremost business executives have flocked to Washington in great numbers to help in the emergency. Their continued presence has without doubt assisted the politicians to a better appreciation of business problems generally; and the business men have gained a corresponding insight into the affairs of government. The

fraternization ought to benefit both sides and the country generally.

Most of the individual volunteers of big business have displayed a high percentage of patriotism. They have given unstintingly of their time and energy. But it would be more difficult to analyze the percentage of patriotism in big business itself. The great corporations are impersonal things. They are concerned with dividends. Generally speaking, they have reaped a golden harvest from the war needs of the nation. There are many cases presenting the curious anomaly of certain executives of a corporation who have spent themselves most whole-heartedly for patriotism while the corporation has gone in whole-heartedly for profits.

That, however, is a moral matter with which here we have no concern. The point is that the flocking of the business men to Washington in this emergency has given both them and the politicians a broader economic and political vision. They have been compelled to think of business problems in terms of national needs. They have been drawn out of their individualism.

### THE CHANGED WORLD OF INDUSTRY

Thus it comes about that on every side in Washington to-day, from public officials, from business men of high and low degree, one hears continually "the Sherman Law must go," coupled with the phrase, not infrequently expressed with an inflexion of regret, "business will never be the same again." There is no longer any talk of restoring "free competition," of breaking up big, cohesive business units into a lot of little squabbling units. The hoary-headed panacea of tariff-tinkering has vanished. Altogether the fogs that have shrouded industrial problems in Washington these many years seem to be lifting, blown off by the winds of war.

From our experience several conclusions seem to emerge clearly as a guide for the future. If it is bad policy to have the price of essential food-stuffs and other commodities at the mercy of gamblers and manipulators in war-time, it is also bad policy in time of peace. If coöperation under government regulation makes for greater efficiency than individual effort in war-time, it will make for better efficiency after the war. If the government policy of disintegration toward the railroads and business generally is proved impossible in war-time, its merit must be doubtful in time of peace. If anti-trust laws are a grave handicap in war-time, they will not suddenly become a blessing when war is over.

For the future all these things must be considered. But there is another important factor. In solving our problems our statesmen must be careful to avoid building up a political bureaucracy that will strangle business effort in red-tape. That is a danger which all our leaders of industry fear, and their fears must be heeded.

All the great nations of Europe are planning to throw around their citizens in business after the war the protecting mantle of government support. Industries will be coördinated on a national basis to an extent hitherto undreamed of. In fact, productive organization will without doubt transcend national boundaries. The future league of nations will be compelled to consider the problem of industries organized on an international scale, and in the statesmanship directed to that problem may lie the possibility of creating the power to weld all nations together for lasting peace.

In so far as the United States can organize its production on effective, rational lines, it will be a factor in the highly organized world.

BUILDING AN AËROPLANE—PAINTING THE UNITED STATES INSIGNIA ON THE WINGS

Painted for THE CENTURY by Thornton Oakley

BUILDING LOCOMOTIVES

Painted for The Century by Thornton Oakley

# The Return of the Soldier

By REBECCA WEST

Illustrations by Norman Price

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I-III—Captain Christopher Baldry has gone to the war, leaving his pretty wife, Kitty, and Jenny, his cousin and childhood playmate, in England. He is injured mentally by shell-shock, and his memory of the last fifteen years is wiped out. He does not remember that he is married, and insists that he loves Margaret Allington, now Mrs. Grey, an innkeeper's daughter whom he knew before his marriage. He is brought home, but he cannot recall the last fifteen years. He remembers Kitty only vaguely "as one knows a woman staying in the same hotel."

## CHAPTER IV

NEXT morning it appeared that the chauffeur had taken the car up to town to get a part replaced, and Margaret could not be brought from Wealdstone till the afternoon. It fell to me to fetch her. "At least," Kitty had said, "I might be spared that humiliation." Before I started I went to the pond on the hill's edge. It is a place where autumn lives for half the year, for even when the spring lights tongues of green fire in the undergrowth, and the valley shows sunlit between the tree-trunks, here the pond is fringed with yellow bracken and tinted bramble, and the water flows amber over last winter's leaves.

Through this brown gloom, darkened now by a surly sky, Chris was taking the skiff, standing in the stern and using his oar like a gondolier. He had come down here soon after breakfast, driven from the house by the strangeness of all but the outer walls, and discontented with the grounds because everything but this wet, intractable spot bore the marks of Kitty's genius. After lunch there had been another attempt to settle down, but with a grim glare at a knot of late Christmas roses bright in a copse that fifteen years ago had been dark he went back to the russet-eaved boat-house and this play with the skiff. It was a boy's sport, and it was dreadful to see him turn a middle-aged face as he brought the boat inshore.

"I 'm just going down to fetch Margaret," I said.

He thanked me for it.

"But, Chris, I must tell you. I 've seen Margaret. She came up here, so kind and sweet, to tell us you were wounded. She 's the greatest dear in the world, but she's not as you think of her. She 's old, Chris. She is n't beautiful any longer. She 's drearily married. She 's se ied and scored and ravaged by squalid c cumstances. You can't love her when you see her."

"Did n't I tell you last night," he said, "that that does n't matter?" He dipped his oar to a stroke that sent him away from me. "Bring her soon. I shall wait for her down here."

Wealdstone is not, in its way, a bad place; it lies in the lap of open country,

and at the end of every street rise the green hill of Harrow and the spires of Harrow School. But all the streets are long and red and freely articulated with railway arches, and factories spoil the skyline with red, angular chimneys, and in front of the shops stood little women with backs ridged by cheap stays, who tapped their upper lips with their forefingers and made other feeble, doubtful gestures, as though they wanted to buy something and knew that if they did they would have to starve some other appetite. When we asked them the way they turned to us faces sour with thrift. It was a town of people who could not do as they liked.

And here Margaret lived in a long road of red-brick boxes, flecked here and there with the pink blur of almond-blossom, which debouched in a flat field where green grass rose up rank through clay mold blackened by coal-dust from the railway. Mariposa, which was the last house in the road, did not even have an almond-tree. In the front garden, which seemed to be imperfectly reclaimed from the greasy field, yellow crocus and some sodden squills just winked, and the back, where a man was handling a spade without mastery, presented the austere appearance of an allotment. And not only did Margaret live in this place; she also belonged to it. When she opened the door she gazed at me with watering eyes, and in perplexity stroked her disordered hair with a floury hand. Her face was sallow with heat, and beads of perspiration glittered in the deep, dragging line between her nostrils and the corners of her mouth. She said:

"He 's home?"

I nodded.

She pulled me inside and slammed the door.

"Is he well?" she asked.

"Quite," I answered.

Her tense stare relaxed. She rubbed her hands on her overall and said:

"You 'll excuse me. It 's the girl's day out. If you 'll step into the parlor—"

So in her parlor I sat and told her how it was with Chris and how greatly he desired to see her. And as I spoke of his longing I turned my eyes away from her, because she was sitting on a sofa, upholstered in velveteen of a sickish green, which was so low that her knees stuck up in front of her, and she had to clasp them with her seamed, floury hands. I could see that the skin of her face was damp. And my voice failed me as I looked round the room, because I saw just what Margaret had seen that evening fifteen years ago when she had laid her cheek to the parlor window at Monkey Island. There was the enlarged photograph of Margaret's mother over the mantelpiece, on the walls were the views of Tintern Abbey framed in red plush, between the rickety legs of the china cupboard was the sewing-machine, and tucked into the corner between my chair and the fender were a pair of carpet slippers. All her life long Margaret, who in her time had partaken of the supreme dignity of a requited love, had lived with men who wore carpet slippers in the house. I turned my eyes away again, and this time looked down the garden at the figure that was not so much digging as exhibiting his incapacity to deal with a spade. He was sneezing very frequently, and his sneezes made the unbuckled straps at the back of his waistcoat wag violently. I supposed him to be Mr. William Grey.

I had finished the statement of our sad case, and I saw that though she had not moved, clasping her knees in a set, hideous attitude, the tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"Oh, don't! Oh, don't!" I exclaimed, standing up. Her tear-stained immobility touched the heart. "He 's not so bad; he 'll get quite well."

"I know, I know," she said miserably. "I don't believe that anything bad could be allowed to happen to Chris for long. And I 'm sure," she said kindly, "you 're looking after him beautifully. But when a thing you had thought had ended fifteen years ago starts all over again, and you 're very tired—" She drew a hand across her tears, her damp skin, her rough, bagging overall. "I 'm hot. I 've been

baking. You can't get a girl nowadays that understands the baking." Her gaze became remote and tender, and she said in a manner that was at once argumentative and narrative, as though she were telling the whole story to a neighbor over the garden wall: "I suppose I ought to say that he is n't right in his head, and that I 'm married, so we 'd better not meet; but, oh," she cried, and I felt as though, after much fumbling with damp matches and many doubts as to whether there was any oil in the wick, I had lit the lamp at last, "I want to see him so! It 's wrong, I know it 's wrong, but I am so glad Chris wants to see me, too!"

"You 'll do him good." I found myself raising my voice to the pitch she had suddenly attained as though to keep her at it. "Come now!"

She dipped suddenly to compassion.

"But the young lady?" she asked timidly. "She was upset the last time. I 've often wondered if I did right in going. Even if Chris has forgotten, he 'll want to do what 's right. He could n't bear to hurt her."

"That 's true," I said. "You do know our Chris. He watches her out of the corner of his eye, even when he 's feeling at his worst, to see she is n't wincing. But she sent me here to-day."

"Oh!" cried Margaret, glowing, "she must have a lovely nature!"

I lost suddenly the thread of the conversation. I could not talk about Kitty. She appeared to me at that moment a faceless figure with flounces, just as most of the servants at Baldry Court appear to me as faceless figures with caps and aprons. There were only two real people in the world, Chris and this woman whose personality was sounding through her squalor like a beautiful voice singing in a darkened room, and I was absorbed in a mental vision of them. You know how the saints and the prophets are depicted in the steel engravings in old Bibles; so they were standing, in flowing white robes on rocks against a pitch-black sky, a strong light beating on their eyes upturned in ecstasy and their hands outstretched to receive the spiritual blessing of which the fierce rays were an emanation. Into that rapt silence I desired to break, and I whispered irrelevantly, "Oh, nothing, nothing is too good for Chris!" while I said to myself, "If she really were like that, solemn and beatified!" and my eyes returned to look despairingly on her ugliness. But she really was like that. She had responded to my irrelevant murmur of adoration by just such a solemn and beatified appearance as I had imagined. Her grave eyes were upturned, her worn hands lay palm upward on her knees, as though to receive the love of which her radiance was an emanation. And then, at a sound in the kitchen, she snatched my exaltation from me by suddenly turning dull.

"I think that 's Mr. Grey come in from his gardening. You 'll excuse me."

Through the open door I heard a voice saying in a way which suggested that its production involved much agitation of a prominent Adam's apple:

"Well, dear, seeing you had a friend, I thought I 'd better slip up and change my gardening trousers." I do not know what she said to him, but her voice was soft and comforting and occasionally girlish and interrupted by laughter, and I perceived from its sound that with characteristic gravity she had accepted it as her mission to keep loveliness and excitement alive in his life.

"An old friend of mine has been wounded," was the only phrase I heard; but when she drew him out into the garden under the window she had evidently explained the situation away, for he listened docilely as she said: "I 've made some rock-cakes for your tea. And if I'm late for supper, there 's a dish of macaroni cheese you must put in the oven and a tin of tomatoes to eat with it. And there is a little rhubarb and shape." She told them off on her fingers, and then whisked him round and buckled the wagging straps at the back of his waistcoat. He was a lank man, with curly gray hairs growing from every place where it is inadvisable that hairs should grow,—from the inside

of his ears, from his nostrils, on the back of his hands,—but he looked pleased when she touched him, and he said in a devoted way:

"Very well, dear. Don't worry about me. I 'll trot along after tea and have a game of draughts with Brown."

She answered:

"Yes, dear. And now get on with those cabbages. You 're going to keep me in lovely cabbages, just as you did last year, won't you, darling?" She linked arms with him and took him back to his digging.

When she came back into the parlor again she was wearing that yellowish raincoat, that hat with hearse plumes nodding over its sticky straw, that gray alpaca skirt. I first defensively clenched my hands. It would have been such agony to the finger-tips to touch any part of her apparel. And then I thought of Chris, to whom a second before I had hoped to bring a serene comforter. I perceived clearly that that ecstatic woman lifting her eyes and her hands to the benediction of love was Margaret as she existed in eternity; but this was Margaret as she existed in time, as the fifteen years between Monkey Island and this damp day in Ladysmith Road had irreparably made her. Well, I had promised to bring her to him.

She said:

"I 'm ready," and against that simple view of her condition I had no argument. But when she paused by the painted drain-pipe in the hall and peered under contracted brows for that unveracious tortoiseshell handle, I said hastily:

"Oh, don't trouble about an umbrella."

"I 'll maybe need it walking home," she pondered.

"But the car will bring you back."

"Oh, that will be lovely," she said, and laughed nervously, looking very plain. "Do you know, I know the way we 're coming together is terrible, but I can't think of a meeting with Chris as anything but a kind of treat. I 've got a sort of party feeling now."

As she held the gate open for me she looked back at the house.

"It 's a horrid little house, is n't it?" she asked. She evidently desired sanction for a long-suppressed discontent.

"It is n't very nice," I agreed.

"They put cows sometimes into the field at the back," she went on, as if conscientiously counting her blessings. "I like that; but otherwise it is n't much."

"But it 's got a very pretty name," I said, laying my hand on the raised metal letters that spelled "Mariposa" across the gate.

"Ah, is n't it!" she exclaimed, with the smile of the inveterate romanticist. "It 's Spanish, you know, for butterfly."

Once we were in the automobile, she became a little sullen with shyness, because she felt herself so big and clumsy, her clothes so coarse, against the fine upholstery, the silver vase of Christmas roses, and all the deliberate delicacy of Kitty's car. She was afraid of the chauffeur, as the poor are always afraid of men-servants, and ducked her head when he got out to start the car. To recall her to ease and beauty I told her that though Chris had told me all about their meeting, he knew nothing of their parting, and that I wished very much to hear what had happened.

In a deep, embarrassed voice she began to tell me about Monkey Island. It was strange how both Chris and she spoke of it as though it were not a place, but a magic state which largely explained the actions performed in it. Strange, too, that both of them should describe meticulously the one white hawthorn that stood among the poplars by the ferry-side. I suppose a thing that one has looked at with some one one loves acquires forever after a special significance. She said that her father had gone there when she was fourteen. After Mrs. Arlington had been taken away by a swift and painful death the cheer of his Windsor hostelry had become intolerable to the man; he regarded the whole world as her grave, and the tipsy sergeants in scarlet, the carter crying for a pint of four-half, and even the mares dipping their mild noses to the trough in the courtyard seemed to be defiling it by their happy, simple appetites.

So they went to Monkey Island, the utter difference of which was a healing, and settled down happily in its green silence. All the summer was lovely; quiet, kind people, schoolmasters who fished, men who wrote books, married couples who still loved solitude, used to come and stay in the bright little inn. And all the winter was lovely, too; her temperament could see an adventure in taking up the carpets because the Thames was coming into the coffee-room. That was the tale of her life for four years. With her head on one side, and the air of judging this question by the light of experience, she pronounced that she had then been happy.

Then one April afternoon Chris landed at the island, and by the first clean, quick movement of tying up his boat made her his slave. I could imagine that it would be so. He was wonderful when he was young; he possessed in great measure the loveliness of young men, which is like the loveliness of the spry foal or the sapling, but in him it was vexed into a serious and moving beauty by the inhabiting soul. When the sunlight lay on him, disclosing the gold hairs on his brown head, or when he was subject to any other physical pleasure, there was always reserve in his response to it. From his eyes, which, though gray, were somehow dark with speculation, one perceived that he was distracted by participation in some spiritual drama. To see him was to desire intimacy with him, so that one might intervene between this body, which was formed for happiness, and this soul, which cherished so deep a faith in tragedy. Well, she gave Chris ducks' eggs for tea. "No one ever had ducks' eggs like father did. It was his way of feeding them. It did n't pay, of course, but they were good." Before the afternoon was out he had snared them all with the silken net of his fine manners; he had talked to father about his poultry and had walked about the runs and shown an intelligent interest, and then, as on many succeeding days, he had laid his charm at the girl's feet. "But I thought he must be some one royal, and when he kept on coming, I thought it must be for the ducks' eggs." Then her damp, dull skin flushed suddenly to a warm glory, and she began to stammer.

"I know all about that," I said quickly. I was more afraid that I should feel envy or any base passion in the presence of this woman than I have ever been of anything else in my life. "I want to hear how you came to part."

"Oh," she cried, "it was the silliest quarrel! We had known how we felt for just a week. Such a week! Lovely weather we had, and father had n't noticed anything. I did n't want him to, because I thought father might want the marriage soon and think any delay a slight on me, and I knew we would have to wait. Eh! I can remember saying to myself, 'Perhaps five years,' trying to make it as bad as could be so that if we could marry sooner it would be a lovely surprise." She repeated with soft irony, "Perhaps five years!"

"Well, then, one Thursday afternoon I 'd gone on the back-water with Bert Batchard, nephew to Mr. Batchard who keeps the inn at Surly Hall. I was laughing out loud because he did row so funny! He 's a town chap, and he was handling those oars for all the world as though they were teaspoons. The old dinghy just sat on the water like a hen on its chicks and did n't move, and he so sure of himself! I just sat and laughed and laughed. Then all of a sudden, *clang! clang!* the bell at the ferry. And there was Chris, standing up there among the poplars, his brows straight and black, and not a smile on him. I felt very bad. We picked him up in the dinghy and took him across, and still he did n't smile. He and I got on the island, and Bert, who saw there was something wrong, said, "Well, I 'll toddle off." And there I was on the lawn with Chris, and he angry and somehow miles away. I remember him saying, 'Here am I coming to say good-by, because I must go away to-night, and I find you larking with that bounder.' And I said: 'O Chris, I 've known Bert all my life through him coming to his uncle for the holidays, and we were n't larking. It was only that he

could n't row.' And he went on talking, and then it struck me he was n't trusting me as he would trust a girl of his own class, and I told him so, and he went on being cruel. Oh, don't make me remember the things we said to each other! It does n't help. At last I said something awful, and he said: 'Very well; I agree. I 'll go,' and he walked over to the boy, who was chopping wood, and got him to take him over in the punt. As he passed me he turned away his face. Well, that is all."

I had got the key at last. There had been a spring at Baldry Court fifteen years ago that was desolate for all that there was beautiful weather. Chris had lingered with Uncle Ambrose in his Thames-side rectory as he had never lingered before, and old Mr. Baldry was filling the house with a sense of hot, apoplectic misery. All day he was up in town at the office, and without explanation he had discontinued his noontide habit of ringing up his wife. All night he used to sit in the library looking over his papers and ledgers; often in the mornings the housemaids would find him asleep across his desk, very red, yet looking dead. The men he brought home to dinner treated him with a kindness and consideration which were not the tributes that that victorious and trumpeting personality was accustomed to exact, and in the course of conversation with them he dropped braggart hints of impending ruin which he would have found it humiliating to address to us directly. At last there came a morning when he said to Mrs. Baldry across the breakfast-table: "I 've sent for Chris. If the boy 's worth his salt—" It was an appalling admission, like the groan of an old ship as her timbers shiver, from a man who doubted the capacity of his son, as fathers always doubt the capacity of the children born of their old age.

It was that evening, as I went down to see the new baby at the lodge, that I met Chris coming up the drive. Through the blue twilight his white face had had a drowned look. I remembered it well, because my surprise that he passed me without seeing me had made me perceive for the first time that he had never seen me at all save in the most cursory fashion. On the eye of his mind, I realized thenceforward, I had hardly impinged. That night he talked till late with his father, and in the morning he had started for Mexico to keep the mines going, to keep the firm's head above water and Baldry Court sleek and hospitable—to keep everything bright and splendid save only his youth, which ever after that was dulled by care.

Something of this I told Margaret, to which she answered, "Oh, I know all that," and went on with her story. On Sunday, three days after their quarrel, Mr. Allington was found dead in his bed. "I wanted Chris so badly; but he never came, he never wrote," and she fell into a lethargic disposition to sit all day and watch the Thames flow by, from which she was hardly roused by finding that her father had left her nothing save an income of twenty pounds a year from unrealizable stock. She negotiated the transfer of the lease of the inn to a publican, and, after exacting a promise from the new hostess that she would forward all letters that might come, embarked upon an increasingly unfortunate career as a mother's help. First she fell into the hands of a noble Irish family in reduced circumstances, whose conduct in running away and leaving her in a Brighton hotel with her wages and her bill unpaid still distressed and perplexed her. "Why did they do it?" she asked. "I liked them so. The baby was a darling, and Mrs. Murphy had such a nice way of speaking. But it almost makes one think evil of people when they do a thing like that." After two years of less sensational, but still uneasy, adventures, she had come upon a large and needy family called Watson who lived at Chiswick, and almost immediately Mr. William Grey, who was Mrs. Watson's brother, had begun a courtship that I suspected of consisting of an incessant whining up at her protective instinct. "Mr. Grey," she said softly, as though stating his chief claim to affec-

tion, "has never been very successful." And still no letter ever came.

So, five years after she left Monkey Island, she married Mr. William Grey. Soon after their marriage he lost his job and was for some time out of work; later he developed a weak chest that needed constant attention. "But it all helped to pass the time," she said cheerfully and without irony. So it happened that it was not till two years ago that she had the chance of revisiting Monkey Island. At first there was no money, and later there was the necessity of seeking the healthful breezes of Brighton or Bognor or Southend, which were the places in which Mr. Grey's chest oddly elected to thrive. And when these obstacles were removed, she was lethargic; also she had heard that the inn was not being managed as it ought to be, and she could not have borne to see the green home of her youth defiled. But then there had come a time when she had been very much upset,—she glared a little wildly at me as she said this, as if she would faint if I asked her any questions, —and then she had suddenly become obsessed with a desire to see Monkey Island once more.

"Well, when we got to the ferry, Mr. Grey says, 'But, mercy, Margaret, there is water all round it!' and I said, 'William, that 's just it.' " They found that the island was clean and decorous again, for it had only recently changed hands. "Father and daughter the new people are, just like me and dad, and Mr. Taylor 's something of dad's cut, too, but he comes from the North. But Miss Taylor's much handsomer than I ever was; a really big woman she is, and such lovely golden hair. They were very kind when I told them who I was; gave us duck and green peas for lunch, and I did think of dad. They were nothing like as good as his ducks, but then I expect they paid. And then Miss Taylor took William out to look at the garden. I knew he did n't like it, for he 's always shy with a showy woman, and I was going after them when Mr. Taylor said: 'Here, stop a minute. I 've got something here that may interest you. Just come in here. He took me up to the roller desk in the office, and out of a drawer he took twelve letters addressed to me in Chris's handwriting.

"He was a kind man. He put me into a chair and called Miss Taylor in and told her to keep William out in the garden as long as possible. At last I said, 'But Mrs. Hitchcock did say she 'd send my letters on.' And he said, 'Mrs. Hitchcock had n't been here three weeks before she bolted with a bookie from Bray, and after that Hitchcock mixed his drinks and got careless.' He said they had found these stuffed into the desk."

"And what was in them?"

"For a long time I did not read them; I thought it was against my duty as a wife. But when I got that telegram saying he was wounded, I went up-stairs and read those letters. Oh, those letters!"

She bowed her head and wept.

As the car swung through the gates of Baldry Court she sat up and dried her eyes. She looked out at the strip of turf, so bright that one would think it wet, and lighted here and there with snowdrops and scillas and crocuses, that runs between the drive and the tangle of silver birch and bramble and fern. There is no esthetic reason for that border; the common outside looks lovelier where it fringes the road with dark gorse and rough amber grasses. Its use is purely philosophic; it proclaims that here we esteem only controlled beauty, that the wild will not have its way within our gates, that it must be made delicate and decorated into felicity. Surely, she must see that this was no place for beauty that had been not mellowed, but lacerated, by time, that no one accustomed to live here could help wincing at such external dinginess as hers. But instead she said:

"It 's a big place. Chris must have worked hard to keep all this up." The pity of this woman was like a flaming sword. No one had ever before pitied Chris for the magnificence of Baldry Court. It had been our pretense that by wearing costly clothes and organizing a costly life we had been the servants of his

"HE LAY THERE IN THE CONFIDING RELAXATION OF A CHILD"

desire. But she revealed the truth that, although he did indeed desire a magnificent house, it was, after all, a house not built with hands.

But that she was wise, that the angels would of a certainty be on her side, did not make her any the less physically offensive to our atmosphere. All my doubts as to the wisdom of my expedition revived in the little time we had to spend in the hall waiting for the tea which I had ordered in the hope that it might help Margaret to compose her distressed face. She hovered with her back to the oak table, fumbling with her thread gloves, winking her tear-red eyes, tapping with her foot on the carpet, throwing her weight from one leg to the other, and I constantly contrasted her appearance by some clumsiness with the new acquisition of Kitty's decorative genius that stood so close behind her on the table that I was afraid it might be upset by one of her spasmodic movements. This was a shallow black bowl in the center of which crouched on all fours a white, naked nymph, her small head intently drooped to the white flowers that floated on the black waters all around her. Beside the pure black of the bowl her rusty plumes looked horrible; beside that white nymph, eternally innocent of all but the contemplation of beauty, her opaque skin and her suffering were offensive; beside its air of being the coolly conceived and leisurely executed production of a hand and brain lifted by their rare quality to the service of the not absolutely necessary, her appearance of having only for the moment ceased to cope with a vexed and needy environment struck me as a cancerous blot on the fair world. Perhaps it was absurd to pay attention to this indictment of a noble woman by a potter's toy, but that toy happened to be also a little image of Chris's conception of women. Exquisite we were according to our equipment, unflushed by appetite or passion, even noble passion, our small heads bent intently on the white flowers of luxury floating on the black waters of life, he had known none other than us. With such a mental habit a man could not help but wince at Margaret. I drank my tea very slowly because I previsioned what must happen in the next five minutes. Down there by the pond he would turn at the sound of those heavy boots on the path, and with one glance he would assess the age of her, the rubbed surface of her, the torn fine texture, and he would show to her squalid mask just such a blank face as he had shown to Kitty's piteous mask the night before. Although I had a gift for self-pity, I knew her case would then be worse than mine; for it would be worse to see, as she would see, the ardor in his eyes give place to kindliness than never to have ardor there. He would hesitate; she would make one of her harassed gestures, and trail away with that wet, patient look which was her special line. He would go back to his boyish sport with the skiff; I hoped the brown waters would not seem too kind. She would go back to Mariposa, sit on her bed, and read those letters.

"And now," she said brightly as I put down my cup, "may I see Chris?" She had not a doubt of the enterprise.

I took her into the drawing-room and opened one of the French windows.

"Go past the cedars to the pond," I told her. "He is rowing there."

"That is nice," she said. "He always looks so lovely in a boat."

I called after her, trying to hint the possibility of a panic breakdown to their meeting:

"You 'll find he 's altered—"

She cried gleefully:

"Oh, I shall know him."

As I went up-stairs I became aware that I was near to a bodily collapse; I suppose the truth is that I was physically so jealous of Margaret that it was making me ill. But suddenly, like a tired person dropping a weight that they know to be precious, but cannot carry for another minute, my mind refused to consider the situation any longer and turned to the perception of material things. I leaned over the balustrade and looked down at the fineness of the hall: the deliberate figure of the nymph in her circle of black

waters, the clear pink-and-white of Kitty's chintz, the limpid surface of the oak, the broken burning of all the gay reflected colors in the paneled walls. I said to myself, "If everything else goes, there is always this to fall back on," and I went on, pleased that I was wearing delicate stuffs and that I had a smooth skin, pleased that the walls of the corridor were so soft a twilight blue, pleased that through a far-off open door there came a stream of light that made the carpet blaze its stronger blue. And when I saw that it was the nursery door that was open, and that Kitty was sitting in Nanny's big chair by the window, I did not care about the peaked face she lifted, its fairness palely gilt by the March sunlight, or the tremendous implications of the fact that she had come to her dead child's nursery although she had not washed her hair. I said sternly, because she had forgotten that we lived in the impregnable fort of a gracious life:

"O Kitty, that poor battered thing outside!"

She stared so grimly out into the garden that my eyes followed her stare.

It was one of those draggled days, common at the end of March, when a garden looks at its worst. The wind that was rolling up to check a show of sunshine had taken away the cedar's dignity of solid blue shade, had set the black firs beating their arms together, and had filled the sky with glaring gray clouds that dimmed the brilliance of the crocuses. It was to give gardens a point on days such as these, when the planned climax of this flower-bed and that stately tree goes for nothing, that the old gardeners raised statues in their lawns and walks, large things with a subject, mossy Tritons or nymphs with an urn, that held the eye. Even so in this unrestful garden one's eyes lay on the figure in the yellow raincoat that was standing still in the middle of the lawn.

How her near presence had been known by Chris I do not understand, but there he was, running across the lawn as night after night I had seen him in my dreams running across no-man's-land. I knew that so he would close his eyes as he ran; I knew that so he would pitch on his knees when he reached safety. I assumed naturally that at Margaret's feet lay safety even before I saw her arms brace him under the armpits with a gesture that was not passionate, but rather the movement of one carrying a wounded man from under fire. But even when she had raised his head to the level of her lips, the central issue was not decided. I covered my eyes and said aloud, "In a minute he will see her face, her hands." But although it was a long time before I looked again, they were still clinging breast to breast. It was as though her embrace fed him, he looked so strong as he broke away. They stood with clasped hands looking at one another. They looked straight, they looked delightedly! And then, as if resuming a conversation tiresomely interrupted by some social obligation, they drew together again, and passed under the tossing branches of the cedar to the wood beyond. I reflected, while Kitty shrilly wept, how entirely right Chris had been in his assertion that to lovers innumerable things do not matter.

## CHAPTER V

After the automobile had taken Margaret away Chris came to us as we sat in the drawing-room, and, after standing for a while in the glow of the fire, hesitantly said:

"I want to tell you that I know it is all right. Margaret has explained to me."

Kitty crumpled her sewing into a white ball.

"You mean, I suppose, that you know I 'm your wife. I 'm pleased that you describe that as knowing 'it 's all right,' and grateful that you have accepted it at last—on Margaret's authority. This is an occasion that would make any wife proud."

Her irony was as faintly acrid as a caraway-seed, and never afterward did she reach even that low pitch of violence;

for from that mild, forward droop of the head with which he received the mental lunge she realized suddenly that this was no pretense and that something as impassable as death lay between them. Thereafter his proceedings evoked no comment but suffering. There was nothing to say when all day, save for those hours of the afternoon that Margaret spent with him, he sat like a blind man waiting for his darkness to lift. There was nothing to say when he did not seem to see our flowers, yet kept till they rotted the daffodils which Margaret brought from the garden that looked like an allotment.

So Kitty lay about like a broken doll, face downward on a sofa, with one limp arm dangling to the floor, or protruding stiff feet in fantastic slippers from the end of her curtained bed; and I tried to make my permanent wear that mood which had mitigated the end of my journey with Margaret—a mood of intense perception in which my strained mind settled on every vivid object that came under my eyes and tried to identify myself with its brightness and its lack of human passion. This does not mean that I passed my day in a state of joyous appreciation; it means that many times in the lanes of Harrowweald I have stood for long looking up at a fine tracery of bare boughs against the hard, high spring sky while the cold wind rushed through my skirts and chilled me to the bone, because I was afraid that when I moved my body and my attention I might begin to think. Indeed, grief is not the clear melancholy the young believe it. It is like a siege in a tropical city. The skin dries and the throat parches as though one were living in the heat of the desert; water and wine taste warm in the mouth, and food is of the substance of the sand; one snarls at one's company; thoughts prick one through sleep like mosquitos.

A week after my journey to Wealdstone I went to Kitty to ask her to come for a walk with me and found her stretched on her pillows, holding a review of her underclothing. She refused bitterly and added:

"Be back early. Remember Dr. Gilbert Anderson is coming at half-past four. He 's our last hope. And tell that woman she must see him. He says he wants to see everybody concerned." She continued to look wanly at the frail, luminous silks her maid brought her as a speculator who had cornered an article for which there had been no demand might look at his damnably numerous, damnably unprofitable freights. So I went out alone into a soft day, with the dispelled winter lurking above in high, dark clouds, under which there ran quick, fresh currents of air and broken shafts of insistent sunshine that spread a gray clarity of light in which every color showed sharp and strong. On the breast that Harrowweald turns to the south they had set a lambing-yard. The pale-lavender hurdles and gold-strewn straw were new gay notes on the opaque winter green of the slope, and the apprehensive bleatings of the ewes wound about the hill like a river of sound as they were driven up a lane hidden by the hedge. The lines of bare elms darkening the plains below made it seem as though the tide of winter had fallen and left this bare and sparkling in the spring. I liked it so much that I opened the gate and went and sat down on a tree which had been torn up by the roots in the great gale last year, but had not yet resigned itself to death, and was bravely decking its boughs with purple elm-flowers.

That pleased me, too, and I wished I had some one with me to enjoy this artless little show of the new year. I had not really wanted Kitty; the companions I needed were Chris and Margaret. Chris would have talked, as he loved to do when he looked at leisure on a broad valley, about ideas which he had to exclude from his ordinary hours lest they should break the power of business over his mind, and Margaret would have gravely watched the argument from the shadow of her broad hat to see that it kept true, like a housewife watching a saucepan of milk lest it should boil over. They were naturally my friends, these gentle, speculative people.

Then suddenly I was stunned with jealousy. It was not their love for each other that caused me such agony at that moment; it was the thought of the things their eyes had rested upon together. I imagined that white hawthorn among the poplars by the ferry on which they had looked fifteen years ago at Monkey Island, and it was more than I could bear. I thought how even now they might be exclaiming at the green smoke of the first buds on the brown undergrowth by the pond, and at that I slid off the tree-trunk and began walking very quickly down the hill. The red cows drank from the pond cupped by the willow-roots; a raw-boned stallion danced clumsily because warmth was running through the ground. I found a stream in the fields and followed it till it became a shining dike embanked with glowing green and gold mosses in the midst of woods; and the sight of those things was no sort of joy, because my vision was solitary. I wanted to end my desperation by leaping from a height, and I climbed on a knoll and flung myself face downward on the dead leaves below.

I was now utterly cut off from Chris. Before, when I looked at him, I knew an instant ease in the sight of the short golden down on his cheeks, the ridge of bronze flesh above his thick, fair eyebrows. But now I was too busy reassuring him by showing a steady, undistorted profile crowned by a neat, proud sweep of hair instead of the tear-darkened mask he always feared ever to have enough vitality left over to enjoy his presence. I spoke in a calm voice full from the chest, quite unfluted with agony; I read "Country Life" with ponderous interest; I kept my hands, which I desired to wring, in doeskin gloves for most of the day; I played with the dogs a great deal and wore my thickest tweeds; I pretended that the slight heaviness of my features is a correct indication of my temperament. The only occasion when I could safely let the sense of him saturate me as it used was when I met Margaret in the hall as she came or went. She was very different now; she had a little smile in her eyes, as though she were listening to a familiar air played far away. Her awkwardness seemed indecision as to whether she should walk or dance to that distant music; her shabbiness was no more repulsive than the untidiness of a child who has been so eager to get to the party that it has not let its nurse finish fastening its frock. Always she extended a hand in an unbuttoned black thread glove and said, "It 's another fine day again," or diffidently, as Kitty continued to withhold her presence, "I hope Mrs. Baldry is keeping well." Then, as our hands touched, he was with us, invoked by our common adoration. I felt his rough male texture and saw the clear warmth of his brown and gold coloring; I thought of him with the passion of exile. To Margaret it was a call, and she moved past me to the garden, holding her hands in front of her as though she bore invisible gifts, and pausing on the step of the French window to smile to herself, as if in her heart she turned over the precious thought: "He is here. This garden holds him." My moment, my small sole subsistence, ended in a feeling of jealousy as ugly and unmental as sickness. This was the saddest spring.

Nothing could mitigate the harshness of our rejection. You may think we were attaching an altogether fictitious importance to what was merely the delusion of a madman. But every minute of the day, particularly at those trying times when he strolled about the house and grounds with the doctors, smiling courteously, but without joy, and answering their questions with the crisp politeness of a man shaking off an inquisitive commercial traveler in a hotel smoking-room, it became plain that if madness means a liability to wild error about the world, Chris was not mad. It was our peculiar shame that he had rejected us when he had attained to something saner than sanity. His very loss of memory was a triumph over the limitations of language which prevent the mass of men from making explicit statements about their spiritual relationships. If he had said to Kitty and me, "I do not know you," we would have gaped; if he had

expanded his meaning and said, "You are nothing to me; my heart is separate from your hearts," we would have wept at an unkindness he had not intended. But by the blankness of those eyes which saw me only as a disregarded playmate and Kitty not at all save as a stranger who had somehow become a decorative presence in his home and the orderer of his meals he let us know completely where we were. Even though I lay weeping at it on the dead leaves I was sensible of the bitter rapture which attends the discovery of any truth. I felt, indeed, a cold intellectual pride in his refusal to remember his prosperous maturity and his determined dwelling in the time of his first love, for it showed him so much saner than the rest of us, who take life as it comes, loaded with the unessential and the irritating. I was even willing to admit that this choice of what was to him reality out of all the appearances so copiously presented by the world, this adroit recovery of the dropped pearl of beauty, was the act of genius I had always expected from him. But that did not make less agonizing this exclusion from his life.

I could not think clearly about it. I suppose that the subject of our tragedy, written in spiritual terms, was that in Kitty he had turned from the type of woman that makes the body conqueror of the soul and in me the type that mediates between the soul and the body and makes them run even and unhasty like a well-matched pair of carriage horses, and had given himself to a woman whose bleak habit it was to champion the soul against the body. But I saw it just as a fantastic act of cruelty that I could think of only as a conjunction of calamitous images. I think of it happening somewhere behind the front, at the end of a straight road that runs by a line of ragged poplars between mud flats made steel-bright with floods pitted by the soft, slow rain. There, past a church that lacks its tower, stand a score of houses, each hideous with patches of bare bricks that show like sores through the ripped-off plaster and uncovered rafters that stick out like broken bones. There are people still living here. A slouchy woman sits at the door of a filthy cottage, counting some dirty linen and waving her bare arm at some passing soldiers. And at another house there is a general store with strings of orange onions and bunches of herbs hanging from the roof, a brown gloom rich with garlic and humming with the flies that live all the year round in French village shops, a black cat rubbing her sleepiness against the lintel. It is in there that Chris is standing, facing across the counter an old man in a blouse, with a scar running white into the gray thickets of his beard, an old man with a smile at once lewd and benevolent, repulsive with dirt and yet magnificent by reason of the Olympian structure of his body. I think he is the soul of the universe, equally cognizant and disregardful of every living thing, to whom I am not more dear than the bare-armed slouchy woman at the neighboring door. And Chris is leaning on the counter, his eyes glazed. (This is his spirit; his body lies out there in the drizzle, at the other end of the road.) He is looking down on the two crystal balls that the old man's foul, strong hands have rolled across to him. In one he sees Margaret, not in her raincoat and her nodding plumes, but as she is transfigured in the light of eternity. Long he looks there; then drops a glance to the other, just long enough to see that in its depths Kitty and I walk in bright dresses through our glowing gardens. We had suffered no transfiguration, for we are as we are, and there is nothing more to us. The whole truth about us lies in our material seeming. He sighs a deep sigh of delight and puts out his hand to the ball where Margaret shines. His sleeve catches the other one and sends it down to crash in a thousand pieces on the floor. The old man's smile continues to be lewd and benevolent; he is still not more interested in me than in the bare-armed woman. Chris is wholly inclosed in his intentness on his chosen crystal. No one weeps for this shattering of our world.

I stirred on the dead leaves as though I had really heard the breaking of the globe

and cried out, "Gilbert Anderson, Gilbert Anderson must cure him." Heaven knows that I had no reason for faith in any doctor, for during the last week so many of them, as sleek as seals with their neatly brushed hair and their frock-coats, had stood round Chris and looked at him with the consequenceless deliberation of a plumber. Their most successful enterprise had been his futile hypnotism. He had submitted to it as a good-natured man submits to being blindfolded at a children's party, and under its influence had recovered his memory and his middle-aged personality, had talked of Kitty with the humorous tenderness of the English husband, and had looked possessively about him. But as his mind came out of the control he exposed their lie that they were dealing with a mere breakdown of the normal process by pushing away this knowledge and turning to them the blank wall, all the blanker because it was unconscious, of his resolution not to know. I had accepted that it would always be so. But at that moment I had so great a need to throw off my mood of despair, so insupportably loaded with all the fantastic images to which my fevered mind transmuted the facts of our tragedy, that I filled myself with a gasping, urgent faith in this new doctor. I jumped up and pushed through the brambles to the hedge that divided the preserves in which I was trespassing from our own woods, breathless because I had let it go past four and I had still to find Chris and Margaret for the doctor's visit at the half-hour.

There had been a hardening of the light while I slept that made the dear, familiar woods rich and sinister, and to the eye, tropical. The jewel-bright buds on the soot-black boughs, the blue valley distances, smudged here and there with the pink enamel of villa-roofs, and seen between the black-and-white intricacies of the birch-trunks and the luminous gray pillars of the beeches, hurt my wet eyes as might beauty blazing under an equatorial sun. There was a tropical sense of danger, too, for I walked as apprehensively as though a snake coiled under every leaf, because I feared to come on them when he was speaking to her without looking at her or thinking in silence while he played with her hand. Embraces do not matter; they merely indicate the will to love, and may as well be followed by defeat as victory. But disregard means that now there needs to be no straining of the eyes, no stretching forth of the hands, no pressing of the lips, because theirs is such a union that they are no longer aware of the division of their flesh. I know it must be so; a lonely life gives one opportunities of thinking these things out. I could not have borne to see signs of how he had achieved this intimacy with the woman whom a sudden widening of the downward vista showed as she leaned her bent back, ridged by her cheap stays, against a birch that some special skill of our forester had made wonderful for its straight slenderness. Against the clear colors of the bright bare wood her yellow raincoat made a muddy patch, and as a dead bough dropped near her she made a squalid dodging movement like a hen. She was not so much a person as an implication of dreary poverty, like an open door in a mean house that lets out the smell of cooking cabbage and the screams of children. Doubtlessly he sat somewhere close to her, lumpishly content. I thought distractedly how necessary it was that Gilbert Anderson should cure him, and tried to shout to her, but found my throat full of sobs. So I broke my way down through the fern and bramble and stood level with them, though still divided by some yards of broken ground.

It was not utter dullness not to have anticipated the beauty that I saw. No one could have told. They had taken the mackintosh rug out of the dinghy and spread it on this little space of clear grass, I think so that they could look at a scattering of early primroses in a pool of white anemones at an oak-tree's foot. She had run her hands over the rug so that it lay quite smooth and comfortable under him when at last he felt drowsy and turned on his side to sleep. He lay there in the confiding relaxation of a sleeping child, his hands unclenched, and his head thrown

back so that the bare throat showed defenselessly. Now he was asleep and his face undarkened by thought, one saw how very fair he really was. And she, her mournfully vigilant face pinkened by the cold river of air sent by the advancing evening through the screen of rusted-gold bracken behind her, was sitting by him, just watching.

I have often seen people grouped like that on the common outside our gates on Bank holidays. Most often the man has a handkerchief over his face to shade him from the sun, and the woman squats beside him and peers through the undergrowth to see that the children come to no harm as they play. It has sometimes seemed to me that there was a significance about it. You know when one goes into the damp, odorous coolness of a church in a Catholic country and sees the kneeling worshipers, their bodies bent stiffly and reluctantly, and yet with abandonment as though to represent the inevitable bending of the will to a purpose outside the individual person, or when under any sky one sees a mother with her child in her arms, something turns in one's heart like a sword, and one says to oneself, "If humanity forgets these attitudes there is an end to the world." But people like me, who are not artists, are never sure about people they don't know. So it was not until now, when it happened to my friends, when it was my dear Chris and my dear Margaret who sat thus englobed in peace as in a crystal sphere, that I knew it was the most significant, as it was the loveliest, attitude in the world. It means that the woman has gathered the soul of the man into her soul and is keeping it warm in love and peace so that his body can rest quiet for a little time. That is a great thing for a woman to do. I know there are things at least as great for those women whose independent spirits can ride fearlessly and with interest outside the home park of their personal relationships, but independence is not the occupation of most of us. What we desire is greatness such as this, which had given sleep to the beloved. I had known that he was having bad nights at Baldry Court in that new room with the jade-green painted walls and the lapis-lazuli fireplace, which he found with surprise to be his instead of the remembered little room with the fishing-rods; but I had not been able to do anything about it.

It was not fair that by the exercise of a generosity which seemed as fortuitous a possession as a beautiful voice a woman should be able to do such wonderful things for a man. For sleep was the least of her gifts to him. What she had done in leading him into the quiet magic circle out of our life, out of the splendid house which was not so much a house as a vast piece of space partitioned off from the universe and decorated partly for beauty and partly to make our privacy more insolent, out of the garden where the flowers took thought as to how they should grow and the wood made as formal as a pillared aisle by forestry, may be judged from my anguish in being left there alone. Indeed she had been generous to us all, for at her touch our lives had at last fallen into a pattern; she was the sober thread the interweaving of which with our scattered magnificences had somewhat achieved the design that otherwise would not appear. Perhaps even her dinginess was part of her generosity, for in order to fit into the pattern one has sometimes to forego something of one's individual beauty. That is why women like us do not wear such obviously lovely dresses as cocottes, but clothe ourselves in garments that by their slight neglect of the possibilities of beauty declare that there are such things as thrift and restraint and care for the future. And so I could believe of Margaret that her determined dwelling in places where there was not enough of anything, her continued exposure of herself to the grime of squalid living, was unconsciously deliberate. The deep internal thing that had guided Chris to forgetfulness had guided her to poverty, so that when the time came for her meeting with her lover there should be not one intimation of the beauty of suave flesh to distract him from the message of her soul. I looked upward at

this supreme act of sacrifice and glowed at her private gift to me. My sleep, though short, was now dreamless. No more did I see his body rotting into union with that brown texture of corruption which is no-man's-land; no more did I see him slipping softly down the parapet into the trench; no more did I hear voices talking in a void: "Help me, old man; I 've got no legs—" "I can't, old man; I 've got no hands." They could not take him back to the army as he was. Only that morning as I went through the library he had raised an appalled face from the pages of a history of the war.

"Jenny, it can't be true that they did that to Belgium? Those funny, quiet, stingy people!" And his soldierly knowledge was as deeply buried as this memory of that awful August. While her spell endured they could not send him back into the hell of war. This wonderful, kind woman held his body as safely as she held his soul.

I was so grateful that I was forced to go and sit down on the rug beside her. It was an intrusion, but I wanted to be near her. She did not look surprised when she turned to me her puckered brows, but smiled through the ugly fringe of vagrant hairs the weather had plucked from under the hard rim of her hat. It was part of her loveliness that even if she did not understand an act she could accept it.

Presently she leaned over to me across his body and whispered:

"He 's not cold. I put the overcoat on him as soon as he was fairly off. I 've just felt his hands, and they 're as warm as toast." If I had whispered like that I should have wakened him.

Soon he stirred, groped for her hand, and lay with his cheek against the rough palm. He was awake, but liked to lie so.

In a little while she shook her hand away and said:

"Get up and run along to the house and have some hot tea. You 'll catch your death lying out here."

He caught her hand again. It was evident that for some reason the moment was charged with ecstasy for them both.

It seemed as though there was a softer air in this small clearing than anywhere else in the world. I stood up, with my back against a birch and said negligently, knowing now that nothing could really threaten them:

"There is a doctor coming at half-past four who wants to see you both."

It cast no shadow on their serenity. He smiled upward, still lying on his back, and hailed me, "Hallo, Jenny." But she made him get up and help her to fold the rug.

"It 's not right to keep a doctor waiting in these times," she declared, "so overworked they are, poor men, since the war." As I led the way up through the woods to the house I heard her prove her point by an illustrative anecdote about something that had happened down her road. I heard, too, their footsteps come to a halt for a space. I think her gray eyes had looked at him so sweetly that he had been constrained to take her in his arms.

## CHAPTER VI

I FELT, I remember with the little perk of self-approbation with which one remembers any sort of accurate premonition even if its fulfilment means disaster, a cold hand close round my heart as we turned the corner of the house and came on Dr. Gilbert Anderson. I was startled, to begin with, by his unmedical appearance. He was a little man with winking blue eyes, a flushed and crumpled forehead, a little gray mustache that gave him the profile of an amiable cat, and a lively taste in spotted ties, and he lacked that appetiteless look which is affected by distinguished practitioners. He was at once more comical and more suggestive of power than any other doctor I had ever seen, and this difference was emphasized by his unexpected occupation. A tennis-ball which he had discovered somewhere had roused his sporting instincts, and he was trying at what range it was possible to kick it between two large stones which he had placed close together in front of the steps up to the house. It was his chubby ab-

sorption in this amusement which accounted for his first moment of embarrassment.

"Nobody about in there; we professional men get so little fresh air," he said bluffly, and blew his nose in a very large handkerchief, from the folds of which he emerged with perfect self-possession. "You," he said to Chris, with a naïve adoption of the detective tone, "are the patient." He rolled his blue eye on me, took a good look, and, as he realized I did not matter, shook off the unnecessary impression like a dog coming out of water. He faced Margaret as though she were the nurse in charge of the case and gave her a brisk little nod. "You 're Mrs. Grey. I shall want to talk to you later. Meantime—this man. I 'll come back." He indicated by a windmill gesture that we should go into the house, and swung off with Chris.

She obeyed; that sort of woman always does what the doctor orders. But I delayed for a moment to stare after this singular specialist, to sidetrack my foreboding by pronouncing him a bounder, to wish, as my foreboding persisted, that like a servant I could give notice because there was "always something happening in the house."

Then, as the obedient figure at the top of the stairs was plainly shivering under its shoddy clothes in the rising wind that was polishing the end of the afternoon to brightness, I hastened to lead her into the hall. We stood about uneasily in its gloaming. Margaret looked round her and said in a voice flattened by the despondency she evidently shared with me:

"It is nice to have everything ready that people can want and everything in its place. I used to do it at Monkey Island Inn. It was not grand like this, of course, but our visitors always came back a second time." Abstractedly and yet with keen joy she fingered the fine work of the table-leg.

There was a noise above us like the fluttering of doves. Kitty was coming downstairs in a white serge dress against which her hands were rosy; a woman with such lovely little hands never needed to wear flowers. By her kind of physical discipline she had reduced her grief to no more than a slight darkening under the eyes, and for this moment she was glowing. I knew it was because she was going to meet a new man and anticipated the kindling of admiration in his eyes, and I smiled, contrasting her probable prefiguring of Dr. Anderson with the amiable rotundity we had just encountered. Not that it would have made any difference if she had seen him. Beautiful women of her type lose, in this matter of admiration alone, their otherwise tremendous sense of class distinction; they are obscurely aware that it is their civilizing mission to flash the jewel of their beauty before all men, so that they shall desire it and work to get the wealth to buy it, and thus be seduced by a present appetite to a tilling of the earth that serves the future. There is, you know, really room for all of us; we each have our peculiar use.

"The doctor 's talking to Chris outside," I said.

"Ah," breathed Kitty. I found, though the occasion was a little grim, some entertainment in the two women's faces, so mutually intent, so differently fair, the one a polished surface that reflected light, like a mirror hung opposite a window, the other a lamp grimed by the smoke of careless use, but still giving out radiance from its burning oil. Margaret was smiling wonderingly up at this prettiness, but Kitty seemed to be doing some brainwork.

"How do you do, Mrs. Grey?" she said, suddenly shaking out her cordiality as one shakes out a fan. "It 's very kind of you. Won't you go up-stairs and take off your things?"

"No, thank you," answered Margaret, shyly, "I shall have to go away so soon."

"Ah, do!" begged Kitty, prettily.

It was, of course, that she did not want Margaret to meet the specialist in those awful clothes; but I did not darken the situation by explaining that this disaster had already happened. Instead, I turned to Margaret an expression which conveyed

that this was an act of hospitality the refusal of which we should find wounding, and to that she yielded, as I knew she would. She followed me up-stairs and along the corridors very slowly, like a child paddling in a summer sea. She enjoyed the feeling of the thick carpet underfoot; she looked lingeringly at the pictures on the wall; occasionally she put out a finger to touch a vase as if by that she made its preciousness more her own. Her spirit, I could see, was as deeply concerned about Chris as was mine; but she had such faith in life that she retained serenity enough to enjoy what beauty she came across in her period of waiting. Even her enjoyment was indirectly generous. When she came into my room the backward flinging of her head and her deep "Oh!" recalled to me what I had long forgotten, how fine were its proportions, how clever the grooved arch above the window, how like the evening sky my blue curtains.

"And the lovely things you have on your dressing-table," she commented. "You must have very good taste." The charity that changed my riches to a merit! As I helped her to take off her raincoat and reflected that Kitty would not be pleased when she saw that the removal of the garment disclosed a purple blouse of stuff called moirette that servants use for petticoats, she exclaimed softly Kitty's praises. "I know I should n't make personal remarks, but Mrs. Baldry is lovely. She has three circles round her neck. I 've only two." It was a touching betrayal that she possessed that intimate knowledge of her own person which comes to women who have been loved. I could not for the life of me have told you how many circles there were round my neck. Plainly discontented with herself in the midst of all this fineness, she said diffidently, "Please, I would like to do my hair." So I pulled the arm-chair up to the dressing-table, and leaned on its back while she, sitting shyly on its very edge, unpinned her two long braids, so thick, so dull.

"You 've lovely hair," I said.

"I used to have nice hair," she mourned, "but these last few years I 've let myself go." She made half-hearted attempts to smooth the straggling tendrils on her temples, but presently laid down her brush and clicked her tongue against her teeth. "I hope that man 's not worrying Chris," she said.

There was no reassurance ready, so I went to the other side of the room to put her hat down on a chair, and stayed for a moment to pat its plumes and wonder if nothing could be done with it. But it was, as surgeons say, an inoperable case. So I just gloomed at it and wished I had not let this doctor interpose his plumpness between Chris and Margaret, who since that afternoon seemed to me as not only a woman whom it was good to love, but, as a patron saint must appear to a Catholic, as an intercessory being whose kindliness could be daunted only by some special and incredibly malicious decision of the Supreme Force. I was standing with eyes closed and my hands abstractedly stroking the hat that was the emblem of her martyrdom, and I was thinking of her in a way that was a prayer to her, when I heard her sharp cry. That she, whose essence was a patient silence, should cry out sharply, startled me strangely. I turned.

She was standing up, and in her hand she held the photograph of Oliver that I keep on my dressing-table. It is his last photograph, the one taken just a week before he died.

"Who is this?" she asked.

"The only child Chris ever had. He died five years ago."

"Five years ago?"

Why did it matter so?

"Yes," I said.

"*He* died five years ago, my Dick." Her eyes grew great. "How old was he?"

"Just two."

"My Dick was two." We both were breathing hard. "Why did he die?"

"We never knew. He was the loveliest boy, but delicate from his birth. At the end he just faded away, with the merest cold."

"So did my Dick—a chill. We thought he would be up and about the next day, and he just—"

"'I OUGHT N'T TO DO IT, OUGHT I?'"

Her awful gesture of regret was suddenly paralyzed. She seemed to be fighting her way to a discovery.

"It 's—it 's as if," she stammered, "they each had half a life."

I felt the usual instinct to treat her as though she were ill, because it was evident that she was sustained by a mystic interpretation of life. But she had already taught me something, so I stood aside while she fell on her knees, and wondered why she did not look at the child's photograph, but pressed it to her bosom, as though to stanch a wound. I thought, as I have often thought before, that the childless have the greatest joy in children, for to us they are just slips of immaturity lovelier than the flowers and with the power over the heart, but to mothers they are fleshly cables binding one down to such profundities of feeling as the awful agony that now possessed her. For although I knew I would have accepted it with rapture because it was the result of intimacy with Chris, its awfulness appalled me. Not only did it make my body hurt with sympathy; it shook the ground beneath my feet. For that her serenity, which a moment before had seemed as steady as the earth and as all-enveloping as the sky, should be so utterly dispelled made me aware that I had of late been underestimating the cruelty of the order of things. Lovers are frustrated; children are not begotten that should have had the loveliest life; the pale usurpers of their birth die young. Such a world will not suffer magic circles to endure.

The parlor-maid knocked at the door.

"Mrs. Baldry and Dr. Anderson are waiting in the drawing-room, ma'am."

Margaret reassumed her majesty, and put her white face close to the glass as she pinned up her braids.

"I knew there was a something," she moaned, and set the hair-pins all awry. More she could not say, though I clung to her and begged her; but the slow gesture with which, as we were about to leave the room, she laid her hand across the child's photograph somehow convinced me that we were not to be victorious.

When we went into the drawing-room we found Dr. Anderson, plump and expository, balancing himself on the balls of his feet on the hearth-rug and enjoying the caress of the fire on his calves, while Kitty, showing against the dark frame of her oak chair like a white rosebud that was still too innocent to bloom, listened with that slight reservation of the attention customary in beautiful women.

"A complete case of amnesia," he was saying as Margaret, white-lipped, yet less shy than I had ever seen her, went to a seat by the window, and I sank down on the sofa. "His unconscious self is refusing to let him resume his relations with his normal life, and so we get this loss of memory."

"I 've always said," declared Kitty, with an air of good sense, "that if he would make an effort—"

"Effort!" He jerked his round head about. "The mental life that can be controlled by effort is n't the mental life that matters. "You 've been stuffed up when you were young with talk about a thing called self-control, a sort of barmaid of the soul that says, 'Time 's up, gentlemen,' and 'Here, you 've had enough.' There 's no such thing. There 's a deep self in one, the essential self, that has its wishes. And if those wishes are suppressed by the superficial self,—the self that makes, as you say, efforts, and usually makes them with the sole idea of putting up a good show before the neighbors,—it takes its revenge. Into the house of conduct erected by the superficial self it sends an obsession, which does n't, owing to a twist that the superficial self, which is n't candid, gives it, seem to bear any relation to the suppressed wish. A man who really wants to leave his wife develops a hatred for pickled cabbage which may find vent in performances that lead straight to the asylum. But that 's all technical," he finished bluffly. "My business to understand it, not yours. The point is, Mr. Baldry's obsession is that he can't remember the latter years of his life. Well,"—his winking blue eyes drew us all into a

community we hardly felt,—"what 's the suppressed wish of which it 's the manifestation?"

"He wished for nothing," said Kitty. "He was fond of us, and he had a lot of money."

"Ah, but he did!" countered the doctor, gleefully. He seemed to be enjoying it all. "Quite obviously he has forgotten his life here because he is discontented with it. What clearer proof could you need than the fact you were just telling me when these ladies came in—that the reason the War Office did n't wire to you when he was wounded was that he had forgotten to register his address? Don't you see what that means?"

"Forgetfulness," shrugged Kitty. "He is n't businesslike." She had always nourished a doubt as to whether Chris was really, as she put it, practical, and his income and his international reputation weighed nothing as against his evident inability to pick up pieces at sales.

"One forgets only those things that one wants to forget. It 's our business to find out why he wanted to forget this life."

"He can remember quite well when he is hypnotized," she said obstructively. She had quite ceased to glow.

"Oh, hypnotism 's a silly trick. It releases the memory of a dissociated personality which can't be related—not possibly in such an obstinate case as this—to the waking personality. I 'll do it by talking to him. Getting him to tell his dreams." He beamed at the prospect. "But you—it would be such a help if you would give me any clue to this discontent."

"I tell you," said Kitty, "he was not discontented till he went mad."

He caught the glint of her rising temper.

"Ah," he said, "madness is an indictment not of the people one lives with, only of the high gods. If there was anything, it 's evident that it was not your fault." A smile sugared it, and knowing that where he had to flatter his dissecting hand had not an easy task, he turned to me, whose general appearance suggests that flattery is not part of my daily diet. "You, Miss Baldry, you 've known him longest."

"Nothing and everything was wrong," I said at last. "I 've always felt it." A sharp movement of Kitty's body confirmed my deep, old suspicion that she hated me.

He went back further than I expected.

"His relations with his father and mother, now?"

"His father was old when he was born, and always was a little jealous of him. His mother was not his sort. She wanted a stupid son, satisfied with shooting."

He laid down a remark very softly, like a hunter setting a snare.

"He turned, then, to sex with a peculiar need."

It was Margaret who spoke, shuffling her feet awkwardly under her chair.

"Yes, he was always dependent."

We gaped at her who said this of our splendid Chris, and I saw that she was not as she had been. There was a directness of speech, a straight stare, that was for her a frenzy.

"Doctor," she said, her mild voice roughened, "what 's the use of talking? You can't cure him,"—she caught her lower lip with her teeth and fought back from the brink of tears,—"make him really happy, I mean. All you can do is to make him ordinary."

"I grant you that 's all I do," he said. It queerly seemed as though he was experiencing the relief one feels on meeting an intellectual equal. "It 's my profession to bring people from various outlying districts of the mind to the normal. There seems to be a general feeling it 's the place where they ought to be. Sometimes I don't see the urgency myself."

She continued without joy:

"I know how you could bring him back —a memory so strong that it would recall everything else in spite of his discontent."

The little man had lost in a moment his glib assurance, his knowingness about the pathways of the soul.

"Well, I 'm willing to learn."

"Remind him of the boy," said Margaret.

The doctor ceased suddenly to balance on the balls of his feet.

"What boy?"

"They had a boy."

He looked at Kitty.

"You told me nothing of this!"

"I did n't think it mattered," she answered, and shivered and looked cold, as she always did at the memory of her unique contact with death. "He died five years ago."

He dropped his head back, stared at the cornice, and said with the soft malignity of a clever person dealing with the slow-witted.

"These subtle discontents are often the most difficult to deal with." Sharply he turned to Margaret. "How would you remind him?"

"Take him something the boy wore, some toy he played with."

Their eyes met wisely.

"It would have to be you that did it."

Her face assented.

Kitty said:

"I don't understand. How does it matter so much?" She repeated it twice before she broke the silence that Margaret's wisdom had brought down on us. Then Dr. Anderson, rattling the keys in his trousers-pockets and swelling red and perturbed, answered:

"I don't know, but it does."

Kitty's voice soared in satisfaction.

"Oh, then it 's very simple. Mrs. Grey can do it now. Jenny, take Mrs. Grey up to the nursery. There are lots of things up there."

Margaret made no movement, but continued to sit with her heavy boots resting on the edge of their soles. Dr. Anderson searched Kitty's face, exclaimed, "Oh, well!" and flung himself into an arm-chair so suddenly that the springs spoke. Margaret smiled at that and turned to me, "Yes, take me to the nursery, please." Yet as I walked beside her up the stairs I knew this compliance was not the indication of any melting of this new steely sternness. The very breathing that I heard as I knelt beside her at the nursery door and eased the disused lock seemed to come from a different and a harsher body than had been hers before. I did not wonder that she was feeling bleak, since in a few moments she was to go out and say the words that would end all her happiness, that would destroy all the gifts her generosity had so difficultly amassed. Well, that is the kind of thing one has to do in this life.

But hardly had the door opened and disclosed the empty, sunny spaces swimming with motes before her old sweetness flowered again. She moved forward slowly, tremulous and responsive and pleased, as though the room's loveliness was a gift to her. She stretched out her hands to the clear sapphire walls and the bright fresco of birds and animals with a young delight. So, I thought, might a bride go about the house her husband secretly prepared for her. Yet when she reached the hearth and stood with her hands behind her on the fireguard, looking about her at all the exquisite devices of our nursery to rivet health and amusement on our reluctant little visitor, it was so apparent that she was a mother that I could not imagine how it was that I had not always known it. It has sometimes happened that painters who have kept close enough to earth to see a heavenly vision have made pictures of the assumption of the Blessed Virgin which do indeed show women who could bring God into the world by the passion of their motherhood. "Let there be life," their suspended bodies seem to cry out to the universe about them, and the very clouds under their feet change into cherubim. As Margaret stood there, her hands pressed palm to palm beneath her chin and a blind smile on her face, she looked even so.

"Oh, the fine room!" she cried. "But where 's his little cot?"

"It is n't here. This is the day nursery. The night nursery we did n't keep. It is just a bedroom now."

Her eyes shone at the thought of the cockered childhood this had been.

"I could n't afford to have two nurseries. It makes all the difference to the wee things." She hung above me for a little as I opened the ottoman and rummaged among Oliver's clothes. "Ah, the lovely

little frocks! Did she make them? Ah, well, she 'd hardly have the time, with this great house to see to. But I don't care much for baby frocks. The babies themselves are none the happier for them. It 's all for show." She went over to the rocking-horse and gave a ghostly child a ride. For long she hummed a tuneless song into the sunshine and retreated far away into some maternal dream. "He was too young for this," she said. "His daddy must have given him it. I knew it. Men always give them presents above their age, they 're in such a hurry for them to grow up. We like them to take their time, the loves. But where 's his engine? Did n't he love puffer-trains? Of course he never saw them. You 're so far from the railway station. What a pity! He 'd have loved them so. Dick was so happy when I stopped his pram on the railway-bridge on my way back from the shops, and he could sit up and see the puffers going by." Her distress that Oliver had missed this humble pleasure darkened her for a minute. "Why did he die! You did n't overtax his brain? He was n't taught his letters too soon?"

"Oh, no," I said. I could n't find the clothes I wanted. "The only thing that taxed his little brain was the prayers his Scotch nurse taught him, and he did n't bother much over them. He would say, 'Jesus, tender leopard,' instead of 'Jesus, tender shepherd,' as if he liked it better."

"Did you ever! The things they say! He 'd a Scotch nurse. They say they 're very good. I 've read in the papers the Queen of Spain has one." She had gone back to the hearth again, and was playing with the toys on the mantelpiece. It was odd that she showed no interest in my search for the most memorable garment. A vivacity which played above her tear-wet strength, like a ball of St. Elmo's fire on the mast of a stout ship, made me realize she still was strange. "The toys he had! His nurse did n't let him have them all at once. She held him up and said, 'Baby, you must choose!' and he said, 'Teddy, please, Nanny,' and wagged his head at every word."

I had laid my hand on them at last. I wished, in the strangest way, that I had not. Yet of course it had to be.

"That 's just what he did do," I said.

As she felt the fine kid-skin of the clockwork dog, her face began to twitch.

"I thought perhaps my baby had left me because I had so little to give him. But if a baby could leave all this!" She cried flatly, as though constant repetition in the night had made it as instinctive a reaction to suffering as a moan, "I want a child! I want a child!" Her arms invoked the wasted life that had been squandered in this room. "It 's all gone so wrong," she fretted, and her voice dropped to a solemn whisper. "They each had only half a life."

I had to steady her. She could not go to Chris and shock him not only by her news, but also by her agony. I rose and took her the things I had found in the ottoman and the toy cupboard.

"I think these are the best things to take. This is one of the blue jerseys he used to wear. This is the red ball he and his father used to play with on the lawn."

Her hard hunger for the child that was not melted into a tenderness for the child that had been. She looked broodingly at what I carried, then laid a kind hand on my arm.

"You 've chosen the very things he will remember. Oh, you poor girl!"

I found that from her I could accept even pity.

She nursed the jersey and the ball, changed them from arm to arm, and held them to her face.

"I think I know the kind of boy he was —a man from the first." She kissed them, folded up the jersey, and neatly set the ball upon it on the ottoman, and regarded them with tears. "There, put them back. That 's all I wanted them for. All I came up here for."

I stared.

"To get Chris's boy," she moaned. "You thought I meant to take them out to Chris?" She wrung her hands; her weak voice quavered at the sternness of her resolution. "How can I?"

I grasped her hands.

"Why should you bring him back?" I said. I might have known there was deliverance in her yet.

Her slow mind gathered speed.

"Either I never should have come," she pleaded, "or you should let him be." She was arguing not with me, but with the whole hostile, reasonable world. "Mind you, I was n't sure if I ought to come the second time, seeing we both were married and that. I prayed and read the Bible, but I could n't get any help. You don't notice how little there is in the Bible really till you go to it for help. But I 've lived a hard life and I 've always done my best for William, and I know nothing in the world matters so much as happiness. If anybody 's happy, you ought to let them be. So I came again. Let him be. If you knew how happy he was just pottering round the garden. Men do love a garden. He could just go on. It can go on so easily." But there was a shade of doubt in her voice; she was pleading not only with me, but with fate. "You would n't let them take him away to the asylum. You would n't stop me coming. The other one might, but you 'd see she did n't. Oh, do just let him be!

"Put it like this." She made such explanatory gestures as I have seen cabmen make over their saucers of tea round a shelter. "If my boy had been a cripple,—he was n't; he had the loveliest limbs,—and the doctors had said to me, 'We 'll straighten your boy's legs for you, but he will be in pain all the rest of his life,' I 'd not have let them touch him.

"I seemed to have to tell them that I knew a way. I suppose it would have been sly to sit there and not tell them. I told them, anyhow. But, oh, I can't do it! Go out and put an end to the poor love's happiness! After the time he 's had, the war and all. And then he 'll have to go back there! I can't! I can't!"

I felt an ecstatic sense of ease. Everything was going to be right. Chris was to live in the interminable enjoyment of his youth and love. There was to be a finality about his happiness which usually belongs only to loss and calamity; he was to be as happy as a ring cast into the sea is lost, as a man whose coffin has lain for centuries beneath the sod is dead. Yet Margaret continued to say, and irritated me by the implication that the matter was not settled:

"I ought n't to do it, ought I?"

"Of course not! Of course not!" I cried heartily, but the attention died in her eyes. She stared over my shoulder at the open door, where Kitty stood.

The poise of her head had lost its pride, the shadows under her eyes were black like the marks of blows, and all her loveliness was diverted to the expression of grief. She held in her arms her Chinese sleeve dog, a once-prized pet that had fallen from favor and was now only to be met whining upward for a little love at every passer in the corridors, and it sprawled leaf-brown across her white frock, wriggling for joy at the unaccustomed embrace. That she should at last have stooped to lift the lonely little dog was a sign of her deep unhappiness. Why she had come up I do not know, nor why her face puckered with tears as she looked in on us. It was not that she had the slightest intimation of our decision, for she could not have conceived that we could follow any course but that which was obviously to her advantage. It was simply that she hated to see this strange, ugly woman moving about among her things. She swallowed her tears and passed on, to drift, like her dog, about the corridors.

Now, why did Kitty, who was the falsest thing on earth, who was in tune with every kind of falsity, by merely suffering somehow remind us of reality? Why did her tears reveal to me what I had learned long ago, but had forgotten in my frenzied love, that there is a draft that we must drink or not be fully human? I knew that one must know the truth. I knew quite well that when one is adult one must raise to one's lips the wine of the truth, heedless that it is not sweet like milk, but draws the mouth with its strength, and celebrate communion with reality, or else walk forever queer and

small like a dwarf. Thirst for this sacrament had made Chris strike away the cup of lies about life that Kitty's white hands held to him and turn to Margaret with this vast trustful gesture of his loss of memory. And helped by me, she had forgotten that it is the first concern of love to safeguard the dignity of the beloved, so that neither God in his skies nor the boy peering through the hedge should find in all time one possibility for contempt, and had handed him the trivial toy of happiness. We had been utterly negligent of his future, blasphemously careless of the divine essential of his soul. For if we left him in his magic circle there would come a time when his delusion turned to a senile idiocy; when his joy at the sight of Margaret disgusted the flesh because his smiling mouth was slack with age; when one's eyes no longer followed him caressingly as he went down to look for the first primroses in the wood, but flitted here and there defensively to see that nobody was noticing the doddering old man. Gamekeepers would chat kindly with him, and tap their foreheads as they passed through the copse; callers would be tactful and dangle bright talk before him. He who was as a flag flying from our tower would become a queer-shaped patch of eccentricity on the country-side, the full-mannered music of his being would become a witless piping in the bushes. He would not be quite a man.

I did not know how I could pierce Margaret's simplicity with this last cruel subtlety, and turned to her, stammering. But she said:

"Give me the jersey and the ball."

The rebellion had gone from her eyes, and they were again the seat of all gentle wisdom.

"The truth 's the truth," she said, "and he must know it."

I looked up at her, gasping, yet not truly amazed; for I had always known she could not leave her throne of righteousness for long, and she repeated, "The truth 's the truth," smiling sadly at the strange order of this earth.

We kissed not as women, but as lovers do; I think we each embraced that part of Chris the other had absorbed by her love. She took the jersey and the ball, and clasped them as though they were a child. When she got to the door she stopped and leaned against the lintel. Her head fell back; her eyes closed; her mouth was contorted as though she swallowed bitter drink.

I lay face downward on the ottoman and presently heard her poor boots go creaking down the corridors. Through the feeling of doom that filled the room as tangibly as a scent I stretched out to the thought of Chris. In the deep daze of devotion which followed recollection of the fair down on his cheek, the skin burned brown to the rim of his gray eyes, the harsh and diffident masculinity of him, I found comfort in remembering that there was a physical gallantry about him which would still, even when the worst had happened, leap sometimes to the joy of life. Always, to the very end, when the sun shone on his face or his horse took his fences well, he would screw up his eyes and smile that little stiff-lipped smile. I nursed a feeble glow at that. "We must ride a lot," I planned. And then Kitty's heels tapped on the polished floor, and her skirts swished as she sat down in the armchair, and I was distressed by the sense, more tiresome than a flickering light, of some one fretting.

She said:

"I wish she would hurry up. She 's got to do it sooner or later."

My spirit was asleep in horror. Out there Margaret was breaking his heart and hers, using words like a hammer, looking wise, doing it so well.

"Are n't they coming back?" asked Kitty. "I wish you 'd look."

There was nothing in the garden; only a column of birds swimming across the lake of green light that lay before the sunset.

A long time after Kitty spoke once more:

"Jenny, do look again."

There had fallen a twilight which was a wistfulness of the earth. Under the

cedar-boughs I dimly saw a figure mothering something in her arms. Almost had she dissolved into the shadows; in another moment the night would have her. With his back turned on this fading unhappiness Chris walked across the lawn. He was looking up under his brows at the overarching house as though it were a hated place to which, against all his hopes, business had forced him to return. He stepped aside to avoid a patch of brightness cast by a lighted window on the grass; lights in our house were worse than darkness, affection worse than hate elsewhere. He wore a dreadful, decent smile; I knew how his voice would resolutely lift in greeting us. He walked not loose-limbed like a boy, as he had done that very afternoon, but with the soldier's hard tread upon the heel. It recalled to me that, bad as we were, we were yet not the worst circumstance of his return. When we had lifted the yoke of our embraces from his shoulders he would go back to that flooded trench in Flanders, under that sky more full of flying death than clouds, to that no-man's-land where bullets fall like rain on the rotting faces of the dead.

"Jenny, are n't they there?" Kitty asked again.

"They 're both there."

"Is he coming back?"

"He 's coming back."

"Jenny! Jenny! How does he look?"

"Oh,"—how could I say it?—"every inch a soldier."

She crept behind me to the window, peered over my shoulder and saw.

I heard her suck in her breath with satisfaction.

"He 's cured!" she whispered slowly. "He 's cured!"

# The Drafted Man

*By BADGER CLARK*

Kissed me from the saddle, and I still can feel it burning;
  But he must have felt it cold, for ice was in my veins.
Shall I always see him as he waved above the turning,
  Riding down the cañon to the smoke-blue plains?
Oh, the smoke-blue plains! How I used to watch them sleeping,
  Thinking peace had dimmed them with the shadow of her wings;
Now their gentle haze will seem a smoke of death a-creeping,
  Drifted from the fighting in the country of the kings.

Joked me to the last, and in a voice without a quaver,
  Man o' mine; but underneath the brown his cheek was pale.
Never did the nation breed a kinder or a braver
  Since our fathers landed from the long sea-trail.
Oh, the long sea-trail he must leave me here to follow,
He that never saw a ship, to dare its chances blind,
Out the deadly reaches where the sinking steamers wallow,
  Back to trampled countries that his fathers left behind!

Down beyond the plains, among the fighting and the dying,
  God must watch his reckless foot and follow where it lights,
Guard the places where his blessed, tousled head is lying—
  Head my shoulder pillowed through the warm safe nights.
Oh, the warm, safe nights, and the pine above the shingles!
  Can I stand its crooning and the patter of the rains?
Oh, the sunny quiet and a bridle-bit that jingles,
  Coming up the cañon from the smoke-blue plains!

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon

PAINTING BY WILLIAM HOGARTH

In the Worcester Art Museum, England

# WORLD JUSTICE FOR FRANCE

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

Author of "The New Map of Europe," "The New Map of Africa," "The Foundation of the Ottoman Empire," etc.

[The importance of Dr. Gibbons' article to a correct understanding of the feelings of the French people cannot be exaggerated. The article will appear simultaneously in France.—THE EDITOR.]

BEFORE August 1, 1914, the leaders in the political and intellectual life of France had given up hope of the return of the lost provinces. Most of them deplored the propaganda of a few *exaltés,* in which they saw a menace to the relations between France and Germany. The Peace of Frankfort was regarded as having definitely settled the status of Alsace and Lorraine. Even after Agadir, France remained profoundly pacifist. The Alsatians and Lorrainers realized this. They saw clearly that France did not intend to become the aggressor in a European war. Germany had proved herself stronger than France in 1870, and every decade since then had seen Germany grow more rapidly than France in population and in wealth. To offset this increasing inferiority, France made an alliance with Russia and an "entente" with Great Britain. But both these arrangements were purely defensive. Whatever German apologists may write about the ante-bellum encircling policy of their present enemies, they are unable to cite a single text in the arrangements between France on the one hand, and Russia and Great Britain on the other, to justify the inference, let alone the fact, of an aggressive coalition. France devoted her energies to extra-European expansion. If her diplomacy can be said to have been detrimental to German interests or to have hampered Germany, the conflict of interests was in Africa and not in Europe. Alsace-Lorraine and the Peace of Frankfort were not in question.

Those who were most interested in the attitude of France toward Alsace and Lorraine were naturally the inhabitants of the lost provinces. If any could be expected and relied upon to interpret accurately French public opinion and the aims of French diplomacy, they were the Alsatian leaders. Despite the many incidents that followed the granting of a wholly inadequate constitution in 1910, despite the false interpretation that might have been given to the Agadir crisis in 1911, the Alsatian irreconcilables did not look to France for aid. Quite the contrary. Instead of asking for a revision of the Peace of Frankfort, they made autonomy their program, and insisted that their anti-Prussian agitation had as its aim only, to quote the words of Herr Wolff, "the elevation of Alsace-Lorraine to the rank of an independent and federated state, like the other twenty-five component parts of the German Empire." On May 6, 1912, the following motion, presented by leaders of four of the political groups in the Reichsland, was voted without discussion by the Landtag:

The Chamber invites the Staathalter to instruct the representatives of Alsace-Lorraine in the Bundesrath to use all the force they possess against the idea of a war between Germany and France, and to influ-

ence the Bundesrath to examine the ways which might possibly lead to a rapprochement between France and Germany, which rapprochement will furnish the means of putting an end to the race of armaments.

What more striking, more conclusive proof of the contention, first, that the French Government was not a party, even indirectly, to the agitation for self-government in Alsace-Lorraine, and, secondly, that the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine had no reason to believe that France intended to be drawn into a war for their liberation and return to the status of French provinces?

Germany cannot reproach France with not having stood loyally by the treaty she was compelled to sign at Frankfort. Nor can Germany reproach the people that she took forcibly from France with not having done their best to adapt themselves to their changed political allegiance rather than have Europe once more plunged into a bloody war on their account. Germany had her chance during forty-three years to assimilate Alsace-Lorraine without interference from France or France's friends. Europe, the whole world, accepted the Peace of Frankfort. Alsatians and Lorrainers, although they could not acquiesce in the treaty of which they were the victims, submitted to force, and as time passed with no attempt on the part of France to win them back, they tried to make the best of the terrible situation in which they were placed. If in 1914 there was still an Alsace-Lorraine question, the fault was entirely Germany's. No fair-minded man who reads the history of Alsace and Lorraine under German rule can possibly arrive at any other opinion than this.

When on the morning of August 2, 1914, the Germans crossed the frontier of France near Longwy, they annulled by their own act the Peace of Frankfort. They themselves brought up again, for decision by the test of arms, the fate of the lost provinces. France had to accept the challenge. This time, however, the war deliberately entered upon did not turn out to be a duel between two unequally matched nations and did not end quickly, as the Germans confidently expected, in the crushing of France. Great Britain entered the war on the side of France. Other nations, forced into the struggle by Germany's disregard of treaty obligations and their own sovereignty and interests, joined what has come to be virtually a world coalition. Only if Germany is successful in dictating her own terms of peace at the point of the sword will she be able to prevent many questions, among which that of Alsace-Lorraine is one of the most important, from coming before the Areopagus of nations. Sensing the impossibility of victory by arms, Germany is already preparing throughout the world a propaganda to confuse and mislead the jury, if she fails to prevent the meeting of the jury by corrupting the jurors.

The Central powers, during the year 1917, by skilful manipulation and leadership of their armies, were able to gain new victories. But the odds against Germany and Austria-Hungary, from the purely military point of view, are too great to secure their final triumph on the field of battle. With the lesson of what has happened in Russia and Italy before us, however, we should be fools to believe that their chances are equally poor of winning by diplomacy what is denied them by arms. Even if the powers of the Entente coalition hold together long enough to defeat Germany and her allies and assume to pass judgment upon the vanquished, there remains the hope of confusing, of tricking, the jurors. Democracies are inherently weak in waging war. Each one of Germany's enemies has been handicapped by the difficulty of securing and maintaining unity in the internal body politic. Unity in the conduct of the war has so far proved impossible of attainment. Unless there is a determined effort in each of the Allied countries to educate public opinion on leading questions that must be met and solved, the weakness of the coalition in war will be found to have been a less important disaster than the weakness of the coalition in making peace. For, since the war has become a war in which

every family in the belligerent nations is called upon to contribute blood and treasure, the people will inevitably decide for themselves the objects for which they are fighting. For the first time in history the public opinion of nations, not the private opinion of statesmen, will indicate the solutions to give to the questions before the peace conference.

Public opinion plays a more immediate rôle, in fact. Stupendous sacrifices in human lives, unprecedented financial demands upon the present and the future generations, have not enabled all of us together to bring Germany to her knees. It is mathematically sure that if we stick it out we shall have the victory. But the people who are paying the price want to understand clearly what the objectives are and what the objectives signify for each of the nations at war and for the world as a whole. Our statesmen cannot be too clearly warned that none of the belligerents intends to pull chestnuts out of the fire for another, and that those who have borne the brunt of the burden must not be kept indefinitely in uncertainty concerning our ideas of the terms of peace. All the Allied leaders are facing a situation where the exact objects for which the armies are fighting must be kept before the people clearly and unequivocally. These governmental aims must be satisfactory to the people. The different Allied peoples will have to satisfy one another.

Alsace-Lorraine is a concrete illustration of the vital importance of our taking a stand on European problems. Competent observers of American thought tell me that in America there is no widespread, clearly pronounced national sentiment which insists upon the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France. If the American Government is committed to back France to the bitter end in this question, the Americans do not seem to know it. The French certainly do not. And yet winning back Alsace-Lorraine has become to the French the principal object of the war. I say this without hesitation. France would not have gone to war to win back Alsace and Lorraine, but the moment Germany attacked France the pent-up feelings of forty-three years broke loose. By those who did not know France, Marshal Joffre has been criticized for the initial, ill-fated expedition to Mülhausen and his proclamation to the Alsatians. The criticism is absurd. Joffre could not help himself. The Mülhausen expedition was France's answer to German aggression. Heart, not mind, rules in the great moments of life.

In the middle of August, 1914, before the years of sorrow began, France's first fortnight of the war was summed up in a sketch Georges Scott made for "L'Illustration." An Alsatian girl was clasped in the arms of a French soldier. A fallen frontier post marked *Deutsches Reich* lay on the ground beside them. Under the sketch was one simple word, *"Enfin!"* The sketch was reprinted by the hundreds of thousands. I have seen it in the trenches and in the rest camps everywhere along the French front, and I have seen it in the homes of patrician and bourgeois and peasant all over France. For a few months unpleasant experiences of the French troops in the retreat from Mülhausen and the discovery of false Alsatians domiciled in France caused a certain reaction in the attitude of the French toward the lost provinces. As the French came to realize that they had confused the German *immigrés* with real Alsatians, the feeling quickly passed. Far from being a sign of lack of sympathy, misunderstanding and coolness at the beginning showed how deeply the French felt about Alsace and Lorraine. One is most sensitive about what is most precious. In the declarations of successive ministries and in the press since the early months of 1915 the return of Alsace and Lorraine has been a subject upon which difference of opinion does not exist among Frenchmen.

Before the war, also, there was no difference of opinion about what would happen if a European war did break out. Frenchmen of the present generation have been brought up from infancy to regard Alsace and Lorraine as French. The French mind, however, with its admirable

quality of seeing and facing facts, believed the stolen goods recoverable only by a miracle. The French did not labor under the delusion that they would be able to win back the lost provinces in a war in which they stood alone against Germany, and they realized that no other nation would join them in attacking Germany for the purpose of wresting Alsace and Lorraine from the German Confederation. To understand the paradox of those who prayed for the miracle to happen and yet shrank from the ordeal of a European war, we must realize that France since 1870 has lived in Gethsemane. The cross was always there, but "let this cup pass from me." I feel as if I were trying to analyze something too sacred for words. But the analysis must be made. We Americans simply must understand.

It wounds Frenchmen to hear Englishmen and Americans interpret the demand for the return of Alsace and Lorraine as a question of revenge or of winning back territory. Our comrades-in-arms regard Alsace and Lorraine in a different light. To them the return of Alsace and Lorraine is a question of honor, of justice, of patriotism.

It is a question of honor. When the declaration of the deputies of Alsace and Lorraine was read at Bordeaux, and no answer could be given, shame and humiliation entered the soul of the French nation. The inhabitants of the eastern departments had fought loyally during the war of 1870. France, having failed to defend them, purchased peace from the victor at the price of their slavery. After the transfer had been made the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine continued to call to France. France was powerless to listen to their cry. The white-haired Frenchmen of to-day have never been allowed to forget the dishonor of their youth, and their children have inherited the shame and humiliation. Now France is fighting to wipe out the stain, to redeem the honor of the nation. There is joy in the crucifixion. But if it be not for redemption, the sacrifices of France are irreparable, and there will be death to this people, not resurrection.

It is a question of justice. The French are chivalrous by nature. They are keen about the wrongs of all subject races, and are as thoroughly imbued with the ideal of "the consent of the governed" as are Anglo-Saxons. The determination to continue to fight for the attainment of this ideal is enhanced in the particular case of Alsace and Lorraine by the fact that the people of the lost provinces have suffered for nearly half a century through France's own fault. The diplomatic blunders of Napoleon III and his ministers, the incompetent management and leadership of French generals, the hasty proclamation of the republic, made it possible for Germany to oppress Alsace and Lorraine. If the war does not end in undoing the wrongs nearest home, for what reason has France been fighting? There are obligations to Belgium and Serbia and other allies, but France rightly puts first the obligation to those of her own household.

It is a question of patriotism. The increase of wealth and population and territory through the return of Alsace and Lorraine to the mother country is no small stake to fight for, and it is a justifiable one, since it means taking back what has been stolen. But material considerations have little weight in this war, the prolonging of which is costing France far more than what Alsace and Lorraine could mean in compensation. It would be folly, not patriotism, to continue to fight for material gain where the outlay is greater than the stake. France did not fully realize how essential a part of the nation were the eastern departments until she lost them. The Third Republic has suffered more than can be measured by the amputation of a member of the national body. Like the populations of the Pas-de-Calais and the other northern and northeastern departments, the Alsatians and Lorrainers were an indispensable element of equilibrium in the political and economic and social structure of France. Patriotism, quite as much as honor and a sense of justice, cries out against the conclusion of a peace that does not stipulate

the return, pure and simple, of Alsace and Lorraine to France. For Frenchmen believe that the maintenance of the frontier along the Vosges would mean to France political and social injury of a mortal character.

So much for the sentiment and for the interest of France. The coalition against the Central powers is also interested in the return of Alsace and Lorraine to France.

We are fighting for a durable peace, we say. Can this durable peace be secured otherwise than by the substitution of right for force in international relations, by the removal of historic causes of conflict between nations, and by the reestablishment of all the belligerents within their legitimate boundaries? If we envisage peace solely as the forcing of the will of the conquerors upon the conquered, where, then, is the substitution of right for force? In every belligerent country the violent partizans, the cynics, and the reactionaries are banded together to combat the idea of the society of nations, and those who have taken at face-value the declared principles of the belligerents are called dreamers and dangerous fools. The great error of this war is the tendency to confuse the two terms, victory and peace. We must fight poison with poison, is the argument. Ergo, we shall have the victory only by doing as the Prussians do. All well and good. But if we go on to the next step and maintain that we must make peace as the Prussians would make it, we mock our dead. Are we crying out against the horror of a German peace, and in the same breath preparing to imitate what we consider no sacrifice too great to prevent our arch-enemy from doing? If we are not idealists, we are realists. If we are realists, what is the difference between ourselves and our enemies? The defeat of Germany is not an end. It is a means to an end. The end is the establishment of the principle that right makes might.

It is a pity that polemicists frequently fall into the trap of putting together clear and debatable issues. When they fail to see distinctions and when they make analogies where there is no analogy, they do not serve the cause in which their pens are enlisted. "Going the whole hog" is dangerous. Absurd exaggerations of Polish claims and the attempt to put the aspirations of Italian irredentism on the same footing as France's title to Alsace-Lorraine are examples of this. The successful pleader is he who knows what to leave out of his brief. Irredentist arguments, based on historical and ethnological considerations, can be met by exactly the same sort of reasoning on the other side. The question of Alsace-Lorraine is unique among the issues of the war. It must not be confused with certain aims of Italy, or with the revival of medieval states, some of which never existed as we conceive national organisms to-day.

The programs of partizans for remaking the map of Europe reveal the ignorance and inconsistency of those who present them. They are conceived not with the idea of rendering justice, but with the thought of breaking the power of the enemy. There is no effort to distinguish between territories incorporated in their present political jurisdiction before the inhabitants as a whole had developed national consciousness and territories whose present political status was a violation of the will of the people concerned at the moment it was established, and has remained a violation of their will ever since. Of the latter category, Alsace-Lorraine stands out as the one clear case against Germany.

Hence the members of the coalition against the Central powers have a common interest in insisting upon the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France. Restoration to their rightful jurisdiction of the provinces wrested from France by force in 1870 will be the tangible symbol of our victory. It will mean the triumph of the principle for which we are fighting. It will prove to our enemies that we have been able to succeed in what we have set before us, the refutation of the doctrine that national expansion secured and maintained by force can receive the assent of the world. For a new order in interna-

tional relations will be born of this war only by the abandonment of the doctrine of Cain that has heretofore been the basis of international polity. Unless our own national interests have dictated to us the wisdom of opposing a neighbor's title by force of arms, we have invariably accepted de facto extensions and changes of sovereignty. There never has been an international conscience. When we thought our own interests were at stake, we howled and sometimes backed our protests by force. Otherwise, we shrugged our shoulders, and said, "*Laisser-faire!*"

The future of Alsace-Lorraine is not a question between France and Germany. It is a question between the world and Germany, and we must see it that way. If Europe has been an armed camp since 1870, if the theft of Alsace-Lorraine was the beginning of a long preparation that visited upon the world its present calamities, is Germany alone to blame? What nation went to the aid of France at that time? What nation listened to the cry of distress of Alsatians and Lorrainers? What nation refused to accept the Peace of Frankfort? Because we tolerated this crime against civilization we all have our direct responsibility. Only those who strike their own breasts, with a sincere repetition of *mea culpa,* are successful in leading sinners to repentance.

But we cannot treat the question of Alsace-Lorraine solely from the French and international point of view. The reader who is far away from the bitterness and passion of the war and who is not impregnated with the feeling of France about Alsace-Lorraine will ask pointedly, "Is the milk spilt?" He will not be satisfied with assertions unsupported by facts of the continued loyalty of Alsatians and Lorrainers to France unless these assertions are supported by facts. Forty-seven years is a long time, and the Anglo-Saxon world is not ready to accept the French contention, voiced by Monsieur Ribot, that "a title based on right cannot be outlawed." Whatever the basis of the title, time does outlaw. The world has moved forward rapidly, and the economic and social changes of the last half century are of a sweeping character. Because of the political evolution of nations, through universal education and universal suffrage, we have no right to assume that the children are bound by the action of their fathers or that they accept the judgment of their fathers. None can deny that the forcible incorporation of Alsace-Lorraine into the German Confederation was a violation of the principle of "the consent of the governed" in 1870. It does not follow per se, however, that the retention of Alsace-Lorraine in the German Confederation is a violation of that principle in 1918.

France's reasons for demanding the return of Alsace-Lorraine are convincing to her friends and allies. It is clear, also, that their interests—destroying German militarism and vindicating international morality — dictate a support of France's demand. But unless we are sure that the present generation wants to become French, the right and the wisdom of the restoration are open to question.

Now we have come to the very heart of the problem. Two questions arise. Are the lost provinces in the German Confederation against their will? Do they want to be reincorporated in France? Polemicists make these questions one and the same thing, and try to give a common answer. The result is that what they advocate lacks conviction to the impartial reader. In the eyes of the seeker after the truth, who does not intend to be misled or fooled, the case for France is not helped by briefs in which strong points and weak points, statements based on fact and inferences, are presented together as of equal value. A study of the polemical literature of the Alsace-Lorraine question shows how cleverly the Germans have attempted to strengthen their case by attacking the debatable arguments of their opponent.

Are the lost provinces in the German Confederation against their will? Yes. The proofs? Here they are: (1) proceedings of the Reichstag from 1871 to 1914 inclusive; (2) editorials and news columns of the papers of Strasburg, Mül-

hausen, Colmar, and Metz, which fairly represent the whole of Alsace-Lorraine; (3) the testimony of ecclesiastics, Catholic and Protestant alike, who know the feeling of the people; (4) the attitude of the land-owning and industrial bourgeois classes; (5) the wide-spread refusal of young Alsatians and Lorrainers of all classes, in the face of exile, confiscation of property, and death, to serve in the German armies.

(1) The official reports of the sessions of the Reichstag show that the deputies of Alsace-Lorraine have never ceased to protest against their political status. These deputies were elected by universal suffrage, and their sentiments were known to their constituents. In the course of debates members of the Reichstag from other parts of Germany have frequently admitted that the Alsace-Lorraine members were interpreting accurately the opinion of those whom they represented. Most striking is the evidence afforded by the official proceedings in 1910, 1911, and 1913. When the present war broke out the most prominent Alsatians and Lorrainers in the Reichstag fled from Germany and have carried on ever since their campaign of protest in France, Great Britain, and the United States. I know some of these men. Their record is clear. Fearless and of unquestioned integrity, they have sacrificed everything to represent their constituents before the public opinion of the world.

(2) Fortunately, just as members of the Reichstag were elected by universal suffrage and could speak freely, there was also liberty of the press in Germany. Newspaper editors, writers, and cartoonists were sometimes prosecuted and always persecuted by the German authorities. But there was no preventive censorship. In the newspaper files, which give the history of Alsace-Lorraine during the forty-three years between the two wars, written from day to day by people on the spot, we have not only the opinion of editorial writers and cartoonists, but also the freshly recorded facts concerning events as they took place. The year 1913 shows no change from the year 1872. I was personally interested in the question of Alsace-Lorraine before the present war, and between the years of 1910 and 1914 I have corroborated the statements of outside writers by consulting the newspapers of the locality where these events occurred. So there is no doubt in my mind about the accuracy of what has been written to show the hostility of Alsatians and Lorrainers of the present generation to Germany and to their position in the German Confederation. The facts are against German polemicists who assert that this hostility is shown by a few irreconcilables.

(3) German supporters among the ecclesiastics of Alsace-Lorraine are almost without exception *immigrés*. In talking to priests and pastors of Alsatian birth I have not found one who does not tell me that the members of his flock are anti-German. Since 1870, even when German menaces came in the form of orders from ecclesiastical superiors and meant the sacrifice of preferment, the clergy and the religious orders remained obdurate. During the decade before the present war the Catholic Church had just grievances against France. In 1914, however, wherever the French returned into Alsatian territory, they were received with open arms by the local clergy. Contrast this attitude with that of the Belgian clergy in face of the German invasion. The religious orders dropped with alacrity German teaching in the schools and, although French was to many of them a less familiar language, they started to use it at once. No pressure was brought to bear by the French military authorities inside or outside the schools. In view of the pro-Germanism of many Catholic prelates and priests in Spain and Italy, these facts are most significant. Most of the *immigrés* are Protestant; but the aristocracy of landed proprietors and the wealthy industrial bourgeoisie, the strongest elements of undying hostility to Germany, are also Protestant. Pastors have proved themselves as implacable enemies of Germanism as are the priests. The religious question, then, does not enter in.

(4) In "The New Map of Africa" I wrote:

> Personal observation on the ground has taught me that in the countries of whose nationalist and irredentist movements we hear so much, the prime movers and agitators are college professors and professional men and students who have little or nothing to risk or lose by a change of government. Landowners and manufacturers and business men rarely allow their heart to run away with their head. They know which side their bread is buttered on. They worship the golden calf of a *status quo*.

It is precisely because this statement is not true of Alsace-Lorraine that Alsace-Lorraine is unique among the questions of territorial change for which the belligerents are fighting. The lost provinces of France have benefited materially with the rest of Germany in the marvelous economic prosperity of the last few decades. We might argue that this prosperity would have come anyway, had Alsace-Lorraine remained French. But the fact of material benefit remains. Hence the failure of Germany to assimilate Alsace-Lorraine is all the more striking. The undying protest of those who have seen their lands increase in value and their factories in output is eloquent testimony of the truth that man does not live by bread alone.

I have resided in Turkey among the Armenians, and have been eye-witness of massacres. And yet I say that contemporary history records no more pitiful, no more heartrending martyrdom than that of the people of Alsace-Lorraine under German rule. For they have had to will to suffer. I wish it were in my power to forget some of the stories told me by all classes of Alsatians, the simple record of their family life. If one wants to realize the heinousness of the Peace of Frankfort, the absence of the quality of mercy in German official classes, the perversion of natural instincts of German imperialists, let him talk to fathers and mothers and wives and children among cultivated Alsatians and Lorrainers. Let him listen to the young men who have not been able to escape wearing the helmet that is at the same time the brand of shame and the badge of slavery. Those whose memory goes back before 1870 may say:

> "Nessun maggior dolore
> Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
> Nella miseria."

But the younger generation has never known one day of happiness, and does not agree with Dante. To the boys, as they grew to adolescence, German rule has meant either wearing the uniform of the hated conqueror or a life of exile far from loved ones. The girls have no choice. Born and raised in an atmosphere of grief, if they have married, it has been with the prayer that God would spare them the anguish of having sons.

I am not exaggerating. Any Alsatian whose family believed that the higher patriotism was staying in the country and submitting to the Germans would assure you that hell is not too strong a word to describe his life. One mother told me that she gave up all her sons when they reached the age of thirteen and has never had them in her home since; another, in the presence of her young daughters, said she would rather see them prostitutes than married to Germans; another, that, when her husband was dying, her son, on the French side of the frontier, climbed a high tree in the Vosges to try to look down into the valley of his home town. He knew, and in the mad frenzy of his grief tried to slip by the German guards. But they turned him back.

Who would dare to say that the martyrdom, because it was self-imposed, has no claim to sympathy? A proud race does not submit to the yoke of the conqueror, and only those call the vanquished fools who are themselves without honor and without traditions. If the Alsatians have been fools to choose during all these years to refuse to become reconciled to a government maintained by force of arms, then Washington and his companions were fools to suffer at Valley Forge; all who

have cried, "Give me liberty or give me death," have been fools.

(5) At the time of the cession of Alsace-Lorraine to Germany it was difficult for the victims to decide what was best to do. Hundreds of thousands, immediately or during the period of transition that followed, chose France and went into exile. Others felt that it was their duty to stay and keep alive the protest. They believed that the fortune of arms might soon bring them back to France, while, on the other hand, if they moved out and let the Germans have their will, Alsace and Lorraine would be permanently lost to France. So they chose the harder part. In the course of time, when the situation seemed to become permanent and a new generation was born and came to manhood, the younger Alsatians had to face obligatory service. This was too great a humiliation for the cultivated classes. They did not oppose, but rather encouraged, their sons to leave. It is impossible to give exact figures of Alsatians and Lorrainers who chose exile rather than service in the German army. We do know, however, that the stream of young men from Alsace-Lorraine to the other side of the Vosges never ceased. Even those who did their service in Germany could not bring themselves to fight with Germany. During the mobilization there were desertions by the thousands, and since 1914 Alsatians and Lorrainers have deserted on the Eastern as well as on the Western front whenever there was an opportunity. More than twenty thousand young men under thirty, who completed their military training in Germany, are serving to-day in the French army. More than a hundred thousand others who were born in the lost provinces are wearing the French uniform. This refutes the German calumny that the motive of Alsatian desertion has been to shirk military duties.

Words count for little. If Alsatians and Lorrainers limited their protests against belonging to Germany to talk, we might well question their sincerity. But when they back up their protests by willingness to sacrifice life and property, do we want other proof of their attitude? It seems incredible that Herr von Kuhlmann should have dared recently to pay a tribute to "the loyalty of Alsace-Lorraine to the German fatherland" in face of the following facts which deal with the year of our Lord 1917. (1) There are two Alsatian officers of pure blood in the German army, while France has generals Maud'huy, d'Urbal, Micheler, Dubail, Mangin, Hirschauer, Lardemelle, Sibille, Levi, Leblois, Heyman, Blondin, Andlauer, Schwartz, Metz, and Poudragum, one hundred and forty-five other superior officers, and thousands of captains and lieutenants; (2) army orders show that the authorities dare not employ the regiments from Alsace-Lorraine in the German army against France and that they hold them under strict surveillance everywhere; (3) tens of thousands of deserters are posted, and measures taken for the confiscation of their property in the German Empire; (4) the courts martial and the civil tribunals of the Reichsland, although they work under pressure, are at this writing — January, 1918 — several months behind in trying the cases of civilians accused of high treason and showing open sympathy with the enemy.

We pass to the second question. Do the lost provinces want to be reincorporated in France? An unqualified affirmative answer, supported by proofs, is impossible to give. We might argue that since most of the evidence I have cited to prove the hostility of Alsatians and Lorrainers to Germany implies affection for France, the presumption is strong in favor of the desire of the large majority to return to the old allegiance. But we must make an honest effort to take into account the law that seems to be almost universal in the working out of nationalist movements in border provinces. Small nations have a habit of playing off one big neighbor against another. Frequently the power that covets a province beyond its confines is encouraged by the growth of an irredentism that gives birth to false hopes. The irredentism is found to have

been almost wholly on the side of the mother-land. For the border people too often receive favorably overtures from outside, and nourish at home a sentiment of affection for a neighboring power, only as the means of wringing concessions and securing an amelioration of their lot, politically and economically, from the Government to which they are subject. There is no real desire to change allegiance. If it came to the point of decision, might not the economic and social advantages of continuing to be a part of the state to which the province actually belonged be considered more precious than a better political status through union with another state?

We cannot ignore this point. The Germans have raised it, and their polemicists declare that the great bulk of the people of Alsace-Lorraine, who have used the old sentiment for France to secure autonomy and the banishment of Prussian functionaries, in the bottom of their hearts, prefer to remain in the German Confederation. For, like the Poles of Posen, they would not want to give up what they have enjoyed and have become accustomed to under German rule: a well organized, smoothly running, efficient administration; enlightened social legislation for the working-classes; participation of the church in secular education; good pay and good pensions for functionaries and school-teachers; and, above all, economic prosperity through union with the greatest industrial state in the world.

Unfortunately for Germany, however, Alsatians and Lorrainers have not been allowed to enjoy the benefits of belonging to the German Confederation under the same conditions as the German states. Constituted as a Reichsland, Alsace-Lorraine has always remained a Reichsland. From 1871 until the present time—and never more than since the beginning of this war—the people of the lost provinces have been made to feel that they are a conquered race. There was no serious attempt to assimilate or reconcile them. They were not left to themselves with the dignity and privileges of membership in the German Confederation. Their governors, their functionaries, their schoolmasters, their railway and municipal officials, have always been foreigners enforced upon them by Berlin. The Germans chose the rôle of conquerors and exploiters. Perhaps they could play no other rôle. Perhaps they did not want to play another rôle. The consequences have been disastrous for Germany, favorable for France. Different in race, antipathetic in culture, always mindful of the fact that they were made German subjects against their consent, the people of Alsace-Lorraine, even if they have misgivings in the purely material sense about returning to France, as France has evolved since 1870, certainly prefer France unknown to Germany known. In 1872, when the last days of choice between exile and German allegiance drew to a close, thousands of Alsatians who had hesitated for a year, rich and poor alike, emigrated to France. When asked why they were leaving for France without knowledge of where they were going or what they were going to do, simple peasants responded, "We shall not die Prussians." The spirit of 1918 is that of 1872.

If the French and the Alsatian leaders who are advocating the return of Alsace and Lorraine to France without conditions are sure of the sentiments of the people of the lost provinces, why not a plebiscite? Would not that be the simplest and the easiest and the surest way of finding out the real sentiments of the people of Alsace and Lorraine, and at the same time of maintaining in the peace conference the principle of deciding the political status of debatable territories on the basis of "the consent of the governed"? The plebiscite idea has been mooted by advanced thinkers and by socialists, and was adopted officially by the Russian revolutionists. But an *ante factum* plebiscite, nowhere easy to arrange, is not at all feasible in Alsace-Lorraine. The arguments in its favor are wholly theoretical. The arguments against it are practical and, to those who know local conditions or take the trouble to study them, convincing. History has demonstrated that

an occupying army can carry a plebiscite if it will. Even were both armies withdrawn, and the plebiscite conducted under neutral or indigenous auspices, Germany's facilities for espionage, perfected as they are in the Reichsland, would remain. With the future uncertain, fear of reprisals would prevent a free vote. Would it be fair to deprive exiles, driven from their native land by the consequences of the Peace of Frankfort, of their votes, and allow *immigrés,* nine tenths of them German functionaries or children of functionaries, to have a part in deciding the destiny of a land of which they are not natives and to which they are attached by no traditional or cultural bonds?

The proposition of a buffer state is inadmissible. Not only would it mean the economic ruin of the country between the Vosges and the Rhine, but it would also be planting the seed for a future war. Alsace-Lorraine could not live alone. No greater misfortune could come to the inhabitants of this border-land, to Germany and France, to the whole world, than the neutralization of the rich provinces. They would remain a bone of contention as they have in the past.

Only if Alsace-Lorraine is given back to France will the balance of power be restored in Europe. Only this solution of the problem will assure Alsatians and Lorrainers the opportunity to speak for themselves — an opportunity they have lacked since 1870. When they become again an integral part of France, the election of deputies and senators to the French parliament will take place. It will be a genuine plebiscite. France does not fear this plebiscite. Otherwise, it would be folly for her to make the return of Alsace-Lorraine a war aim.

Since August, 1917, in the fourth year of French reoccupation, I have had the privilege of visiting the reconquered portions of Alsace twice. I have wandered at will from town to town, and have seen, in the light of the tragic and uncertain present, manifold evidences of loyalty and affection and devotion to France. In schools, in factories, and in *mairies,* I have observed the results of French administration. Almost all of the French authorities are Alsatian by birth and tradition. They are fully alive to the problems they have to face. They realize that the reassimilation of the lost provinces in the French republic will necessitate changes in the political organism of France, changes in law and the spirit of administering law, changes that are economic and social fully as much as political. But France is willing to accept the task before her. She is eager to receive again into her bosom the provinces over the loss of which she has suffered.

Answering a question in the House of Commons, Mr. Balfour said recently that since August 4, 1914, the return of Alsace and Lorraine to France has been one of Great Britain's war aims. Since April 4, 1917, has it not been also one of our war aims? Deep down in the heart of every American is a passionate love for France, a firm determination to see that the wrongs of France at the hands of Germany are righted. France cannot be herself again without the return of Alsace and Lorraine. At this critical moment when the burden of France is immeasurably greater than ours it is our duty to give her renewed inspiration for the struggle. It will come only from an official declaration of the American Government that we are fighting for the return of the lost provinces to the mother country.

# CRAFTSMEN OF THE WILDS

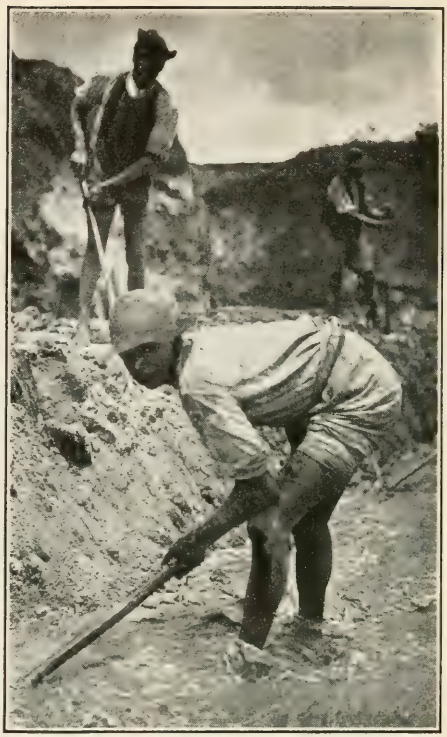
*Ten Photographs by*

HARRY A. FRANCK

A MARKET INDIAN OF QUITO, ECUADOR, SPINNING AS SHE WALKS

WEIGHING SUGAR IN PERNAMBUCO, BRAZIL

AN INDIAN WOMAN OF THE ANDES MAKING NATIVE YARN FROM A BLACK SHEEP



DIGGING FOR DIAMONDS IN THE DIAMANTINA DISTRICT, STATE OF MINAS GERAES, BRAZIL

DIAMANTINA, BRAZIL. CUTTING DIAMONDS IN A CRUDE NATIVE MILL

A FREIGHT AND PASSENGER CRAFT ACROSS THE BAY OF ARACAJÚ, ON THE BRAZILIAN COAST

WOMEN OF FRENCH GUIANA HOMEWARD BOUND FROM MARKET

THE "WHITE-WINGS" OF CAYENNE, FRENCH GUIANA

A *GAUCHO*, OR COWBOY, OF THE ROLLING PLAINS OF URUGUAY

A RESIDENT OF CURAÇAO, OFF THE NORTH COAST OF VENEZUELA, WEAVING A PALM-LEAF HAT

# The Republic of Finland

By AINO MALMBERG

THE press has spread the news that two envoys are being sent by the Finnish Government to ask for official American acknowledgment of the Republic of Finland. One of them, Dr. K. Ignatius, is already in Washington, and the other, Professor J. Reuter, is on his way to America. Finland has reached an agreement with the Russian Government; Sweden, Denmark, France, and Germany have already acknowledged the new republic, and the other European countries are soon expected to act accordingly. The task for the Finns in Washington does not, therefore, seem a hopeless one.

Finland is admittedly one of the most interesting small countries of Europe, beautiful in its natural scenery, but poor in soil, though high in intellectual development. The vast majority of its three and a half million of inhabitants belong to the Finnish-Ugrian stock, the origin of which is not yet clear. The Finnish language is soft and musical, but exceedingly difficult to learn.

The Finns are a wide-awake people, though they are among the youngest in civilization. Only a hundred years ago they were a handful of unlettered folk without schools or native literature. Today they are a highly educated nation, with no illiteracy, with an excellent educational system, with art, literature and music standing on a high plane of development. Fate was kind to Finland, creating the necessary circumstances for this rapid development: a change in the political status of the country, a powerful national awakening all over Europe, the discovery of the Finnish national epic, "The Kalevala," and finally enough political oppression to make the nation exert all its economic and intellectual power in the fight for national existence.

From the middle of the twelfth century to the beginning of the nineteenth, Finland was under Swedish rule. During all that time little was done to raise the standard of the Finnish-speaking population. Education was obtainable only in Swedish, the language of the ruling few.

The creative power of a naturally gifted nation had, nevertheless, to find expression, and it was chiefly during these centuries that the vast treasure of Finnish folk-lore was created.

In 1809, after the last Russo-Swedish War, Finland came under Russian rule and received a liberal local autonomy from Czar Alexander I. The semi-independent status of the country made the nation gain in confidence and responsibility. Finland rapidly became aware of the fact that a new era in her history had begun, and when the great national awakening took place in Europe, she threw herself heart and soul into the movement. The Swedish-speaking upper classes showed a deep understanding of the spirit of the times, adopting the work for the Finnish nation as their own. Later on, when the Finns felt themselves grown up and wanted to be masters in their own house, the Swedish upper classes naturally resented it, and a bitter fight over the supremacy of the two languages began. The outcome was clear beforehand. The language of the majority gained ground quickly, and is now the ruling language in all departments of national life in Finland.

In the beginning of the last century Finland had a few powerful intellectual leaders who helped the nation to find its own soul. J. L. Runeberg, J. W. Snellman, and Elias Lönnrot are the most important names of that time. Runeberg was the greatest poet of the nation, who, though he wrote in Swedish, gave the truest and most inspiring interpretation of the spirit

of Finland struggling for national expression. Snellman was a philosopher, a disciple of Hegel, who created the philosophic background to the national movement.

Significant as the works of Runeberg and Snellman were to the Finnish nation, still more important was the work of Elias Lönnrot. He was the son of a poor tailor in a little village far away in the heart of Finland. His genius and his unbreakable energy opened to him the way to education, and he became a physician. At that time some Finnish folk-lore had already been collected, and was known to Lönnrot. He was deeply impressed by it, and when his work took him to those districts of Finland where the old songs, or *runos,* were still sung by the people, he began to collect them systematically and with great care and judgment. Lönnrot possessed all the qualities required to make him peculiarly fit for the work he had undertaken. He had the natural instinct of a peasant singer combined with thorough learning and a deep love for those old *runos,* created and sung generation after generation by this racially isolated little nation in the North. He was certainly more competent than any one else to arrange the different fragments of the *runos* each in its right place, thus giving to the Finns their national epic, "The Kalevala."

The importance of this gift cannot be over-rated. Here was a country whose people had just awakened from a dream of centuries, and were beginning to understand that they were a different nation and had to work out their own salvation in their own peculiar way. Or, to quote "The Kalevala," they had to find "the word of origin" which would give them the key of life. They had a language, yes, but was it fit for artistic and scientific purposes? They were willing to take part in the work of mankind, but did they have anything original, anything of their own to offer?

"The Kalevala" gave a triumphant answer to all those questions. Its *runos* held music, and in it all lay the keynote of the whole nation's philosophy of life, because it was created not by one person, but by the nation itself. "The Kalevala" became the broad basis upon which the Finnish language and the Finnish culture developed during the days when Finland was assuming a national entity.

At the present time the literature of Finland forms a very interesting group of its kind. Finland is the natural intellectual buffer state between East and West. It is the territory where the waves from both sides meet and break. This does not mean, of course, that Finland is a kind of devastated no-man's-land which has lost its own fertility. The intellectual waves from East and West have had, on the contrary, a wonderfully invigorating effect upon modern Finnish literature. The Finns have always shown themselves exceedingly sensitive to the different currents in European life. When a strong force is working in one corner of Europe, the Finns feel it immediately, and invite it to their own country. The result, however, becomes another in Finland than in the country whence the influence came. There was a time when Guy de Maupassant was charming Finland, but the character of the Finnish Maupassant was vastly different from that of his French brother, though there existed a family likeness. In the same way a Finnish Tolstoy has another expression of life than the Tolstoy of Russia, though his moral and philosophic principles may be the same.

The greatest living novelist of Finland is undoubtedly Juhani Aho. There has never been any one to describe Finnish nature with the subtlety and tenderness of Juhani Aho, and as a master of the Finnish language he has not yet been surpassed. He started as a realist, but later on joined the neo-romanticists, which seems to be more in accordance with his nature.

The Tolstoy of Finland is Arvid Järnefelt, a personal friend and devoted follower of the Russian genius. His success as a writer has been great in the Northern countries, but not as a prophet. Asceticism of the Tolstoyan kind seems to be impossible even north of the arctic circle.

When speaking of modern Finnish literature it is impossible not to mention at least two more writers: the lyric poet and novelist Eino Leino and the much-admired novelist Johannes Linnankoski, whose death a few years ago was an irreparable loss to Finnish literature. His "Song of the Fiery Red Flower" still remains one of the favorite novels not only in Finland, but of northern Europe. It is the story of a Finnish Don Juan, told with so much poetry and understanding of the human soul and of Northern nature that it must always keep its place as one of the treasures of literature.

Finnish music speaks for itself. Jean Sibelius, the most Finnish of Finns in music, needs no introduction. The present time seems to be a period of music. No political oppression could ever silence song in Finland, because song is the magic of the Finns. Those who like to prophesy tell us that Toivo Kuula will be the next man to follow Sibelius in the conquest of the musical world.

Among Finnish artists Kallela, Järnefelt, and Edelfelt are the best known. Only Kallela has come as far as America. Some of his pictures received generous recognition at the San Francisco Exposition.

The scientific development has gone hand in hand with the artistic growth, though naturally the names of scholars do not easily become household words. The famous sociologist, Professor Edward Westermarck, is perhaps the most popular among Finnish men of science.

The opponents of the independence of Finland always point to the marvelous intellectual development that took place in less than a century, and quite rightly assure us that such rapid growth has never taken place anywhere else except in the wealthy United States. Then why not remain under Russian rule, which apparently has been beneficial?

It is perfectly true that Russian oppression and Finnish development stand in close relationship to each other. When the national movement started in the beginning of the last century it took on a strongly educational character. The Finns were always aware of the fact that if they were to live a life of their own and not be assimilated by their strong neighbors, they had to rise to an equal or a higher level of civilization than theirs. They were never allowed to forget the threat from the East, and the danger kept them alert. Alexander I left the Finns in peace to sober down from the wonderful discovery of being a new, young, and strong nation; but his successor, Nicholas I, was a Czar of the old pattern, and could not suffer any kind of independent life inside the boundaries of his realm. He promptly forbade the Finns to publish anything in the Finnish language except books on agriculture and religion. The Finnish Diet was not allowed to assemble during his reign, and he showed clearly that he meant to rule as an autocrat in Finland and not as a constitutional monarch. His successor, Alexander II, left the Finns to manage their own affairs, and it was chiefly during his reign that the country progressed at top speed. Nicholas I had given the nation a warning not to feel too safe, and now was the time to prepare for coming evil days. Preparation in the Finnish vocabulary meant education. Political reaction began during the reign of Alexander III, and during the time of Nicholas II it developed into ruthless oppression. But Finland stood prepared; the people were educated and could recognize the coming danger.

It is perhaps necessary to point out another fact which helped the Finns in their uneven fight after 1899, when Nicholas II gave a death-blow to the Finnish constitution. Northern people are passionately attached to the country of their birth. The farther north one goes, the more one notices it. It may be a trick of nature in order to prevent those poor districts from being depopulated. Thus, when the fight for national existence became acute, the Finns felt it like a personal misfortune.

One of the things that became clear to the Finns at this time was that the forces of the community had been directed too strongly toward the intellectual develop-

ment, at the cost of the economic development. As soon as they realized this, they began to mend matters. This was the beginning of the coöperative movement which has changed thoroughly the economic standard of the people.

The time from 1899 to 1905, "the years of disaster," as the Finns call that period, was full of greater suffering than Finland had ever before known. Lawlessness, persecution of honest and loyal citizens, corruption, suppression of free speech, and all the other characteristics of Russian autocratic rule were introduced in the unhappy country. The rest of Europe expressed its sympathy, but did nothing to help. Every week Finland's fight for national existence grew harder and harder, and all hope seemed in vain.

The crisis came in 1905, when the first revolution, or, rather, the rehearsal of a revolution, took place in Russia. On October 31 all Finland went on strike. For eight days life seemed to come to a standstill. The mental effect of this unanimous demonstration has lasted to this very day. The immediate consequence was that the czar restored all the laws he had violated, and granted to Finland certain new rights demanded by the nation. The most important one was the introduction of general suffrage for every man and woman of twenty-four years of age. Finland was thus the first European country to give its women full political rights.

Normal life lasted for a few years, and then oppression began anew. The conditions, however, were now quite different, for the national strike had shown what a weak nation could do if people acted unanimously, and this knowledge made all future struggle easier.

The renewed Russian oppression grew more and more ruthless until the final blow came a few months after the war had started. In November, 1914, the czar issued a new program, which virtually abolished all the few rights that were still left to Finland. It came somewhat untimely, just after Mr. Asquith had declared that the Allies, including Russia, were fighting for the rights of small nations.

After the Russian revolution in March the laws of Finland were restored again, and life looked brighter for the country, though, alas! only for a few weeks. The newly restored laws were broken by the Russian governor-general in Finland just as easily as during the good old days of the czar. Had the Finns not understood it before, they became convinced of it now, that the only way for them to live as members of the family of civilized European nations was to manage their own affairs.

The Finns have shown clearly during the hundred years of their conscious national life that they are capable of development and can add new values to the intellectual and artistic treasury of mankind. They are a law-abiding and peace-loving nation, and they have made their country one of the leaders of progress in Europe. They now ask for independence not as a gift of charity, but as their right.

The only excuse given against Finnish independence is that Finland is necessary for Russia because of strategic reasons. But, thank God, a new era will dawn on mankind after the horrors of this war, an era when "strategic reasons" will be a memory of the dark past, and only reasons of humanity shall count.

It is a good sign for Finland that many of the European governments have already acknowledged her independence. Her spokesmen will soon approach the Government of the United States, confident that the American nation, the great leader of democracy, will fully understand their aims and that their request will be favorably received.

# The Happiest Time of Their Lives

By ALICE DUER MILLER

Author of "Come Out of the Kitchen," etc.

Illustrations by Paul Meylan

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I–XIII—Mathilde Severance lives in New York with her beautiful mother, Adelaide, and her stepfather, Vincent Farron, "a leader of men." Adelaide has divorced her first husband and is now deeply in love with Farron. Mathilde is eighteen and very beautiful. She meets Pierson Wayne, a young statistician, at a dance. The following night they become engaged. Adelaide is displeased, as she wants a "person" for Mathilde's husband and decides to turn Mathilde from "Pete" by judicious sarcasm. She sends her father, Mr. Lanley, to call on Mrs. Wayne. He finds his hostess a charming, energetic woman, but her candor draws them into a discussion that Mr. Lanley takes as a personal reflection upon him. Afterward Mrs. Wayne tells Pete that she thinks she has "spoiled everything." Adelaide herself goes to call on Mrs. Wayne, hoping to convince her that there must be no immediate engagement. She invites Mrs. Wayne and Pete to dine. At the dinner Mr. Lanley finds that he is not angry with Mrs. Wayne. The older people come to no definite understanding, but Farron assures Adelaide that Mathilde and Pete are really in love. That night Farron tells Adelaide that he is ill and probably cannot live. Farron's operation is successful, Pete's firm decides to send him to China, and Mathilde, after an unprofitable interview with Adelaide, says she will go with him. Mrs. Wayne goes to a dinner at Mr. Lanley's house, and is too frank. Mrs. Baxter, a guest at Mr. Lanley's dinner insinuates to Adelaide that Mr. Lanley is in love with Mrs. Wayne. Mathilde and Pete plan to get married secretly; but Pete discovers that his firm is sending him away so that he cannot frustrate certain underhand schemes. He resigns his job. Consequently the marriage is delayed. He and Mathilde tell their story to Adelaide and Mr. Lanley.

## CHAPTER XIV

IN all the short, but crowded, time since Lanley had first known Mrs. Wayne he had never been otherwise than glad to see her, but now his heart sank. It seemed to him that an abyss was about to open between them, and that all their differences of spirit, stimulating enough while they remained in the abstract, were about to be cast into concrete form.

Mathilde and Pete were so glad to see her that they said nothing, but looked at her beamingly. Whatever Adelaide's feelings may have been, she greeted her guest with a positive courtesy, and she was the only one who did.

Mrs. Wayne nodded to her son, smiled more formally at Mr. Lanley, and then her eyes falling upon Mathilde, she realized that she had intruded on some sort of conference. She had a natural dread of such meetings, at which it seemed to her that the only thing which she must not do was the only thing that she knew how to do, namely, to speak her mind. So she at once decided to withdraw.

"Your man insisted on my coming in, Mrs. Farron," she said. "I came to ask about Mr. Farron; but I see you are in

the midst of a family discussion, and so I won't—"

Everybody separately cried out to her to stay as she began to retreat to the door, and no one more firmly than Adelaide, who thought it as careless as Mr. Lanley thought it creditable that a mother would be willing to go away and leave the discussion of her son's life to others. Adelaide saw an opportunity of killing two birds.

"You are just the person for whom I have been longing, Mrs. Wayne," she said. "Now you have come, we can settle the whole question."

"And just what is the question?" asked Mrs. Wayne. She sat down, looking distressed and rather guilty. She knew they were going to ask her what she knew about all the things that had been going on, and a hasty examination of her consciousness showed her that she knew everything, though she had avoided Pete's full confidence. She knew simply by knowing that any two young people who loved each other would rather marry than separate for a year. But she was aware that this deduction, so inevitable to her, was exactly the one which would be denied by the others. So she sat, with a nervously pleasant smile on her usually untroubled face, and waited for Adelaide to speak. She did not have long to wait.

"You did not know, I am sure, Mrs. Wayne, that your son intended to run away with my daughter?"

All four of them stared at her, making her feel more and more guilty; and at last Lanley, unable to bear it, asked:

"Did you know that, Mrs. Wayne?"

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Wayne. "Yes. I knew it was possible; so did you. Pete did n't tell me about it, though."

"But I did tell Mrs. Farron," said Pete.

Adelaide protested at once.

"You told me?" Then she remembered that a cloud had obscured the end of their last interview, but she did not withdraw her protest.

"You know, Mrs. Farron, you have a bad habit of not listening to what is said to you," Wayne answered firmly.

This sort of impersonal criticism was to Adelaide the greatest impertinence, and she showed her annoyance.

"In spite of the disabilities of age, Mr. Wayne," she said, "I find I usually can get a simple idea if clearly presented."

"Why, how absurd that is, Wayne!" put in Mr. Lanley. "You don't mean to say that you told Mrs. Farron you were going to elope with her daughter, and she did n't take in what you said?"

"And yet that is just what took place."

Adelaide glanced at her father, as much as to say, "You see what kind of young man it is," and then went on:

"One fact at least I have learned only this minute—that is that the finances for this romantic trip were to be furnished by a dishonorable firm from which your son has been dismissed; or, no, resigned, is n't it?"

The human interest attached to losing a job brought mother and son together on the instant.

"O Pete, you 've left the firm!"

He nodded.

"O my poor boy!"

He made a gesture, indicating that this was not the time to discuss the economic situation, and Adelaide went smoothly on:

"And now, Mrs. Wayne, the point is this. I am considered harsh because I insist that a young man without an income who has just come near to running off with my child on money that was almost a bribe is not a person in whom I have unlimited confidence. I ask—it seems a tolerably mild request—that they do not see each other for six months."

"I cannot agree to that," said Wayne, decidedly.

"Really, Mr. Wayne, do you feel yourself in a position to agree or disagree? We have never consented to your engagement. We have never thought the marriage a suitable one, have we, Papa?"

"No," said Mr. Lanley in a tone strangely dead.

"Why is it not suitable?" asked Mrs. Wayne, as if she really hoped that an agreement might be reached by rational discussion.

"Why?" said Adelaide, and smiled. "Dear Mrs. Wayne, these things are rather difficult to explain. Would n't it be easier for all of us if you would just accept the statement that we think so without trying to decide whether we are right or wrong?"

"I 'm afraid it must be discussed," answered Mrs. Wayne.

Adelaide leaned back, still with her faint smile, as if defying, though very politely, any one to discuss it with *her*.

It was inevitable that Mrs. Wayne should turn to Mr. Lanley.

"You, too, think it unsuitable?"

He bowed gravely.

"You dislike my son?"

"Quite the contrary."

"Then you must be able to tell me the reason."

"I will try," he said. He felt like a soldier called upon to defend a lost cause. It was his cause, he could n't desert it. His daughter and his granddaughter needed his protection; but he knew he was giving up something that he valued more than his life as he began to speak. "We feel the difference in background," he said, "of early traditions, of judging life from the same point of view. Such differences can be overcome by time and money——" He stopped, for she was looking at him with the same wondering interest, devoid of anger, with which he had seen her study Wilsey. "I express myself badly," he murmured.

Mrs. Wayne rose to her feet.

"The trouble is n't with your expression," she said.

"You mean that what I am trying to express is wrong?"

"It seems so to me."

"What is wrong about it?"

She seemed to think over the possibilities for an instant, and then she shook her head.

"I don't think I could make you understand," she answered. She said it very gently, but it was cruel, and he turned white under the pain, suffering all the more that she was so entirely without malice. She turned to her son. "I 'm going, Pete. Don't you think you might as well come, too?"

Mathilde sprang up and caught Mrs. Wayne's hand.

"Oh, don't go!" she cried. "Don't take him away! You know they are trying to separate us. Oh, Mrs. Wayne, won't you take me in? Can't I stay with you while we are waiting?"

At this every one focused their eyes on Mrs. Wayne. Pete felt sorry for his mother, knowing how she hated to make a sudden decision, knowing how she hated to do anything disagreeable to those about her; but he never for an instant doubted what her decision would be. Therefore he could hardly believe his eyes when he saw her shaking her head.

"I could n't do that, my dear."

"Mother!"

"Of course you could n't," said Mr. Lanley, blowing his nose immediately after under the tremendous emotion of finding that she was not an enemy, after all. Adelaide smiled to herself. She was thinking, "You could and would if I had n't put in that sting about his failures."

"Why can't you, mother?" asked Pete.

"We 'll talk that over at home."

"My dear boy," said Mr. Lanley, kindly, "no one over thirty would have to ask why."

"No parent likes to assist at the kidnapping of another parent's child," said Adelaide.

"Good Heavens! my mother has kidnapped so many children in her day!"

"From the wrong sort of home, I suppose," said Lanley, in explanation, to no one, perhaps, so much as to himself.

"Am I to infer that she thinks mine the right sort? How delightful!" said Adelaide.

"Mrs. Wayne, is it because I 'm richer than Pete that you won't take me in?" asked Mathilde, visions of bestowing her wealth in charity flitting across her mind.

The other nodded. Wayne stared.

"Mother," he said, "you don't mean to say you are letting yourself be influenced by a taunt like that of Mrs. Farron's, which she did n't even believe herself?"

Mrs. Wayne was shocked.

"Oh, no; not that Pete. It is n't that at all. But when a girl has been brought up—"

Wayne saw it all in an instant.

"Oh, yes, I see. We 'll talk of that later."

But Adelaide had seen, too.

"No; do go on, Mrs. Wayne. You don't approve of the way my daughter has been brought up."

"I don't think she has been brought up to be a poor man's wife."

"No. I own I did not have that particular destiny in mind."

"And when I heard you assuming just now that every one was always concerned about money, and when I realized that the girl must have been brought up in that atmosphere and belief—"

"I see. You thought she was not quite the right wife for your son?"

"But I would try so hard," said Mathilde. "I would learn; I—"

"Mathilde," interrupted her mother, "when a lady tells you you are not good enough for her son, you must not protest."

"Come, come, Adelaide, there is no use in being disagreeable," said Mr. Lanley.

"Disagreeable!" returned his daughter. "Mrs. Wayne and I are entirely agreed. She thinks her son too good for my daughter, and I think my daughter too good for her son. Really, there seems nothing more to be said. Good-by, Mr. Wayne." She held out her long, white hand to him. Mrs. Wayne was trying to make her position clearer to Mathilde, but Pete thought this an undesirable moment for such an attempt.

Partly as an assertion of his rights, partly because she looked so young and helpless, he stooped and kissed her.

"I 'll come and see you about half-past ten to-morrow morning," he said very clearly, so that every one could hear. Adelaide looked blank; she was thinking that on Pringle she could absolutely depend. Wayne saw his mother and Lanley bow to each other, and the next moment he had contrived to get her out of the house.

Mathilde rushed away to her own room, and Adelaide and her father were left alone. She turned to him with one of her rare caresses.

"Dear Papa," she said, "what a comfort you are to me! What should I do without you? You 'll never desert me, will you?" And she put her head on his shoulder. He patted her with an absent-minded rhythm, and then he said, as if he were answering some secret train of thought:

"I don't see what else I could have done."

"You could n't have done anything else," replied his daughter, still nestling against him. "But Mrs. Baxter had frightened me with her account of your sentimental admiration for Mrs. Wayne, and I thought you might want to make yourself agreeable to her at the expense of my poor child."

She felt his shoulder heave with a longer breath.

"I can't imagine putting anything before Mathilde's happiness," he said, and after a pause he added: "I really must go home. Mrs. Baxter will think me a neglectful host."

"Don't you want to bring her to dine here to-night? I 'll try and get some one to meet her. Let me see. She thinks Mr. Wilsey—"

"Oh, I can't stand Wilsey," answered her father, crossly.

"Well, I 'll think of some one to sacrifice on the altar of your friendship. I certainly don't want to dine alone with Mathilde. And, by the way, Papa, I have n't mentioned any of this to Vincent."

He thought it was admirable of her to bear her anxieties alone so as to spare her sick husband.

"Poor girl!" he said. "You 've had a lot of trouble lately."

In the meantime Wayne and his mother walked slowly home.

"I suppose you 're furious at me, Pete," she said.

"Not a bit," he answered. "For a moment, when I saw what you were going

"'OH, MRS. WAYNE, WON'T YOU TAKE ME IN? CAN'T I STAY WITH YOU WHILE WE ARE WAITING?'"

to say, I was terrified. But no amount of tact would have made Mrs. Farron feel differently, and I think they might as well know what we really think and feel. I was only sorry if it hurt Mathilde."

"Oh dear, it 's so hard to be truthful!" exclaimed his mother. He laughed, for he wished she sometimes found it harder; and she went on:

"Poor little Mathilde! You know I would n't hurt her if I could help it. It 's not her fault. But what a terrible system it is, and how money does blind people! They can't see you at all as you are, and yet if you had fifty thousand dollars a year, they 'd be more aware of your good points than I am. They can't see that you have resolution and charm and a sense of honor. They don't see the person, they just see the lack of income."

Pete smiled.

"A person is all Mrs. Farron says she asks for her daughter."

"She does not know a person when she sees one."

"She knew one when she married Farron."

Mrs. Wayne sniffed.

"Perhaps he married her," she replied.

Her son thought this likely, but he did not answer, for she had given him an idea —to see Farron. Farron would at least understand the situation. His mother approved of the suggestion.

"Of course he 's not Mathilde's father."

"He 's not a snob."

They had reached the house, and Pete was fishing in his pocket for his keys.

"Do you think Mr. Lanley is a snob?" he asked.

As usual Mrs. Wayne evaded the direct answer.

"I got an unfavorable impression of him this afternoon."

"For failing to see that I was a king among men?"

"For backing up every stupid thing his daughter said."

"Loyalty is a fine quality."

"Justice is better," answered his mother.

"Oh, well, he 's old," said Wayne, dismissing the whole subject.

They walked up their four flights in silence, and then Wayne remembered to ask something that had been in his mind several times.

"By the way, Mother, how did you happen to come to the Farrons at all?"

She laughed rather self-consciously.

"I hoped perhaps Mr. Farron might be well enough to see me a moment about Marty. The truth is, Pete, Mr. Farron is the real person in that whole family."

That evening he wrote Farron a note, asking him to see him the next morning at half-past ten about "this trouble of which, of course, Mrs. Farron has told you." He added a request that he would tell Pringle of his intention in case he could give the interview, because Mrs. Farron had been quite frank in saying that she would give orders not to let him in.

Farron received this note with his breakfast. Adelaide was not there. He had had no hint from her of any crisis. He had not come down to dinner the evening before to meet Mrs. Baxter and the useful people asked to entertain her, but he had seen Mathilde's tear-stained face, and in a few minutes with his father-in-law had encountered one or two evident evasions. Only Adelaide had been unfathomable.

After he had read the letter and thought over the situation, he sent for Pringle, and gave orders that when Mr. Wayne came he would see him.

Pringle did not exactly make an objection, but stated a fact when he replied that Mrs. Farron had given orders that Mr. Wayne was not to be allowed to see Miss Severance.

"Exactly," said Farron. "Show him here." Here was his own study.

As it happened, Adelaide was sitting with him, making very good invalid's talk, when Pringle announced, "Mr. Wayne."

"Pringle, I told you—" Adelaide began, but her husband cut her short.

"He has an appointment with me, Adelaide."

"You don't understand, Vin. You must n't see him."

Wayne was by this time in the room.

"But I wish to see him, my dear Adelaide, and," Farron added, "I wish to see him alone."

"No," she answered, with a good deal of excitement; "that you cannot. This is my affair, Vincent—the affair of my child."

He looked at her for a second, and then opening the door into his bedroom, he said to Wayne:

"Will you come in here?" The door was closed and locked behind the two men.

Wayne was not a coward, although he had dreaded his interview with Adelaide; it was his very respect for Farron that kept him from feeling even nervous.

"Perhaps I ought not to have asked you to see me," he began.

"I 'm very glad to see you," answered Farron. "Sit down, and tell me the story as you see it from the beginning."

It was a comfort to tell the story at last to an expert. Wayne, who had been trying for twenty-four hours to explain what underwriting meant, what were the responsibilities of brokers in such matters, what was the function of such a report as his, felt as if he had suddenly groped his way out of a fog as he talked, with hardly an interruption but a nod or a lightening eye from Farron. He spoke of Benson. "I know the man," said Farron; of Honaton, "He was in my office once." Wayne told how Mathilde, and then he himself, had tried to inform Mrs. Farron of the definiteness of their plans to be married.

"How long has this been going on?" Farron asked.

"At least ten days."

Farron nodded. Then Wayne told of the discovery of the proof at the printer's and his hurried meeting in the park to tell Mathilde. Here Farron stopped him suddenly.

"What was it kept you from going through with it just the same?"

"You 're the first person who has asked me that," answered Pete.

"Perhaps you did not even think of such a thing?"

"No one could help thinking of it who saw her there—"

"And you did n't do it?"

"It was n't consideration for her family that held me back."

"What was it?"

Pete found a moral scruple was a difficult motive to avow.

"It was Mathilde herself. That would not have been treating her as an equal."

"You intend always to treat her as an equal?"

Wayne was ashamed to find how difficult it was to answer truthfully. The tone of the question gave him no clue to the speaker's own thoughts.

"Yes, I do," he said; and then blurted out hastily, "Don't you believe in treating a woman as an equal?"

"I believe in treating her exactly as she wants to be treated."

"But every one wants to be treated as an equal, if they 're any good." Farron smiled, showing those blue-white teeth for an instant, and Wayne, feeling he was not quite doing himself justice, added, "I call that just ordinary respect, you know, and I could not love any one I did n't respect. Could you?"

The question was, or Farron chose to consider it, a purely rhetorical one.

"I suppose," he observed, "that they are to be counted the most fortunate who love and respect at the same time."

"Of course," said Wayne.

Farron nodded.

"And yet perhaps they miss a good deal."

"I don't know *what* they miss," answered Wayne, to whom the sentiment was as shocking as anything not understood can be.

"No; I 'm sure you don't," answered his future step-father-in-law. "Go on with your story."

Wayne went on, but not as rapidly as he had expected. Farron kept him a long time on the interview of the afternoon before, and particularly on Mrs. Farron's part, just the point Wayne did not want to discuss for fear of betraying the bitterness he felt toward her. But again and again Farron made him quote her words wherever he could remember them;

and then, as if this had not been clear enough, he asked:

"You think my wife has definitely made up her mind against the marriage?"

"Irrevocably."

"Irrevocably?" Farron questioned more as if it were the sound of the word than the meaning that he was doubting.

"Ah, you 've been rather out of it lately, sir," said Wayne. "You have n't followed, perhaps, all that 's been going on."

"Perhaps not."

Wayne felt he must be candid.

"If it is your idea that your wife's opposition could be changed, I 'm afraid I must tell you, Mr. Farron—" He paused, meeting a quick, sudden look; then Farron turned his head, and stared, with folded arms, out of the window. Wayne had plenty of time to wonder what he was going to say. What he did say was surprising.

"I think you are an honest man, and I should be glad to have you working for me. I could make you one of my secretaries, with a salary of six thousand dollars."

In the shock Pete heard himself saying the first thing that came into his head:

"That 's a large salary, sir."

"Some people would say large enough to marry on."

Wayne drew back.

"Don't you think you ought to consult Mrs. Farron before you offer it to me?"

"Don't carry honesty too far. No, I don't consult my wife about my office appointments."

"It is n't honesty; but I could n't stand having you change your mind when—"

"When my wife tells me to? I promise you not to do that."

Wayne found that the interview was over, although he had not been able to express his gratitude.

"I know what you are feeling," said Farron. "Good-by."

"I can't understand why you are doing it, Mr. Farron; but—"

"It need n't matter to you. Good-by."

With a sensation that in another instant he might be out of the house, Wayne metaphorically caught at the door-post.

"I must see Mathilde before I go," he said.

Farron shook his head.

"No, not to-day."

"She 's terribly afraid I am going to be moved by insults to desert her," Wayne urged.

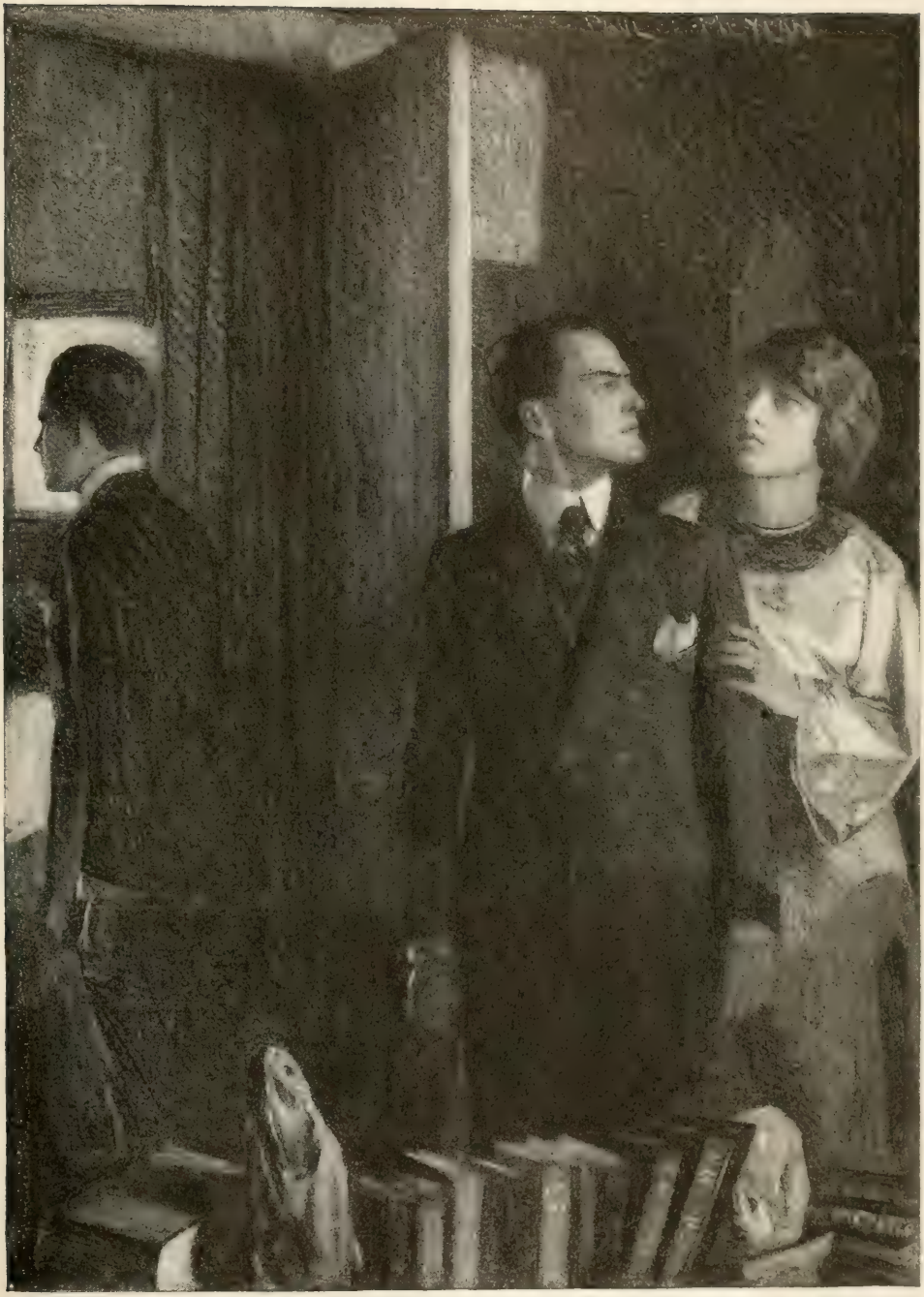
"I 'll see she understands. I 'll send for you in a day or two; then it will be all right." They shook hands. He was glad Farron showed him out through the corridor and not through the study, where, he knew, Mrs. Farron was still waiting like a fine, sleek cat at a rat-hole.

## CHAPTER XV

DURING this interview Adelaide sat in her husband's study and waited. She looked back upon that other period of suspense—the hour when she had waited at the hospital during his operation—as a time of comparative peace. She had been able then, she remembered, to sit still, to pursue, if not a train of thought, at least a set of connected images; but now her whole spirit seemed to be seething with a sort of poison that made her muscles jerk and start and her mind dart and faint. Then she had foreseen loss through the fate common to humanity; now she foresaw it through the action of her own tyrannical contempt for anything that seemed to her weak.

She had never rebelled against coercion from Vincent. She had even loved it, but she had loved it when he had seemed to her a superior being; coercion from one who only yesterday had been under the dominion of nerves and nurses was intolerable to her. She was at heart a courtier, would do menial service to a king, and refuse common civility to an inferior. She knew how St. Christopher had felt at seeing his satanic captain tremble at the sign of the cross; and though, unlike the saint, she had no intention of setting out to discover the stronger lord, she knew that he might now any day appear.

From any one not an acknowledged



" 'I WISH TO SEE HIM, MY DEAR ADELAIDE, AND,' FARRON ADDED, 'I WISH TO SEE HIM ALONE' "

superior that locked door was an insult to be avenged, and she sat and waited for the moment to arrive when she would most adequately avenge it. There was still something terrifying in the idea of going out to do battle with Vincent. Hitherto in their quarrels he had always been the aggressor, had always startled her out of an innocent calm by an accusation or complaint. But this, as she said to herself, was not a quarrel, but a readjustment, of which probably he was still unaware. She hoped he was. She hoped he would come in with his accustomed manner and say civilly, "Forgive me for locking the door, but my reason was—" And she would answer, "Really, I don't think we need trouble about your reasons, Vincent." She knew just the tone she would use, just the expression of a smile suppressed. Then his quick eyes would fasten themselves on her face, and perhaps at the first glance would read the story of his defeat. She knew her own glance would not waver.

At the end of half an hour she heard the low tones of conversation change to the brisk notes of leave-taking. Her heart began to beat with fear, but not the kind of fear that makes people run away; rather the kind that makes them abdicate all reason and fan their emotions into a sort of inspiring flame.

She heard the door open into the corridor, but even then Vincent did not immediately come. Miss Gregory had been waiting to say good-by to him. As a case he was finished. Adelaide heard her clear voice say gaily:

"Well, I 'm off, Mr. Vincent."

They went back into the room and shut the door. Adelaide clenched her hands; these delays were hard to bear.

It was not a long delay, though in that next room a very human bond was about to be broken. Possibly if Vincent had done exactly what his impulses prompted, he would have taken Miss Gregory in his arms and kissed her. But instead he said quietly, for his manner had not much range:

"I shall miss you."

"It 's time I went."

"To some case more interestingly dangerous?"

"Your case was dangerous enough for me," said the girl; and then for fear he might miss her meaning, "I never met any one like you, Mr. Farron."

"I 've never been taken care of as you took care of me."

"I wish"—she looked straight up at him—"I could take care of you altogether."

"That," he answered, "would end in my taking care of you."

"And your hands are pretty full as it is?"

He nodded, and she went away without even shaking hands. She omitted her farewells to any other member of the family except Pringle, who, Farron heard, was congratulating her on her consideration for servants as he put her into her taxi.

Then he opened the door of his study, went to the chair he had risen from, and took up the paper at the paragraph at which he had dropped it. Adelaide's eyes followed him like search-lights.

"May I ask," she said with her edged voice, "if you have been disposing of my child's future in there without consulting me?"

If their places had been reversed, Adelaide would have raised her eyebrows and repeated, "Your child's future?" but Farron was more direct.

"I have been engaging Wayne as a secretary," he said, and, turning to the financial page, glanced down the quotations.

"Then you must dismiss him again."

"He will be a useful man to me," said Farron, as if she had not spoken. "I have needed some one whom I could depend on—"

"Vincent, it is absurd for you to pretend you don't know he wanted to marry Mathilde."

He did not raise his eyes.

"Yes," he said; "I remember you and I had some talk about it before my operation."

"Since then circumstances have arisen of which you know nothing—things I did not tell you."

"Do you think that was wise?"

With a sense that a rapid and resistless current was carrying them both to destruction she saw for the first time that he was as angry as she.

"I do not like your tone," she said.

"What 's the matter with it?"

"It is n't polite; it is n't friendly."

"Why should it be?"

"Why? What a question! Love—"

"I doubt if it is any longer a question of love between you and me."

These words, which so exactly embodied her own idea, came to her as a shock, a brutal blow from him.

"Vincent!" she cried protestingly.

"I don't know what it is that has your attention now, what private anxieties that I am not privileged to share—"

"You have been ill."

"But not imbecile. Do you suppose I 've missed one tone of your voice, or have n't understood what has been going on in your mind? Have you lived with me five years and think me a forgiving man—"

"May I ask what you have to forgive?"

"Do you suppose a pat to my pillow or an occasional kind word takes the place to me of what our relation used to be?"

"You speak as if our relation was over."

"Have you been imagining I was going to come whining to you for a return of your love and respect? What nonsense! Love makes love, and indifference makes indifference."

"You expect me to say I am indifferent to you?"

"I care very little what you say. I judge your conduct."

She had an unerring instinct for what would wound him. If she had answered with conviction, "Yes, I am indifferent to you," there would have been enough temper and exaggeration in it for him to discount the whole statement. But to say, "No, I still love you, Vincent," in a tone that conceded the very utmost that she could,—namely, that she still loved him for the old, rather pitiful association,—that would be to inflict the most painful wound possible. And so that was what she said. She was prepared to have him take it up and cry: "You still love me? Do you mean as you love your Aunt Alberta?" and she, still trying to be just, would answer: "Oh, more than Aunt Alberta. Only, of course—"

The trouble was he did not make the right answer. When she said, "No, I still love you, Vincent," he answered:

"I cannot say the same."

It was one of those replies that change the face of the world. It drove every other idea out of her head. She stared at him for an instant.

"Nobody," she answered, "need tell me such a thing as that twice." It was a fine phrase to cover a retreat; she left him and went to her own room. It no more occurred to her to ask whether he meant what he said than if she had been struck in the head she would have inquired if the blow was real.

She did not come down to lunch. Vincent and Mathilde ate alone. Mathilde, as she told Pete, had begun to understand her stepfather, but she had not progressed so far as to see in his silence anything but an unapproachable sternness. It never crossed her mind that this middle-aged man, who seemed to control his life so completely, was suffering far more than she, and she was suffering a good deal.

Pete had promised to come that morning, and she had n't seen him yet. She supposed he had come, and that, though she had been on the lookout for him, she had missed him. She felt as if they were never going to see each other again. When she found she was to be alone at luncheon with Farron, she thought of appealing to him, but was restrained by two considerations. She was a kind person, and her mother had repeatedly impressed upon her how badly at present Mr. Farron supported any anxiety. More important than this, however, was her belief that he would never work at cross-purposes with his wife. What were she and Pete to do? she thought. Mrs. Wayne

would not take her in, her mother would not let Pete come to the house, and they had no money.

Both cups of soup left the table almost untasted.

"I 'm sorry mama has one of her headaches," said Mathilde.

"Yes," said Farron. "You 'd better take some of that chicken, Mathilde. It 's very good."

She did not notice that the piece he had taken on his own plate was untouched.

"I 'm not hungry," she answered.

"Anything wrong?"

She could not lie, and so she looked at him and smiled and answered:

"Nothing, as mama would say, to trouble an invalid with."

She did not have a great success. In fact, his brows showed a slight disposition to contract, and after a moment of silence he said:

"Does your mother say that?"

"She 's always trying to protect you nowadays, Mr. Farron."

"I saw your friend Pete Wayne this morning."

"You saw—" Surprise, excitement, alarm flooded her face with crimson. "Oh, why did *you* see him?"

"I saw him by appointment. He asked me to tell you—only, I 'm afraid, other things put it out of my head—that he has accepted a job I offered him."

"O Mr. Farron, what kind of job?"

"Well, the kind of job that would enable two self-denying young people to marry, I think."

Not knowing how clearly all that she felt was written on her face Mathilde tried to put it all into words.

"How wonderful! how kind! But my mother—"

"I will arrange it with your mother."

"Have you known all along? Oh, why did you do this wonderful thing?"

"Because—perhaps you won't agree with me—I have taken rather a fancy to this young man. And I had other reasons."

Mathilde took her stepfather's hand as it lay upon the table.

"I 've only just begun to understand you, Mr. Farron. To understand, I mean, what mama means when she says you are the strongest, wisest person—"

He pretended to smile.

"When did your mother say that?"

"Oh, ages ago." She stopped, aware of a faint motion to withdraw on the part of the hand she held. "I suppose you want to go to her."

"No. The sort of headache she has is better left alone, I think, though you might stop as you go up."

"I will. When do you think I can see Pete?"

"I 'd wait a day or two; but you might telephone him at once, if you like, and say —or do you know what to say?"

She laughed.

"It used to frighten me when you made fun of me like that; but now—It must be simply delirious to be able to make people as happy as you 've just made us."

He smiled at her word.

"Other people's happiness is not exactly delirious," he said.

She was moving in the direction of the nearest telephone, but she said over her shoulder:

"Oh, well, I think you did pretty well for yourself when you chose mama."

She left him sipping his black coffee; he took every drop of that.

When he had finished he did not go back to his study, but to the drawing-room, where he sat down in a large chair by the fire. He lit a cigar. It was a quiet hour in the house, and he might have been supposed to be a man entirely at peace.

Mr. Lanley, coming in about an hour later, certainly imagined he was rousing an invalid from a refreshing rest. He tried to retreat, but found Vincent's black eyes were on him.

"I 'm sorry to disturb you," he said. "Just wanted to see Adelaide."

"Adelaide has a headache."

Life was taking so many wrong turnings that Mr. Lanley had grown apprehensive. He suddenly remembered how many headaches Adelaide had had just be-

fore he knew of her troubles with Severance.

"A headache?" he said nervously.

"Nothing serious." Vincent looked more closely at his father-in-law. "You yourself don't look just the thing, sir."

Mr. Lanley sat down more limply than was his custom.

"I 'm getting to an age," he said, "when I can't stand scenes. We had something of a scene here yesterday afternoon. God bless my soul! though, I believe Adelaide told me not to mention it to you."

"Adelaide is very considerate," replied her husband. His extreme susceptibility to sorrow made Mr. Lanley notice a tone which ordinarily would have escaped him, and he looked up so sharply that Farron was forced to add quickly: "But you have n't made a break. I know about what took place."

The egotism of suffering, the distorted vision of a sleepless night, made Mr. Lanley blurt out suddenly:

"I want to ask you, Vincent, do you think I could have done anything different?"

Now, none of the accounts which Farron had received had made any mention of Mr. Lanley's part in the proceedings at all, and so he paused a moment, and in that pause Mr. Lanley went on:

"It 's a difficult position—before a boy's mother. There is n't anything against him, of course. One's reasons for not wanting the marriage do sound a little snobbish when one says them—right out. In fact, I suppose they are snobbish. Do you find it hard to get away from early prejudices, Vincent? I do. I think Adelaide is quite right; and yet the boy is a nice boy. What do you think of him?"

"I have taken him into my office."

Mr. Lanley was startled by a courage so far beyond his own.

"But," he asked, "did you consult Adelaide?"

Farron shook his head.

"But, Vincent, was that quite loyal?"

A change in Farron's expression made Mr. Lanley turn his head, and he saw that Adelaide had come into the room. Her appearance bore out the legend of her headache: she looked like a garden after an early frost. But perhaps the most terrifying thing about her aspect was her complete indifference to it. A recollection suddenly came to Mr. Lanley of a railway accident that he and Adelaide had been in. He had seen her stepping toward him through the debris, buttoning her gloves. She was far beyond such considerations now.

She had come to put her very life to the test. There was one hope, there was one way in which Vincent could rehabilitate himself, and that was by showing himself victor in the hardest of all struggles, personal struggle with her. That would be hard, because she would make it so, if she perished in the attempt.

The crisis came in the first meeting of their eyes. If his glance had said: "My poor dear, you 're tired. Rest. All will be well," his cause would have been lost. But his glance said nothing, only studied her coolly, and she began to speak.

"Oh, Papa, Vincent does not consider such minor points as loyalty to me." Her voice and manner left Mr. Lanley in no doubt that if he stayed an instant he would witness a domestic quarrel. The idea shocked him unspeakably. That these two reserved and dignified people should quarrel at all was bad enough, but that they should have reached a point where they were indifferent to the presence of a third person was terrible. He got himself out of the room without ceremony, but not before he saw Vincent rise and heard the first words of his sentence:

"And what right have you to speak of loyalty?" Here, fortunately, Lanley shut the door behind him, for Vincent's next words would have shocked him still more: "A prostitute would have stuck better to a man when he was ill."

But Adelaide was now in good fighting trim. She laughed out loud.

"Really, Vincent," she said, "your language! You must make your complaint against me a little more definite."

"Not much; and give you a chance to

get up a little rational explanation. Besides, we neither of us need explanations. We know what has been happening."

"You mean you really doubt my feeling for you? No, Vincent, I still love you," and her voice had a flute-like quality which, though it was without a trace of conviction, very few people who had ever heard it had resisted.

"I am aware of that," said Vincent quietly.

She looked beautifully dazed.

"Yet this morning you spoke—as if—"

"But what is love such as yours worth? A man must be on the crest of the wave to keep it; otherwise it changes automatically into contempt. I don't care about it, Adelaide. I can't use it in a life like mine."

She looked at him, and a dreamlike state began to come over her. She simply could n't believe in the state of mind of those sick-room days; she could never really, she thought, have been less passionately admiring than she was at that minute, yet the half-recollection confused her and kept her silent.

"Perhaps it 's vanity on my part," he said, "but contempt like yours is something I could never forgive."

"You would forgive me anything if you loved me." Her tone was noble and sincere.

"Perhaps."

"You mean you don't?"

"Adelaide, there are times when a person chooses between loving and being loved."

The sentence made her feel sick with fear, but she asked:

"Tell me just what you mean."

"Perhaps I could keep on loving you if I shut my eyes to the kind of person you are; but if I did that, I could not hold you an instant."

She stared at him as fascinated as a bird by a snake. This, it seemed to her, was the truth, the final summing up of their relation. She had lost him, and yet she was eternally his.

As she looked at him she became aware that he was growing slowly pale. He was standing, and he put his hand out to the mantelpiece to steady himself. She thought he was going to faint.

"Vincent," she said, "let me help you to the sofa."

She wanted now to see him falter, to feel his hand on her shoulder, anything for a closer touch with him. For half a minute, perhaps, they remained motionless, and then the color began to come back into his face.

He smiled bitterly.

"They tell me you are such a good sick nurse, Mrs. Farron," he said, "so considerate to the weak. But I don't need your help, thank you."

She covered her face with her hands. He seemed to her stronger and more cruel than anything she had imagined. In a minute he left her alone.

(To be concluded)

# Vintage

By *MARY CAROLYN DAVIES*

Heartbreaks that are too new
  Can not be used to make
Beauty that will startle.
  That takes an old heartbreak.

Old heartbreaks are old wine;
Too new to pour is mine.

"AND LOOKS DOWN AT ME, PLEASED LIKE, AND SAYS 'BAA-A-A' AGAIN"

# The Deer Hunt

By RAYMOND S. HARRIS

Author of "Little Annie"

Illustrations by A. R. Frost

"ONE year I was up working in the New York Mine, in Sierra County," old Mr. Peters said, "and on a Sunday I thought I 'd borrow Bill Hayes's gun and go a-hunting deer on Haskell Peak.

"We did n't have much meat that summer. The mine was paying big, and old man Hayes just naturally hated to take time off to go after it or send anybody. So, as I kind o' thought I was a pretty good shot in them days, I figured to get a deer and surprise all the boys.

"That Haskell country can't be counted on. Sometimes the deer just crowd you off into the cañons, and sometimes you can hunt all over it and wear yourself out and come home smelling like a bear, yet never get a thing.

"Well, I hunted all the way up there, a matter of maybe five miles, and then I hunted all round the peak, into the gulches and out again, and down over on the big ridge toward the valley. Darned if I could scare up a chipmunk, let alone a buck, like I calculated on. I et my lunch, and worked down the creek and up around the far side of the mountain, going to all the places where I had seen deer afore

or ever heard of deer being, but I never jumped a thing till I was pulling up the top of a little ridge that looked down on Mohawk. Then all of a sudden I see a little tail kind o' whisking round a rock, and I dropped down low and worked up the side, figuring to get a doe, anyway, and take chances on being caught with it. You see, I 'd got to talking a good deal to the boys the night afore that, and I knew they 'd let me hear of it if I came home with nothing but a story.

"So I clumb around and clumb around, and drug myself over a little ledge, ready for to plug Mr. Deer; and there was one o' Freeman's sheep, waggling that little tail I 'd seen and eating some grass, lonesome-like. It had got lost from one o' the flocks that feed all through that country.

"I was so put out that I raised up and cussed that critter like he was the cause o' everything, and then I got a couple o' rocks and lammed them at him, sort o' to relieve my feelings. The sheep he run off a little way, and then he turned round and said 'Baa-a-a' at me like a baby calling its mother. I guess he was the most forlorn and unhappy sheep you ever see, and he was as tickled to find me sneaking up on him as a prospector is to see the first mail-stage in the spring.

"I was clean disgusted with that sheep, though, 'cause I 'd counted so on him being a deer, and I sat down on a rock and rested awhile, looking off down the Feather River Cañon, away below Blairsden, and thinking I might as well give up and go home. The afternoon was getting old, and it was a long pull up and a long slide down.

"But while I sat there, dog-tired, blamed if that sheep did n't come up and rub against me like a pussy cat, and then he looked up in my face with a lost kind o' look, and he says again 'Baa-a-a.'

"I felt sort o' funny. I 'd never been a family man or had children, or nothing, and never did like people or things a-rubbing up against me. And here we was away off together out of sight. I felt kind of foolish, I honest did.

"So I jumped up and said, 'Get out!' and started off toward the mine, and the fool sheep he just trotted right along with me. Every once in a while he 'd say 'Baa-a-a,' and then he 'd hurry up a little, and try to crowd up and rub against me again, he was that sick for a little company. O' course sheep always run in bunches, you know, and what one does all does, and one sheep off by hisself feels like a flea on top a flagpole.

"As I was saying, I did n't want no sheep or nothing hanging around me, and I left a sort o' trail I was following and worked off among the rocks, figuring on shaking that pest. But it never fazed him a bit; he kept right on over rocks and boulders and all, scrambling up and slipping and sliding down, and every once in a while he let out that 'Baa-a-a' o' his.

"That got me worse than ever, and I tried to dodge round a little clump o' spruce and sneak off; but he came charging and sprawling right through them, and run clear out ahead o' me, then turning round and giving the gladdest 'Baa-a-a' you ever hear.

"It just fairly maddened me at the time, and I gave that sheep a kick in the ribs that knocked him over in the brush, and while he was a-rolling down the hill and kicking I turned right around and cut up over the top o' the ridge, and clear round on the other side o' the peak, keeping at it till I could n't run no more. Then I kind o' fell down between two rocks, and was laying there panting, when, lick my boots! if there was n't a scrambling and coughing, and that fool sheep comes running right over me, a-stepping on my stomach so hard I could n't get what breath I had for a minute, and running on past. But afore I could get wind enough to make a break for it the other way, he comes running back again, and he stands up on the rock and looks down at me, pleased-like, and says 'Baa-a-a' again.

"Well, it ain't no use describing what I did the balance of the afternoon to get rid o' that sheep; you would n't believe me. I clumb up cliffs and I hid in prospect-holes and I clumb a tree. Yes, sir;

"'WELL, HERE I WAS COMING DOWN THE HILL LIKE A BEAR WAS AFTER ME'"

and that sheep just set under that tree like a dog, and every once in a while he 'd say 'Baa-a-a' again, and I 'd throw down pine cones and branches. He was so lonesome he actual *liked* to be hit: it showed he was n't alone no more.

"It only pleased him to be kicked and made him more fond o' me. He actual got to licking my hand. I darned near went clean out o' my head when he did that. I just had to get rid o' him; but he just would n't let hisself get lost. Had all he wanted o' that.

"Finally it got so late I could n't fool around no more, and I just jumped out from behind a tree where I was trying to hide, and cut down a long ridge for the mine, what lay in the cañon at the foot. Well, the sheep he came, too, and he came a-running. First it was Peters, and then it was sheep, a-sliding and a-rolling and jumping twenty-foot jumps down that hill and a-stirring up the dust and starting rocks to rolling down on each other. We got nearer and nearer the mine, but I was desprit, and I did n't care. I kept a-putting on steam, and Mr. Sheep kept a-digging right along.

"At last we turned round the spur, and took the trail straight down to camp, and the whole outfit was sitting around, after dinner, smoking. They looked up when they heard us a-coming and saw the dust a-flying, and gave a yell that brought 'em all out, cook, dish-washer, Mrs. Hayes, the Hayes girl, what I was sort o' sweet on, and all.

"Well, here I was coming down the hill like a bear was after me, and here was this sheep piling along right at my back like he was chasing me into camp. I did n't have no sense to think at the time what it looked like, 'cause my mind was all set on getting away; but o' course it looked to the camp as though that sheep and me had met up on the mountain somewhere and had a tussle, and the sheep was getting the better o' the argument.

"I came a-steaming into camp and clear through it, sheep tearing along and pawing up the dirt right after me, and every once in a while letting out a sort o' half-choked 'Baa-a-a.' I headed right into the cook-house, and so did the sheep, and I turned and clumb like lightning out o' the window, and dropped down on the bench, all played out. The sheep he got up with his feet on a box and looked out o' the window, all tuckered out and panting; but when he saw me his face kind o' lighted up, and he let out another 'Baa-a-a,' glad and relieved-like.

"Well, I left the mine next day, and never stopped till I reached Nevada City. Them fools laid around on the ground laughing for an hour. They just yelled and hollered till they cried and had to quit from soreness. I wanted to fight 'em all, and dared 'em to get up and meet me; but every time I started to talk they just gave another gap and fell over again.

"I left the sheep there, and they named him 'Grizzly' and tied him up with a chain, making out he was so fierce. O' course I was young and ticklish in them days, and I thought I might as well shoot myself and be done with it. But the next morning I drew my pay early and left. As I got to the top o' the grade I stopped a minute and looked back, thinking o' the Hayes girl, and while I stood there I seen that sheep under the tree pulling at his chain, and away off I heard him say 'Baa-a-a' at me for the last time. That carried me clear to Nevada City, and I ain't been back there since."

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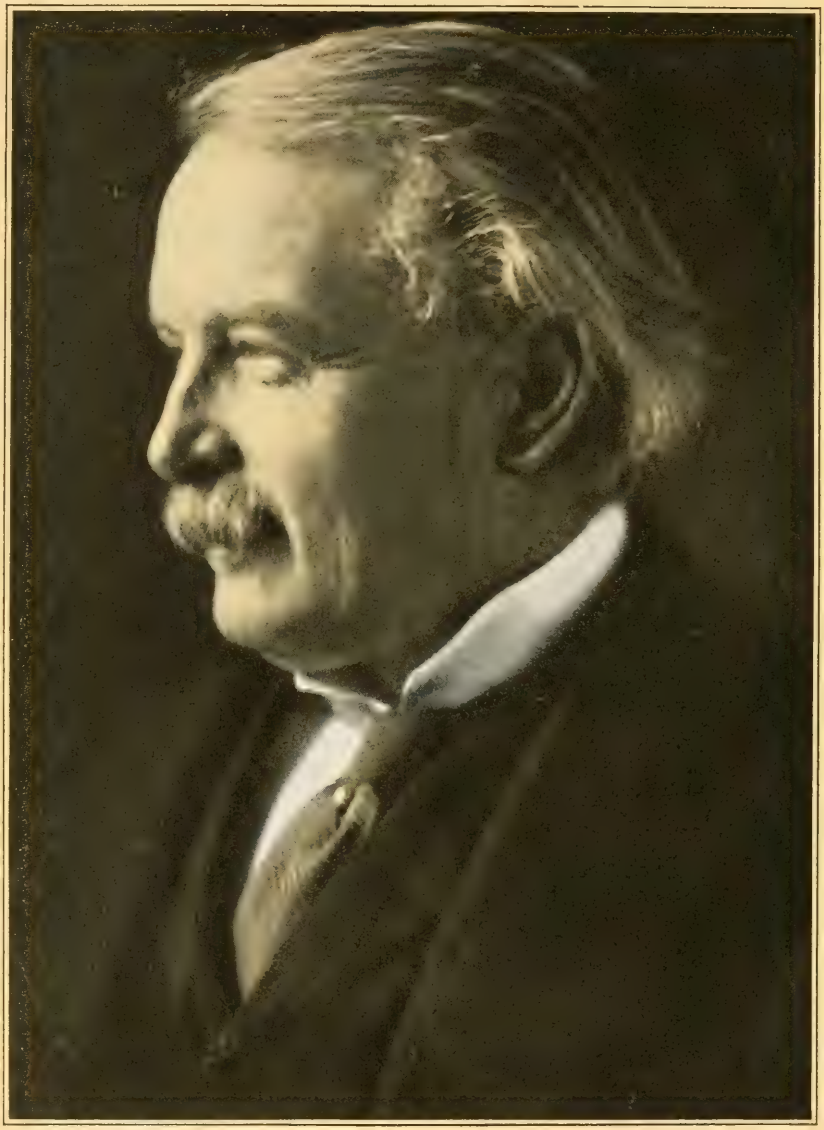

Photograph by Olive Edis, F.R.P.S.

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE
Premier of England

THE CENTURY

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# Number Ten, Downing Street

By HAROLD SPENDER

DOWNING STREET, the street of power in London, is certainly not imposing to look upon. Any casual foreign visitor who finds his way to this famous spot must experience a somewhat rude shock. Gazing at this little group of smoke-stained, brown-brick dwelling-houses, he must imagine that he has strayed from his quest into some backwater of London life; for the street looks like a piece of an older world still clinging to existence among the great modern palaces of Whitehall.

Amid these stately structures, the glories of our new Babylon, this little Downing Street is squeezed and dwarfed, a dead little island of brick from the seventeenth century. A Roman emperor boasted that he had found Rome of brick and had left it of marble. But even he must have sometimes felt that there was a dignity about the brick lacking to the marble, a Spartan sternness speaking of earlier virtues. So it is with our Downing Street to-day; it seems to survive as a reminder of the vanity of human ambitions, a perpetual suggestion that only in simple duty and plain living lies our strength.

There are three houses left of the old street, No. 10, No. 11, and No. 12. No. 10 is the official residence of the prime minister, No. 11 is occupied by the chancellor of the exchequer, and No. 12 has become the office of the government whips of the day. The rest of the street was cleared away in the early nineties, when the increasing burden of the growing empire forced Englishmen to build new public offices for their great departments of state.

The two principal surviving houses, Nos. 10 and 11, have been little touched outside by the hand of the restorer. They remain to-day almost precisely what they were three hundred years ago, little three-storied dwelling-houses of the type that was then spreading round the central core of London. One sees houses of the same kind to-day in Bloomsbury; or notes the same type of brick in Buckingham Street,

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the Strand, where Pepys lived; or in St. James's Square, the home of many great Restoration peers. Such houses were the town mansions of statesmen like Clarendon and Clifford; they were the admired homes of the wigged and ribboned courtiers who preened themselves in the wake of Charles II, by the side of the lake in St. James's Park. For the luxury of to-day is the simplicity of to-morrow, and the palace of yesterday is the cottage of to-day.

To the outside observer, No. 10 might have been preserved in a museum. The brick front has doubtless been repointed from time to time, and the roof reslated; but the old-time fretted railings still top the area, and the old brass knocker is still on the door, above the plate that bears the simple legend, "The First Lord of the Treasury." The lamp-bracket in front of the door is just one of those enforced on it was once No. 5. To the east of it stood several houses once owned by that bright and gifted soul, Horatio Walpole. But its own face still looks on the world with rather less change than the British Constitution itself, which it seems in some way to typify, with its homely plainness of aspect and its matured old-worldliness. It has the well-worn familiarity of some seasoned old pipe.

It is our British way to hate display in our highest. It is a sign of weakness when an Englishman has to dress smartly. It is so with our houses. There is a Roman majesty in simplicity. If our foreign visitors should demur, we can to-day still echo the reply of the British minister during the Napoleonic Wars: "You must measure our strength not by the pomp of our palaces, but by the size of our subsidies."

But step within the door of No. 10, if

Photograph by Olive Edis, F.R.P.S.
EXTERIOR OF NUMBER TEN, DOWNING STREET. LORD RHONDDA IN FRONT

all London householders in the days before public lighting, when it was laid on every citizen to light his own doorstep. The house has been several times renumbered; privilege or business permit you, and you will soon find that the plain front conceals a rich interior. Like the king's daughter, No. 10 is "all glorious within";

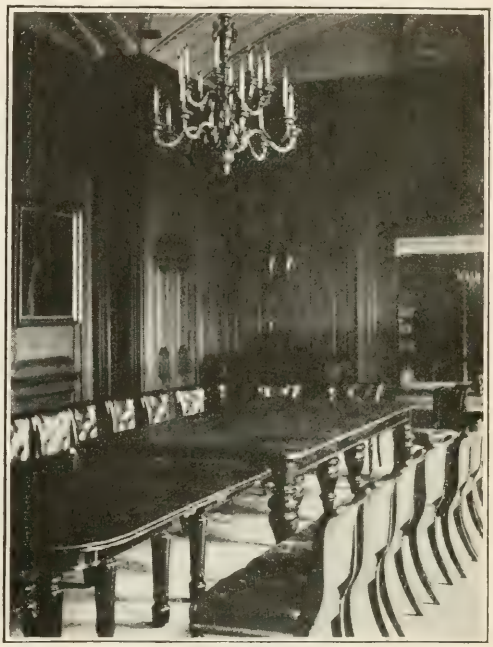
not with gorgeous hangings of woven tapestry or golden brocade, not with the splendor of Versailles or Hampton Court, but with the riches of storied association and memory. It can fearlessly be said that within all the breadth of Great Britain, or even of Europe, there is no house more vitally interesting in every turn and twist of its old passages or every corner of its old rooms.

How could it be otherwise? For here, since Sir Robert Walpole first took possession, fifty British prime ministers have toiled and spent their little day of power. Here, for nearly three centuries, every great crisis in our island story has found its storm-center: mighty secular passions have spent their force; great victories have been devised; great defeats have been endured. Here have lived England's greatest. What talks must have passed within these walls, what eager debates and strivings, what agonizing doubts, what long suspense, what weary patience! For not without much agony of travail does a nation come to the birth of empire.

The front door of No. 10 closes behind you, and you find yourself in a small square hall adorned on all its walls with the horns and skulls of deer and antelope, the gift of some sporting premier. Then you pass down a long passage, and notice in an alcove on the left a singularly exquisite bust of the younger Pitt. It is Pitt at the finest moment of his youthful idealism, Pitt, the "Boy Minister." The poise of the head and the tilt of the nose are very youthful. They bespeak indomitable daring, invincible self-confidence, the courage of the man who never counted odds.

At the end of the passage is another hall, larger and well-warmed. On the left is a partition curtained off as a waiting-room for visitors; on a mantelpiece within that partition is a bust of Wellington as a young man, also splendidly heroic, instinct with a kind of spotless integrity. It is England at her best and noblest.

Then you pass through a smaller room —the "study" of many prime ministers— and find yourself in the council chamber of the war cabinet. You stand in the central shrine of British power. For, with certain intervals of wandering, British cabinets have sat here ever since the middle of the eighteenth century. Built originally as Downing's dining-room, it has echoed with some of the most critical debates of British rulers. Here, for instance, Pitt's cabinets sat all through the Napoleonic Wars, and reached all those critical decisions which decided the fate of Europe. What moments have passed in this room! We look back at that story now from the summit of its victorious close; we forget that here in this chamber ministers had too often to look straight into the Gorgon faces of defeat and disaster and remain undismayed. Such memories may sustain us now.



Photograph by Olive Edis, F.R.P.S.

THE NELSON ROOM

It is a room not unworthy of its history. It is long and well windowed. The eastern end is framed in four columns with Corinthian capitals. The book-shelves lining the room are now entirely covered with war maps and war charts, which surround the war cabinet as they sit at

work. Down the middle of the room runs a long, broad, table, covered with the famous cloth of green baize and set with straight-backed chairs. There are enough chairs here to seat the old cabinet of twenty-two, and far too many for the present smaller cabinet; but it must be remembered that the war cabinet rarely sits alone, and is almost always attended by soldiers or ministers who have to be consulted about the matter in hand.

Photograph by Olive Edis, F.R.P.S.
MISS STEVENSON, MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S PRIVATE SECRETARY

The prime minister's chair stands not at the head of the table, but at the middle of its southern side, in front of the fireplace. Above the mantelpiece, over his head, there hangs the only picture in the room, a portrait of the ill-starred lord chancellor, Francis Bacon, master of knowledge, but slave of himself, rather a strange presence to preside over the fortunes of England.

The cabinet-room is Mr. Lloyd George's favorite working-room, and here he spends most of his days. It is singularly convenient for a prime minister's labors. The doors on each side open into the rooms of his secretaries, who can thus be easily summoned. The big table enables maps and documents to be laid out with ease. Here deputations can be received without inconvenient crowding. The war cabinet can join the prime minister at any moment; and as they always meet once a day, and often twice, the prime minister can receive them without constantly shifting his room.

From the council chamber, on the first floor, you mount by a corkscrew staircase to the upper rooms. The walls of the staircase are lined with engravings, in historical order, of the prime ministers of England, presented to Downing Street by private beneficence. As you mount, you seem to be moving in the gaze of those great presences who have peopled the house, Chatham, Pitt, Canning, Grey, Peel, Disraeli, Gladstone. For always out of the crowd a few stand out who were at home in this rarefied air. They were at ease in Zion, these men, and they brought more to Downing Street than they took away. For, after all, it is the men that make this place sacred.

At the head of the stairway you pass into the large, lofty reception-room sometimes known as the "Room of Deputations." Here before the war the prime minister of the day gave his annual receptions to the great world of politics and diplomacy. Through this room the great crowds of the London elect used to drift, little and great, admirers and admired, greeting and greeted, thrillingly gazing at the secret places of power. There, in front of that door, I can remember seeing standing that great-hearted man, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. At his side stood his wife, but on her face was the hue of death. Within a year she was dead, and he was on the way to join her.

A brighter memory is that of Mr. Asquith, moving about those rooms a little

shyly, as if he were a guest in his own house, always radiantly cheerful even at the most critical times. How else could such burdens be borne? In Downing Street the only way for one to conduct himself seems to be that of what Lord Morley once called the "one day man."

The color scheme of the reception-room is now white, and against this background the old pictures stand out. Two portraits surpass all the others. There, above the mantelpiece near to the window, is a Dutch portrait of Sir Robert Walpole, the first ministerial tenant. Among the f r i l l e d and bedizened Restoration ministers he stands out with a singular strength—a rough, coarse squire of the old school, but still strong and independent, with an honesty of his own; a portly presence in his gold-braided chancellor's robes, flowing round the protuberant flowered waist-coat with the deep fob-pockets, and resting that delicately molded hand, of which he was so proud, on the royal seal of England's treasury. Here was an Englishman of the John Bull type, healthy, large-hearted, fond of beef and beer, but not apt to crook the knees or bow the head.

Photograph by Olive Edis, F.R.P.S.

MRS. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE (OCTOBER, 1913)

Turn from this picture, and you find yourself facing Millais's "counterfeit presentment" of the fighting Gladstone, which he must have fashioned as a foil to that gentle, gracious image of the man in his softer moods which we generally associate with his genius. In that Downing Street picture Gladstone is seated sidewise in the scarlet robes of a doctor of laws. He fixes on you that eagle gaze with which he so often carried his cause to victory. There is in his eyes that sleepless vigilance for all good causes which was the key-note of his life. It is the Downing Street mood of the Grand Old Man.

Pass eastward from this great room through a smaller chamber, which was the old breakfast-room, into the state dining-room. Mr. Lloyd George now uses this room for all his family meals, and it is here that he holds his famous breakfasts. This room was designed and constructed by Sir John Sloane in 1825. Its walls are paneled with oak, and it is roofed with an oval cupola. The room is lighted by high windows on the eastern side. In this room many great conclaves have been held, and many great issues have been decided. Here great Englishmen have met together both in council and in banquet. Here were held those great breakfast parties to which Mr. Gladstone used to invite the pick of Victorian England.

The pictures on the walls form a gallery of Napoleonic England—Pitt, Fox, Burke, Nelson, and Wellington. In the middle of the western wall Nelson seems to be stepping out of the canvas to greet the guest—Nelson the bright-hearted, gayest of men who ever played with death.

Burke, away in the corner, looks pensive; Fox, nearer at hand, looks confident and reckless. But the presence that fills the room is that of William Pitt, in the copy of Hoppner's famous picture that hangs over the mantelpiece. The face is powerful and moody. The dead black of the tight-fitting costume gives to the figure a certain somber majesty. He looks commandingly and almost imperiously down the length of the great room, as if he were surveying his own. Indeed, he may well have thought it his own; for did not the younger William Pitt live for Downing Street as well as in it? Did he not sacrifice to this love and health, wealth and a long life?

Photograph by Olive Edis, F.R.P.S.
THE WALPOLE ROOM

Here, as we know from the recorded talks of his niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, he toiled unspeakably. Here he reigned in stern loneliness of soul, a giant among puppets. Here he worked for England, dying with the sense of failure. For, with all his triumphs, the career of Pitt is shadowed with tragedy; and that tragedy seems centered here in this little house which was his only real home.

Down-stairs, for instance, is the great kitchen which he built for the hospitality that plunged him into morasses of debt, and the cellars for the port which helped him to an early grave.

But there are tenderer pictures of him left by the one soul who loved him dearly, his niece. It was in one of these rooms, for instance, that he romped with the Stanhopes, Lady Hester and her brothers, who pulled the great man down to the floor and corked his face. In the middle of this merry scene his servant announced that two cabinet ministers were waiting to see him. Lady Hester describes how he washed his face and immediately changed from the gay romper to the master of men. The children were awed by the stern look that came into his countenance and the frigid and stately manner in which he received and dismissed his ministers.

Again, in one of the rooms above, William Pitt was lying fast asleep on that fearful night when the first lord of the admiralty came to announce the terrible news of the mutiny at the Nore. Spencer—for it was he—entered the bedroom and woke up Pitt. The prime minister listened to the story with absolute calm and gave instructions. Spencer went down the stairs, and when he had reached the door remembered that he had forgotten to tell Pitt some important fact. He climbed the stairs again and entered Pitt's bedroom. He found that the minister, worn with toil, had turned over on his side and gone fast asleep. It was with such central calm of soul that Pitt faced the great perils of empire.

Indeed, Downing Street is not a very restful sleeping-place even to-day. What with Suffragettes in time of peace and German raiders in time of war, here is no easy couch for a minister. He knows very well that Downing Street is a central bull's-eye for the German aëroplanes and the Mecca of all disturbed pilgrims. The prime minister requires a good many porters and messengers and other useful personages to achieve even the peace necessary for his labors. But there are some persistent disturbers who make their way through all this network. One night, for

instance, Mr. Lloyd George was fast asleep when the house was awakened by a fierce assault of knockings. Finally a despatch was handed in which was marked "very urgent," and Mr. Lloyd George was roused from his slumbers. On being opened, it was discovered to be a message from an enterprising newspaper in the far West of America, asking Mr. Lloyd George for a special telegram giving his views on his own budget!

Each succeeding occupant of Downing Street enjoys the treasury furniture, which forms the staple content of the rooms, but each can bring in as many trifles, knickknacks and additions as he or his wife chooses. Thus the appearance of the rooms varies with the taste of the tenant, or, even more, of his wife. The new-comers often like change. The same rooms have been used at various times in history as bedrooms, boudoirs, studies, or sitting-rooms. Many prime ministers bring in their own pictures and books. The wives sometimes impose their own coverings on the decorations of their predecessor. Mr. Lloyd George has brought in his own books, but in the matter of chamber decorations he is easily contented, and has accepted things as they are. He is one of those who could dwell with equal comfort in the tents of Kedar or of Ishmael.

As to the origins of Downing Street, the plain truth must be told.

It was built by a rascal, a renegade Puritan who first fought with Cromwell in his wars and lived to serve Charles II both at home and abroad. He served the Merry Monarch by betraying old Puritan friends to the scaffold, and in reward he received the grant of this piece of ground in the precincts of Whitehall. He also received a baronetcy and became Sir George Downing, afterward becoming secretary to the treasury when it was placed in commission. He was a friend of Pepys, who called him an "ungrateful villain," and wrote it in his diary. But it was a day of "ungrateful villains," and Pepys does not seem to have thought very much the worse of him for that. Sir George Downing was certainly a clever rascal, and he had a good eye on the main chance. He developed this piece of land by building on it houses for the rank and fashion of the new London that was growing up with the Restoration. He lived in No. 10, but he let the other houses to wealthy persons at long leases. He had no object but profit, and it never crossed his mind for one moment that he should present the mansion to a minister of the crown. On the contrary, he took his rent and lined his pockets. He starved his mother and founded a fortune, which by a curious Nemesis came back to the country on the death of his grandson in the form of an endowment for a Cambridge college.

It was on the lapsing of one of these leases that No. 10 came to the crown, which at that moment rested on the head of George II. George II seems to have been in a benevolent humor, for he gave it first to his Hanoverian minister, Count Bothma, guarde[illegible] nveniently died within a year. Then George II offered it to Sir Robert Walpole. Walpole was afraid to accept it without some condition; for he

Photograph by Olive Edis, F.R.P.S.
THE CABINET ROOM

well knew that even if a man is worth his price, he sells himself by accepting it. So he annexed the famous condition that No. 10 Downing Street was to belong in perpetuity to the first lords of the treasury.

All the fifty prime ministers since Walpole have worked there, though many have preferred to use it as an office and to reside in more luxurious homes. The great Tory and Whig nobles who often presided over our fate in the nineteenth century found this little house somewhat narrow and inconvenient. The treasury seems to have been in those days somewhat mean in the matter of furnishing. There were no bath-rooms, for instance, in No. 10 until the days of Mr. Asquith, who put them in. During the last ten years both houses have had to be renovated several times from top to bottom in order to bring them up to our ideas of modern convenience and sanitation. There is still room for improvement. The garden of No. 11, for instance, is nothing better than a patch of gravel. It was proposed to Mr. Gladstone that it should be turfed and laid out with flower-beds. He turned indignantly on the proposer.

"Who is to pay for it?" he said. "I can't."

"Well, sir, I suppose the treasury," was the answer.

"The treasury!" exclaimed Mr. Gladstone. "Do you imagine that the treasury can afford it?" It was a heroic answer, but the garden looked very bare until it was covered last year with the new sheds of the "Garden Suburb."

The Duke of Wellington refused to leave Apsley House, and used to hold all his cabinets in that great mansion. Lord Salisbury remained in Arlington Street, and used to summon his cabinets to the Foreign Office. Mr. Gladstone thought residence a duty, and the present Lord Gladstone was born in No. 11. But there were times when even he found it very pleasant to live away from his work, and for several years he gave up the house to his secretary, Sir Algernon West. The last three prime ministers have lived in Downing Street; and Mr. Lloyd George has now been in this street since 1908, when he brought his family there and gave up his own London house. But he, too, like Mr. Asquith, has found it absolutely necessary to escape from the treasury sometimes. He is in the habit of going at week-ends to a little house which he has built for himself at Walton Heath, where he finds a refuge from the storm which beats on the center of power. There he entertains his private friends and escapes for a time from the furious drive of ministerial life.

It was when he came to Downing Street that he resumed the tradition of the Gladstonian breakfasts. He has now transferred these breakfasts to No. 10. They are not so much social gatherings as convenient conferences before the beginning of the day's work. After a few minutes of light gossip the prime minister generally goes straight to the subjects of the day and discusses them closely throughout breakfast. He is thus able to let his mind play freely over events before he has been drawn into the turmoil of the day's work. Curiously enough, the present Archbishop of Canterbury has the same habit, and the breakfast parties of Lambeth Palace are a strange contemporary accompaniment to the breakfast parties of Downing Street. In both these great houses great plans are molded in the freshness of the morning hour, and the destinies of nations and churches are shaped over tea and toast.

The old Downing Street stretched from Whitehall to St. James's Park and had a public house at each end—"The Axe and the Gate" at the Whitehall end, and the "Saint George's Head" at the St. James's Park end. It is remarkable that the crown landlords should have permitted such very suggestive titles to their public houses. But it was an age of merry trifling, and the ax seemed removed far enough away from the royal heads of that time to permit of such liberties. The street ended in a square called Downing Square, close to St. James's Park.

Until nearly the middle of the last century No. 10 was the only government-tenanted house in this rather ordinary

London street; but as the other leases fell in, the surviving houses were taken over by the crown, No. 11 being given to the chancellor of the exchequer, and No. 12 reserved for the whips. No. 12 stands on the site of the old colonial office where Wellington and Nelson met in the waiting-room for the only time in their lives. Nelson asked Wellington to go to Sardinia, and Wellington refused. A few months afterward Nelson was killed at Trafalgar. A banquet-room was added to No. 12, and is now used by the chancellor of the exchequer for his official dinners.

No. 11 is virtually a replica of No. 10. The finest room is the dining-room, which also has its cupola, and a splendid outlook over St. James's Park. There is a door connecting No. 10 and No. 11, so that the prime minister and the chancellor of the exchequer can be in frequent and easy consultation. There is also a passage connecting both houses with the treasury room, a most interesting chamber, where the deserted chair of royalty still stands, with the "G. R." still on it, but vacant ever since George I ceased to attend his councils because he could not understand the English language. This room contains various strange ornaments and brackets. If you tap them, you will find that they are all hollow. It was these that were used during the Napoleonic Wars to contain the secret documents of the English spies who from day to day kept the cabinet informed of Napoleon's plans.

Secret recesses seem characteristic of the whole street. These houses seem filled with the secret whispers of power. It is as if they were haunted by all the dead designs that flitted through the brains of the men who have lived here. There is something rather awful to the imaginative mind in the sense of this secrecy brooding over the destinies of mankind, as if with all our democracy and our parliaments the government of men was still an affair of mysteries, a sort of masonry, full of secret traditions handed down from generation to generation. One feels sometimes, moving in these houses, as if one would like to drive a breath of air through all these dark recesses of power.

There is a tradition that before Downing came on the scene this plot of land contained a house inhabited by Mrs. Hampden, the widow of John Hampden, who fell fighting for our liberties. If this is true, then here we have another noble memory haunting this wonderful street.

And yet perhaps, after all, our foreign visitor will carry away with him a more fragrant and living impression, the very human mingling of politics and family life that Downing Street stands for, since here the stern realities of human government are very pleasantly intermingled with the softer human amenities. The great issues of state have a domestic setting.

The change of prime ministers that took place in December, 1916, has made no difference in this respect. Both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George are devoted family men, and their intimate life is always humanized with those softening influences. The voices and laughter of women and children have abated the rigors of the sternest breakfast conversation, and even the most critical cabinets of our stirring time are not far removed from the harmonious sounds of pleasant family existence.

The time will probably come when these houses will become historical monuments and our prime ministers will be better lodged. It is fervently to be hoped that then these houses will not be pulled down, for they contain in every corner and passage reminders of England's greatness. There is not a room that is not crammed with history. If only as temples of the noble past of England, these two houses, Nos. 10 and 11, Downing Street, ought always to be reverently preserved and carefully guarded by the whole British race.

"BARELY TEN MINUTES' WALK FROM THE HEATH"

"UNCLE HERBERT"

# The Return

By STACY AUMONIER

Author of "A Source of Irritation," etc.

Illustrations by A. Paul de Leslie

"WILL"

I OUGHT, perhaps, in the first place, to explain that I am, or rather was, a librarian at the suburban library of Chadstow Heath. When I first received this important appointment my salary was eighty pounds a year, but after six years' assiduous application to my duties it was advanced to one hundred and twenty pounds a year. I am married and have two children, and we lived in Gentian Villa, which is convenient to the library and barely ten minutes' walk from the heath itself. This may not represent to you a condition of material prosperity, but I would venture to point out that all these matters are entirely comparative. To a successful sugar broker or a popular comedian I must appear in the light of a pauper. To my own family I have always appeared to be something of a plutocrat. For you must know that I owe my education and whatever advancement I may have made to my own efforts at a national school, and the privileges of continuation classes. My father was a small greengrocer, and his family, which was a very large one and peculiarly prolific, has in no instance except my own risen above the social standard that he set for us. I hope this statement of mine will not sound priggish. It is simply a very bald assertion of truth. All my relatives are dear good people; it is simply that they do not, and never have, taken any interest in what is called education. My brother Albert is a greengrocer, as our father was, and he has seven children. Richard is in a leather-seller's shop. He earns more money than I did, but he has eleven children. Christopher is a packer at the Chadstow Heath Emporium. God has blessed him with three small offspring. Will is unmarried, and I could n't tell you quite what he does. He is something of a black sheep. My sister Nancy is married—alas! unhappily—to a worthless traveler in cheap jewelry. She

has two children. Laura is the wife of an elderly Baptist who keeps a tobacco kiosk on Meadway. She is childless. Louie, my favorite sister, is not married, but she has a child. But her tragedy does not concern this story.

In fact, the details of the entities neither of myself nor of my brothers and sisters are of very great importance in what I want to tell you, beyond the fact that they will give you a clue to the amazing flutter among us that accompanied the appearance of our Uncle Herbert when he arrived from Africa. The truth is that I believe that every one of us had entirely forgotten all about him. Albert and I had a vague recollection of having heard our father refer to a delicate young brother who bolted to South Africa when he was a young man, and had not been heard of since.

But, lo and behold! he turned up one evening suddenly at Gentian Villa when my sister Louie and her child were paying us a visit. At first I thought he was some impostor, and I was almost on the point of warning my wife to keep an eye on the silver butter-dish and the fish-knives which we always displayed with a certain amount of pride on our dining-room sideboard.

He was a little, wizened old man with a bald head and small beady eyes. He had a way of sucking in his lips and continually nodding his head. He was somewhat shabbily dressed except for a heavy gold watch and chain. He appeared to be intensely anxious to be friendly with us all. He got the names and addresses of the whole family from me, and stated that he was going to settle down and live somewhere in London.

"I AM . . . A LIBRARIAN AT SUBURBAN LIBRARY"

When one had got over his nervy, fussy way of behaving, there was something about the little man that was rather lovable. He stayed a couple of hours and promised to call again the next day. We laughed about him after he had gone, and, as relatives will, discussed his possible financial position. We little dreamed of the surprising difference Uncle Herbert was going to make to us all.

He called on all the family in rotation, and wherever he went he took little presents and made himself extremely affable and friendly. He told us that he had bought a house and was having it "done up a bit." And then, to our surprise, we discovered that he had bought "Silversands," which, as you know, is one of the largest houses on Chadstow Heath. It is, as Albert remarked, "more like a palace," a vast red-brick structure standing in its own grounds, which are surrounded by a high wall.

I shall never forget the day when we were all, including the children, invited to go and spend the afternoon and evening. We wandered about the house and garden spellbound, doubting how to behave, and being made to feel continually self-conscious by the presence of some half-dozen servants. It would be idle to pretend that the house was decorated in the best of taste. It was lavish in every sense of the word. The keynote was an almost exuberant gaiety. It was nearly all white woodwork or crimson mahogany, with brilliant floral coverings. Masses of naturalistic flowers rose at you from the carpet and the walls. And the electric lights! I 've never in my life seen so many brackets and electroliers. I do not believe there was a cubic foot of space in the house that was not brightly illuminated. And in this gay setting Uncle Herbert became the embodiment of hospitality itself. He darted about among us, shaking hands, patting the heads of the children, passing trays of rich cakes and sandwiches. The younger children were sent home early in the evening, laden with toys, and we elders stayed on to supper.

And, heavens! what a supper it was! The table was covered with lobster salads and cold turkey and chicken and ham and everything one could think of. On the side-table were rows of bottles of beer and claret and stout and whisky, and as if a concession to the social status of his guests, uncle dismissed the servants, and we waited on ourselves. The little man sat at the head of the table and blinked and nodded and winked at us, and he kept on repeating:

"MY BROTHER ALBERT IS A GREEN GROCER"

"Now, boys and girls, enjoy yourselves. Albert, cut a bit o' fowl for Nancy. 'Erbert, my boy, pass the 'am to yer aunt."

Uncle was the life and soul of the party, and it need hardly be said that we soon melted to his mood. I observed that he himself ate very little and did not drink at all. For an oldish man, whose digestion was probably not what it had been, this was not a very remarkable phenomenon. I should probably not have commented upon it but for the fact that it was the first personal trait of my uncle that arrested my attention, and that, in conjunction with more peculiar characteristics, caused me to keep a closer watch upon him in the days that followed. For this supper-party was but the nucleus of a series of supper-parties. It was given out that "Silversands" was an open house. We were all welcome at any time. Uncle was never so happy as when the house was full of laughing children, or when his large circle of relatives chattered round the groaning board and ate and drank the prodigal delicacies he supplied. Not only were we welcome, but any friends we cared to take were welcome also. I have known thirty-three of us to sit down to supper there on a Sunday evening. On these occasions all the house was lighted up, and, in fact, I have no recollection of going there when every electric light and fitting was not fulfilling its utmost function.

Apart from abstemiousness, the characteristic of uncle which immediately gripped my attention was what I will call abstraction.

It was, indeed, a very noticeable characteristic. He had a way of suddenly shrinking within himself and apparently being oblivious to his surroundings. He would make some gay remark and then suddenly stop and stare into space, and if you spoke to him, he would not answer for some moments.

Another peculiarity was that he would never speak of Africa or of his own affairs. He had a convenient deafness that assailed him at awkward moments. He seemed to be in a frenzy of anxiety to be always surrounded by his own family and the ubiquitous electric lights. When the house was quite in order I do not think he went out at all except into the garden.

He was scrupulously impartial in his treatment of us all; in fact he had a restless, impersonal way of distributing his favors as though he were less interested in us as individual persons as anxious to surround himself with a loving and sympathetic atmosphere. Nevertheless,—and it may quite possibly have been an illusion,—I always felt that he leaned a little more toward me than toward the others, perhaps because I was called after him. He always called me " 'Erb, boy," and there were times when he seemed instinctively to draw me apart as though he wanted to hide behind me. Realizing his disinclination to indulge in personal explanation, I respected the peculiarity and talked of impersonal things or remained silent.

"LAURA IS THE WIFE OF AN ELDERLY BAPTIST, WHO KEEPS A TOBACCO KIOSK"

It was, I think, Albert who was the

most worried by uncle's odd tricks. I remember he came to me one night in the smoking-room after a particularly riotous supper-party, and he said:

"I say, 'Erbert,"—all my family call me 'Erbert,—"what I 'd like to know is, what is uncle staring at all the time?"

I knew quite well what he meant, but I pretended not to, and Albert continued:

"Of course it 's all right. It 's no business of ours, but it 's a very rum thing. He laughs and talks and suddenly he leaves off and then he stares—and stares—and stares into space."

I mumbled something about uncle's age and his memory wandering, but Albert was not to be satisfied and he whispered:

"How do you think the old boy made his money? Why don't he never say anything about it?"

I could offer no satisfactory explanation, and we dropped the subject. But a month or so later our interests were all set more vividly agog by uncle's behavior, for he suddenly expressed his determination not merely to entertain us as usual, but to help us in a more substantial way. He bought and stocked a new shop for Albert. He set Richard up in business and gave Christopher a partnership in it. He paid Will's passage out to Canada and gave him two hundred pounds to start on. (I believe Will had already been trying to borrow money from him, with what result I do not know.) He offered me some light secretarial work to do for him in my spare time, for which he agreed to pay me sixty pounds a year. As for the girls, he bought them a life annuity bringing them in fifty pounds a year.

I need hardly say that this new development created considerable joy and sensation in our family, and our interest in and respect for Uncle Herbert became intense.

"HE TURNED UP ONE EVENING SUDDENLY"

I felt very keen to start on my "light secretarial duties," and at the back of my mind was the thought that now I should have an opportunity to get some little insight into uncle's affairs. But in this I was disappointed. He only asked me to go on two evenings a week, and then it was to help check certain expenses in connection with the household, and also to begin collecting a library for him. I made no further progress of an intimate nature. The next step of progression in this direction, indeed, was made by Albert, somewhat under cover of the old adage, *in vino veritas*. For on the night after Albert's new shop was opened we all supped at uncle's, and Albert, I 'm afraid, got a little drunk. He was, in any case, very excited and garrulous, and he and Christopher and I met in the smoking-room late in the evening, and Albert was very mysterious. I would like to reproduce what he said in his own words. He shut the door carefully and tiptoed across the room.

"Look here, boys," he said. "The old man beats me. There 's something about all this I don't like."

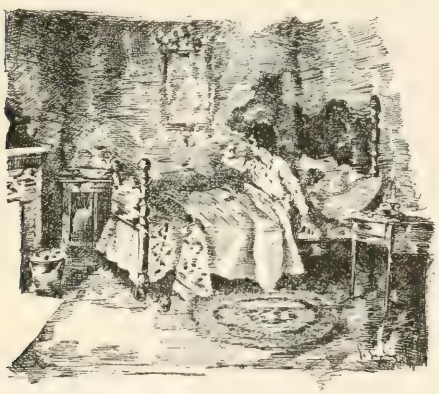
"Don't be a fool," I remarked. "What 's the trouble?"

Albert walked restlessly up and down the room; then he said:

"I 've been watching all the evening. He gets worse. I begin to feel frightened by him at moments. To-night when they were all fooling about, I happened to stroll through the conservatory, and suddenly I comes across uncle. He was sitting all alone, his elbows on his knees, staring into space. ''Ullo, Uncle!' I says. He starts and trembles like, and then he says, ''Ullo, Albert, my boy!' I says, 'You feeling all right, Uncle?' and he splutters about and says: 'Yes, yes, I 'm all right. 'Ow do

yer think your business 'll go, Albert?' he says. I felt in a queer sort of defiant mood —I 'd had nearly half a bottle of port— and suddenly I says straight out, 'What sort of place is Africa, Uncle?' His little eyes blazed at me for a moment, and I thought he was going to lose his temper. Then he stops, and gives a sort of whimper, and sinks down again on his knees. He made a funny noise as if he was goin' to cry. Then he says in that husky voice: 'Efrica? Efrica? Oh, Efrica 's a funny place, Albert. It 's big—' He stretched out his little arms, and sat there as though he was dreamin'. Then he continues, 'In the cities it 's struggle and struggle and struggle, one man 'gainst another, no mercy, no quarter.' And suddenly he caught hold of my arm and he says, 'You can't help it, can yer, Albert, if one man gets on, and another man goes under?' I did n't know what to say, and he seems to shrink away from me, and he

"HE HAS A CONVENIENT DEAFNESS THAT ASSAILED HIM AT AWKWARD MOMENTS"



"I WOULD SOMETIMES WAKE UP IN THE NIGHT . . . VISUALIZING ALL SORTS OF STRANGE AND UNTOWARD EPISODES"

stops and he stares and stares and stares, and then he says in a kind of whisper: 'Then you get out on the plains—and it 's all silent—and you 're away up in the karoo, and there 's just the great stone slabs—and nothing but yer solitude and yer thoughts and the moon above. And it is all so still—' Then he stops again, and suddenly raises his little arm and points. Christ! for all the world as though he was pointin' at somethin' 'appenin' out there on the karoo!"

Christopher rose from his seat and walked to the window. He was pale.

"Don't be a fool, Albert," he said. "What does it matter? Ain't 'e done you all right? Ain't 'e set you up in the green-grocery?"

Albert looked wildly round, and licked the end of a cigarette which had gone out.

"I don't see that there 's anything we can do," I remarked unconvincingly.

Albert wiped his brow.

"No," he argued; "it ain't our business. It 's only that sometimes I—"

He did not finish his remark, and we three brothers looked at one another furtively.

And then began one of those curious telepathic experiences that play so great a part in the lives of all of us. I have complained that none of my brothers or sisters showed any leaning toward education or mental advancement of any sort, but I have not perhaps insisted that despite this it was one of our boasts that we were an honest family. Even Will, despite his recklessness and certain vicious traits, had always played the game. Albert and Richard and Christopher had been perilously poor, but I do not believe that they would have ever acted in a deliberately dishonest or mean fashion. I don't think I would myself, although I had had perhaps rather less temptation. And despite our variety of disposition and trade, we were a fairly united family. We understood one another.

The advent of Uncle Herbert and his peculiar behavior reacted upon us unfavorably. With the accession of this unexpected wealth and security we became suspicious of one another. Moreover, when we brothers met together after the evening I have just described, we looked at one another half knowingly, and the slogan,

"It ain't no business of mine," became charged with the acid of mutual recrimination. As far as possible we avoided any intimate discussion, and kept the conversation on a detached plane. We were riotously merry, unduly affectionate, and, according to all the rules of the game, undeniably guilty.

What was uncle staring at? I would sometimes wake up in the night and begin feverishly visualizing all sorts of strange and untoward episodes. What were these haunting fears at the back of his mind? Why was he so silent on the primal facts of his position? I knew that in their individual ways all my brothers and sisters were undergoing a similar period of trial. I could tell by their eyes.

"IN THE WINTER HE STAYED INDOORS, AND BECAME . . . MORE DEPENDENT UPON OUR SOCIETY"

The naked truth kept jogging our elbows, that this money from which we were benefiting, that brought us so much pleasure and comfort, had been acquired in some dishonest way or even over the corpse of some tragic episode.

He spent nearly all his time in the garden, dividing it into little circles and oblongs and triangles of geranium-beds, and at the bottom he had a rock garden, and fruit trees on the south wall. He seemed to know a lot about it.

In the winter he stayed indoors, and became frailer and more pathetic in his manner, and more dependent upon our society. It is difficult to know how much he followed the effects of his liberality. He developed a manner of asking one excitedly all about one's affairs and then not listening to the reply. If he had observed things closely he would have noted that in nearly every case his patronage had had unfortunate results. Richard and Christopher quarreled and dissolved their partnership. Albert's business failed. Nancy's husband threw up his work and led a frankly depraved life on the strength of his wife's settled income. An adventurer named Ben Cotton married my sister Louie, obviously because she had a little money. Laura quarreled with her husband, the Baptist, and on the strength of her new independence left him, and the poor man hanged himself a few months later.

To all these stories of misadventure and trouble Uncle Herbert listened with a great show of profuse sympathy, but it was patent that their real significance did not get through to him. He always acted lavishly and impulsively. He set Albert up in business again. He started both Christopher and Richard independently. He gave the girls more money, and sent a preposterous wreath to the Baptist's funeral. He did not seem to mind what he did for us, provided we continued to laugh and jest round his generous board.

"HE HAD COME HOME LATE"

It is curious that this cataclysm in our lives affected Albert more than any of us. Perhaps because he was in his way more temperamental. He began to lose a grip on his business and to drink.

He came to me one night in a very excited state. It appeared that on the previous evening he had come home late and had been drinking. One of the children annoyed him, a boy named Andrew, and Albert had struck him on the head harder that he had meant to. There had very nearly been a tragedy.

His wife had been very upset and threatened to leave him.

Albert cried in a maudlin fashion, and said he was very unhappy. He wished Uncle Herbert had never turned up. Then he recalled the night in the conservatory, when Uncle Herbert had talked about Africa.

"I believe there was dirty work," said Albert. "I believe he did some one down. He killed him out there on the karoo and robbed him of his money."

"HE AND CHRISTOPHER NEARLY CAME TO BLOWS"

"It ain't no business of ours." The phrase came to my mind, but I did not use it. I was worried myself. I suggested that we should have a family meeting and discuss the best thing to do, and Albert agreed.

But the meeting itself nearly ended in another tragedy. Albert dominated it. He said we must all go to uncle and say to him straight out:

"Look here, this is all very well, but you 've got to tell us how you made your money."

And Christopher replied:

"Yes, I dare say. And then he 'll cut up rusty, and tell us all to go to hell, and go away. And then where will we be?"

Louie and I agreed with Albert, but all the rest backed Christopher, and the discussion became acrimonious and at times dangerous. We broke up without coming to any decision, but with Albert asserting vehemently that he was going the next day on his own responsibility to settle the matter. He and Christopher nearly came to blows.

We were never in a position to do more than speculate upon what the result of that interview would have been, because it never took place. In the morning we heard that uncle was dead. He had died the previous evening while receiving a visitor, suddenly, of heart failure, at the very time when we were arguing about him.

When we went round to the house, the servants told us that an elderly gentleman had called about nine o'clock the night before. He gave the name of Josh. He looked like a seaman of some sort. Uncle Herbert had appeared dazed when he heard the name. He told them in a faint voice to show the stranger in. They were alone less than five minutes, when the stranger came out, and called them into the hall.

"Something queer has happened," was all he said.

They found uncle lying in a huddled heap by the Chesterfield. A doctor was sent for, but he was dead. During the excitement of the shock Mr. Josh disappeared and had not been seen since. But later in the afternoon he called and said that if there was to be any inquest, he was willing to come and give evidence. He left an address.

Of course there was a post-mortem, and I need hardly say that all our interest was concentrated on this mysterious visitor. He was a tall, elderly man with a gray pointed beard, a sallow complexion, and a face on which the marks of a hard and bitter life of struggle had left their traces.

The case was very simple and uneventful. The doctor said that death was due to heart-failure, possibly caused by some sudden shock. The heart in any case was in a bad state. The servants gave evidence of the master's general disposition and of the visit of the stranger. When Mr. Josh was called, he spoke in a loud, rather raspish voice, like a man calling into the wind. He simply stated that he was an old friend of Mr. Herbert Read's. He had known him for nearly twenty-five years in South Africa. Happening to be in London, he looked him up in a telephone directory, and paid him an unexpected visit. They had spoken for a few moments, and Mr. Read had appeared

"A TALL, ELDERLY MAN, WITH A GRAY POINTED BEARD . . . AND MARKS OF A HARD AND BITTER LIFE"

very pleased and excited at meeting him again. Then suddenly he had put up his hands and fallen forward. That was all. The coroner thanked him for his evidence, and a verdict of "Death from natural causes" was brought in.

When the case was over, I approached Mr. Josh and asked him if he would come back to the house with us. He nodded in a nonchalant manner and followed me out. On the way back I made vain attempts to draw him out, but he was as uncommunicative as Uncle Herbert himself. He merely repeated what he had said at the inquest. We had lunch, and a curiously constrained meal it was, all of us speaking in little self-conscious whispers, with the exception of Albert, who did n't speak at all, and Mr. Josh, who occasionally shouted "Yes," or "No, thank you," in a loud voice.

"SUDDENLY HE HAD PUT UP HIS HANDS AND FALLEN FORWARD"

At three o'clock Uncle Herbert's lawyer arrived, and we were all called into the drawing-room for the reading of the will. I asked Mr. Josh to wait for us, and he said he would. It need hardly be said that we were all in a great state of trepidation. I really believe that both Albert and I would have been relieved if it were proved that uncle had died bankrupt. If we did indulge in this unaccountable *arrière-pensée* we were quickly doomed to disappointment. The lawyer, speaking in a dry, unimpressive voice, announced that "as far as he could for the moment determine," Herbert Read had left between sixty-five and seventy thousand pounds. Thirty thousand of this was bequeathed to various charitable institutions in South Africa, and the residue of the estate was to be divided equally between his nephews and nieces. I shall never forget the varied expressions on the faces of my brothers and sisters when each one realized that he or she was to inherit between four and five thousand pounds. We gasped and said nothing, though I remember Christopher, when the reading was finished, mumbling something to the lawyer. I think he asked him if he 'd like a drink. I know the lawyer merely glared at him, coughed, and said nothing.

When he had taken his departure in a frigidly ceremonious manner, we all seemed too numbed to become garrulous. It was a dull day, and a fine rain was driving against the window-panes. We sat about smoking and looking at one another and occasionally whispering in strained voices. We might have been a collection of people waiting their turn on the guillotine rather than a united family who had just inherited a fortune. Mr. Josh had gone out for a stroll during the reading of the will, and we were all strangely anxious to see him. He appeared to be our last link that might bind the chain of our earthly prospects to a reasonable stake.

He returned about five o'clock and strolled carelessly into the room, nodding at us in a casual and indifferent manner as he seated himself.

We gave him some tea, and he lighted a cheroot. And then each of us in turn made our effort to draw him out. We began casually; then we put leading questions and tried to follow them up quickly. But Mr. Josh was apparently not to be drawn. He evidently disliked us or was bored with us and made no attempt to illuminate the dark shadows of our doubts. Perhaps he rather enjoyed the game. The room began to get dark, and we slunk back into the gloom and gradually subsided into silence. We sat there watching the stranger; the red glow of his cheroot seemed the only vital thing.

It was Albert, as usual, who broke the spell. He suddenly got up and walked to the window; then he turned and cried out:

"Well, I don't know about all you. But I know about myself. I 'm not going to touch a penny of this damned money."

I was sitting quite near our visitor, and

in the half-light I saw a strange look come into his eye. It was as though for the first time something interested him. He started, and I said as quickly as I could:

"Why not, Albert?"

"Because the money 's not clean," he shouted into the room.

I don't know how it was that none of the others took this up. But we all sat there looking at the stranger. It was as though we waited breathlessly upon a verdict that he alone could give. He looked round at us, and carefully flicking the end of his cheroot, he obliged us with this epigram:

"No money is clean. It passes through too many hands."

We waited for more, but nothing came. Then Albert bore down on him with a tempestuous movement.

"ON THE WAY BACK I MADE VAIN ATTEMPTS TO DRAW HIM OUT"

"Look here," he said. "I don't know anything about you. But you knew Uncle 'Erbert for twenty-five years. For God's sake, tell us how he made his money."

The stranger looked at him, and blew smoke between his teeth; then he said slowly:

"*Made* his money? Your uncle never made more than two or three hundred a year in his life."

"Ah, I knew it!" exclaimed Albert.

Whether it was the result of my brother's forceful manner or whether it was the atmosphere of suspense that urged him to it, I do not know. But certain it is that at that point our visitor sank back languidly in his chair and spoke:

"I 'll tell you what I know."

We none of us moved, but we leaned forward and watched him as he proceeded:

"In the spring of eighteen-forty-five," he began, "two young men set out from England to seek their fortunes in South Africa. Their names were Jules Lynneker and Karl Banstow. They were of the same age, and were filled with the wildest hopes and dreams. They were, moreover, devoted to each other, and their only difference was one of temperament. Lynneker was essentially a dreamer and something of a poet, with a great gift of imagination. Banstow was a hard-headed, hard-working man of affairs. Now in this case, which do you think would be the successful one? You would naturally put your money on Banstow. And you would be wrong every time. For a year or two they worked together, and then Banstow was offered an overseer's job in a tin-mine. They continued to live together, but their work separated them. Lynneker was employed on an ostrich farm. The ostrich farm was a huge success, but the tin-mine failed. That seemed to make the beginning of their divergence. Whatever Lynneker touched, succeeded; whatever Banstow touched, failed.

"Lynneker was a careless, easy-going person, but he had a native genius. He could control men. Men loved him and followed him and would do anything he told them. He was casual in his details. He dreamed in millions and had the unique faculty of spotting the right man for a job. There was something about the man, a curious mesmeric fascination, a breadth—" Mr. Josh paused, and knocked the ash of his cheroot into a tray. Then he continued: "Banstow worked like a slave. He sat up half the night scheming and plotting. He was infallible in his calculations and then—he just missed. He did n't inspire any one. He misjudged men, and men did n't believe in him. As the years went on, and Lynneker became more and more successful, and Banstow made no progress, the thing began to get on Banstow's nerves. He quarreled with his friend, and they became rivals. The injustice of it all infuriated Banstow. He worked, and Lynneker lazed and dreamed and yet won every time. They went into the diamond-mining industry, and Lynneker began

amassing a great fortune in a careless, haphazard way. Again Banstow failed. In ten years' time Lynneker was an immensely rich man, and Banstow was a bankrupt clerk in a labor bureau. Then one day in a mood of sullen resentment he hatched a diabolical plot against Lynneker. He bribed some Kafirs, and tried to get Lynneker convicted of illicit diamond-buying. By the merest fluke the plot was discovered, and it was Banstow who was convicted. He was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. He served his term in full. In the meantime Lynneker became a bigger man in Africa. He lived in Johannesburg and owned great blocks of offices. But he always remained a dreamer. Sometimes he would ride out at night into the karoo. They say he dreamed of a united Africa. I don't know. He certainly wrote poetry in the intervals of amassing money. Two weeks after Banstow was released from prison Lynneker's body was found out in the karoo, with a bullet through his heart. He had ridden out alone one night, and as he had n't returned, they sent out a search-party and found him the next day. Banstow was suspected, but apparently he had escaped. Nothing more was seen of him."

"THE LAWYER, SPEAKING IN A DRY, UNIMPRESSIVE VOICE"

The stranger paused and then languidly lighted another cheroot. The interval seemed so indefinite that at last Albert said:

"Where does Uncle Herbert come in?"

"Your Uncle Herbert was a cipher," replied our visitor. "He was merely one of the people who came under the influence of Lynneker. As a matter of fact, I believe he was one of the worst cases. He worshiped Lynneker. Lynneker was the obsession of his life. He acted as secretary for him for his vast charitable concerns. And when Lynneker was found dead, he nearly went off his head. He howled like a terrier who has lost his master." He glanced round at us, and in the dim light I thought I detected a sneer of contempt.

"Lynneker died a millionaire," he proceeded, "and among other legacies he left your uncle certain blocks of mining shares which were probably worth about forty or fifty thousand pounds. That 's how he made his money."

There was a gasp of relief round the room, and Albert wiped his brow.

"Then the money was straight enough, after all," he said huskily.

The chilling voice of the stranger came through the darkness:

"As straight as any money can be."

Richard stood up and moved to the mantelpiece.

"Why the hell could n't he tell us about this before, then? Why was he so secret?"

"Herbert Read had no nerves. The thing broke him up. Banstow had also been a friend of his at one time, and he was convinced that Banstow had killed his master. He had periods of melancholia. The doctors told him that unless he went away for a change and tried to get it out of his head, he would be in an asylum in a few months. And so I suppose

he came over here. But his heart was still affected, and when I gave him the news I did last week, the shock finished him."

We all started.

"What news?"

"That Banstow was innocent. I was

able to show him a certificate from the master of the *Birmingham*, proving that on the night of the murder Banstow was a steerage-passenger on board his ship, seventy-three miles east-northeast of the Azores. Lynneker was probably shot by some vagrant thief. Certainly his watch and all his money were missing."

We all peered at the man hidden in the recesses of the easy-chair, and Albert said:

"How was it *you* had this information?"

The figure crossed its legs, and the voice replied languidly:

"I was interested. I happen to be Karl Banstow!"

Albert groped past me on tiptoe, muttering:

"In God's name, where is the electric-light switch?"

It is a curious fact regarding these telepathic processes I have hinted at in this chronicle of our uncle's return that from the day when it was demonstrated that the money we had inherited was to all intents and purposes clean, our own little affairs seemed to take their cue from this consciousness. Certain it is that since that time everything seems to have prospered for us. You should see Albert's shops, particularly the one on the Broadway, where he is still not too proud to serve himself. As for myself, as I am now in a position to lead the indolent life of a scribe in this little manor-house up in the Cotswolds, and as this position is due entirely to the generosity of Uncle Herbert, it seems only right and proper that I should begin my literary career by recounting the story of his return.

# The Threshing-Floor

(1 Chronicles xxi. 15-23)

*By DOROTHY PAUL*

Beyond the valleys flushed with almond-buds,
Beyond the blue, deep circle of Judean hills,
Where yet the mist of new-fledged olive-boughs
Lay gray as rain,
The fleece-girt shepherds shaded troubled brows
To see them go,
The hosts of David, bannered, terrible,
Across the plain,
Winding in purple pomp to Jericho.
And still the leaf was green upon the fig,
And still
The wild grape pitched her bronzing tabernacles
On the hill,
When they came back across the gilding fields
In broken might,
Seeking, beside his wheat-gold threshing-floor,
Ornan the Jebusite.

So have they come to us, the broken kings,
To stand among our wheat-chaff and our flails,
Staining our mill-stones with the blood and fire
Of covenant.
Lo! we have known too long the field, the byre,
Have loved too well
The goodly thunder of the flails upon the floor,
The threshers' chant;
Too long have lingered in the market-place to sell
And weigh.
Not only wheat and oxen shall they take
Of us,—nay,
Corn and oil and the burnt flesh of sacrifice, these things
Be lesser things,—
Take of our sons, our prayers, our blood, that we may give
"As kings give unto kings."

"LAUGHED HEARTILY WHEN ASKED FOR A ROOM AND BATH"

# The War-Whirl in Washington

By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY

Illustrations by Tony Sarg

THERE are only three ways of getting sleeping-quarters in the national capital when one and one's wife start out on a trip to see the war-whirl in Washington these days, especially when one and the wife debark, unannounced, round midnight from a train which, on the solemn promise of the compiler of the railway-schedule, is due to reach the Union Station, Washington, at the velvety, wistful, cocktail hour of twilight. In the first place, one may spend the first night snatching bits of sleep in the meterless "taxicab" — rechristened an Auto-To-Hire — between fruitless visits to all the hotels there are, which was what the wife and I did; secondly, one may start out bright and early the next morning and begin by cruising back over the hotel route again to find any sort of Washington hotel room and bath, ending up, if one is lucky, by finding them in Baltimore, which was what the wife did; and, finally, one may spend the second night sleeping in a Washington bar-room, which was what I did.

It was the first time I had ever slept in a bar-room all night. Since the previous November 1, or the date upon which Congress had spread a big blue blotting-pad all over the District of Columbia and had rubbed the district as good as dry, the particular hotel bar-room in mind had n't been a practical bar-room to the extent of using it for alcoholic illuminating purposes. Still, the clerk in the hotel, which is on a Fourteenth and K Street corner, continued to speak of the room as a bar in a sentimental, fondly reminiscent way, in tones one uses when speaking of "grandpa's room" long, long months after the dear old gentleman has perished.

This clerk, like all Washington hotel clerks in war-time, had laughed heartily when asked for a room and bath; then a softer emotion seemed to grip him, and he began to talk sentimentally about "our

bar." It was below-stairs, in the basement, he said, and seven beds had been placed therein only that very morning. For two dollars, the clerk continued, I might sleep all night in the bar. He added that I could take it or leave it, and he contributed the additional information that it would cost a great deal more than two dollars to sleep all night in a bar-room in any other town between New York and San Francisco, which is doubtless true.

The wife, of course, could not sleep there. Nevertheless, I decided to take an option on one of the two-dollar bar beds, which the clerk said I might do by paying something on account; say, two dollars on account. Then followed a weary day of room-seeking, varied with real thrills every time the flivver of a war contractor, headed toward the Treasury to dig another scuttleful of money out of the bins in the Treasury basement, exploded past the eyelashes of another lineal descendant of Captain Kidd who was navigating our meterless "taxi." The hastening contractors hit us only twice that first day, and they were good enough to scatter their shots so that one contractor hit the wife's side of our Auto-To-Hire, damaging her mud-guard, whereas the other contractor slammed in on my side of our car, thus avoiding all jealousy, and hit me back of the Pension Office.

Too much was enough. Half a dozen squares to the east of the Pension Office loomed the Union Station. There we repaired forthwith, and by telephone the wife got in touch with the Baltimore Young Women's Christian Association and a room. I had just time to grab off a seat for her in an outgoing day-coach of one of the late afternoon sections of the Washington - Baltimore Liquor Local, which reaches Baltimore just before the dinner-hour, and is known, I believe, to some of the district natives as the Martini Flier, and by many more as the Bronx Express, each according to taste. Anyway, this particular *apéritif* section was ready to get under way toward the dinner-hour; so the wife and I parted regretfully, but cheered by the realization that temporarily, at least, we would have comfortable sleeping-quarters, the wife in the Baltimore Y. W. C. A. and I in the Washington bar-room. Fair enough!

With no sleep so far on our little pleasure-jaunt since leaving the old home in Manhattan the day before save the occasional taxinaps on the previous night's cruise of the city in search of a room, I was keen for my bar-room bed the minute the wife had departed on the Baltimore-bound liquor local. But the uncertainty of our future housing accommodations during our prospective Washington visit caused me to spend what was left of the day and evening searching the widths and depths of Washington in a last effort to find quarters. Betimes I broke the monotony of my lone motor-ride by telephoning to the house of friends who had rented homes in Washington in ante-bellum days, and were still able to pay bellum rents. As I made my identity known to said friends over the wire, the news that I was in Washington was about as welcome as a coal bill in father's Christmas mail. One might have thought, to judge from the cordiality of the voice without the smile at the other end of the telephone line, that I was Billy Sunday calling up a friend and accidentally getting in touch with the Distillers' League.

One could n't, however, blame these Washington friends: that thought, long ago struck off, to the effect that "Providence provides us with our relatives, but, thank Heaven! we can pick our own friends," does n't work out in Washington as well as once it did. In times like these, for instance, young Brother - in - law Horace, junior at Yale if he had gone back the autumn after the war declaration, decides to leave the dear old college on its back in New Haven and go down to Washington and look around for a governmental job, where he can grapple with some big work that requires brains and untiring energy and all that sort of thing. So in drops Horace, accompanied by much luggage, and stays at Brother - in - law Elmer's house, out Chevy Chase way, while looking for the best job in the army,

"INTO THE ONLY VACANT BARBER-CHAIR BERTH AND SLEPT WHATEVER SLEEP OF INNOCENCE"

navy, or civil department which will enable him to bring the kaiser to his knees, yelling for help, in the shortest possible time. And Horace has scarcely settled subacutely in the guest-room when young Cousin Estelle, the celebrated Philadelphia stenographer, comes to take the room opposite the one Brother-in-law Horace has commandeered, Estelle also in search of a job where she can save the nation. When a brand-new population about the size of a manufacturing city like South Bend drops in unexpectedly upon a small-sized large town, already comfortably filled, such as Washington, there are bound to be a few crates of relatives in the consignment. Consequently the residential sections of the national capital early in the war had become an omnibus family reunion, wherein pop and mom soon were all fed up with visitors.

"Come up and see us one day while you 're here," they said over the telephone to me, with all the warmth of Charles Evans Hughes opening his front door and finding a delegation of California voters on the front stoop. Now, if they had only asked me to come up even for one night I might have given three rousing cheers. Not a chance. Still, I hold no grudges; they 're more to be pitied than censured.

All that was left for me to do was to hang up the receiver, climb into the old seagoing pirate craft, Auto-To-Hire, and pull up the mud-hook again. The later the hour, the more that bar-room bed invited; but before giving up and turning in I tacked around circles and squares and in and out avenues and streets long enough to learn that in a war-time Washington there are, to-wit: hall bedrooms (or if-you-can-get-'em hall bedrooms) of an ante-bellum rental of ten dollars a month which suddenly have puffed up into bellum if-you-can-get-'ems at forty and fifty dollars a month; that very swagger houses, which recently were rented for ten thousand dollars a year now bring twenty-five thousand dollars yearly; that one lady, who had had an unfurnished apartment for which she paid ninety dollars a month, had patriotically rented the rooms, furnished, during the first war winter at a rate of only five hundred dollars a month, pocketing three thousand dollars for six months as her slight bit toward winning the war; that ante-bellum furnished apartments in the hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-month class bring very often three hundred and fifty dollars and more a month in bellum days; that befo' - de - wah — ouh wah—flats, unfurnished, at seventy - five dollars now commonly are rented at two hundred and twenty-five and two hundred and fifty dollars, furnished. About the only government priority certificate which a man of influence cannot get is a priority certificate for a room and bath.

Just three persons came to notice on that first day of cruising who seemed ecstatically happy over the sudden swamping of their home town. The three were young government clerks of vision. With the first of the war-time onrush the three had taken a running leap at the throat of a renting agent, and had corralled three vacant apartments, paying all of thirty-five dollars a month for each of the flats. Then they had raced into the nearest instalment house, and had carted away to the three vacuous flats enough bilious-looking yellow oak furniture to cause the late William Morris to turn three times rapidly in his grave. And as most government employees round Washington seem to be able to knock off work about noon every day and keep absolutely out of the war until 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon, the three, within a luncheon "hour," had so thoroughly rented their, in a manner of speaking, furnished flats that thereafter they have been splitting up almost five hundred dollar rent profits monthly into three piles. Now they stand in front of the Treasury daily and laugh and laugh and laugh at it.

A late-arriving visitor can in a pinch, of course, look up a Turkish bath; but what is the use? There was the famous coal-baron magnate who came to Washington in recent days to confer with Fuel Administrator Garfield. When late in the afternoon the conference was ended, the coal

magnate of millions decided to stroll toward one of the large hotels and casually select a pleasant room and bath, *just like that!* And some time after midnight, still sleepily seeking a room that was not, the magnate saw an electric lighted "Turkish Bath" sign in G Street. Down in the basement depths he came upon a bath as full as three aces and a pair of kings. There was one barber-chair still vacant, however; the other chairs in the tonsorial salon of the baths had, hours earlier, been rented out for sleeping-quarters. And the coal magnate of millions, breathing a night prayer of tearful thankfulness, peeled off his coat and collar and climbed into the only vacant barber-chair berth and slept whatever sleep of innocence still is permitted to a coal-baron magnate. So far as can be learned, Washington has n't yet begun to rent sleeping-spaces on the bootblacks'-chairs, but the war is young yet. Nor in dentists'-chairs. The chauffeurs of the Auto-To-Hire cars, freshly arrived from far-scattered cities, to be in on the pickin's, were sleeping nightly, however, in their one-time taxicabs early in the war-days, even when the taxibrigands could find nothing in the way of a garage roof but the clear, cold skies of night.

When one stops to think that about the time America jumped into the war-whirl there were, all told, only about eighty-five persons in the offices of the Ordnance Department, including everybody from the boss to the office boy, and that before the following Christmas there were in the same department in Washington about thirty-five hundred souls, which promises to be closer to ten thousand by the time these lines stagger into print, then one must see that this, plus a like swelling of forces in innumerable other governmental departments, early resulted in a considerable hatful of new white folks around town. A couple of Easter bonnet-boxes would have housed the Ordnance Department, even as late as two years after General Leonard Wood had begun to say that it was utterly impossible for America to keep out of the war. Then shortly after it began to dawn upon Washington that General Wood not only was right, but could produce the papers and prove it, more than a dozen shed-like buildings, each a city square long, had to be thrown together down round Sixth and D streets, N. W., to house the ordnance forces. The figures should n't be disturbing. Washington always was a glutton for numerals of magnitude and with the present jump in population, and trifles such as the billions voted every few minutes by Congress for something or other urgently needed, figures are flying in a war-time Washington which, at least by comparison, make even the grand total of the "Games Lost" column of the Washington base-ball team almost look positively paltry. By the time I had finally headed toward my first, and last, sleep in my semi-private bedroom and bar in the little hotel in Fourteenth Street, it 's safe to say that the only vacant thing to be found in all Washington was the German embassy, which is still respected as an embassy, although empty—respected, one might say, a hodderned sight more than when it was n't empty.

And so, when I had the taxitiller turned to head me toward my bedroom bar or bar-room bed, whatever the term is, the sum total of my twenty-four-hour quest for a room was the exact knowledge that the late Count von Bernstorff's bed in the German embassy was vacant. Now, as I 've intimated, my bedroom bar had ceased functioning as a practical bar, having curled up into a little dry wad and perished on the eve of the previous November 1. When I told the night clerk that a day clerk, in exchange for one of those new two-dollar bills that fool one into thinking it 's a hundred-dollar note, had given me at least a promise that I might use one of the seven beds in the bar, the night clerk first offered his congratulations and then opened the hotel safe and locked therein my watch and whatever change the Auto-To-Hire bandit chief had let me have back.

I had been leaning lightly against what I had mistaken for a black-walnut newel-

post upon which, so I supposed, some one had thoughtlessly hung an admiral's dress uniform for the night. The clerk shook this entire upstanding arrangement into wakefulness while I still leaned against it. Sure enough (or, "Yes, indeed," as Washington would say it), it was a long, slim half portion of smoked ham, garbed in the uniform of a bell-boy. Him I followed warily down a semi-dark stairway, thence behind a furnace, or maybe it was in front of the furnace; and so, ever onward, past piles of baggage, crates of empty milk bottles, to a door pathetically labeled, "Wine Room—No Admittance!"

Finally, within a dark interior, the bell-hop, now clearly planning to wake up, turned on a lone electric bulb, which was just above the only unoccupied bed in the bar-room. In addition to the swaggerest-sized mirror I had ever slept in front of, there were four little white iron beds sticking out from one wall, with the bed I was to sleep in and two more jutting into the room from the opposite wall. And from the scents and sights and the all-penetrating tonal quality of snore sounds generally, I decided that either the room had been surreptitiously used as a bar until a very recent moment, or that all six of my unknown sleeping companions were a group of little pals who had just got in on a homebound excursion section—after an evening in the Monument City—of the Washington - Baltimore - Washington Night Liquor Local.

I had guessed right twice. The four in the beds across the room were gone beyond recall; I might have practised for an hour on my sliphorn, which I do in our apartment-house in New York nightly for at least an hour before turning in, and they never would have come out of their state of coma. But the two intellectuals on my side of the room evidently were putting up a better battle; in fact, one of them came to sufficiently to reach out for what remained of a quart bottle beside his bed, once he had glimpsed a stranger beginning to undress in his boudoir, and hastily tucked the glassware under his pillow. I got only a glimpse of the bottle, but I remember being impressed with the fact that the label of the bottle was decorated with either three or five stars, and therefore probably was the property of at least a general, perhaps a ranking full admiral.

"They had n't ought ta done it!"

The sudden words, their very pathos, coming as they did from the dim corner occupied by the third bed on my side of the room, caused me to whirl round and peer sharply beyond the bed of my full admiral neighbor. It was my neighbor's brother intellectual who was speaking, gazing the while at a framed advertising lithograph on the dim far wall, a picture representing the late Christopher Columbus, all togged out in red tights and things and quaffing a man's size seidel of some sort of Columbus, Ohio, beer on the sands of San Salvador. Long the man gazed at the lithograph, and his head began to droop, and gently he started to weep. He was crying, he told us between sobs, because Christopher Columbus, that greatest of Amurican admirals, that dauntless genius among sea-captains, that mighty discoverer who had given a world to the world, had been sent back to Europe in chains.

"They had n't ought ta done it, Billy," he sobbed. "Billy, I leave it to you: As man to man, am I right or am I wrong?"

Then I knew I was in a bar-room. One may be led, blindfolded, into a boiler factory, a stamping-mill, a Broadway cabaret, or even a Democratic convention, and perhaps be unable to cry out while sightless the nature of the institution; but let one be led, sightless, into a gathering where one overhears the stock question, "I leave it to you. As man to man, am I right or am I wrong?" then one is n't possibly or probably in a bar-room. It *is* a bar-room. As best we could we soothed him. His sobs over the ill-treated Columbus grew fewer, and at last he lay asleep, great tear-drops gemming his lashes as he slept a sweet sleep as if of childhood, tousled locks spreading over a tear-wet pillow just beneath another lithograph entitled, "Learning Baby to Dance."

There 's the great trouble with these bone-dry towns like Washington and Charleston and Bangor: a lot of the folks take to drink.

For a long time I lay awake in the basement darkness of the bedroom bar, thinking about the new wonders of this

"THENCE BEHIND A FURNACE . . . ; AND SO, EVER ONWARD"

war-born Washington. Too long it had been merely the Mecca of brides and grooms and job-hunters. To the whole people, for more than a century, it had been simply a seat of government. And now in a day it had become, now and forever, not a mere interesting real-estate site upon which by chance had been piled enough freestone and marble to house the seat of government, but the capital of the whole nation.

And as I thought this wondrous newborn capital over, I began to feel a bit sorry that I had taken the wife with me to view it. The wife is so irreverent—and everything. She has a pesky habit of knowing what she likes and saying so out loud. Now I, like all the rest of the hundred million except the wife, believe that everybody running the war is a great statesman, general, executive, even if he is n't, for that 's patriotism; but the wife! Even the short glimpse she had had that day, before starting for Baltimore, of the new Washington at war had caused her to say things that made me blush for her. Her caustic comments on the most trifling things gave me deep distress. The weird and unauthorized fur collars fastened to the supposed-to-be uniform overcoats of the newly created officers of the very new army; glinting spurs attached to the boots of right-off-the-shelf lieutenants in the aviation service—she stormed because the very best that the foremost poster draftsmen of the whole country could turn out were lithographs which in thought and composition and general technic climbed to the sublime intellectual heights of a peaches-and-creamy show girl, garbed variously in the third-act clothes of Columbia or in the uniform of a blue-jacket, who seemed to be calling out coquettishly, above the gun-throbs and the groans of the greatest of world tragedies, "O Fellahs, Ain't You The Mean Things! Enlist To-day, Dearie!" Heavens! how

I dreaded what she would say, once we had penetrated further and had begun to stumble into the tangles of red-tape, the petty party politics and a general scheme of war program teeming with all that unity so noticeable whenever a Kansas tornado hits a Saturday night performance of the circus.

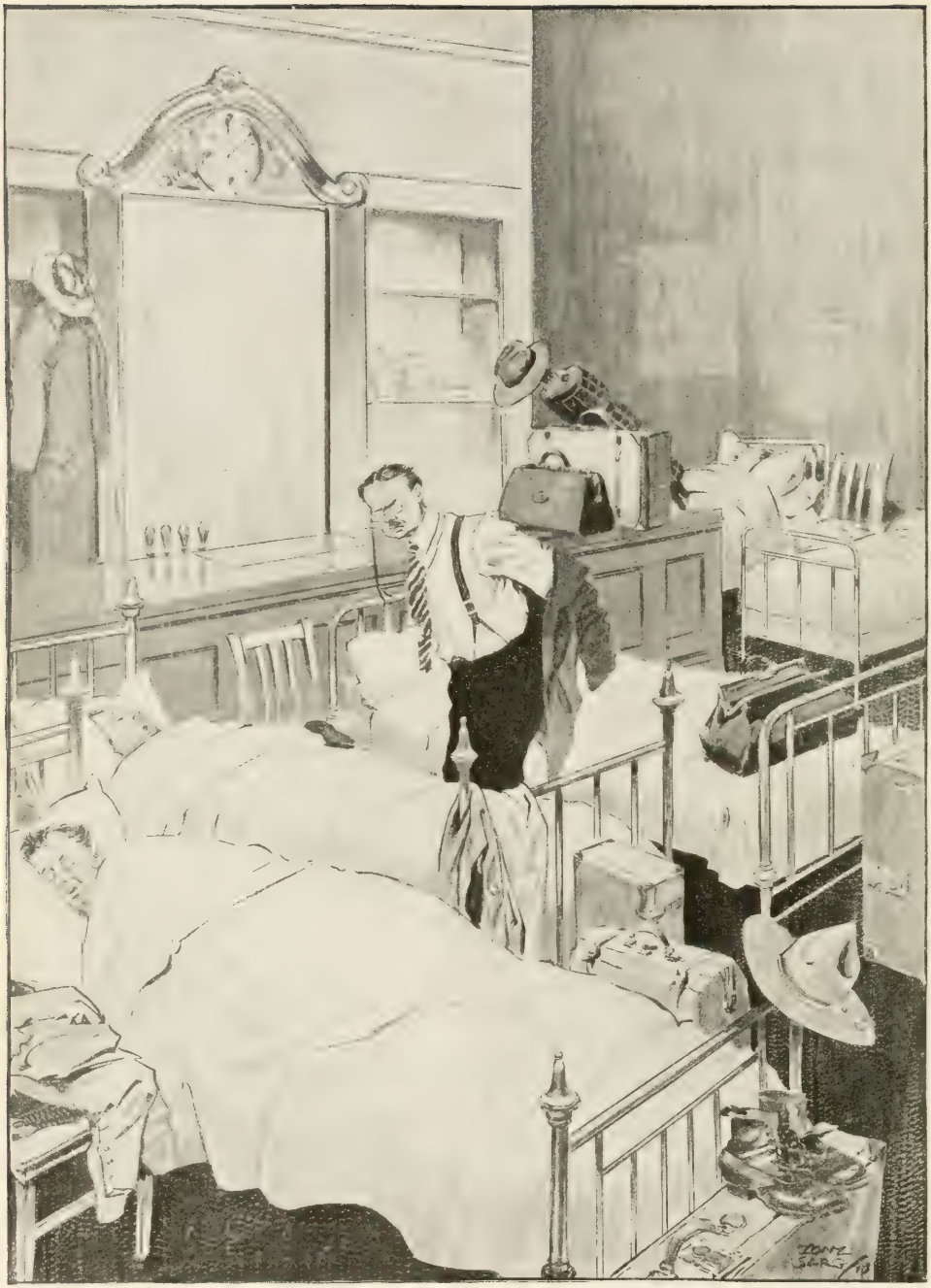
It 's impossible to convince the wife that the truly patriotic should sit tight and say nothing when, to take an example, the Government insists upon saying, "Is this potential appointee the best Democrat (or Republican, as the case may be, and in former wars often was) to handle this big war job?" instead of simply asking, "Is he the best man to handle this big war job?" Again and again I 've told the wife that the appointment of a given Democrat, instead of a given man, will at its worst merely result, say, in the unnecessary deaths, perhaps, of a few thousand young men in army camps or at the front. I try to show her that if nobody tries to right existing wrongs, the war may be prolonged, but in the meantime everybody will enjoy the sublime ethical satisfaction of knowing that he and all his compatriots have been intensely patriotic. "Pooh!" says the wife. "The trouble with you and the rest of the patriots of Bromidia is that you confuse criticism of a stuffed shirt in office with the office itself. If the people of New York State impeach a governor and kick him out, how can such action be construed as even remotely a reflection upon the great office of Governor of New York?"

She 's hopeless. I don't go so far, of course, as to carry these ideas of patriotic silence into my wool-sponging business in lower Broadway; none of my fellow-patriots does, because that 's an entirely different matter, into which patriotism does not enter. Or when I go to a ball-game at the Polo Grounds in New York with the rest of the fans on a Saturday afternoon, if I see the shortstop repeatedly come close to losing the game by booting the ball all over the infield, I just climb right up on my hind legs back of third base and start the yell: "Take him out! Kill 'im!" Doubtless, if the great managerial baseballist, Mr. John McGraw, should insist, day in and day out, upon retaining a player who persistently impeded the pennant progress of my beloved Giants by booting the ball from Saturday to Monday to Saturday, I 'd be ready to head a committee that would lock up Mr. McGraw forever and then throw the key away. Such extreme measures would undoubtedly bring down upon my head accusations of a lack of loyalty toward the revered Giants, but the measures would go a long way toward winning the pennant.

The wife not only agrees with me in such matters as keeping office politics out of my wool-sponging business, or in my outspoken criticism around the house when we get a cook that can't cook, in all these little ideas that have to do with efficiency in our own small system of domestic, business, and social economics; but she also, alas! goes to the extreme of standing right up in meeting and insisting that even the Government of the United States should cut out office politics, inefficiency, red-tape. And I tell her, everybody we know tells her (everybody, at least, among our patriotic friends who still speaks to her), that she 's no true American and ought to be ashamed of herself.

The important matter of the price of prunes in a Pennsylvania Avenue hotel restaurant, where we breakfasted after our all-night Auto-To-Hire search for a room, started the wife off on one of her distressingly unpatriotic tantrums. The hotel management, in a noble effort to help win the war by conserving food, charged the wife and me five cents a prune, five prunes in a saucer, at twenty-five cents per prune order, or fifty cents for our total of ten prunes. I was mortified to death the way she went on.

"Waiter," she said with cold finality, as if the poor waiter were to blame—"waiter, I have only this to say: You may report back to your chief, with my compliments, that I said in passing that even if Jess himself is the Willard that owns this hotel, he could n't *carry* fifty cents worth of prunes!"



"AND FROM THE SCENTS AND SIGHTS AND THE ALL-PENETRATING TONAL QUALITY OF SNORE-SOUNDS GENERALLY, I DECIDED THAT . . . THE ROOM HAD BEEN . . . USED AS A BAR"

Now as I lay awake in the darkness of my bedroom bar and recalled all she had said at that breakfast-table, I tried to excuse her on the ground that a more or less sleepless night in the good ship Auto-To-Hire had caused her to go to irritating extremes. Whatever the cause, once the wife had disposed of the prune incident, she had rambled on, I remembered sleepily, with an unpatriotic harangue that was most obnoxious. The very headlines on the Washington morning papers, lying face-up beside our plates, had seemed to goad her on. Why this? Why that? I recalled that I had blushed crimson while she raved.

"Shucks! Starting out to capture Berlin, and the whole darn country can't dish up enough unity of action in two weeks of effort to carry one quart of coal three quarters of a mile across the Hudson River to our flat. Oh, hush yourself! I could *see* the loaded coal-cars, I tell you, on the Jersey side of the river from the windows of pa's apartment on the Drive.

" 'Shortage In Motor - Trucks For Army.' Lookit that head-line! And you know as well as I do what happened in this very town of Washington when our Cousin Ed came down here months ago in the interest of the Mac Motor-Truck, or whatever the name of the firm is he 's with now. Forgotten it? Well, you just listen. Our Ed went to the general, or whatever you go to here, and said his firm wanted to get the merits of their truck before the army authorities. And what did this general, or whoever the army truck man was, tell him? That the army could n't even consider Ed's truck. 'And why not?' our Ed asked, knowing that his truck admittedly was one of the best on the market. 'Because your truck is n't listed with us, and the department does n't permit firms to bid on truck contracts unless they 're on our list.' 'And how does a firm get its truck listed, General?' 'Why,' this general said to our Ed, 'you have to take one of your stock trucks all the way down to the testing-ground in Texas and run it two thousand miles under certain specified conditions. Then if a test shows it 's up to the requirements, your truck will be listed.' 'Easy, General,' our Ed says. 'My firm 'll have as many stock trucks as the army wants shipped right down to Texas for the try-out. We 'll run 'em to Texas under their own power, if you 'd prefer. 'But that would n't help any toward getting your truck listed,' says the general to our Ed. 'And why not?' our Ed asked. 'Because,' answers the general, opening the door for our Ed to pass out,—and listen to this answer, dearie; it 's epic,—'because,' the general said to our Ed, 'the department decided a long time ago not to increase the list.'

" 'Shortage In Motor - Trucks For Army,' that 's what it says in the paper here this morning. Whoopee!"

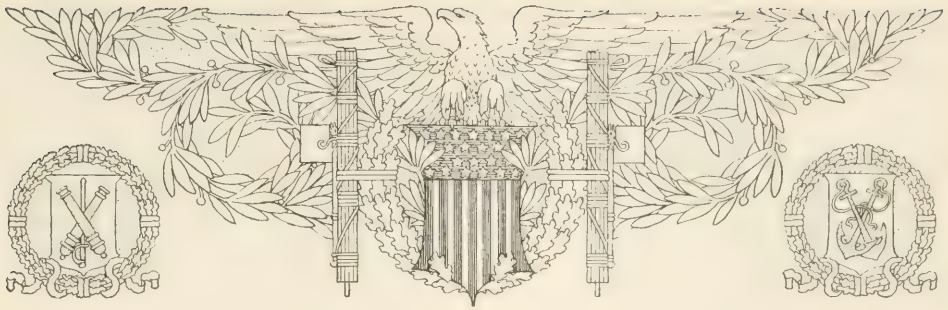
Thus her harangue, a steady stream of language so closely approaching sedition that I was more than half tempted to leave her indignantly. What was a mere sufficiency of army trucks in comparison to the sublime feeling (thus I thought as I dozed off into the beginning of my bar-room slumbers) that had filled me, sitting there at the hotel breakfast-table, with the realization that it is far more beautifully patriotic to be without any trucks than to attempt, in the bold way the wife has of doing, unpatriotically to goad the Government to the embarrassing position of trying to get some trucks. Of course, if I positively had to have such things as a lot of army trucks in my own business or close up my wool-sponging plant; and if this general, whoever he was, while working for our firm showed the door to anybody like the wife's Cousin Ed at a time when a sudden business rush had sent us hunting high and low for trucks; and if one of our managers knew what the general had done and did n't kick to the firm about it, well, in a private case like that I should n't do anything to the general and the manager, once I had learned the truth, but open our office window and drop both of them eight floors to the sidewalk of lower Broadway, praying in the meantime that they 'd both land on some vital anatomical spot and not on

their heads. Applying such principles to a war-whirling Washington, however, is something else again. Be loyal. I 'm with the crowd on that slogan.

And just before I tumbled all the way into sleep I breathed a final prayer that we never would find a room and bath in Washington. Then, said I to myself, I can decently send the wife back home, leaving me free to dig patriotically and alone through the cuticle of war-time Washington, looking the whole works over in an unprejudiced way without the distraction and distress of the wife's daily harangue about things as they are. I 'd willingly sleep every night in the bar-room, sleep ten nights in a bar-room, if thereby I 'd get a chance to look things over uninterrupted.

If the worst came to the worst, if it were possible to get rooms in Washington for the wife and me, then (so I firmly resolved just before I lost consciousness) I 'd put in an entire day showing the wife one phase of Washington life of a dignity so sublime, so unselfishly patriotic, and at the same time so efficient and intellectually high-minded and awe-inspiring, that even she would come from the scene with eyes alight and a voice resonantly emotional as she spoke her acclaim. I 'd take her to see Congress!

"SO I FIRMLY RESOLVED BEFORE I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS"



# The Mood of an American Ship

By NELSON COLLINS

Author of "The First Convoy"

I HAVE "walked the ring-bolts bright" on deck-watches while one man or another, and sometimes two together, ship's officers or seamen, talked about an adequate merchant-marine for the United States. The general mood of an American ship on the subject of a sufficient American merchant marine is entirely clear. It is rather sardonic concerning any florescence of the United States merchant marine during and after this war, and moody as regards life at sea promising as good a career to any young man as equal abilities can earn ashore, particularly to any young American. It sweeps away all discussion of ship-building costs and designs, governmental subsidies, preferential tariffs, unrestricted admittance to American registration, and what not, to insist upon one consideration and one only as basic, What will attract desirable young men of the United States to sea, beginning in their teens and continuing for the rest of their working lives?

There is small use in a nation having no matter how many actual ships if they are officered and manned by foreigners, whether the foreigners be Englishmen in the quarters or coolies in the forecastle. There is a saying common in England these many years, "Americans do not go to sea," and it is true in the main. But the English treat it as an inherent truth of national character and national opportunity, and many Americans agree.

"I don't see anything about American young men and their lives ashore or anything about the sea that need keep the two apart," said a chief officer, himself a naturalized American citizen of twenty-seven years' sea experience. I have in mind a very capable and very ardent young American who was second officer of another American ship six months ago, and is now first officer, and will be chief officer before he knows it, as he will deserve to be. He lies four years about his age in order to be old enough to impress his men. He says the same thing, "I don't see anything about American young men or about the sea that need keep the two apart." On the other hand, I think I report accurately when I cite the schools established by the government shipping board for training ships' officers as enrolling mainly men in the near thirties instead of in the early twenties and late teens. "I thought a different class, different in age and different, I confess, in caliber, would respond to this emergency call from the Government," said a ship's official who has had to do with them. Something is wrong about the number and quality of American young men who seek the sea.

Those who do have two strong prejudices, indeed three. They dislike lime-juicers, blue-noses, and square-heads. Just how American ships would run without them under present conditions, even be-

fore the war, it is perhaps a little hard to say. But they are resented in and for themselves and as inescapable evidence of our country's carelessness, if not its incapacity. The mood of most Americans I know at sea, especially young Americans, is anti-German, but also alienated-English. There is a real difference between the two prefixes, but both of them contain the element of positive incompatibility. I discount the attitude toward the English—the "lime-juicers"—a little when it is expressed by Irish-Americans or even Scandinavian-Americans, since the neutral Northern countries often have had no love for England either before the war or during the course of it, and the Irish attitude is comprehensible to me even though I am the son of a north-England mother and a south-England father. But the alien-to-England mood is by no means confined to men of these two derivations.

I do not quite locate all the feeding springs of the mood. The springs, though, that I do find are more contemporary than they are tricklings still from 1776 or the time of the Civil War. The assumption is that England is not willing for the United States to have a sufficient merchant marine. It is even cynically assumed that, once the war is over, old English shipping interests and policies will find it easier to coöperate with the German shipping interests in holding American ports mainly for their old joint use than it would be for the English interests to stand out of the way of a growing American merchant marine that would take business from both the Germans and the English.

This feeling was strong enough to disparage President Wilson's readjustment of the old Panama Canal free-passage issue back in 1912 upon the protest of Great Britain so long as any jurist of repute held that our original action was valid. During August and September, 1917, this alien-to-England feeling was vividly concerned over the course the department of state would decide to follow after representatives of the British Government protested the commandeering by the United States Shipping Board of all merchant shipping under construction in American yards for foreigners. The matter hung fire for several weeks. Finally the Washington Government adhered to its original decision.

The point of view at sea was that the English protest had to do more with the situation at sea after the war than during the war. Everything is in a common pot at present, ran the general comment. Tonnage will be allotted where it is most needed. Only after the war will it make any difference which flag floats over the ships. And after the war—well, watch England and Germany together while the United States, as of old, holds the bag, her ports. I am sure of this mood in a great many American officers, petty officers, and seamen. The diagnosis of it may not be complete, and the mood itself may not be sound, but there it is. "They want us to stick to our railroads. They don't want us at sea either as owners or workers. And, anyway, their ways are not our ways. They like to insist upon that, and so do we."

That is the mood in a nutshell. There is no occasion here to consider English characteristics, as distinct from English qualifications, at sea and in ports, that sailor-folk of the United States dislike. Sometimes the more they admire the qualifications the more they dislike the characteristics. "The Nautical Magazine" for October, 1917, "the only journal for officers of the [British] mercantile marine," did a typical thing that had sardonic attention in American mess-rooms. Under the heading, "A Few Things the War has Taught Us," it placed this item, "That every man on board a British ship should be British born and bred." Farther along in the number it printed five pages on "Manning the United States Shipping," in which it complained because the United States shipping authorities are making every effort to supply United States citizens as officers of all ships seized and all ships built for the American merchant marine. Of the Mercantile Marine Service Association, Tower Building, Liverpool, it said:

We placed at the disposal of the U. S. A. Government the services of the masters and officers, members of the Association, who were unemployed at the moment. A register was kept not only of the unemployed members but also of other shipmasters and officers who were willing to serve in the American Mercantile Marine. Applications were received in shoals and a lengthy list of available masters, officers and engineers was eventually forwarded to Mr. Denman, chairman of the U. S. A. Shipping Board. . . . It is now intimated that Mr. Henry Howard, director of the United States Shipping Board recruiting service, has started to take a census of licensed mariners, in order to deal intelligently with the growing emergency. Data covering the numbers of licensed officers, together with the grades of ocean and coastwise licenses which they hold, have been prepared for the recruiting service by the United States Steamboat Inspection Service. It is stated that there are about forty thousand licensed officers, but many of these are engaged in shore occupations. These men have now been circularized by Mr. Howard with a patriotic letter, urging them in the interests of their country to come back to sea.

"The Nautical Magazine" then made passing reference to the navigation schools that have been established, and concluded:

So the matter stands at the present time. It is to be feared if America relies upon her own resources that her ships will be manned with inexperienced or inefficient men who will be out of touch with modern conditions of nautical life, and it is hoped that with a list of up-to-date and experienced navigators to his hand Uncle Sam will avail himself of his opportunity. In the meantime, we must wait.

It would be easy to make too much out of such an article. The journal of a ship's officers' association must be concerned first of all over jobs that may be available for its readers; but the ineptitude at getting any other angle than the English angle on a situation was what impressed American mess-rooms as typical, and recalled a Welshman's remark: "I don't dislike the English. They are very good people, with fine traditions and ideals. Only it is hard for them to understand that other peoples have such things, too."

It is a dislike of characteristics and not a depreciation of qualifications that is the American attitude also toward the "blue-noses," or Nova-Scotians. Some say the name is derived from a certain kind of potatoes grown up there, and some say it is derived from the effects of cold up there. Blue-noses are lime-juice derived, Scotch or English; they are numerous in American ships, and they are interlopers in the minds given over to thorough Americanization of American ships.

"This captain of ours is the whitest, is the only white, 'blue-nose' I 've ever run across," I heard a Scandinavian-American officer of an American ship say one day, and an American-born watch-officer looked after him as he turned in his tracks to pace the other way of the bridge with a look that was perfectly definite and translatable. In exaggerated analogy it was like a Japanese decrying a Chinese to an American.

The full resentment for interlopers is given to the "square-heads," or Scandinavians. Again there is full recognition of their qualifications as seamen, with objection to some of their characteristics as men that don't "hit it off" with our characteristics. The main characteristic American seamen object to in them is their helpless clannishness. Scandinavians at sea are like Jews ashore; they can't help running together and trying to keep everybody else out. I mean to cite for illustration one of the finest navigators, most experienced seamen, best disciplinarians, most thorough democrats, and most loyal American citizens I ever have known, the chief officer of one of our largest American transatlantic liners, a Dane. What Mr. ——— used to say quaintly of himself was, in my estimate of him, perfectly true, "I am only a naturalized American, but I am a very hot one." Yet he is the

best instance I know of the hyphenated American in a very different application of the adjective from the usual hostile one. He could not readily handle men of other than Scandinavian derivation. As one of his junior officers mirthfully said: "If your head is two by two, or four by four, or even six by eight, you get along all right with him. He 's always treated me all right, but he could n't help making a difference when he found out that my blue eyes and yellow hair were, nevertheless, not Scandinavian. The poor man was horribly disillusioned." In all ships the chief officer has the naming of the boatswain and the carpenter. Both of these men were inevitably, the ship said, Swedes. Danes or even Norwegians would have done as well, but in this particular case they were Swedes. The boatswain in turn has a good deal to do, under the chief officer, with selecting the crew, and the run of the crew on this American ship were Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, some of them naturalized American citizens, and a good many of them not, and with no intention of becoming citizens. The names of all the quartermasters excepting one ended in "sen." I have indicated the mood of the other officers. I asked the sole non-Scandinavian quartermaster why he left at the end of the voyage I have in mind. He referred to the same Scandinavian-Jewish attribute, according to many seamen: "The ——— is a family ship." And he added, "The trouble in the Seamen's Union is the same thing, too."

The American-born mess-boy who waited on the carpenter got into trouble one day. "I could n't stand his square-head ways. So I up and told him I was an American, and he ought to be proud to have a white man wait on him," was the explanation he offered, and maybe is the justification as well as the explanation of the discipline he had found himself under. "I could n't have kept it back any longer," he added.

I have hardly ever served under a man I liked better than the chief officer. I respected him in a dozen ways, and he was an object-lesson in ardent Americanism. Nevertheless, he had not yet quite achieved Americanism, and will never be able to do so. It is more apt to take his grandchildren than his children to achieve it. He was effective only with Scandinavians. It is a natural failing, but from the American point of view it is a failing. There are a great many Scandinavians in American ships. Compared with them, there are few Englishmen. The Scandinavian alienation and the Nova Scotian alienation are the result of frequent uncomfortable contact on our own ships; the English alienation is more the result of contact in ports, American and English, and in legislation.

Possible as it may be that such attitudes are based upon mistaken grounds, the basic idea is normal and the only healthy one. We have to thank them all for fine traditions of both seamanship and seamanly conduct, these men of the Northern races, but our ships must be our own. American ships for American citizens without any other differentiation, and American ports primarily for American ships manned by American citizens. The crews and not the ships are the vital point. England discusses the same matter in a more definite form from time to time when coolies and the jobs they hang to and the wages they readily accept and the kind of quarters and food and treatment they are willing to put up with and their inability to understand their officers come to the fore in Parliament or a trade-union congress or marine weeklies and monthlies.

This prime consideration of the men who make up the crews concerns all the citizenship of the land because of what it can do for Americanism, because of qualities Americanism loses if the ships are not manned by hearty young men of our citizenship. It is most often talked about as a matter of working-man's rights, but it is really much bigger than that, big as that may be. Invaluable qualities die out of a nation that neglects the sea. Mr. Filson Young once made the remark that the sea would preserve certain virtues in a nation's life even if they perished on land.

But that is only half the truth. The sea creates virtues and faculties different in many ways from those created on land and necessary to the stock of a great people. Lands that do not have them are not the great lands, and little lands that have them often are, an instant resourcefulness in the imminent and unexpected moment, a vigilant patience, an adaptability to shifting environment, a sustained heart, a sense of command over wide compass, a satisfied simplicity in living, a familiarity with distance. John Masefield once said of a ship what America needs to learn to say of shipmen:

I march across great waters like a queen,
I whom so many wisdoms helped to make;
Over the uncruddled billows of seas green
I blanch the bubbled highway of my wake.
By me my wandering tenants clasp the hands
And know the thoughts of men in other lands.

It is impossible to think of foreign trade without American foreign-going ships and foreign-going crews. Some sea qualities are the virtues, over and above all other occupations, of the constructing engineer on land; but the sea adaptation of them is a difference of quality and emphasis that creates a difference of kind. Some essential sea qualities simply have no counterpart on land. So it is not in order that working-men shall be paid, fed, and housed right; it is not, first of all, in order that we shall have our own ships for our own emergencies, as the cruise of the American fleet around the world accompanied by hired British colliers and our handicap in this war have taught us to be necessary; it is not to extend the fields of occupation for American young men or to increase our foreign trade.

Though it is also all of these things, it is over and above all that through these American young men who shall go to sea American life even ashore shall be sure of all the qualities needed for great national and individual development and assertion, that nothing inherent in American possibilities of character shall die out. I am reckless and irresponsible enough to be willing that we shall pay subsidies at the outset for American ships with American sailors, even though the subsidies be not quite equitably arranged between the Government and a few favored boards of directors. At any price young Americans need to be on the sea. If I could see a great many young Americans at sea, even though they were on alien ships, I should not care much, relatively. The really basic thing would be in course of accomplishment. A Norwegian who sees all the Scandinavians at sea in alien ships must have very much that feeling of satisfaction, though, of course, Norwegian shipping also is a monument of national ability and devotion. The ships, too, we must have. But that is comparatively easy. It takes more than ships to secure a sea consciousness and a sea character. I would rather subsidize American seamen than American ships if marine laws of other countries let it work that way for us as much as our marine laws let it work that way for them. The men who walk the bridges and the decks and the piers are right when they talk about conditions of service and inducements to service ahead of ship costs and designs and available shipping routes.

Wages and food and housing and general treatment are improving every day. They were before the war. The war has abnormally accelerated the process, and after the war food and housing will not go back. Wages will a little. But only a few years ago talk about forecastle bunks and breathing space and talk about proper food was treated as sentimentalism, as coddling. Stern conditions make good workmen. That being the case, the sterner the conditions, the better the workmen. A false logic, but common enough a few years ago on land and sea. Only at sea cramping and ill feeding were held to be more irremediable than on shore because of the natural isolation of a ship. I used to live in a north Michigan lumber town in the nineties, and the theory of life for the men was much the same, and more or less gloried in by the men themselves, even

while they "kicked." Very well. But young Americans won't go to sea that way, and ashore, out in the West, I. W. W.'s start to burn forests because camp bunks are n't made better. The counter to young America's refusal used to be: "Well, young men of other nationalities will go under such conditions. They will go for less money, for such quarters as are provided, for a poorer wage. Foreign-carrying shipping is international competition. More than extra initial ship cost, expense of wages, room taken up in a ship for housing and food on the American scale make American competition at sea with the British and the Germans and the Scandinavians and the French and the Italians and the Dutch impossible. [There was truth in it, and it accounts retrospectively for some of the American feeling toward other nationalities at sea.] We 'll have to stick to our coasting trade, and it 's the fault of the American working-man, not the American steel manufacturer and the American ship-builder."

That fight has been fought—is being fought, that is, and is in course of winning for the American merchant marine—by foreign sailors. They revolted successfully against the wages and the living conditions that were supposed to satisfy them. There was the English shipping strike of 1911. There was the successful demand by Scandinavian sailors' unions for more pay. Every year there is a little further response to such pressure. The night of October 9, 1917, the British shipping controller issued an important statement, establishing, in effect, uniform rates of pay for all the various grades in the British mercantile marine. British seamen in foreign-going ships are being paid up to fifty-five dollars a month; firemen, up to fifty-seven fifty. The rates for petty officers and stewards are advanced in like proportion. Officers and engineers are also paid more. Men in coasting and home-trade steamers have their wages adjusted to this scale. American A. B.'s on the ships where I have served are getting sixty dollars a month and a fifty per cent. war bonus.

But the equalizing of conditions is being worked from the other end, and instead of the American sailor coming down, the foreigner is coming up, and all that makes prospects better for the American merchant marine of the future. As to the old forecastles, they are going, going, though not yet gone. "The Spectator" in London is never too anxious to criticize an existing traditional order, but it discussed the standardized ships being built in England and Scotland and Ireland under government supervision (the first was launched at Belfast in August last) quite in the new tone. September 8, 1917, it said:

> One of the best things that the State has done in the industrial sphere since the beginning of the war has been the planning and construction of a new type of standardised merchant ship. The first of these standardised ships was launched last week, and, according to the published accounts, is a remarkable success. . . . It will be an efficient cargo-carrier, and in addition it will possess a feature which was unfortunately lacking in many of the cargo-carriers built by private enterprise—namely, the provision of good accommodation for the crew. This last is a point on which the advocates of universal State action are sure to lay stress. They will argue, with a good deal of truth, that private owners have in the past neglected the duty of providing comfortable quarters for the men who work the ship, and that this failure justifies the intervention of the State. The failure does justify State intervention to the extent of the supervision of this special point. [Then, having been led so far, "The Spectator" naturally hastened to add], But the necessity for such special supervision in no way involves the much larger proposition that the State should itself in normal times become the builder and the owner of merchant ships.

But Browning said something like this somewhere or other, which is as close as any citation from poetry need be in this connection, "We have begun; this much

is come to pass." Pretty soon Great Lakes quarters and Great Lakes grub and Great Lakes wages will not be unbelievable tales in ocean-crossing ships. Pretty soon on the Great Lakes themselves the three-watch system will be established. Pretty soon La Follette shipping acts will not seem all sentimental folly or catering to a vote, and one of the worst provisions, the right to desert, will lose its point through no inducement to desert. And the United States Government's Panama Line and the old Government Shipping Bill, which did n't get passed a few years ago, will seem a coherent idea at least, and not an exception in the one case and a fantasy in the other.

Seamen and firemen will do fool things to alienate intelligent sympathy from time to time. I talked about firemen's quarters with a first officer in one American line. His discussion began and ended with the way one crowd of firemen wrecked a good new bath-house provided for them forward, even to stripping the copper of the pipes and selling it for whisky. I talked with an American chief officer who told me of a crew with nothing to complain of who quit in a foreign port simply because they knew the master could n't get another crew there, and so forced him to let them sign on again at an increase. I know of an instance affecting one man, a ship's carpenter, in the port of New York in July, 1917, that made me feel I wanted to throw the whole official group of the Seamen's Union into the dirty waters of the North River. But these are the mistakes of judgment or the hang-over from old environment or the actual occasional evil of crafty men. "The Lancet" of London, treating the matter from a medical point of view in its issue of August 11, 1917, sums it up for both the men, the owners, and the public good, and for Americans as well as British:

> The conditions of life of seamen have for years and years been very hard, as every one who knew anything about ships was very well aware. It was up to the ship-owners to improve things. Did they? Hardly at all. A few tried a little, were met by the sailors with the suspicion the previous conduct of the shipowning class had naturally engendered, and, not instantly receiving gratitude and appreciation, the owners allowed themselves to fall away from the good intentions they had spasmodically cherished. . . . Seamen latterly have had better quarters, thanks to Mr. Lloyd George and the Merchant Shipping Act of 1906, passed when the Premier was at the Board of Trade. The medical officers of health of port sanitary authorities have done a great deal, too—as much as ever they had power to achieve. But the Seamen's and Firemen's Union have got greater advances made. . . . The Seamen's and Firemen's Union have now made themselves a power, and that very largely because the shipowners have not taken the trouble to consider what was due to their employees, and have waited to be pushed into obviously necessary improvements which they ought to have anticipated. Mr. Lloyd George's one hundred and twenty cubic feet per man of the 1906 Act, replacing the seventy-two cubic feet of the older days, is an example. . . . I once went round a ship with an assistant marine superintendent and showed him a place continuously occupied in which it was scandalous to expect a man to work. His withers were unwrung. "They have never complained, nor has the union," said he complacently. "Is it not your business to find out and improve such things?" said I. He said it was not, nor that of any one in the company, but he agreed that this attitude was disastrous, because strengthening the union.

Such statements from foreign sources prove that the American has been right in his insistences that for a good many years seemed to forbid him the sea. The big thing about it all for Americans is not that wages are better or food better or bunks better, but that it looks as though the young American might go to sea on respectable terms that are at the same time even terms for his employers; pretty soon, if not yet. The British went any way; and the Germans and the Scandinavians

and the rest. The young American would n't and won't. The seamen of other countries are fixing it up for him so that he can, largely inspired by his insistences to their refusal at last to believe that the penalties of life and labor at sea are all of them inherent in the life or in the necessities of international transportation competition.

Inducing him to sea is n't going to make a sailor of him, though, and neither is a little theoretical navigation that the schools can teach him. Any fool can navigate. It takes years and an aptitude to make a seaman. Cadets in the various lines, cadet officers, school-ships, private and government navigation schools ashore —all fall down on the side of seamanship. You have to breed seamen, and they have to be bred by their mother, the sea, in the closest contact with her you can have.

That is the most serious condition the new American merchant marine faces. You can show a man how to handle a sextant and how to find the mathematical elements out of ready-made tables in six weeks. The "know how" and not the "know why" are all that average navigation requires. Six weeks more of steady practice will make him reasonably adept in manipulating the sextant under all weather conditions, and really getting down the knack of eye and hand in making an observation of the sun or a star. "The day's work" is n't so hard a thing to manage. The handling of the pelorus and the azimuth mirror and a few other things are easily picked up on the side.

The ships are filled at present, crowded beyond capacity, with sub-junior officers trained for six weeks or two months at a new shipping board school in Boston or Providence or Bangor; with naval-reserve ensigns fresh from ten crowded weeks at Annapolis; with cadet-officers trained in the line according to the line's own ideas; with school-ship boys off the *Newport* and the *Ranger*. Men now gray in the American mercantile marine regard them with liking for their enthusiasm and dubiety over their qualifications. They are n't seamen. And seamanship is a thing of such definite and detailed knack and yet also of a mood in life and work hard to prescribe for men, though easy to recognize in them, that a full generation will have to put in devotedly to the American merchant service before that kind of sailor is restored to American life. It has died out in the generations since the Civil War. It is n't to be recovered over night. That is the big difference in sheer physique between the American and the Englishman at sea at present. The build of the Englishmen is satisfactory, shows an adaptation to the conditions of the life that the American almost always lacks. The legs are spread a little, the back is braced, the foot and wrist more solid and yet more flexible, the fingers more substantial and more nimble. There is a substance and an agility combined that our slenderer built, unadapted American does not have.

The accomplishment of it is n't any one man's job. It is the kind of thing that partly is bred by fathers in sons who also will follow the sea, and is made to grow before the actual experience by boyhood observation and desire of emulation. The school-ship boys come nearest to being seamen, but they enter the life a little late as a rule, with the most casual purpose, having "drifted in" to it and uncertain about remaining with it, and are in port too much and at sea under actual experience of all weathers and emergencies too little. And we only support them half-heartedly. Philadelphia abandoned hers several years ago. There are two on our whole Atlantic coast, and Belgium, before the war, supported a better training-ship than the two combined. It is easier to make a navigator than a quartermaster; easier, that is, to teach a man to handle a sextant and work out a calculation than to handle a wheel and know the caprices of any given ship. I would rather be a thoroughly competent petty officer any day than an average navigator.

Of course the old crowd, who had hard training in deep-water square-riggers, have always been almighty suspicious of the men who have been "raised in steam."

"You men raised in steam don't notice a thing like that," said our captain to the officer of the watch, and pointed out a loose seizing-end up in the forward rigging near the cross-trees. "The watch-officer on the last watch was a sailing-ship man and did n't notice it either," is what the man "raised in steam" thought and did n't say. "He 's the best man I 've ever known raised in steam," is the praise a chief officer I know pays to the second. They cling hard to the old qualifications, but they learn reason in it.

After all, the day of the sailing-ship *is* gone. The oceans are for steamships henceforth. To be ready for all the conditions and emergencies of a ship under steam retains many of the old fundamentals and requires much knowledge and many quick adjustments old sailing ships never knew. Men "raised in steam" are, in this second decade of the twentieth century, masters and watch-officers of the blue-ribbon liners and they do their job. It is more important to know how a crane should be handled or how to steer with your propellers in case of accident than it is to furl a topgallantsail. An English naval officer who has written a little book of rough verse called "Songs of the Sailor Men" has "The Old Salt" say:

I laughed at the fancy ratin's; they seemed
'ighfalutin to me;
I did n't know then what a modern ship
was; they 're not like when I was at
sea;
I 've been inside of a turret, and I tell you
it opened me eyes,
An' the lights and electric dodges 'ave fair
knocked me down with surprise.
I missed the old smell of the rope yarns, and
I did n't think much of the wires;
But I know now these youngsters who splice
'em 'ave a much 'arder job than was
ours.
I thought that me shipmates were softer
'cos they did n't go runnin' aloft;
But I 'll tell you the work in the turret ain't
work for a man who is soft.
They tell me they use an electric machine,
and a wire when they want to sound.
It was "Watch there, Watch," and a 'ell of a
pull, when we knew it had touched
the ground.
An' I used to steer to a quarter 'a point,
when three of us found it 'ard,
But now it 's a one-man job at the wheel,
and figures all round the card.

And sometimes men who can do a particular thing well enough have never heard, or have forgotten, an obsolete vocabulary for it. But at the same time a steamship sailor can be a great deal more of a sailor than most of them are, and the same is true of an officer whose training has been entirely in steamships. "Look at them," said an exasperated officer, sailing-ship trained. "They always want to make a rolling hitch when they ought to make a clove-hitch or a timber-hitch; or a half-hitch over there on those life-boats instead of choking the luff. I called 'Choke the luff' to them when I saw them making half-hitches, and they all stared at me. Now, I don't mind their not knowing a phrase like that, though there 's no reason they should n't, but when I went down and did it for them none of them knew the thing any more than they knew the name or could do it quickly after I had showed them. They can't tell the difference between a seizing and a serving and a parceling, and all are needed for different purposes on this steamship." I heard him call to the watch on deck another time, "Pull tight your frapping," and they stared helplessly. They are willing enough, most of them, but they are helpless. "Ten years ago," he said, "there were stevedores at sea; nowadays they are n't even that. One or two good men—if only we can have that many aboard at a time, good men according to the standard of ten years ago, when we thought we were already disgusted. We can try to build a watch around one or two of them. Most of them are afraid to go aloft at all."

It is all a question of pride and joy in occupation, and William Morris's ideas are needed at sea even more than they are needed ashore. With all the new condi-

tions encouraging a man to think of his life at sea as a permanent occupation, the worst hindrances to building up a real body of seamen for the United States are being overcome.

The need of seamanship, even the barest elements of it, so observable in any crew signed on nowadays is almost as apparent in the officers' quarters. There are some officers—may the saints enlighten them! —who seem to pride themselves on an ability to give orders without the ability to lead in executing them at a pinch. They are few and far between, fortunately. But almost as few and far between are the officers whose chief pride is in their seamanship, and whose attainments measure up to their pride. This is particularly true of the United States merchant marine, but it is also a general condition, as this recent English comment indicates:

> The coming officers and sailors should be compelled to know more of their duties as seamen than do many of them nowadays. Board of Trade examinations are getting stiffer and stiffer on all kinds of theoretical subjects and intricate navigation problems, but with little attention to sailorising or to seamanship. To a young officer who may find himself in charge of a boat hundreds of miles from land, and with no idea how to handle it, it will be of little avail that his head is chock full of useless definitions and many learned ways of working double altitudes.

The best officers at sea remind me of the distinction Mr. W. P. Ker of Oxford University makes in his book, "Epic and Romance," between the common interests of all classes in Anglo-Saxon times and a stiff pride in separation of interests and understandings that the Norman knights felt. A passage of his comes to my mind almost every day as I watch a certain chief officer of a fast liner with his crew on the occasions that he is with them on the deck:

> The great man is the man who is best at the things with which every one is familiar. There is a community of prosaic interests. A gentleman adventurer on board his own ship, following out his own ideas, carrying his men with him by his own power of mind and temper . . . ; surpassing his men in skill, knowledge, and ambition, but taking part with them and allowing them to take part in the enterprise, is a good representative of the heroic age.

I have watched these ineffective men of a modern liner's deck crew follow his every movement not so much with pride at his doing best those things with which every one is familiar, as with wonder and dawning knowledge that so many things can be done at all, and done so well, and so easily when you know how. I have watched officers watch him among the men with much the same dawning wonder in their eyes. He said to me on one evening watch: "I don't know why these other officers have trouble when they speak to the men. I can be as savage with them as I like and never get any back talk or any hard feeling," and again Mr. Ker's illuminating passage flashed into my mind. It might well be posted in every officer's cabin among all the other slogans and "footpaths to peace" that he collects to trail up and down his walls.

The same thing is true of the navy. Naval lieutenants are often navigators and engineers of great excellence. They don't know seamanship, if one may trust occasional observation and frequent comment. They are not handy among their men, and their men are not handy either with or without them. A good officer deserves a better crew than he gets at present to work under him or work with him, so that he will not have all the work to do while they admiringly stand by; but a good crew, when there is such a thing, deserves a better officer than it often has to give it direction and example. These things are true of both the navy and the merchant marine on the side of seamanship, and there is a strong tendency observable to bring it about for both services.

The ships? Most of the talk has been

about the ships these last ten years, and they are the easiest thing of all to get. Government can get them if private companies can't. They are the least difficult aspect of the whole situation, despite the undoubted difficulties connected with international competition in ship-building. An immensely harder matter to handle is the interesting of American business men in foreign trade, as in the good old days before the Civil War. Ships will, must, follow the trade. And then to interest American capital broadly, not centeredly, in the ships as investment. The mood of American ships is rather dubious over the prospects. I quote off-hand remarks of a dozen ships' officers which I jotted down from time to time. "United States shipping will boom for three or four years after the war, then an end. If there were reasons for running ships owned by Americans under alien flags before the war, there will be a dozen more reasons for running them that way after the war." "After the war, when low freights are on again, the United States will dispose of her foreign-carrying ships and go back to the coastwise trade. It 's the construction that makes the difference. England builds a shell, puts a rudder on it, a kind of house fore and aft, a machine in the middle, and a bridge somewhere across it, and calls it a ship. Other nations, all of them, I 've noticed, spend more on accessories. Then there are the crews, too." "American ship-owners will have to be content with smaller profits than they are used to in some other investments as a necessary preliminary to establishing a merchant marine." "The tramp ship and the one-ship companies are the basis of a merchant marine; unless United States small capital goes in for that kind of thing, you won't get a solid merchant marine, no matter what liners you have and big fleets of tank-ships and the like." "Pass a law that no supplies purchasable in America shall be bought elsewhere, and then cut out the graft in purchasing supplies. That would cut operating expenses and develop Americanism." Or a man turns to the latest annual report of the United States commissioner of navigation, and lights on phrases as he turns the pages:

> The willingness of American capital to engage in maritime enterprises under conditions which permit returns on investment comparable to the returns offered by enterprises on the land. . . . The actual increase in our merchant tonnage during two years has been effected almost wholly by the transfer to the American flag of ships representing American investments of capital during the years before the war, but sailing under foreign flags. . . . Within two years American shipping in foreign trade has more than doubled—a growth without precedent in our own history or in that of any other maritime nation. The increase has been in one form of employment of our ships rather than in the total shipping under our flag, for in two years our total shipping has increased only 540,961 gross tons, while our shipping in foreign trade alone has increased 1,115,563 gross tons. In our coasting trade on the seaboard and on the Great Lakes our shipping shows a large decrease. . . . In 1914 American ships carried 9.7 per cent. of the value of our exports and imports, in 1915 they carried 14.3 per cent., and in 1916 they carried 16.3 per cent. . . . It is quite possible for a nation to be wonderfully successful in the operation of ships, like Norway, and of relatively small account as a ship-builder, and it is at least conceivable that natural advantages might make the United States a great shipbuilding nation, while disadvantages might retard the growth of its merchant fleets. At all events a year ago the increase of our fleet in foreign trade was one of the most noteworthy facts in our economic life; this year the increase in shipbuilding for foreign as well as American owners has taken that place in general estimation. . . . Lake builders accepted many orders from Norwegian owners for smaller steamers, and nearly all our more prominent seaboard yards were executing orders for large steamers for foreigners. . . . For the first time in many years American ships have cleared for the ports of every nation in Europe except for the

blockaded ports of the central powers, and for Antwerp, under military control. . . . The enterprise and intelligence of our shipowners have not only supplied with American shipping the place vacated by foreign ships in trade between *the United States and South America,* but have increased the tonnage so employed since the risk of the destruction of such ships in war ended in the spring of 1915 and the finances of the South American Republics improved.

Yet the tonnage of United States shipping to South America in 1916 was only half the total of foreign shipping there; a third, that is, of alien shipping. Again:

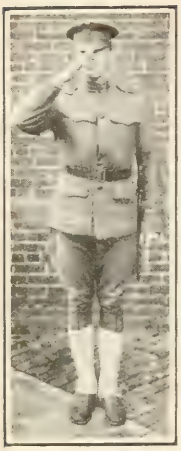
We are training under conditions of pressure large bodies of skilled mechanics in the many branches of the steel shipbuilding industry. When the number of men killed or maimed in war is considered, it is certain that the force of skilled shipbuilders in the United States will be much larger than anywhere in continental Europe and may almost or quite equal the corresponding force in the United Kingdom, which at present includes a percentage of women. The competition which must ensue between American yards and foreign yards, bending all their energies to merchant shipbuilding, would be impossible for us without the increasing numbers of men now in training for the work. The result of the competition will turn upon labor. Capital we have in greater abundance than was ever dreamed of, the materials of shipbuilding, lacking in some nations, we are manufacturing both for ourselves and for others. Climatic conditions we may select at will. Taxation is inconsiderable in the United States in comparison with the weight which must be borne by nations abroad, although even now foreign parliaments are devising plans to relieve from those burdens their shipbuilders and shipowners in the belief, based on past industry and on the events of the past three years, that these two industries in their relations to the general welfare and the national defense stand on a different and higher plane than other industries, entitling them to special consideration.

This last is an important matter for the economic life of the United States, but does not bear inevitably and directly upon the question of a merchant marine for the United States as against other nations. Again:

During the past fiscal year 160 merchant vessels of the United States of 102,479 gross tons have been sold to aliens and transferred from the American to foreign flags. The tonnage of American ships sold to aliens during the year was the largest for any year since the Civil War, when destruction by Confederate cruisers led for three years to the transfer of large amounts of shipping. . . . The amount of tonnage transferred from the American to foreign flags during the past year is exceptional and disappointing. . . . The total increase in American merchant shipping during the year was only 80,220 gross tons, compared with an increase of 460,741 gross tons during the previous fiscal year. The annual increase was less than for any year since 1899, except 1909, 1912, and 1914.

These random emergences from the surface of the Government's record hint at the complexity of the shipping problem. Like some questions of art and some of theology, only the initiated are held competent to handle the points that must be raised, and they often prefer to be mysterious, if not secretive, rather than expository. But if the United States really wants a merchant marine, a general public understanding will have to be slowly and painfully accomplished before the ramified investment of capital and the personnel and the legislation and the patriotic pride and concern over the matter that are necessary for it can be attained. And the general public may have to insist upon some legislation that the owners and the experts are willing to disregard. First of all, the idea of the United States merchant marine has to be a great patriotic idea, to which the mass of the people shall pledge themselves by way of investment, large and small. They must come to have the same interest in it, by investment, that

they have in our railroads. That is the great defect of subsidies. Subsidies go into a few pockets, and do not touch the mass of the nation. A legislated subsidy that would guarantee a certain per cent. income on investment might be better, more patriotic, than a subsidy that refunded deficit or supplemented unsatisfactory profit. And then perhaps the administration of ships must partly be accepted as a patriotic trust. If that seems too much to expect from poor human nature and business instinct, the memory comes of many millions spent in libraries over the broad land and elaborate financial foundations for this and that social purpose as the contribution of multi-millionaires to the welfare of the nation. Why might not the same mood operate in ships, in lines of ships? The ideas of James J. Hill over on the Pacific may point a way for the beginnings of a great merchant marine and the training of steadily self-renewing generations once more bred to the sea out of the United States. The transcontinental railroads were established by immense subsidies in lands and by hopes deferred, but finally fulfilled, in profits. A great public that understands little of the complexities and discouragements attending an adequate merchant marine for the United States may have the courage of its ignorance and demand the impossible, and so accomplish it by its very ignorance and insistence. But the mood of the great land will have to meet the mood of the wide seas before the desired thing will be brought about. Anyway, we 'll start on more even terms, if we want to, than we ever could before, no thanks to the Germans, who have inhumanly sunk so much British tonnage, and thanks to ourselves, who have seized so much German tonnage. The year one after the war will show whether we mean to keep our approximate equality now that we 've got something like it, and push forward to a lead, now that it 's possible.



# The Man in the National Army

By HENRY ROOD

Author of "Soldier-Making at Camp Devens," etc.

THE air was crisp and invigorating that afternoon, and there was a decided chill in it; therefore the man on guard duty turned up the collar of his overcoat and stepped at a more lively gait than was absolutely necessary as he paced back and forth on his post in front of the barracks. Other guards in other khaki greatcoats were likewise pacing in front of other barracks all over this far-reaching cantonment of the National Army, where thirty thousand civilians were being transformed into soldiers.

In the immediate neighborhood of the plain, unpainted frame structure where B Company lived and moved and had its being, half a dozen additional men were scurrying around, picking up scraps of paper, bits of trash, and all the odds and ends that blow about the most carefully kept lawn or the most carefully regulated army camp. These six or seven men worked with a will born of rivalry, for they were proud of the orderliness of their barracks and its surroundings, and properly jealous of the bland superiority with which A Company claimed the most shipshape quarters in the entire division.

One of the volunteer trash-gatherers of B Company was Bill Jones, Dartmouth '18—Bill Jones, son of the Jones Manufacturing Combine, as his father's huge business enterprise was called by a godless and ribald press. Bill did not belong in the ranks of drafted men at Camp Devens in the opinion of his mother, and she was firmly convinced that the West Point officers who turned him down last August at Plattsburg were sadly lacking in judgment or were envious of his ability and good looks. That he failed to win a second lieutenant's commission principally because he had not yet developed the indispensable power to command was something which the good lady could not understand. Nor could she comprehend why, when drafted, he had gone before his local board with the urgent request that he be sent to camp with the first increment called there.

But Bill understood. He grasped the situation from top to bottom and he determined to get into the game, as he expressed it, at the first opportunity, and thenceforth to work day and night at the new job of soldiering, wholly content to let future developments take care of themselves. He was confident that he would make the third training camp for reserve officers even if he could n't get into the second. All of which was a good thing for the young man and a source of supreme gratification to his hard-headed, far-seeing father, though a complete mystification to his mother. Therefore, here Bill was, at the end of a few months in Camp Devens, cheerfully picking up bits of string and scraps of paper.

A vagrant breeze took one of the scraps almost out of his hand as he stooped to gather it, bore it merrily around a corner of the barracks, and deposited it on the ground, with Bill following, though its new resting-place was outside the territory he was cleaning up. There the bit of paper was seized by another man in khaki, shorter than Bill, heavier, of sturdier build, and older. He touched the brim of his hat at Bill's approach.

"Hello!" Bill remarked. "Say, don't salute me. I 'm not an officer."

The other grinned somewhat sheepishly.

"I forgot," he said in broken English. "Your father is the big boss; I work for him."

"Oh," Bill responded. "What 's your company?"

"C Company. Other feller' here work for the big boss, too—fifty, sixty, hundred, maybe; some in C Company, some B Company, some A."

"You don't say so!"

Bill watched him as he carefully smoothed out the scrap of paper and studied its large type.

"Learnin' to read—read English," the stranger volunteered. "Some feller', lots of feller', can't spik English. Y. M.—how you call him?—Y. M. C. A. boss learn me read at night, and I help him learn other feller' spik English."

They parted then, for work must not be interrupted too long, and that evening Bill Jones had a new thought. During months of training in this country, and possibly for years of fighting abroad, he was to be associated with men of whom he knew nothing.

"By the Old Pine!" he swore to himself as he turned in that night, "I 've got the chance of my young life. Father 's had a lot of trouble at the mills off and on for years, and I always expected to have it when I went into business with him. But now I can find out what 's the matter with the hands—what these fellows think of and how they look at questions that are always coming up. And when this war 's over, and I come back home, if I do, I 'll bet the Jones Manufacturing Corporation won't have so many strikes in future as it has had in the past."

It was a level-headed observation for a man of twenty-one, but Bill Jones was the son of a level-headed father, and he had spent nearly three years at an institution the principal business of which is to teach young men how to think. Yet it was not until later that he hit upon another fact of equal importance, that while he was learning to understand the point of view of his father's employees and of many other skilled and unskilled workmen, these men would be learning little by little to see things as they are seen by the son of their big boss and by a multitude like him.

Six months have passed since Bill Jones reported at Camp Devens, since thousands of other sons of wealthy parents reported as drafted or enlisted men at various camps, cantonments, and naval training stations all over the country, and one of the first lessons each has been learning is that a well-to-do man and a man of humbler station cannot sleep alongside of each other in barracks for six months, eat at the same mess, share the same shelter tent, and perform the same tour of duty in trench work or on drill field without learning to understand one another, without having some of their fundamental ideas upset, almost revolutionized.

That is one of the largest benefits resulting directly from the organization of the National Army, truly an army of democracy, if ever one was created. From such constant association of men of all types in work and play and study in this country, and under the strain and stress of danger, privation, wounds, and even death itself in a foreign land, will come an increase of mutual understanding, an increase of downright human sympathy. The influence may be wide.

Never before, not even during the Civil War, has there been gathered together in this country so great an admixture as is now to be observed in the intimate fellowship of preparation for war. One may perhaps see the largest variety of types, occupations, racial distinctions, and it is not always the men of native American stock who display the highest adaptability for the soldier's task. Furthermore, as General Crowder recently has demonstrated, it is rather the city-bred or town-bred lad than the one from the farm or the rural neighborhood whose physique oftenest comes up to army requirements. The man of native or foreign parentage who has lived in a large city, passed through the grammar school grades, afterward attending high school or working by day and going to night school, is more likely

Photograph by Brown Brothers

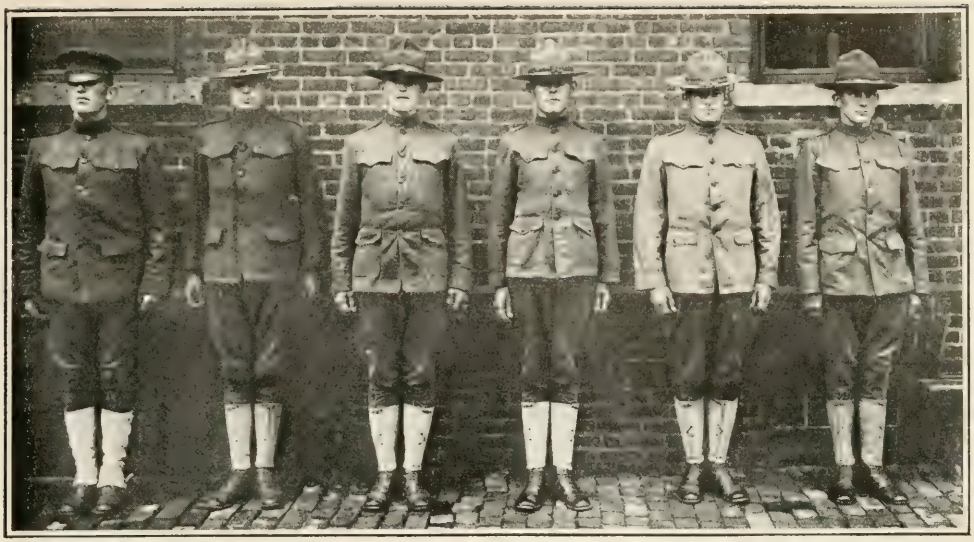
THE DAY THEY ARRIVE

to have good physical development and to grasp more easily the fundamentals of military training than the native American of rural regions who has left school at the age of fourteen, after having had only a few months of inadequate instruction during a few short winters.

It is said that the least promising material for our National Army comes from the fastnesses of the Maine woods, the St. Lawrence forests, and correspondingly remote regions of the country. Such men may be descendants of American stock for a century or more. Most of them are muscular, powerfully built, with heavy thighs, stout arms and legs, and broad shoulders. Yet many are unevenly developed, as is shown by their narrow, constricted chests, their limited lung capacity, their bowed backs. Living far from the world's activities, out of touch with modern progress, they are slower of thought, speech, and action than the town-bred men, whose wits have been sharpened by a broader life. Also, as a rule, the city-bred man is apt to take more kindly to discipline than the young farmer or the young backwoodsman. In public school, in business office, store, shop, or factory, the city man is accustomed to work under direction of others, to obey orders; and ability to obey orders is the root, basis, foundation, and keystone combined of success in army or navy.

It is with hesitation amounting almost to reluctance that the writer ventures to consider briefly this subject of discipline, upon which all else depends. The war department and army officers in command of the cantonments have done all that could be done in the circumstances; yet the country as a whole should know, and in particular the men in training should understand, the extreme importance of maintaining, exacting, and accepting military discipline in the full measure.

During the last autumn and winter reports came from cantonments all over the land of men who not merely overstayed their leave, but repeatedly overstayed even after having been fined or otherwise punished for the first and the second offense. The reasons adduced for the purpose of obtaining leave are almost endless; but when, just before Thanksgiving day, for instance, several hundred telegrams arrive at a single cantonment telling several hundred men that their wives or children are suddenly and desperately ill, and bidding them to come home at once, the officers may be pardoned for being a trifle suspicious. I recall the ingenious method of



Photograph by Brown Brothers

A TYPICAL GROUP AFTER THREE WEEKS IN THE ARMY

one private at a cantonment far away from Camp Devens who overstayed his leave a short time ago, and hit upon an original excuse for mitigating the punishment he knew was coming to him, for he had been guilty of the same offense before. It was a bitterly cold night in winter when this man literally blew into a Y. M. C. A. building at Camp Blank. There he stood in the middle of the floor, blinking hard, working his fingers nervously, and trying to speak.

Two or three Y. M. C. A. secretaries at once gathered around him, found that he was neither ill nor half frozen, and asked what was the matter.

"Where—where am I?" asked the private, rolling his eyes.

"You 're in Service Building Number 10, at Camp Blank. Who are you? Where do you belong?"

"I—I don't know. I 've forgotten everything, name, regiment, company; and I tried to get back, but was lost."

"Feeling sick?" a man asked sympathetically.

"No," the private answered; "only it all seems queer. I don't remember nothing; got—what d' ye call it?—aphasia. Yes, that 's it. And I don't remember where I 've been or who I am or where I ought to be; but I know I 'm in the army and I 've been home on leave."

A light broke in upon the mind of the senior secretary. He sent an assistant with the private, who wore an infantryman's hat-cord, and the assistant secretary, after a word with his chief, took the private by the arm and started with him toward the quarters of a field-battery four miles distant. The snow was about two feet deep, and was being driven in stinging lines by a cutting gale; the mercury stood just below zero. When the private ascertained that he was bound on a four-mile hike through these conditions, at eleven o'clock P. M., his aphasia suddenly vanished. All at once, as he tried to explain later to a cold-eyed and cynical C. O., his memory came back, and he was that horrified to find he had overstayed his leave that he fairly ran back to quarters, where he belonged, and hoped never to leave again. And he did n't, at least after getting out of clink, not for several long, dreary weeks.

There is an element of humor about many an ingenious plan devised by soldiers new to their work who do not grasp the great truth comprehended by the word discipline. For example, there is the private at another cantonment who, hands in over-

coat pockets, swaggered past the colonel of his own regiment without taking the trouble to salute in order to show that he was as good as his regimental commander. To the man unversed in military affairs this would seem merely amusing or perhaps an instance of inexcusable discourtesy; but those who are able to see below the surface perceive something far more serious. Toward the end of December, as we all remember, newspapers told of men by the hundred, at certain training camps, who announced that they were going home to spend Christmas regardless of orders to the contrary; and newspapers also chronicled mass meetings held by companies of recently enlisted or drafted men who gathered for the purpose of protesting against the refusal to grant Christmas leave. The fact that railway congestion was so great as to nullify any plans the various division commanders may have made for granting wholesale leave for Christmas apparently entered little into the calculations of the disappointed men. They wanted to go home for the great holiday of the year, and it is safe to say that every officer, from the commander-in-chief himself down to the newest lieutenant, heartily wished every man in service could be home for the last Christmas festival that some of them may ever take part in. Certainly the men themselves could not have been more disappointed than the officers who were compelled to limit the number given leave from camp at Christmas and at New Year's. Yet even the protest was not the serious side of the situation. The serious thing was the spirit of intolerance to military discipline shown by those taking part in the protests.

All this is said not in criticism of the men; for, unfortunately, Americans know nothing of discipline. There is little of discipline in the American home. The protestants in camp after camp were merely victims of parental neglect which for more than a generation has been a national weakness. Yet this neglect must be overcome, and absolute obedience, unquestioning faith in commanding officers, must be substituted, if the individual soldier is to be protected as far as is humanly possible from illness or accident in training camp and from wounds, capture, or death on the battle-field. If there is one message that I have for the fathers and mothers, the wives and sweethearts of American soldiers now in training, it is for them to urge those young men to see the vital necessity of military discipline for their own personal safety, as well as for the success of the cause of civilization for which they are to fight.

Do you know why officers training your sons in camp are chary about telling them the full truth about the endless atrocities committed by armies of the German Government? It is not because the officers are afraid that reports of horrible savagery will terrify American soldiers.

Photograph by Brown Brothers

PRELIMINARY INSTRUCTION IN DRILL TACTICS

Quite the contrary. As one captain of the regular army remarked a few evenings ago:

"Those shocking stories would so inflame our men that, when ordered into action, discipline would vanish; orders would be unheeded, and the men would be lost."

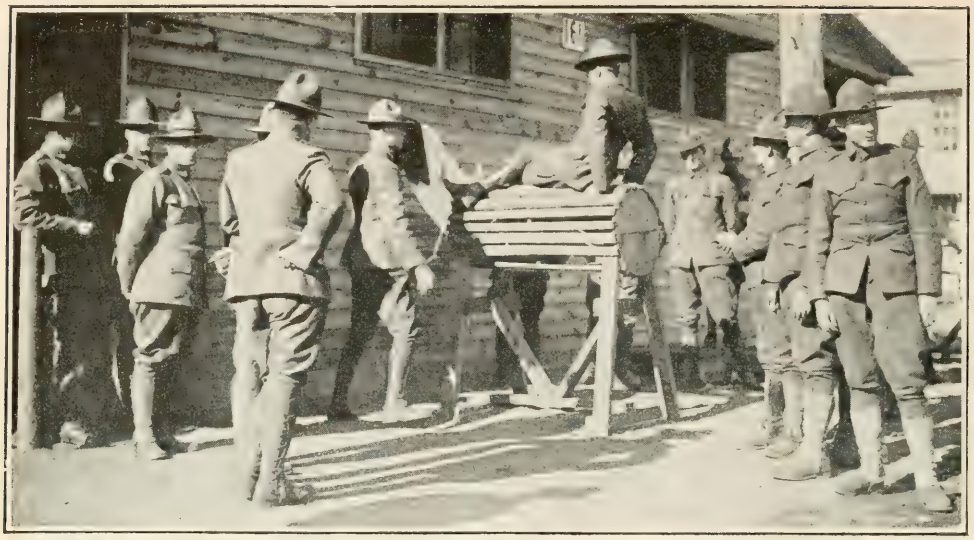
Photograph by Brown Brothers

SIGHTING AND AIMING DRILL OF NEW RECRUITS

Those who have watched various divisions of the British Army in the trenches speak of a decided difference in discipline among them. The English Tommies, it appears, with true British stolidity and phlegm, go into a trench when ordered, take their pipes out of their pockets, and settle down to wait until ordered to advance; and upon entering another trench, repeat the performance, steady, unmoved, unswerving. In contrast it is declared that Canadians, New-Zealanders, and Australians, less stolid, possessing much more nervous energy, and filled with dash and reckless courage, find it difficult, before being thoroughly disciplined by hard experience, to settle down quietly in a trench for a protracted stay, though hidden from enemy fire and comparatively safe.

One man after another would find it almost impossible to remain completely under cover. They wanted to know what was going on beyond the trench, and would take a quick glance out, then dodge back. After a while they would grow careless, and keep their heads above the trench a little too long, and German sharpshooters would get them. It is said that large numbers have thus been killed since the war began, and some of the British and French officers now instructing our own men in training camps here in America fear that the American Army may lose a considerable number in just this way unless absolute obedience to orders becomes as much second nature to the American soldier as the involuntary habit of breathing.

Consider something else that happened in the early stages of the war when Great Britain was compelled to send to the field multitudes of raw, undisciplined troops. Under protection of artillery fire the infantry were ordered to charge a hundred yards and there to halt. At their rear big guns hurled over their heads shells by the thousand, which dropped far ahead and exploded, while the infantry swept on into the open space thus protected. They advanced for the hundred yards, and officers shouted orders to halt; but the men neither heard nor heeded nor obeyed. In the din and excitement of battle these undisciplined troops lost their heads, swept on for two hundred yards, for three hundred, were caught in their own shell-fire from the rear, and thousands of them were needlessly slaughtered. It is one of the ghastly tragedies of the war. And it is



Photograph by Brown Brothers

NEW MEN IN FIELD ARTILLERY WORKING WITH DUMMY HORSES

exactly what might be expected to happen to American troops but for our insistence upon discipline.

Over and over again the paramount importance of military discipline is explained to the men in training, with the result that, as far as observation goes, it is sinking deep into the minds of the army as a whole. Yet such instances as the protests at Christmas indicate that individual men, even considerable groups, here and there have not learned the lesson. The officers are doing their part. It is up to the men themselves; it is up to the families of the individual men who may be inclined to rebel at unaccustomed restraint. Instead of sympathizing with such a man, because he is compelled to obey orders, rules, regulations enforced for the good of his own soul and for his own safety, those who want him to come home alive and unscathed from the terrific contest we are entering should do all in their power to make him see the truth. There are many sympathetic ones, ignorant of army conditions in time of war, who feel that with civilians suddenly called into military training discipline should be instilled gradually, gently. This is not the opinion of officers in the armies that have been fighting for more than three years the most savage, remorseless, desperate foe known in the history of mankind.

"You cannot bring a regiment, a division, an army, up to real discipline by degrees," said one British officer a few days ago, and he has been handling British troops on the battle-fields of France since the spring of 1915. "A man is either a civilian or a soldier, one or the other. Some of your American men in training are allowed to go home too often over the week-end. With Saturday and Sunday at home, surrounded by family and sympathizing friends, surrounded by the comforts and luxuries of the average American home, overwhelmed by the domestic atmosphere, a man is likely to report back in camp Sunday night distinctly let down, instead of braced up, for his military work."

This of course applies only to those men in cantonments and camps situated within an easy journey of their homes; but indirectly it applies also to men from New England, the middle West, and the Northwest who are training in Texas, South Carolina, Florida, and other States far from their homes. That the matter is of no inconsiderable importance may be inferred from the fact that it has been the subject of conference by foreign officers

Photograph by Brown Brothers

GETTING USED TO THE "FEEL" OF THE NEW RIFLE

detailed in this country to instruct our men in special branches of modern warfare as well as to aid and advise our military establishment in various other directions. As a result of careful and extended consideration of the subject, the opinion seems to be that instead of granting frequent leave to go home, it would be wiser for every soldier in camp or cantonment to have a vacation every three months, this vacation consisting of five full days at home, extra time being allowed for travel between cantonment and home, and for the return journey.

Such a plan does not mean that for three months the man would be kept in camp. He would be given week-end leaves as often as practicable, but not leave to go to his home. That is the point.

An obvious difficulty at once presents itself. How could men be prevented from going to their homes when near by? The answer to this question was prompt:

"In future have drafted men from one locality sent to another for their training, so far away from home that they could not go there for part of Saturday and Sunday."

That the United States Navy, noted throughout the world for its splendid efficiency, apparently has had somewhat the same problem confronting it is indicated by an order, issued on January 16, by Secretary Daniels, which forbids naval officers to establish their families in the immediate neighborhood of the ships upon which they are serving, and especially in the neighborhood of fleet bases, "in order that domestic affairs may not distract the attention of officers from more important duties vital to success in the war." Secretary Daniels's general order is as follows:

"The attention of all officers of the navy and the marine corps is directed to the fact that, due to the very large number of vessels to be commissioned in the near future, and to the limited number of officers available, it becomes absolutely necessary for every officer to devote his entire time and attention to the preparation of every element of the fleet for meeting the enemy. In order that there may be no distraction from this duty neither officers nor men should attempt to have their families in the immediate vicinity of the vessels upon which they are serving, particularly in the vicinity of fleet bases, and the Department looks with decided disapproval upon such procedure."

When one considers the vast multitudes of men in army training camps as compared with the comparatively small personnel of the navy, the importance of not permitting frequent visits at home to interfere with army discipline or military

progress generally becomes still more striking.

The fact that discipline means no loss of dignity is quickly learned by the intelligent man in training. He sees that his officers all the way from second lieutenants to brigade commanders pay rigorous attention to it, unfailingly salute superiors, unfailingly return the salute of others, show utmost respect for outward manifestations of the spirit of obedience to rules and regulations, and increase in dignity by so doing.

It should not be imagined that army men in training are constantly and continually oppressed with disciplinary treatment until they lose individuality and initiative. There are certain forms of discipline which must obtain at all times, including those which safeguard sanitary conditions and make for the health of the troops, those which protect buildings from fire risk and men from accidental injury. Self-respect of the man in uniform, formal recognition of superior officers, proper pride in personal appearance, in orderliness, and in neatness at all times—these are by-products of discipline, to be accepted as a matter of course, just as in civil life an employee accepts and conforms to rules, customs, and methods of the store, office, or factory where he works. But in his leisure hours, in his time off duty, the man in training has as much relaxation from strict military discipline as is expedient for him to have as an individual member of a community of from thirty thousand to forty thousand living in restricted territory, and surrounded by a thousand or more frame-buildings or by many thousands of canvas tents.

Within the National Army cantonment are club-houses of the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, and other organizations, together with a large Y. M. C. A. auditorium seating from twenty-five hundred to three thousand persons, and an equally large cantonment theater, a building of the American Library Association, which distributes books to the ten or twelve Y. M. C. A. service buildings, and to those of the Knights, where men may draw them. Motion-pictures, concerts, musical comedies, vaudeville shows, illustrated lectures, base-ball, foot-ball, hockey, snow-shoeing, skeeing, basket-ball, wres-

Photograph by Brown Brothers

IMPROMPTU SPARRING-BOUT IN ONE OF TWELVE Y. M. C. A. SERVICE BUILDINGS, CAMP DEVENS

Photograph by Brown Brothers

A LESSON IN DEMOCRACY. NOONDAY MESS AT AN ARMY POST. SONS OF BANKERS, PLUMBERS, LAWYERS, LABORING-MEN, AND FACTORY OPERATIVES EATING SIDE BY SIDE

tling, sparring, and other sports furnish plenty of opportunity for recreation, during which discipline consists merely of behaving as one would behave at such events at home. These activities within the camp, and dinners, dances, parties, etc., in communities outside of the camp, are carefully supervised and coördinated by the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities, of which Raymond B. Fosdick is chairman.

It is a fact that long before officers of the National Army had any club-rooms or other corresponding facilities provided for them, all sorts of recreations, entertainments, amusements, clubs, etc., were running full blast for privates. I have seen two or three thousand privates comfortably seated in a fine, new theater, singing war-songs under the leadership of a famous director of chorus music for an hour, and then witnessing one of the most expensive vaudeville companies from New York, and all for ten cents a head, while their lieutenants, captains, majors, colonels, and brigadier-generals were either toiling until late at night in their meagerly furnished offices over interminable desk-work, or trying to study or read in their narrow, plain little sleeping-rooms because they had nowhere else to go. Everything was done first of all for privates and non-coms. After their clubs, entertainments, and general recreational facilities were fully provided, Uncle Sam started in to provide corresponding, but far more limited, facilities for the officers. For months and months after camps and cantonments were open it was simply a case of "Lo! the poor private!" All that could possibly be done was done for him first, and the officers waited, some of them, perhaps, a trifle impatiently as they saw thousands upon thousands of dollars expended in a dozen different directions for the benefit of drafted and enlisted men while they themselves simply had to bide their time.

The many and varied recreations in camp do not tend to interfere with discipline. They begin early in the evening, often at 6:30 P. M., and are con-

cluded early, so the men may return to their barracks and enjoy a long night's sleep. Furthermore, the entertainments furnish exactly the kind of relaxation needed to prevent men from becoming stale through constant drill and other military work, or blue or discontented.

Never in all history has an army been organized and handled as the National Army of the United States. For instance, one of the ablest British officers told me, after a considerable sojourn at one of the cantonments, that nothing approaching it for thorough organization, housing, etc., is known at any of the great cantonments of the British Army. Certain it is that our men generally are better cared for than any others recorded in military annals. And the raw material gathered in the cantonments, the men themselves selected for the National Army, effectually disprove the fears some profess to have held that as a type American manhood had deteriorated during the last generation or so. Provost-Marshal-General Crowder is authority for the statement that of all the men called to the colors last summer by registration and draft, only twenty per cent. were rejected for physical disability, and a considerable proportion were refused admittance to the National Army because of minor disability, such as weakened arches or some slight visual or dental defect, to which little attention is paid in civil life, but which unfit a man for the terrific strain of modern warfare. Let it be remembered that counting exclusions from such causes, four men out of every five of the six hundred or seven hundred thousand called to the National Army came up to rigid physical requirements, and were permitted to wear khaki.

So much has been said in newspapers and in speeches about the moral welfare of men in training, about their entertainments, dances, and social life generally, that a considerable part of the American people seem to have lost sight of the one and only reason why armies are being raised, equipped, trained, and sent across the Atlantic in unending streams by every transport that can possibly be obtained.

The energies and resources of this entire nation are being devoted to the task of putting military and naval forces in the field for the one reason of crushing for all time the spirit animating the Imperial German Government as revealed by countless examples of atrocity and dishonor during the last forty-four months. The world cannot be safe for mankind so long as one powerful state exists whose policy is barbarous.

Unless repeated horrors by the enemy compel reprisals, forces of the United States may be trusted not to harm non-combatants. Quite the contrary is true. Men on the destroyer *Fanning* recently leaped into the sea and saved from drowning members of the crew of a German submarine which had been successfully repulsed, and this despite the fact that the under-sea assassins of Germany again and again have deliberately shelled open boats in which non-combatants were escaping from a torpedoed ship.

To speak plainly, there is one job, and only one job, facing every man in the army and the navy of the United States. That job is to kill German soldiers; to kill as many German soldiers as possible, and to kill them as quickly as possible.

The sooner the American people wake up to this single, outstanding fact, the sooner will be assured our safety from future invasion and conquest by the most relentless, ferocious military autocracy with which the earth has ever been cursed.

"SHE SAT MOTIONLESS, WITH THE GAY LITTLE HEAP OF RUINS BESIDE HER"

# Butterfly Dust

By FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

Author of "Magic Casements," etc.

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

THE young girl strolling along the road above the beach had no idea how far she had gone or how late it was. She had left Joyance at sunset. That had been some time ago, and it was apparently still sunset. She kept glancing across the water at an orb which seemed as stationary as the midnight sun in a child's geography. Its dazzling path shed an upward light, gilding the grasses on the brink of the overhanging bank and the round tops of the old live-oaks dotting the shore at intervals.

Always looking forward to the ever-changing prospect presented by the curving shore-line, and never backward to the darkening pine wood against which might have been seen the clustered chimneys of Joyance, she was completely surprised by the sudden shift from golden light cast up to silver light shining down. She turned quickly, throwing a startled glance at the disk of the moon above the pines and another startled glance at the horizon from which the sun had totally disappeared, and having her first glimpse of the oyster-fleet emerging from the east, with a winging of pearl and violet sails across a sea tinged scarlet with the afterglow.

If she had not been so discomforted by the unexpected twilight she would have stood still to gaze with rapture at the vision of the sails; but now she barely noticed them as she hurried forward, almost running in her haste. She had covered about half of the distance home, and was passing by a barberry-hedge inclosing the grounds of a burned house when she came face to face with two sailors from one of the vessels in dock a few miles away.

They barred her way good-humoredly, accosting her—asking for a kiss, very likely—in some language which she did not understand, so that she stood at bay within a barrier of interlocked white-duck arms, gazing up into dark faces lighted with gay, gleaming eyes and a flashing whiteness of teeth. The two were mere lads who had probably been sleeping off a spree behind the hedge, and were now

getting back to their ship, still flushed and foolish, else they would hardly have risked overstaying their leave for the purpose of teasing a solitary and obviously frightened girl. So frightened was she that she never even heard the horse coming up behind her that was to frighten her annoyers in turn, and became aware of its young rider, swinging himself down to her side, only after they had taken to their heels.

As, bareheaded, he bent over her, the moonlight revealed his quality of keenness, picked out his fine chin, the aquiline line of his nose, and the expressive ripple of eyebrow that goes with such a line. The brows had been frowning, but they smoothed as he smiled at her reassuringly.

"They were just silly boys," he said; "they would n't have hurt you."

It was natural for her to look frightened, he thought, but it was more than fright in her aspect. It was terror in excess. Her little face was dazed and deadly white, with the eyelids half closed. Her heart was shaking her to a visible trembling. He could only think of some small wild thing that had been pounced upon and was perishing of fright.

"Tell me where you live," he said gently, "and I will take you safely home."

He had to stoop low to catch her faint reply.

"Joyance!" he repeated in astonishment. "Then we are neighbors—the Maurys?"

He had ended with a questioning inflection; but she said nothing, scarcely appearing to hear him, and he wondered who she could be. He knew of no one living at Joyance except Will Vardy and his elderly sister, Miss Charlotte.

She spoke unexpectedly, as if from some secret depth of wonder:

"The night came on so suddenly."

"You are n't used to the water, I see," he said, smiling at her childlike manner.

She made a negative gesture, glancing apprehensively toward the house, as if, reflected her companion, she expected to be scolded, and he had a chance to study the pale oval of her side face. She seemed very young, touchingly young, to be in such deep mourning. Her rolled-back hair appeared heavy and dark, and had the effect of dragging her delicate head slightly backward as she walked by him, all black and white in the vivid moonlight, like a little widow.

By the time they reached the avenue gate she had regained her composure, and she paused there, thanking him prettily and adequately; but her air indicated that although she could never be too grateful for his kindness, she would prefer to dispense with further manifestation of it. She reminded him of nothing so much as the calm young sisters from the convent, whom he had frequently noticed when in town, going about their business of visiting the sick. She had the same perfect modesty of countenance, the same perfect serenity of demeanor, and she produced the same impression of doing with perfect courtesy that which she wished to do. It took him by surprise. He said, stammering slightly, as he lifted his hat:

"You will be quite safe now—and—there comes some one to meet you."

She glanced up the avenue, offered him her hand, since he was her neighbor, and passed through the gate, which he had been holding open for her. He watched her moving from tree shadow to tree shadow until she joined the people he had seen coming from the house. The feminine figure—not Miss Charlotte, surely—turned back with her; but as he remounted the horse, which had all this while been following him, bridle on neck, like a dog, Will Vardy called to him:

"Come in, Val," he said, coming up breathlessly. "Nannie 's home."

"Nannie?" said Val, vaguely, then energetically, "Oh, yes, *Nannie.*"

He remembered now. That was the youngest Vardy girl, the one who had gone abroad five years before as the companion of a rich old aunt and who had married in France. Her husband had been killed during the first month of the war, and the Vardys had talked of little else than Nannie and her tragedy for a time.

Will continued:

"She burst in upon us unexpectedly yes-

terday. She 's brought her young sister-in-law home with her,"—he gestured toward the retreating figures,—"Cécile Frémy."

A French girl, thought Val. An adorable covey of little French girls rose from the thickets of memory; Virginie, Cosette, Sybille, Rosina. He was not more modern than Rosina.

"But come in," said Will.

"Not this evening," said Val, rousing himself. "Mid has some people invited for a little dance."

"Well, you youngsters must make Cecy feel at home." Will shut himself inside as he spoke. "We are all pretty old for a young girl at Joyance, you know."

When Val got home he found his sister Mildred sitting on the porch-step, looking unusually frilly, and his elder brother, Ben, standing at the hall-door, a flower in his buttonhole, ready for whatever was to befall.

"Do hurry up and dress, Val," urged Mid.

But Val dropped to a step below Mid.

"Plenty of time," he said.

Mid was eighteen, and was supposed to keep house for her two brothers. As a housekeeper her strong point was that the mere sight of her on a rainy morning created the illusion that life was worth going on with until the sun came out again.

Ben had met Will Vardy that afternoon, and he and Mid were already discussing the new-comers at Joyance.

"Didn't you and Nannie use to be boy and girl sweethearts?" asked Mid. "I seem to remember—oh, ages ago."

"Ten years," said Ben in an unconsciously sentimental tone, and Mid's laughter pealed out.

Val, maintaining an absurd silence regarding his recent adventure, allowed himself to be told all about Nannie and the little French girl.

"Though her mother was English, I believe," said Ben.

Val felt disappointed. He did not at all like her mother to have been English.

"Will told me the poor child had been left without a relative in the world," said Ben.

"Imagine being without a relative in the world!" cried Mid, who had about a thousand. "The Germans would find it hard work killing off my relatives."

"Don't!" said Val, violently. He got up and went into the house.

Mid looked after him, hurt and horrified by his accusing tone.

"I did n't," she protested to Ben.

"You go over there and be nice to that little girl, Mid," said Ben, touching her head comfortingly as he went by her down the steps to meet an approaching guest.

The next morning Mid came down to breakfast in her habit.

"Want to ride with me this morning?" she asked Val, forgivingly.

But Val, who wore what Mid called his "moony look," said that he was going fishing.

Ben dropped his paper and looked at his sister appreciatively.

"Where are you off to?" he asked.

"Joyance—to be nice to that little girl." She glanced at Val, whom she knew to be already repenting his refusal.

Mid, with her bright chestnut braids and her bright cheeks and her green habit and her roan steed, made a spectacle which flashed and glowed in the morning sunlight as she rode brilliantly away to Joyance.

Cecy, who was standing by the porch-rail, looked somewhat dazzled as Mid introduced herself.

"Do you like us over here?" asked Mid, gaily.

Cecy smiled, inarticulate.

"But of course you must get to know us first," conceded Mid.

She put a girlish arm around Cecy and walked her up and down until Nannie appeared.

Cecy, being temporarily out of the conversation, let her faint, courteous smile die slowly away. She had not begun to feel at familiar ease in her new surroundings, there was such strangeness about every one except Nannie. But, then, Nannie really belonged to Cecy's shattered life back there. It lay like that in broken bits

in her memory. She was always trying to piece it together again, to make it whole, as it had been before the Germans came; but she could never do this. Where she pieced it showed deep, horrible cracks, like the trenches that covered the country of her childhood. Now she was going to have to talk again. Nannie was saying with her vivacious air:

"Certainly you are to stay, Mid. How can Cecy get acquainted with you in a morning call?"

Mid stayed all day, and Cecy obediently endeavored to get acquainted with her, though it was much like being ordered to get acquainted with a streak of sunlight in a dashing mountain creek. Mid was like that—a dancing, shifting brightness. At twilight she vanished, as was to be expected of sunlight, and Nannie said, laughing:

"Mid does rather take it out of us sober people, does n't she?"

She and Cecy sat on in the soft dusk, looking at the moon above the pines and listening to the sound of the unseen water until the mosquitos came out.

"I 'd forgotten these mosquitos," said Nannie. "I can't stand *this*. I 'm going in, and you 'd better come, too, Cecy."

In the hall Cecy said she believed she 'd go on up. She had reached the stair-landing when she was halted by Nannie.

"Oh, Cecy," she called, "if you need more room for your things, there 's a lot of old stuff in the bottom drawer that Julie can carry to the attic for you."

Cecy thanked Nannie, and, having her thoughts turned in that direction, said to herself that she might as well arrange her wardrobe. She investigated the bottom drawer, and found it filled with Nannie's school-girl simplicities. She lifted a fold of blue tissue-paper, and Nannie's graduation gown lay before her in its stainless girlishness. Cecy stared down at her black dress. A great pang transfixed her childish body. When she could move again she closed the drawer very quickly.

Of all those whom Cecy met Val seemed least strange. He constantly reminded her of Jean, a cousin many months dead, whose keen brain and eager heart had revealed themselves in just such another vivid young personality. Val's military training had given him a slender erectness and sureness of movement that made the other neighborhood men appear careless and lounging. His intense interest in her country drew her, as a child strayed from home will be drawn toward whatever reminds it of the familiar and the lost.

Sometimes she made a confiding gesture toward him. Once he came on her seated by a garden table near the house reading a book spread open before her. She made room for him beside her on the bench, and, with a grave, soft movement, shared her volume with him, as if they had been in church and she were offering him a book of prayer.

Val had the responsive nature which finds in itself an answer to a friend's every mood, and by this time his feeling for Cecy might be termed friendly at the very least. He found nothing surprising in her action, but bent his head over "The History of a Crime," Vol. V, of the old blue set of Hugo the duplicate of which stood on their own shelves at home. He read with her:

"The invasion of France by Germany in 1870 was a night effect. The world was astonished that so much gloom could come forth from a people. Five black months——" Two black years it had been now, thought Val. He glanced at Cecy as she read, cheek on palm, felt a constriction of the throat, and averted his eyes. With a slight, questioning look at him she turned the page. It was beautiful prophecy; but

"It did n't come true, did it?" asked Cecy in a plaintive way.

It was the last page, and she closed the book and sat clasping it and gazing at Val as if she expected him to do something about it.

"It 's going to come true," said Val, "when *we* get in."

Her gray eyes glowed, then doubted.

"We 're bound to help France," said Val.

With slight encouragement he would

have rushed in prophecy almost as rashly as Cecy's illustrious countryman. He very much wished to tell her how anxious he had been to go to France with his chum Alec Morrison a year before, but did n't because such a confidence would have involved a criticism of the peaceful Ben. Still, he could n't help being glad when she said unexpectedly:

"Your brother told Nannie that the only reason you did n't go to help France yourself was because he had been underhanded enough to get some sort of promise out of you two years ago." She added pensively, "And of course, it *is n't* your war."

"It 's my war if I feel that it is," said Val, firmly.

Ben had called Val a foolish boy, but Cecy did not look at him as if he were a foolish boy. She looked at him as if he were wise and strong and chivalrous. He grew about five years older in the warmth of that single admiring glance from Cecy's serious, gray eyes, and stayed five years older, and never went back to being a boy again.

After that day he visited Joyance much oftener. Cecy seemed to occupy the same status in the household as Miss Charlotte, who was forty-five, if a day. Nannie accepted Ben's attentions, now renewing themselves; but Cecy, it appeared, was not to accept any one's attentions. Even if a girl was in mourning, she might have a few human privileges, thought Val. But Cecy had been at Joyance for six weeks, and never once, save by accident, had he seen her alone, as he might have seen any other girl of his acquaintance at any time. But Val, though balked and fretted and getting nowhere, could not stop going to Joyance.

He nearly always found Cecy embroidering. She did it strangely, without hoops, crumpling up her sheer fabric, and setting her tiny stitches so fast that Val's eye could not follow them at all. Then of a sudden she would uncrumple three inches of cobweb, and reveal a magic vine or a flight of butterflies. He wondered at her industry until Mid told him that Cecy sold her lovely work through some convent in Washington with whose superior her family had once had affiliations.

At the thought that Cecy felt she must earn money Val's indefinite yearning changed to a sharp longing, and he made a plan, which was to marry Cecy and take her home to Ben and Mid before he went to France. Val was sure we 'd be in it by the time he got Cecy to himself long enough to make her understand that she had to marry him because he loved her so much. He said this often to himself with an ever-mounting impatience; but as a matter of fact, even when he did get her to himself, he did n't get to make her understand. He had been happy on being told by Julie, the colored maid, that Cecy had gone for a walk. He was sure he knew where to find her, and went off to the beach at once. When half-way down the steps set in the steep bank he perceived her apparently deep in a childish pastime, and halted, watching with a smile that presently died away.

She had rifled the shelving bank and the little beach. Strewed about her lay a handful of colored pebbles and shells; a pile of autumn twigs, green and russet and red; a sheaf of fine grass plucked at the edge of the bank; and a trail of ground-ivy. With these charming materials she was fashioning the miniature of a farmstead in the sand. A low stone house was realistically indicated in pebbles. Ivy wreathed it, also realistically. The grass was strewn to be a greensward about it, the twigs planted to be a coppice behind it. A vineyard was signified beyond the coppice. At one side of the house grounds a convincing hedge ran down to a river channel outlined by a stiff, delightful row of twigs, plainly representative of Lombardy poplars.

Cecy paused, examining her work. Something seemed lacking. She performed an engineering feat with a pair of embroidery-scissors, and the water from a pool left above her by the tide rushed into her river channel, and mirrored the blue sky. It was the touch of life. She drew back, leaning on her hand, childish pleas-

"'CECY 'S GOING INTO A *CONVENT!*"

ure in her face. She smiled to herself, but only for a moment. The next she bent forward so swiftly that whatever change of expression her face endured was hidden, and with a single remorseless gesture obliterated all the miniature landscape. Her arm came up to her knees. Her head dropped to it. She sat motionless, with the gay little heap of ruins beside her. Only the river continued to live.

CRIED MID, BURSTING IN BREATHLESSLY"

Though Val was terribly in love with Cecy, he dared not go down there and take her in his arms. It was the country-side he had known and loved all his life; but as he crossed the down-like expanse to the clump of live-oaks in the shadow of which he meant to wait for Cecy, all the familiar landscape seemed menaced with a threat of disastrous change, and the wind turned chill, as if blown from an invisible hail-cloud.

He waited a long time. The landscape turned familiar again, and the wind from the hail-cloud died. It was past noon when Cecy appeared. He called to her while still some distance off, wishing not to startle her, and by the time he came up Cecy's face was in its usual tranquil order. He took over her embroidery-bag, and swung it as he walked by her. She wore a high-throated, long-sleeved black dress of some thin material. In one place her sleeve was damp, and clung along a curve of upper arm. A wisp of hair made a wet little feather on the moist, flushed skin of the temple nearest Val. He could no longer entirely control his feeling for her. It welled from his eyes. His face was pale with it. Cecy looked up.

"I must be late," she murmured. Her confusion and distress were evident. "I broke my watch yesterday, and had n't any way to tell the time."

Val continued to look at her dreamily. He knew, of course, that she was speaking, but he had not taken in a word. At that moment Cecy's bag-string, being unused to violent gyrations, broke, and created a diversion.

"Clumsy fool!" muttered Val, berating himself for more reasons than the obvious one. He began to search for Cecy's thimble, which, however, was not to be found.

"I 'll come back here and look until I find it," said Val when they had finally to go on without it.

All the way home Cecy made conversation about the thimble. How it had been a gift from Nannie, else it would n't have mattered in the least, and where on earth it could have rolled to. They had gained the porch and Nannie before Cecy discovered the thimble in her pocket, where it had been all the time. She apologized earnestly to Val for putting him to so much trouble of mind.

Val had the most maddening afternoon, with Nannie tagging. Her long residence abroad had apparently destroyed in Nannie all sense of the proprieties as they existed in tidewater Virginia. He turned a shoulder to her and watched Cecy at work. The elusive thimble darted to and fro like a golden bee in the sun above the crumple of cobweb in her left hand. While Val looked on she uncrumpled it consideringly across her knees. It was butterflies this time. Val made a gesture as if to set them free to fly.

"Come have a holiday," he said in a low voice; "come for a walk through the pines."

"O my dear Val!" cried Nannie. "Take Cecy out in this scorching afternoon! What are you thinking of?" She moved her chair farther back within the shade of the awning and cut another chapter of her magazine serial.

Val did not linger after that; but he held Cecy's hand for a crushing, wistful moment, and felt it shrink and flutter in his grasp.

He did not go to Joyance again, but hovered about its edges until he saw Cecy coming through the garden one day. After wandering along its paths for a time she opened the back gate and strolled among the scattering pines near the house. Her head was bent, and as Val came up he perceived that she read as she walked. She glanced up, coloring, and closing her book.

"I saw you come out," said Val. "May I walk with you?"

"Nannie went to town to-day," said Cecy.

"Thank Heaven!" said Val without a smile. He put out his hand for the book, which he thrust into his pocket.

"The house seemed so lonely that I came out here," continued Cecy, as if she must explain. She glanced about her.

It was one of those faintly irradiated autumn days when the morning-glories stay out all day long. Everywhere along the way Cecy and Val went they were blossoming unexpectedly, springing up among the brambles and grasses like the fairies children imagine, pale, cool blue, pale, cool pink, or a deep, surprising purple.

"You should be dressed like this," said Val out of a clear sky.

He showed her a white morning-glory flinging out from a tall bramble by the path.

Cecy gave a tiny gasp. She felt as any woman must involuntarily feel when any man indicates, however flatteringly, that her costume displeases his eye.

"I 'd give anything to see you in white," Val went on in a low, beseeching voice.

He looked imploringly at Cecy, whom at that moment he happened to be helping over a fallen log. Cecy, poised on the log, waited there for a moment while replying. Her great, serious eyes were fixed on his face.

"But I feel dark," she said.

It fell on his ears like a strain of sad music. He continued by her, rebuked and speechless. He was hurt, too.

"You are looking better, anyway," he said, breaking the long silence as if unconsciously speaking a thought aloud.

Cecy's cheek, which had indeed rounded and blossomed, now paled. The fringe of her eyelid quivered and flung a shadow on the cheek. Val comprehended in some strange way that this blossoming of the body appeared a treachery to her heart.

"You are morbid," he cried impulsively, the shock of the realization in his tone. "Because death has been cruel to you, you won't let life be kind to you. No one who ever loved you could wish you to wear *that,*"—his glance swept her dress,—"to feel dark."

Again Cecy fixed her great, serious eyes on his face. What, they asked, did Val know of life, of death, of sorrow? She smiled at him.

"I must go in now," she said. "I am housekeeper until Miss Charlotte and Nannie get back."

Val stammered, dismayed:

"But it 's so early yet."

"I must go in," repeated Cecy, inflexibly.

All the lift and wonder of his little moment alone with Cecy vanished. The moment fell, broken-winged.

"You 're not offended with me?" asked Val, piteously.

"Oh, no! no!" cried Cecy. They had reached the garden gate, and she held out her hand. She had not meant to, but he looked so wounded, and he looked so much like Jean, who had died for France.

Val clung to her hand for a detaining space; but she withdrew it resolutely, and he went home, with halts along the way, each of which indicated a stabbing doubt of his power to touch Cecy's heart. During one such halt he discovered that he still had her book in his pocket. He drew it forth and stood beneath a tree, turning the book over. The sunlight sifted through the sparsely leaved branches and lay in golden blurs on the pages of that missal of the bereft and the solitary, Eugénie de Guerin's "Journal."

He gleaned a marked passage here and there, wondering if these passages might give the clue to Cecy's disconcerting strangeness.

"Oh! qu'aujourd'hui je fais d'efforts pour écarter la tristesse qui ne vaut rien, cette tristesse sans larmes, seche, heurtant le cœur comme un marteau!"

He turned the pages until arrested by another faint underlining of a sentence.

"Consolons-nous dans cette espérance, et qu'en Dieu on retrouve tout ce qu'on a perdu."

Suddenly he shut the volume, ashamed, as if he had spied on a soul. Yet even as he felt this shame his conviction that Cecy *was* morbid deepened. He said to himelf that it was unnatural in a girl of eighteen to seek consolation in heaven instead of on earth, and that he was a sensitive fool to have been kept by her little manner from going in, and sitting with her on the porch, with, for once, no Nannie tagging.

But Cecy was neither attending to the household duties, so urgent by implication, nor sitting on the porch embroidering magic vines and butterflies. At the moment Val was thinking that, if he had n't been a fool, he might still be with her, she was lifting the folds of blue tissue-paper from Nannie's graduation gown.

It was a white, ruffled net, caught here and there with tiny rosebuds. Beneath it lay all that went with it, down to a white satin hair-ribbon. She carried everything over to the bed and arranged each garment in dainty order. Then, very meticulously, Cecy began a holiday toilet.

At length she stood before the pier-glass, shaking out her hair, and looking fifteen, perhaps, in Nannie's lace-flounced petticoat and white silk camisole, tied with narrow satin ribbons over the shoulders. These emerged smooth and rosy from her veiling hair as she lifted her arms, gathering it back, and weaving it into a schoolgirl plait. She doubled the plait under, and tied it with the white ribbon. The stiff bow stood out four petaled, looking exactly like a big dogwood-flower set against the dark of her hair. She turned to get the dress. The white net was a decorous little graduation gown, falling straight, with a prim satin sash in the back. It covered up most of Cecy's shoulders, and permitted the merest glimpse of her elbows. It did not fasten readily between the shoulders. Cecy made an unconscious face over it, then dropped her arms, and stood meeting her own eyes.

Nannie, looking in on her return, cried:

"Goodness! how you startled me!"

"I 've been masquerading," said Cecy, without turning.

"That old net is a little long for the style now," said Nannie, critically.

Their eyes met in the mirror. It was at once apparent to Nannie that Cecy had put on that dress of a happy girl in a spirit of the most devastating irony. Nannie did

not know how to deal with devastating irony. She said nervously:

"I 'll send Julie to take all that stuff out of your way."

"Very well," said Cecy.

She lowered her eyes and began unfastening the white dress. Her elbows showed rounded and babyish as she lifted her arms. Nannie turned away abruptly. She felt as if she could no longer bear the sight of her little sister-in-law.

Again Val waited about the edges of Joyance for a chance to speak with Cecy, but now she never walked out alone. Always Nannie tagged. He got to hating Nannie. At last he went over with the "Journal" for a pretext, but he did not get to see Cecy. When he asked for her, he was put off with a pretext of Nannie's own. He had not seen Cecy for a month that Sunday evening Mid came home from Joyance with the incredible news.

"Cecy 's going into a *convent!*" cried Mid, bursting in breathlessly.

Val, standing over by a window, with his back to the room, flashed about on her. Ben was dismayed by the feeling in his face, the amazement, the anger, the deep distress.

"Why is she going to do that?" demanded Ben, his eyes still on Val.

"Nannie says she is n't happy here. It seems quite settled. They have been thinking about it for a long time."

Val, who had not spoken at all, now turned and went out by the low window. They watched him going through the meadow toward Joyance. Ben looked after him with disturbed face. Mid said contritely:

"Why, I thought Val had got over his fancy for Cecy. He 's not been there for a month."

"Maybe you girls have n't made her feel welcome," said Ben, ponderingly.

But Mid cried scornfully:

"As if, if it were true, that could be why!" She added presently, "But it 's no use wondering anything about such a queer girl."

She ran away with that, and Ben sat on, thinking how stupid he had been not to guess that Val was really in love with Cecy. He tried to imagine that candid, intelligent face, those great, gray eyes, those cheeks which bloomed delicately like spring flowers, framed in a stiff, white coif, all the rich hair hidden—or did they cut it off? A deep, cold distaste filled his heart. He said to himself that if Val loved the girl, as his face proclaimed, he, as Val's brother, had the right to know why he must n't have her, and that he 'd go to Joyance and fight it out with Nannie in the morning. Then he had a reassuring thought. Perhaps, when Val came back, there would be no need for him to meddle. He went out to sit on the porch and wait for his return.

But when Val appeared, as he did before long, Ben perceived at once that the need still existed. He was passing in without speaking, his face bitter and frustrated, when Ben halted him with:

"What luck, old fellow?"

"I guess I 've been a fool," said Val. His voice was edged.

Ben glanced over his shoulder.

"I 'll bet you never even got to see her."

"What can I do," cried Val, "storm the stairs? Besides, Nannie accounts for everything quite satisfactorily." He went on in.

Ben walked over to Joyance as early as he decently could next morning, and was shown through the hall to the back porch, where he found Nannie stretching pink netting over trays of newly sliced fruit.

"Nannie," he began unceremoniously. His voice must have warned her, for she turned quickly. On her sweet, set face was an expression which said resignedly, "Go on, if you like; but it 's not the least use." Ben began again: "I came over about Cecy. I could n't believe the news Mid brought home yesterday."

Nannie took him up.

"She 's unhappy, Ben. She 's unsettled. She feels that it 's the best thing for her to do. It seems dreadful to you. I can understand that; but what you can't understand is that it is not dreadful to her."

"But Val loves her, Nannie."

"As if," thought Nannie, "Val must

"HE CALLED HER NAME IN EVERY ACCENT OF BESEECHING TEARS IN HIS VOICE, FRANTICALLY SEARCHING FOR THE RIGHT WORD"

therefore have her." She remained silent.

"It would be much better to let her marry Val and lead a normal life," continued Ben, stubbornly. "I 've noticed them together. She 'd have taken to him if you 'd ever given them a chance." He stood motionless, looking off into the distance, seeing Cecy shut up in some cell of her imagination, dedicated to he guessed not what futilities. He broke out almost passionately:

"O Nan, don't let her do it! One sees plainly that it 's you who run her. I suppose you got the upper hand by being kind to her when there was no one else. I don't know why you are willing for her to do this, but don't let her. Why, it 's deciding her whole life for her at eighteen. At eighteen,—think of it!—a child."

During Ben's adjuration Nannie had reddened with indignation and paled with resolution. She was ready for him.

"Ben," she said quietly, "Cecy must n't marry Val. She must n't marry any one."

"But why?" blurted Ben. He stared stupidly at Nannie.

She colored a little, held his eyes for a moment, then looked away with tears in her own. She made no other answer to his question.

Ben sank weakly into a near-by chair. He burned with rage and melted with pity, but he realized that Nannie was right. He asked in a subdued voice:

"What did you tell Val?"

"That her fiancé had been killed, that she grieved too much to be happy. I could n't—"

"No—no," agreed Ben, hastily.

"Besides, it was safer. Val might have—"

Ben nodded uneasy comprehension.

Nannie continued to speak in staccato sentences:

"She was living with her grandmother in northern France. The place was trampled under foot during that first big retreat from before Paris. The old people died of shock and exposure. Some kind peasant woman found poor little Cecy and cared for her. I got hold of her by chance months later. I 've told no one but you. I 'm doing what seems best for every one."

"Of course," said Ben. He perfectly understood that.

"She was hardly sixteen," said Nannie, after a heavy moment of silence.

There seemed nothing that could be added to the statement that Cecy had been hardly sixteen, and Ben went on home.

He found Val standing in the hall door, an open letter in his hand.

"From Alec," he said, handing it over to Ben. There was a look of longing in his sleepless eyes.

Ben stood holding the letter and watching Val. Val outfaced the affectionate scrutiny somewhat hardly. All he wanted was to be let alone. He stiffened beneath the hand Ben laid on his arm.

"Like to have that promise back, old fellow?" asked Ben.

He waited for some flash of pleasure, gratitude, waited for anything except what he got; for Val, after a long and thoughtful pause, during which he scrutinized Ben oddly, said:

"So I 'm to be got out of the way, too."

Ben could not help a shamefaced, taken-aback look.

Val's hand went out and caught his arm.

"Nannie lied to me," he said, "but she has n't lied to you. You 'd better tell me, Ben."

"Tell you?" blundered Ben, deep trouble in his face.

"Why Cecy is to be shut up in a convent; why it 's expedient for me to go to France. The truth, you know," explained Val, inexorably.

Ben quailed before him in the utmost confusion and distress of mind. He could feel Val's gaze thrusting, probing; suddenly it pained too much. He turned his face aside and wrenched his arm free.

"I won't do it," he muttered.

But he could scarcely have done it more effectually.

Val became fearfully pale. "That!" he breathed in a strange, unaccented whisper. He stood perfectly still for a long time, his eyes fixed on one of the sun shapes patterning the porch-floor, seeing Cecy's

face dazed and deadly white, as it had appeared at their first meeting by the barberry-hedge, holding the key to her terror. When at length he lifted them they had a dazzled, absent look.

"I 'll go to France all right," said Val, "but I 'll take Cecy with me; then you and Nannie can be respectable in peace." He took a step past Ben, but turned, evidently on impulse, and confronted him again.

"You 've been pretty good to me for ten years, Ben," he said. "Don't think hard of me now for not putting a conventional habit of thought before the happiness of two human beings." He looked at Ben hopefully, but Ben did not speak, and he went on, "Pray, in what way is my sweetheart less lovable, less desirable, than yours?"

Val's tone was resolved, yet it also entreated. Ben had been more than pretty good to Val; he 'd been fine. Val admitted it freely. And, though he could do without Ben's approval, still, since he was going to France, he could n't help trying to win it. Something of all this Ben read in his face. He caught Val's hand and said in a shaken voice:

"I 'm with you in whatever you do, kid, and it 's none of my damned business, anyhow."

With Ben off his mind, Val went to Joyance as straight as the lightning strikes. He got to see Cecy by the simple method of walking in at the open French window, whence came a sound of piano-keys touched intermittently, as if the player paused without being aware of it. When just within the window he spoke to her gently. She wheeled about on the old-fashioned piano-stool, then rose, her whole aspect an involuntary question.

"I 'd no right to break in on you like this," said Val, "but it 's the only way I can get to see you."

As if frightened, her eyes sought the door.

"Cecy," said Val, using her little name for the first time, "I 'm going to France very soon."

Now Cecy knew what Val wanted: it was to say farewell. She was not afraid any more; but her face took on a homesick look, thinking of France.

"I wish I had stayed," she said. "There was so much to do, so much for every one to do; but I ran away."

Val thought he knew who had run away and that it was not Cecy.

"Would you like to go back?" he asked, using that which chance gave him with her.

The light which came into her face sufficiently answered him.

"But that can never be now, I think," she said.

During this harmless interview Cecy had come quite close to Val, until she stood by the window, looking up at him confidently, and sadly, too; for this was a last time, a break in life. In such a little while all of Val in the world for her would be the small prayer for his safety which any little bride of heaven might breathe.

"Cecy," said Val, "why do you think I came over here?"

At the great tenderness of Val's voice, at the unmistakableness of his demeanor, Cecy stood as if dreadfully confronted with a long-averted danger. The trapped look in her eyes broke Val's heart. He felt like a brute and he felt like Cecy's mother. It was all in his face, and she could n't help knowing that he knew. He could n't keep his arms from around her. He could n't keep his plea in his heart any longer. It rushed out tumultuously:

"Just because you 've been through a nightmare, a horror, they want to shut you up in a convent to remember it all the rest of your life. But I want you to come to me and love me, and never remember it again."

Suddenly she wept, her arm up to cover her face. She held it there with such nervous force that he could not draw it away. She shrank within the circle of his arms until she seemed no more than a hard little heart of sorrow beating and breaking there. He freed her at length in utter dismay. She turned from him then, and clung to the heavy window-curtains. Half

hidden in their dark folds she wept as Val had not known any one could weep. He called her name in every accent of beseeching, tears in his voice, frantically searching for a right word.

"Darling," he said at last in desperation, "be sensible!"

This struck so new a note that the poor little girl was startled into an upward glance. Nannie had said many things to her, striving to mitigate the hardness of fate. She had said that Cecy was to be courageous and noble and self-sacrificing and devout; but never, never that she was to be sensible. Cecy gazed at Val as if he was about to save far more than her life.

"You 've exactly as much right," Val went on, still desperately, "to hold up your head and marry me as Nannie has to hold up her head and marry Ben, as she means to do some day."

It was crude and brutal. Val knew it, but he had to be crude and brutal for just once.

He watched her breathlessly. If he had not believed in his own words to Cecy the miracle would not have happened; but, as he watched, something crept beautifully back into Cecy's eyes, something precious, which Nannie had bade her believe mortally wounded, dead, perhaps—her self-respect.

Val dared on:

"Marry me. Go to France with me. Let Nannie go hang."

Cecy's wide eyes suggested that she might be taking Val's last phrase with horrified literalness; then the vaguest of smiles fluttered her lips. That something like a smile encouraged Val to go on even more boldly:

"But the first thing is a white dress for you. Can you have one in a week?" He asked it doubtfully. It seemed such a large order, a whole white dress.

Cecy's smile became fluctuatingly visible.

"Yes, indeed," she said softly, consentingly.

Her hand wandered to her hair. It came to her what she must look like, crying like that. She made a movement as if to go, but Val caught her hand and held it fast.

"Just a moment!" pleaded Cecy.

Val shook his head.

"I 'm afraid."

She looked at him perplexed.

"Of Nannie's dragons. I know they 're just outside the door. They might get you again."

Cecy threw a glance into the hall.

"You won't let them," she said.

"But you 've got to help," said Val. "Will you swear to do something, Cecy? Will you swear it by what 's sacred to you?"

Cecy looked up at him with awed eyes.

"I will swear it by my sacred dead," she said solemnly.

"To marry me in a week, whatever Nannie says?"

"Yes, yes," said Cecy just above her breath.

"In a white dress?"

"Of course," said Cecy, soothingly. She saw that the white dress had become an obsession with Val.

"I think we can get away into the pines before any one comes," whispered Val.

This was a pine wood that Cecy had never walked in before. Val led her quite into the heart of it. It was still summer beneath the pines, for there no leaves were falling to remind them that it was autumn. There were only the pine-needles, forming a tapestry of dim shadow and dim sunshine underfoot and a cloud of motionless green overhead. As far as they could see on every side stretched the pine-stems, row after row, row after row, a woodland army guarding their priceless solitude, barring the sun paths against other approach; for each path appeared to end in a sword-like crossing of many pointed branches. Val glanced about him with satisfaction, then took his sweetheart in his arms. It was the first time he had ever really had her to himself.

To Cecy, Val's face was like the sun in her eyes. She blushed and looked away.

"You did n't know I 'd brought you over into my wood, did you?" asked Val.

Cecy looked about her. It was cer-

tainly Val's wood, she saw, for it was different and far more beautiful than any wood she had ever before walked in. Leading her by the hand as if she had been a much littler girl, Val showed her its marvels: a wide creek, with a minnow for every ripple; a forest room draped with crimson creeper; an arbor-vitæ tree two thousand years old.

"We who are old, so old," misquoted Val, and when Cecy looked a question, he told her about a poet who believed he saw fairies whenever he went walking in Ireland. It would not have surprised Cecy to see a magic creature of some sort in Val's wood, and she started expectantly when a bramble pulled her by the sleeve. Everywhere they went it still appeared the heart of the wood, and the rows of pine-stems guarded, and the branches crossed their sword-like points at the ends of the sun paths. It was as enchanted as a wood in William Morris, and Val would have wandered there in a daze till doomsday had not Cecy said timidly, scarcely daring to conclude a period of time which would not be repeated again for so many unthinkable ages:

"They 'll be looking for me everywhere."

It broke the spell, and they took one of the sun paths home, the sword points seeming to lift harmlessly as they advanced.

From a slight lift at the edge of the wood they could see Nannie, poor fangless dragon in leash, standing on the porch-step, shading her eyes, and glancing abroad.

Val and Cecy loitered a little by an ancient rail-fence hung with briery vines. As they lingered, a gray velvet butterfly, with small silver wings, wandered by on a vague wind, and fluttered down among the briers. It struggled there for a moment, then darted safely away, leaving the faintest trail of silver dust on the vine-leaves.

Cecy sighed with exquisite relief. She 'd been afraid it was n't going to be able to fly again. She continued to gaze after the butterfly until it was the tiniest pale blur in the blue. She had to give the wistfulness in her eyes time to hide itself away in her heart before she looked back to Val again.

# One Weight and One Measure

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

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IN the last month of 1916 President Wilson asked both groups of belligerents to state in definite terms their war aims. The Central powers answered in the vaguest possible manner, and gave clearly to understand that, while they were willing to make peace, they had no intention of publishing to the world their program before the meeting of the peace conference. On January 10, 1917, the Entente Allies made a joint response. Some vital questions were ignored. In regard to certain territorial readjustments, ambitions were sponsored that were contradictory to the general principles set forth by Entente leaders when they had appealed to the sympathy of the civilized world against Germany. The statement contained unfortunate concessions to Russian and Italian imperialism, and set forth ideas about the future of Germany and Austria-Hungary that seemed to close observers of the trend of military and political events without hope of realization. It was the partizan statement of a coalition that believed that it would be able to impose peace by victory upon its enemies. Speaking before the American Senate on January 22, 1917, President Wilson warned the Entente statesmen that American support could not be acquired to bring about a peace which would keep alive the old conditions of unrest and jealousy and rivalry between nations and groups of nations.

At the time of its publication there was a current of opposition to the statement of January 10 in France and Great Britain. Advanced thinkers and anti-imperialists expressed openly their sympathy with President Wilson's ideas. The events of the year proved how woefully the men who drew up the Entente program had overestimated their chances of military victory and how they had failed to understand the new forces and the new tendencies born of the war in their own countries and throughout the world. They were caught in the meshes of their past, and did not look beyond the narrow horizon of the chancelleries. They had too long believed that by sticking to the old methods of holding forth to one another inducements of territorial and political compensations through secret arrangements they could carry the war on to victory.

The events of the year 1917 took the destinies of the world out of the hands of the little groups of bargainers and jugglers in European capitals and ruined their *combinazione*.

Revolutionary Russia repudiated the imperialism of the old régime. The moment they were rid of czarism, which was essentially Prussian, the Russians proclaimed their adherence to the principle of "the consent of the governed." They said that secret diplomacy and secret treaties were the loathsome evils of the old régime by means of which Russia had been kept in slavery, and to be freed from which they had made the Revolution. They refused to be bound by international contracts entered into by statesmen and diplomats without the knowledge and approval of the people. They renounced for Russia imperialistic ambitions, and called upon friend and foe alike to do the same. They demanded universal peace on the basis of "no annexations, no indemnities."

By the collapse of her armies Italy found her position suddenly changed from that of invader to invaded. France and Great Britain had to go to Italy's aid, and this freed them from embarrassing

obligations Rome had forced them to assume. As long as the Entente nations were committed to the war aims of Italian imperialism in the Balkans and the eastern Mediterranean, they lived in a glass house. Their victory, if it had been purchased at the price of concessions to Italy, could never have led to a just and durable peace.

The significance of the triumph of British arms in Mesopotamia and Palestine cannot be overestimated. By their blood the British paid the ransom of the faults of their fathers and of Europe. They entered Bagdad and Jerusalem as liberators and not as conquerors; for in order to win these victories they had secured local Arab coöperation by proclaiming their own territorial disinterestedness and by pledging the honor of Great Britain to support the claims to independence of those who aided them. The policy of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, stumbling block of European diplomacy, secular cause of rivalry and unrest between the powers, source of the immolation of near Eastern races, has at last been abandoned.

The fourth of the events that in 1917 changed the spirit and nature of the war was the intervention of the United States. It came just in time to make good the weakness and emphasize the strength of New Russia. In the throes of social and political evolution, torn by civil strife, led by prophets, Russia ceased to be a military factor in the Entente coalition. Had Russia's place not been taken by the United States, Germany might have brought her foes to accept an inconclusive peace. While in 1918 the United States will not compensate in armies for the loss of Russia, American intervention has robbed the Central powers of the hope of victory.

But if the Central powers are willing to treat on the basis of justice for others as well as for themselves, they have in the United States no implacable enemy seeking their abasement and destruction. President Wilson stated accurately the American point of view when he said that "the Russian representatives presented to the representatives of the Central powers at Brest-Litovsk a perfectly definite statement of principles, and also an equally definite program of the concrete application of those principles," and that "the Russians' conception of what is right, of what is human and honorable for them to accept, has been stated with a frankness, a largeness of view, a generosity of spirit, a universal sympathy, which must challenge the admiration of every friend of mankind." The people of the United States do not condemn the Russian Revolutionists' program of a democratic peace.

President Wilson, without consulting European statesmen and diplomats, has outlined "the program of the world's peace . . . our program, the only possible program, as we see it."

There are indications that the democracies of Europe have grasped the significance of the words, "the program of the world's peace . . . our program." When the statesmen of the Entente powers declared that they were fighting solely for freedom and justice and a durable peace, in a war provoked by Germany "to dominate the world," they were logical in calling upon neutral nations for support. They may themselves have had in mind selfish national interests,—the secret negotiations entered into with Italy and Russia and Rumania lend color to the supposition,—but they builded better than they knew. The war did become a world war—a war between conflicting and irreconcilable principles, force and autocracy on the one side and right and democracy on the other. Aside from Japan, the nations outside of Europe which rallied to the Entente felt compelled to take part in the struggle because the war had become a world war to settle world questions. The United States, China, Siam, and the South American republics certainly have no racial hatred against Germans. They are not hereditary enemies or economic rivals. But they see clearly that Germany and her allies are fighting for the triumph of principles and for the establishment, or, rather, the preservation, of conditions that would vitally endanger their own security.

Great Britain's self-governing dominions entered the war simultaneously with the mother country. The alternative of abstention was not entertained for an instant, and the dominions oversea started preparations immediately for taking an active part in land and sea operations. The African and Asiatic subject races of Great Britain and France sent soldiers to Europe because they could not refuse. In most cases they did not want to refuse, and did not pause to analyze the reasons for risking their lives in another's quarrel. But as the struggle dragged on through weary years, and not very successfully, dominions oversea and colonies could easily have slackened their efforts and refused further contributions of men and money. It is certain that the determination to continue their sacrifice without counting the cost is now inspired and sustained neither by mere affection nor by common material interests. To-day the British dominions and British and French colonies are still in the war for the reasons that have brought the United States and other neutrals into the coalition against Germany. Premier Lloyd George has been compelled to recognize this fact, Socialist deputies have presented it in unanswerable arguments to successive French cabinets, and when President Wilson put forward his fourteen conditions of the world's peace, no British or French imperialist dared to lift his voice in protest.

Up to the time the Russian envoys met those of the Central powers at Brest-Litovsk imperialistic influences were able to prevent a definite statement of war aims by the governments of the Entente powers. Statesmen of the old school in London, Paris, and Rome hoped to keep a free hand for the peace conference. They had no desire for a world peace brought about by the impartial application of the same principles to friend and foe in the solution of the world's problems. For their point of view was that of the nineteenth century, and whatever they may have said in their public speeches, they looked upon this war as one in which they were leading the nations they represented to a victory that would bring advantages to them at the expense of the conquered.

Although the end of 1917 found the Russians treating for peace with the Central powers, only the short-sighted and unthinking regarded negotiations at Brest-Litovsk as a calamity. If we fail to look beyond a temporary disadvantage to the triumph of the dreams of Trotzky, where is our faith in the realization of the ideals for which we are fighting? Trotzky and his fellow-envoys, upon whom ridicule and calumny have been heaped by imperialists and by those who unwittingly take their cue from imperialists, confronted Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs with a Magna Charta or a new world. In the written declaration of January 12 the Russian delegates said:

> An essential task of the present negotiations is, according to the Russian Government, to assure to the territories concerning which we are negotiating the real liberty to determine themselves their internal constitutional institutions and their international situation.

General Hoffman was astonished that the Russians should speak thus of Courland, Lithuania, Riga, Poland, and other territories held by German armies. He revealed the soul of the Prussianism, which we detest, when he answered:

> The Russian delegates speak to us as if the Russians were in our country as conquerors, and could dictate conditions to us. I allow myself to remind them that the situation is diametrically opposite—the victorious German army is in your territory.

Trotzky explained that the Russian delegates were not demanding the return of these territories to Russia. They insisted, however, upon safeguarding to the inhabitants of the disputed territories the right to dispose of themselves. It was purely a question of principle, he said, and the Russians would not compromise on principle. Trotzky cited the golden rule

in support of his contention. Why the sneers and jeers? Is the teaching of Christ wrong? Is our assertion that right makes might hypocrisy?

The Germans went to Brest-Litovsk expecting to apply two weights and two measures to the questions at stake. To carry through their peace program, they counted upon three factors: intimidation, because their armies were stronger; compromise with principles, because they believed the Russians would be influenced by considerations of national pride and fancied national interest; weakness through division, because they felt sure that they could pit one element in the Russian Empire against another. But Trotzky was unmoved by the use of these weapons. The Russian envoys could not be bullied or bribed or divided. Trotzky pointed out that peace was possible only through the application of one weight and one measure, and he asserted the willingness of the Russians to apply one weight and one measure to every question before the peace conference.

The attitude of the Russian delegates was a challenge to friends as well as to foes. The Entente powers had to answer Trotzky as well as the Central powers. The very fact that France and Great Britain and Italy had been the allies of czarism, even had the publication of the secret agreements not shown the betrayal of Poland and the bribes to the old régime's inordinate appetite for territorial expansion, was sufficient to render the Revolutionists suspicious of their good faith.

The process of dissolution had gone too far in Russia to leave ground for hope of a resumption of hostilities in case of failure of the peace negotiations at Brest-Litovsk. There was also a marked tendency in the French and British press to question the good faith of Maximalists and Ukrainian leaders alike. Consequently, Paris and London did not consider it necessary to respond to the requests of the Russians. Shortly before Christmas, Premier Lloyd George said that a definite statement of the Entente war aims would be unwise. Foreign Minister Pichon feared complications with Italy. But the Socialists and labor elements in Great Britain and France brought pressure to bear, and their demands for a statement of war aims were supported by liberal public opinion. Perhaps, also, the Entente statesmen were afraid of offending the United States. The House mission had said clearly in London and in Paris that American public opinion would welcome an answer to the Russians. On January 5, 1918, Premier Lloyd George yielded to the Labor Party. He exposed to the British Trade-Union Congress the peace program of his cabinet, in formulating which advice had been asked from opposition leaders. President Wilson followed three days later with a program of fourteen specific conditions. On January 10, M. Pichon told the Chamber of Deputies that France was in accord with the ideas of Lloyd George and Wilson. On January 24, Count Czernin and Chancellor von Hertling answered for Austria-Hungary and Germany.

It is thanks to the Russian Maximalists, then, that at the beginning of 1918 we have entered a new phase of the war, and thanks also to them that the Entente possesses the great moral advantage of being able to leave the first move of "handsome is as handsome does" to the Central powers. At Brest-Litovsk German and Austro-Hungarian negotiations have been face to face with reality. They could not take refuge behind vague formulæ and adherence to general principles when the actual peace negotiations in hand demanded an application of the formulæ and principles. If Brest-Litovsk did not lead to peace with the various elements of the Russian Empire, the Berlin and Vienna governments would have to explain to their own people the reason of the failure. That is why an effort was made to draw all the belligerents into the negotiations, and thus avoid the necessity of pronouncing upon the definite questions at stake. In another way German and Austro-Hungarian negotiators were on dangerous ground. Was Austria-Hungary to be asked to continue the war to

aid the annexation program of German imperialists?

When we look at the situation through our eyes, German imperialism stands before us unmasked. With Russia willing to make an equitable peace, how can statesmen longer appeal to the German people to continue "the war of self-defense against the encircling policy of Germany's enemies"? President Wilson has set forth a plea for the "liberty of the seas." The Germans are assured that there is no intention on the part of their enemies to exercise trade discrimination after the war. Austria-Hungary need no longer fear dismemberment or Turkey the loss of Constantinople, war aims the foolish espousal of which by the Entente naturally made these two nations feel that their hope of salvation lay in the triumph of German arms.

Seeking to estimate the psychological effect of the definition of our war aims upon the people of the Central powers, we wonder what reasons German and Austro-Hungarian leaders can now give for continuing the war. The answer is in the responses of Hertling and Czernin. In so far as general principles are concerned, the German and Austro - Hungarian spokesmen declare that they are in sympathy with the Lloyd George and Wilson statements; but they differ in the application of those statements. They point out that the Entente leaders adopt the language of conquerors. Premier Lloyd George and President Wilson outline a specific application of principles only in regard to questions involving the interests and privileges of their enemies. It is maintained that the Central powers are invited to join a society of nations in which the *status quo ante bellum* is to stand unquestioned where it benefits the Entente powers and to be revised where it benefits the Central powers. Only the Russians are willing to have principles work both ways, and is this not because they are a conquered nation, and the application of the principles would save them partly from the results of their military defeat?

This brings us to the heart of the world problem. How are we going to obtain a durable peace—a peace that will result in the limitation of armaments and a society of nations, a peace that will do away with the causes of international rivalries? How can we reconstruct the world in such a way that our children will not be called upon to repeat our sufferings and our sacrifices? Some will answer that we must bring our enemies to their knees and dictate peace by the sword, and others that we should negotiate immediately, because the world is being bled to death, economically as well as literally.

Although their mental reactions are radically different, the "war-to-the-bitter-finish" advocates and the "stop-the-war-to-day" advocates are alike in that they do no constructive thinking. And their policy would lead to exactly the same result. Except in the case of wars limited to two nations, one pitted against the other, no war to the finish has had more than a negative and purely temporary result. Whether they stop before defeating the enemy or go on until they have him at their mercy, coalitions of nations have invariably ended by patching up peace through compromises in which the vanquished has almost as much to say as the victorious. This is a time when every thinking man ought to refresh his memory in regard to the Congress of Vienna and the decade that followed it. Just as France was saved at Vienna in 1815, Russia was saved at Paris in 1856 and Turkey at Berlin in 1878. On the other hand, the reading of history is equally clear in establishing the truth that premature peace negotiations, undertaken to prevent further sacrifice of life and treasure, have proved armed truces, and that the children, instead of being spared, have paid with heavy interest the unliquidated debts of the fathers.

We are faced with this dilemma. If the Jingoes have their way, and the war is carried on to the defeat of the Central powers, which I think is inevitable in the end, provided all the Entente nations stick closely together and pool honestly their resources, the white race throughout the

world will be placed in a state of inferiority to other races, and victors and vanquished will have to combine, willy-nilly, to protect common Caucasian interests. One half of Europe will realize that the punishment of the other half will mean not only economic ruin, but the eclipse of European influence in Africa and Asia. On the other hand, if the pacificists have their way, and peace negotiations are undertaken simply to stop a war that seems to have no issue, the victory will be with the Central powers, France will be ruined, Great Britain humiliated, the United States friendless in Europe. And would not the German people and the allies of Germany believe that disregard of treaties and following blindly the abominable methods of Prussian militarism had proved a highly successful policy? Either alternative would cause to disappear from the horizon of possibilities our beautiful dreams of disarmament and a society of nations.

Is there a way out? Yes, there is, a simple way and a logical way. The Maximalists have shown us the way out at Brest-Litovsk. Force, the argument of the Jingoes, had failed them. With no armies behind them, they could not employ it. Expediency, the argument of the pacifists, would have purchased peace only at the sacrifice of the principles upon the strength of which they relied to lead the Russian people. Trotzky demanded the application of the same formulæ in the treatment and decision of every question. Other rules had failed to make a new world. He proposed the rule of Christ, the golden rule, which has not yet been tried in settling international disputes, one weight and one measure. From arrogant generals and cynical statesmen Trotzky appealed to the people whom they represented. I am writing this article before the Brest-Litovsk negotiations have come to an end. One cannot prophesy what turn they will take, but that makes little difference. The principle has been established. An appeal, inspired by logic as well as by equity, has been made over the heads of rulers to all the fighting nations. The instantaneous effect of the appeal is seen in the setting forth of war aims by the statesmen of both groups. And the spokesmen, let it be marked, have based arguments and counter-arguments not upon the position of their respective armies, but upon the general principles set forth by the Russian Maximalists.

Although the number of those who wish for peace is steadily growing larger in every belligerent nation, the desire to settle by negotiation is simply a sign of universal war weariness, the precursor of exhaustion resulting from a physical strain and economic losses too great for Europe to stand. As far as mental attitude toward their enemies goes, the majority of the people of all classes and in all countries abhors the idea of peace without victory. Instinctively, the people are ready to redouble their efforts, to accept still heavier burdens and fresh sacrifices. Uncompromising national leaders feel that they have the people behind them, and of all the statesmen, only Signor Giolitti openly, and Lord Lansdowne by inference, have dared to suggest that an indefinite duration of the war is a pan-European calamity. For Europe is in an *impasse*.

From a selfish national point of view the first year of American belligerency has been precious to us beyond measure. It has refuted the calumnies of unpatriotic American and uninformed European doubters of our national unity and critics of our national spirit. From the very beginning of the war we have not ceased to cry shame upon those who dared to affirm that the reasons of America's neutrality were fear of civil war and concentration of energies upon chasing dollars. Now that our beloved country has been put to the test and has stood the test, these detractors speak of "a miracle of regeneration," and say that they are "delighted and surprised." It were better taste for them to hold their peace. America has simply shown what she actually has been and is —a unit. There has been no "miracle of regeneration," and there is no cause for "surprise" or "delight."

But it would be dangerous for friends

or foes to interpret wrongly the significance of American intervention. A hundred million people, the blend of every nation in Europe, stand as one man behind President Wilson, because he has consistently presented our war aims as idealistic and altruistic, the triumph of democracy over autocracy, the substitution of internationalism for nationalism, the reconstitution of the world on the basis of fair play and justice for all nations and all races alike. We have mobilized our manhood and are giving our money for the accomplishment of these war aims, and, as President Wilson has reiterated in every public utterance, "for no others." I have had the privilege of living for eight months in close contact with the first contingents of our army in France. I have found our soldiers and officers, who are not fighters for the love of fighting, but who have magnificent fighting spirit, eager to give their lives for the attainment of the American program, but for no other.

America's opportunity is unique. If we keep firm to our ideals, our intervention has a real chance of establishing the society of nations, which was the fourteenth and culminating condition in President Wilson's program of January 8. But there are pitfalls to be avoided. The pacifists, who advocate treating with a foe unrepentant because he is still militarily successful, are false prophets. But equally false prophets are those who would have us "be practical," and limit and readjust our war aims to suit the fancied interests of any belligerent. We need to increase feverishly our preparations for fighting, and refuse to be drawn into peace pourparlers on the basis of the *status quo ante bellum* or of mutual concessions and compromises. Let us assure our allies that "to the last man and to the last dollar" is the conviction and the pledge of the nation; but let us assure them also that "the last man and the last dollar" will go to establish our program for the world's peace, and for no other.

There is a possibility of failure, however, through the substitution of expediency for principle. The world has never lacked prophets and teachers to point out logical formulæ of moral regeneration, but through the ages human nature has been like that of the rich young ruler who turned sorrowfully away. The trouble is in the application of the formulæ. To-day we are enthusiastic, to the point of dying for them, about the principles of "the society of nations," "making the world safe for democracy," "freedom of small nations," "the consent of the governed"; but when it comes to applying the principles, do we mean to apply them only where the interests of our enemies are at stake? Are we going to turn away sorrowfully when the unavoidably and remorselessly logical command, "Go thou and do likewise," rings in our ears? Or are we going to take advantage of our unique spirit and position as a belligerent to proclaim that at the peace conference we seek no selfish advantages for ourselves and do not insist upon a unilateral application of principles? And are we going to persuade our allies of the advisability—no, more than that, of the necessity—of taking the same disinterested stand?

But the goal is there before us. If we hold it forth to our young men as the goal we are fighting to attain, and ask them to sacrifice their lives for it individually, surely we as nations are bound to sacrifice selfish national interests to attain it. The remaking of the world as a society of nations is not a new conception. It has failed of realization in the past because the nations called upon to form the society refused to have a new conception of their international duties. We are fools to hope for a miracle unless we act miraculously. The miracle is a society of nations. We are praying for it and fighting for it. But must we not act miraculously in order to bring it to pass? If we apply one weight and one measure, our society of nations is possible. If we do not, the world, after a compromise peace, will go on in the same old way, and those who come after us will face again what we are facing to-day.

# Plane Tales from the Skies

By LAURENCE LA TOURETTE DRIGGS

THE air-fighter's risk! Against what extravagant odds do they daily venture forth to offer combat! Deadly, efficient enemies above; countless missiles of death below; the delicate balance of their machines in flight; an overlooked defect in construction, in material, in engine power, or fuel; nature, with its fogs and snows, gales of wind and holes in the air—all unite against the life of the dauntless air-fighter. History never recorded similar heroism against such desperate odds.

Furthermore, all this amazing science of war-flying is in the hands of boys and youths. Rarely do we find a successful airman forty years of age. Lieutenant-Colonel Piccio of Italy, with a score of seventeen aëroplanes brought down to date, is the only ace in the world who has reached this age. On the other hand, fully a score of celebrated fighting aces are under the age of twenty. It is a young man's game, and solely by the experience and inventions of these young men will this important arm of warfare evolve and become perfected.

Rivaling in romance the exploits of the knights of King Arthur, the daily flying sorties into the countless perils of a hostile and watchful enemy sky bring to us frequent revelations of human endurance, human adroitness, and superhuman mystery that pale by comparison the wildest fiction of fancy.

Every nation engaged in this unhappy war has its conspicuous airmen. Regardless of nationality, however, the self-same extraordinary characteristics are found in every person who has attained fame in this new and spectacular fourth arm of warfare.

Major Raoul Lufbery, now aged thirty-two, son of Edward Lufbery of Wallingford, Connecticut, is the ace of aces in the American Escadrille, and for that reason, if for no other, is to us the most interesting American figure in aviation at the present time.

At seventeen Lufbery left home for a glimpse of the world. He ran over France, Algeria, Tunis, Egypt, Turkey, and the Balkans during the next four years, working at any job that came his way, and moving on when his interest in his new surroundings was satisfied. Returning home in 1906, and finding idleness insupportable, he entered the regular army in 1907, and was sent for two years' service in the Philippines. Here he distinguished himself as a marksman, and won the first place in his regiment in rifle practice.

After completing his service he roamed over Japan and China and India. During his travels he ran across an aëroplane exhibition flight in Saigon. Marc Pourpe, the famous French trick flier, was barnstorming the far East. He gave Lufbery employment as mechanic, and thus occupied in a new and fascinating pursuit, Lufbery continued his aëroplane education for three years under Pourpe. This experience lasted until the beginning of the Great War.

While performing in China, the two aviators were struck with the unusual warmth of their welcome and the repeated

Photograph by Press Illustrating Co.

THE FAMOUS FRENCH AVIATOR GARROS, WHO WAS MADE PRISONER BY GERMANS WHEN HE WAS FORCED TO LAND

invitations they received to prolong their stay. They were overwhelmed with gifts as well as with praise, and received many marks of royal favor.

Their hosts examined the strange bird again and again, received the unintelligible explanations of its miraculous flight, made measurements and drawings, and excitedly discussed the problem with one another, while the two foreigners examined the new gifts that had been lavished upon them.

Finally the secret of this prolonged hospitality was out. Pourpe and Lufbery were conducted in state to a neighboring city, where the Chinese experts had all this time been constructing their first aëroplane. It was far more marvelous to the airmen than was the original.

Upon approaching the inclosure, the aviators saw the admiring populace roll back, disclosing to view a gorgeous spectacle—the first Chinese aëroplane. Stepping nearer to study the magnificent creation, they heard the subdued roar of the engine above the riotous clamor of foreign tongues.

Politely examining the framework and multicolored fabric, they found the spars, struts, and flooring to be constructed of light bamboo. The beautiful fabric was the lightest of tissue-paper.

The roar of the engine continued. Placing an ear against the engine hood, Pourpe tried to fathom this mystery. The propeller stood motionless, a splendid production of highly polished teak-wood and mahogany, but undeniably indifferent to the healthy manifestations of engine power within. Several coolies anchored the impatient machine to earth by holding desperately to its framework with all their might.

The crowd was pressed back, and the airman cordially invited to climb into the seat. He demurred politely, and inquired, with gestures, as to the character of the motor and the fuel. And could he examine the spark plugs?

The engine hood was reluctantly removed. A huge swarm of angry bees was buzzing madly within the glass cage, rivaling in the intensity of their fury the noise of Pourpe's own powerful motor. The Chinese had estimated conscientiously the amount of weight that could be carried by one bee and after carefully weighing the new aëroplane, their mathematical experts

Photograph by Press Illustrating Co.

LOW-FLYING GERMAN ARMORED AËROPLANE, WITH QUICK FIRE GUN

had inclosed enough bees to carry the whole weight, adding a few extra bees to give a small margin of extra horse-power for emergencies.

But Pourpe was dissatisfied with the soundness of these arithmetical calculations, and declined to fly, much to the disappointment of his new friends.

When the war broke, Pourpe enlisted with his aëroplane in the famous N. 23, and for several months he took a conspicuous part in the nightly bombardments of near-by German factory towns. Until his death he always kept his American friend Lufbery by his side, first as mechanic and later as gunner. Upon the death of Pourpe in December, 1914, Lufbery applied for permission to fly, vowing to avenge his death, and after a few days at Pau the American mechanic was breveted, and was enrolled in a squadron of bombardiers. In June, 1916, he was taken into the American Escadrille, and given one of the fast-flying Nieuports, armed with a rapid-fire gun.

At last the restless and courageous Lufbery found his true vocation. His success was rapid and real. On July 31 he brought down his first aëroplane, one of four Aviatiks that had imprudently attacked him. Within a week he bagged another. The third fell in flames five days later.

On October 12, 1916, Lufbery shot down his fifth aëroplane, and received the official citations accorded to an ace and the rare decorations of the Croix de Guerre and the Medaille Militaire. Later he was decorated with the English Distinguished Service Medal.

Many miraculous escapes from death gave Lufbery a high reputation among his enemies. Frequently he returned to his aërodrome, his wings literally riddled with shot and his clothing torn into shreds by the missiles of the enemy. But he has never been injured either in combat or by the frequent perils of landing. In June, 1917, he was commissioned lieutenant.

Lufbery now has his seventeenth official success. At least six other machines have been brought down by him that could not be homologated. In this American hero, as in the intrepid airmen of France and England who have won conspicuous success in aërial combats, we find the dominant characteristics of painstaking thoroughness and ever-present prudence in all the particulars of his work. He is also a crack shot. Quiet and calm, Lufbery

talks little and thinks much. He possesses cold prudence, which insures his smallest details of preparation as well as protects him in the furious excitement of his frequent battles in the air against overwhelming odds.

Raoul Lufbery was recently named a chevalier in the Legion of Honor by the French Government. On November 7, 1917, he was commissioned a major in the aëroplane service of the United States, and was made commanding officer of that most celebrated American Flying Corps, the Escadrille Lafayette.

The first enemy aëroplane ever brought down by another aëroplane in warfare is credited to a Russian flight officer, Captain Nesteroff. The story of this first encounter between enemy aviators serves as a comparison to illustrate the tremendous advance made in war aviation since August, 1914.

MAJOR RAOUL LUFBERY OF WALLINGFORD, CONNECTICUT. THE AMERICAN ACE

It was only a month after the beginning of hostilities that the Russian and Austrian armies found themselves facing each other across the trenches. Aëroplanes from both sides had been sent across the line to examine the enemy's position and map out his defenses.

At this period of the war the bond of sympathy between airmen was so strong that enemy pilots waved one another cheerful greetings as they passed in the air, and all devotees of the sport maintained a more or less ardent respect for his fellow-aviator, be he friend or foe. This extraordinary state of friendly hostility was recognized by army generals and tolerated for two reasons. Aviation was too new to be judged by ordinary military standards, and, moreover, no armament for offense or defense had yet been devised or suggested for these already over-risked airmen. Therefore they must remain friendly, for there were no ways of making themselves hostile.

Captain Nesteroff was sent out on the morning of September 3, 1914, to investigate the Austrian position along the opposite lines. In crossing no-man's-land he met Lieutenant Baron Rosenthal, an Austrian pilot, sent over the Russian lines by his command for the same object on which Captain Nesteroff was bent. The two enemy pilots sheered in close to each other and waved the customary airman's salute. Both then proceeded to carry out their observations.

Returning first with nothing new to report, Captain Nesteroff found his alien friend still circling over the Russian lines. Nesteroff approached nearer. Neither aëroplane was armed, and neither pilot carried even a revolver.

Suddenly Nesteroff began to find his rival's nonchalant investigations irritating and insupportable. He must invent some means of putting an end to them. He determined to collide with him in such a way that the Austrian would be wrecked while he escaped injury. Nesteroff was a celebrated pilot. He had been the first Russian airman successfully to perform a loop the loop in an aëroplane. He had accomplished this feat weeks before Pégoud had first startled France with its performance.

Flying deftly alongside Lieutenant Rosenthal, the resolute Russian pilot suddenly tipped his aëroplane and struck the tip of his right wing across the end of the left wing on the Austrian's machine. But the result was not what he had expected.

Instantly the two machines swung around and collided, nose on. Thus rammed together in a fast embrace, the two aëroplanes fell as one. Rosenthal's engine caught fire. Before the two aëroplanes struck the ground both were ablaze. Rosenthal was killed by the crash, and Captain Nesteroff lived only long enough to explain to his fellows the object of his voluntary collision. He died with the sad distinction of knowing he had brought down the first of the appalling list of brother-pilots later to be demanded as a heroic sacrifice to this monstrous war.

Lieutenant Hohndorf, the famous German ace, though a Swiss by birth, was placed by the Germans in 1913 as a spy in a French aëro school, under Alfred Liger, instructor. One morning he was caught by Liger measuring new aëroplanes, which were envied by Germany, and entering their measurements in a notebook. When officers came to arrest him an hour later he had flown literally.

A year later the French aviators heard of Hohndorf again. The German newspapers announced in April, 1914, that Hohndorf had performed the first loop the loop by aëroplane ever seen in Germany. The Swiss pupil had turned wholly German. On September 13, 1917, Hohndorf was shot down in combat over his own lines. He ranked fifth among the German aces shortly before his death, with a total score of twelve enemy airplanes to his credit.

On July 27, 1915, shortly after daybreak, three French airmen, ascending in Nieuports, saw a German machine crossing their lines and disappearing to the south over Châlons. The three Frenchmen took up the pursuit, and with their swifter machines, gradually overtook their enemy. He observed his danger as they neared him, and, swinging around to the left, tried to defend himself as he manœuvered to regain his lines.

Two of the French machines, in their eagerness to cut off the Boche, suddenly darted directly into each other. Both fell out of control for several thousand feet until a fortunate slant of wind separated them and hurled them far apart. The two pilots miraculously recovered control of the machines and both landed safely, but in somewhat damaged condition, within their own lines.

In the meantime the third French pilot, who was Sergeant-Major de Terline, continued the chase. Terline had already brought down three enemy aircraft. He was eager to secure his fourth and fifth, which would establish him as an ace. The day before he had boasted to his fellows that no German aëroplane would ever fly over his lines and get back to safety. If he used up all his cartridges, he said, he would ram the Boche rather than let him escape.

In his faster machine he quickly reached the desired position behind the fleeing German. He pulled his lanyard as he flew along and poured a continuous stream of bullets through the enemy machine, but the Hun would not drop. A running fight ensued until both machines were above the trenches. Here Terline expended his last magazine of ammunition, and found his enemy was still unhurt. The German pilot, evidently discovering his opponent's predicament, turned to attack him.

Not dreaming that another human being could contemplate an act so heroic and so suicidal, the German pilot saw Terline head directly at him and come

furiously on at full speed. To the onlookers below the German made no effort to escape his peril. The two small fighting-machines crashed together, and telescoped into one compact mass of wreckage, dropping swiftly to earth within the French lines.

Terline had brought down his fourth plane, but would never gain his fifth.

What the name Orville Wright is to America, such is the reputation in France of the celebrated aviator Roland Garros. At present Garros is a prisoner in a German camp.

Before the war broke out, Garros undoubtedly occupied the most conspicuous position in French aviation among pilots and inventors. Every air contest of importance in Europe found him entered and usually a victor. He was first to fly over the Mediterranean Sea. With Beaumont or Pégoud or Brindejonc de Moulinais, he shared the prizes of the great European circuit, the race from Paris to Rome, from Paris to Madrid, and in 1911 he won the Grand Prix d'Anjou.

At the mobilization of the air forces of France in August, 1914, Roland Garros was in Germany. Scenting the possibility of danger, he did not wait to collect his belongings, but, evading his acquaintances, took the first train to Switzerland and hastened on to Paris.

Upon his arrival he reported for service in the air service, and was attached forthwith to the famous Escadrille N. 23, which then contained besides himself several other celebrated airmen, Eugène Gilbert, Marc Pourpe, Raoul Lufbery, Maxime Lenoire, and Captain de Beauchamp.

During this early phase of war aviation crude methods of air tactics were in vogue. Aircraft were found to be in little danger from gun-fire below, for the percentage of hits was ludicrously low, and they could not mount machine-guns because of the danger of breaking their own propellers with their own bullets.

In February, 1915, after many weeks of patient experimenting, Garros petrified his aëroplane enemies by suddenly appearing among them with his new invention. He synchronized his machine-gun with his propeller, so that the bullets would issue forth only when the blade of his propeller was out of the way. His success was instant and immense. France immediately set about duplicating his invention upon all her fast fighting machines. It was a decided point of superiority over the Germans. In eighteen days Garros brought down five enemy aëroplanes and permanently established a new reputation as the first ace of the world. But, alas! by a strange fatality Roland Garros himself, in June, 1915, fell a prisoner into German hands, and his new device was captured and imitated by the Huns.

His capture was due primarily to his daring and precise methods in bomb-dropping. He invariably returned from these expeditions crowned with success. Depots, bridges, factories, and supply stations he set on fire and destroyed always by the same exact methods.

Approaching his object at a height of ten or twelve thousand feet, Garros would cut off his motor and descend in circles through the defending shells until his machine was only a hundred feet or so above his target. Pulling back his lever, he released his bombs so near the roof of the building, that a miss was almost impossible. Then switching on his motor, he braved the shots from below and made his perilous way back to camp.

On June 14, 1915, Garros descended upon a convoy of supplies entering Courtrai. He dropped his bombs upon the train with his customary precision from a height of a hundred feet. After watching for a moment the effect of the explosions, he turned on his spark. But the engine did not start. The cylinders were too cold, or perhaps his spark-plug was imperfect. Frantically he worked his throttle and nursed along his machine, endeavoring to put some life into his motor; but it was hopeless. His aëroplane dropped heavily to earth in the very midst of his enemies, and he was made a prisoner before he could even set fire to his machine.

He is still alive, but is carefully guarded

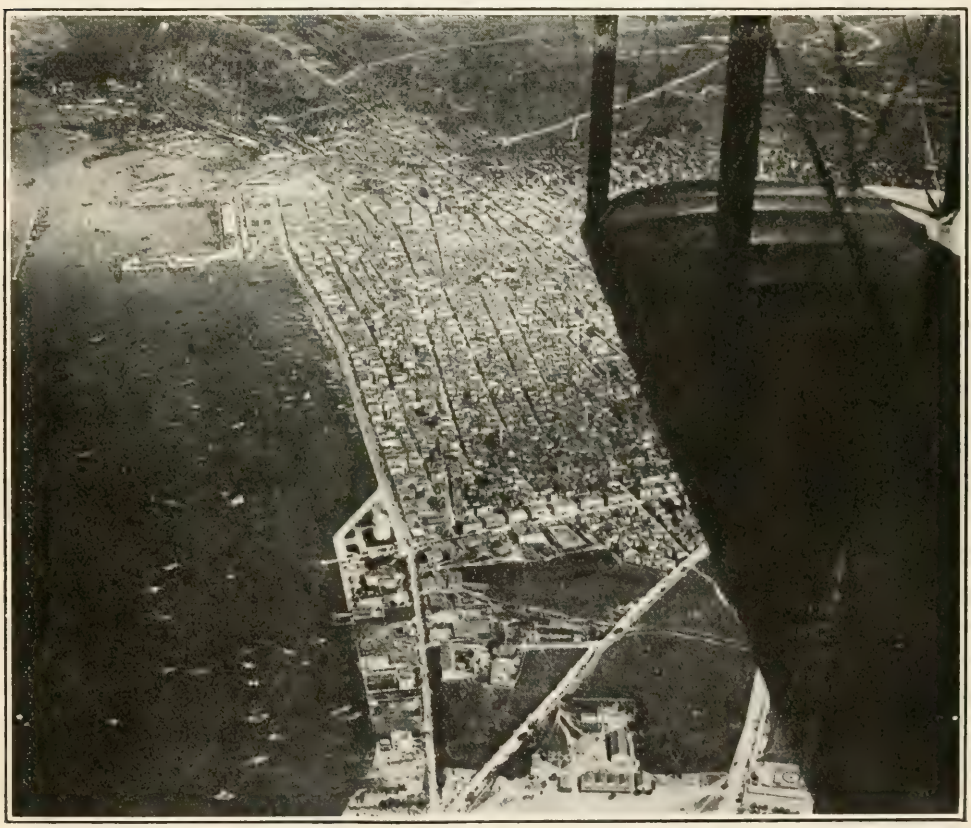
far within the interior of the enemy country. One of his comrades, Pinsard, subsequently suffered the same fate, and occupied the same prison with him; but Pinsard, perhaps less carefully guarded, was later able to make his escape.

Captain Ercole, a young aviator from Naples, Italy, is the hero of one of the saddest stories recounted by the intrepid air pilots of the Italian service. Early one morning in the spring of 1916, Ercole left his side of the Adriatic with a squadron of bomb-dropping Caproni machines to attack the enemy supply depots at Durazzo. He piloted one of the huge twin-engine machines carrying over half a ton of explosives as well as two gunner passengers, Brigadier Mocellin and Captain Corbelli.

Arrived at their destination, the long line of Capronis dropped down one by one over each target, and let go their bombs. Enemy aëroplanes were about, and each pilot waited only to see the effect of his attack before heading for home.

Ercole's machine was the last in line as the returning Italian squadron winged its way swiftly westward. Captain Corbelli, who sat guarding the rear with his machine-gun as they flew homeward, soon notified his companions of the approach of a Fokker fighting-plane from below. Brigadier Mocellin, inexperienced in shooting from aëroplane, signaled Ercole to take the forward gun, and he himself took control of the machine, while Ercole placed himself behind the gun.

They watched the darting little Fokker manœuver around and above them for its attack. Suddenly terminating his circles, he dived, and as he approached Ercole adjusted his piece upon him. Both fired simultaneously.



Photograph by Press Illustrating Service

AS THE TARGET LOOKS TO A BOMB-DROPPING SCOUT

Ercole felt himself struck at almost the first shot, and crumpling up, he fell in agony to the floor. The next instant he felt another body fall upon him.

With great suffering, he extricated himself sufficiently to discover that Brigadier Mocellin lay dead beside him. Ercole's left arm was fractured, and streams of blood were flowing down his face. The aëroplane, self-guided, was plunging headlong almost vertically down toward the sea.

Ercole looked about him. The Fokker had vanished. Perhaps it, too, had been destroyed. At any rate, it was gone. His own squadron had likewise disappeared in the distance. But why did not Captain Corbelli jump to the controls? Ercole miserably dragged himself back along the floor to investigate.

CAPTAIN JACQUET AND LIEUTENANT ROBIN, THE BELGIAN ACES

There, to his horror, he found Corbelli lying face up in his seat, a bullet through his heart. The unguided machine was diving to certain destruction.

Ercole crawled back to the pilot's seat and feeble grasped the controls. Almost fainting with pain, he succeeded in straightening out the course of the aëroplane a few hundred feet above the sea. Ahead of him appeared land. It was the only chance. Without knowing where he was headed, he cut off his motor and with one supreme effort negotiated the rough hillside successfully and came to a quiet stop.

Unable to move, Ercole sat patiently in his seat, waiting for help. His two dead comrades lay where they had fallen. He could only gaze upon them and wait.

In the midst of this misery, when all his prayers were for human company and much-needed succor, he suddenly heard rifle-shots and distinctly felt a succession of thuds through the body of his aëroplane. An Albanian soldier was standing fifty yards away, deliberately aiming at him with an automatic rifle.

Spurred into activity, Ercole got to his aëroplane gun and turned it upon his newest enemy. The Albanian fell. In the distance other soldiers appeared, running toward him. Torn between duty and the horror of the necessary sacrifice, but determined despite his physical suffering to prevent the enemy from securing his aëroplane, Ercole prayed to his slaughtered comrades for a last forgiveness, set fire to the machine, and painfully crawled away to the shelter of some bushes. The Albanian soldiers arrived and surrounded the blazing funeral pyre. They pointed out to one another the two dead men within. When the last flame died away, they shook their heads regretfully and retraced their steps. Ercole's presence was not even suspected.

After a week's wandering, with wounds uncared for, and almost without having tasted food and drink, Captain Ercole appeared one night before an Italian sentry at the border. He was delirious with fever and in a critical condition, but after medical treatment, he was able to tell his remarkable story and describe to his com-

rades the mournful end of the two officers, Brigadier Mocellin and Captain Corbelli.

During the first months of the war a Belgian biplane containing pilot and observer experienced motor trouble while behind the German lines and was compelled to come down. Pointing her nose toward home, the two officers hoped against hope that they might glide without power back to their own territory. But it was soon discovered to be useless, for the wind was dead against them.

Leaning over the edges of their cockpits, the Belgians saw the earth rising nearer and nearer, while the speed of their craft continued distressingly slow. Everybody seemed firing at them.

The German trenches appeared, and they crossed them less than thirty feet above the enthusiastic riflemen below. Their own trenches were two hundred yards distant. The machine struck midway in no-man's-land and stopped. Ducking through the hail of bullets, both men succeeded in escaping to their trenches, thanks to their comrades' fire, without a scratch. Unhappily, though, they had had no time to set fire to their machine.

Two days later Captain Jaumotte, the pilot of the stranded aëroplane, learned that his machine was still there. For two nights the Belgian soldiers had so carefully guarded it that the enemy had been unable to reach or destroy it. Jaumotte determined upon a rescue.

Securing an armored motor-car, Jaumotte took along his two mechanics and two gunners and suddenly appeared in front of the abandoned aëroplane. While the gunners worked their machine-guns, Jaumotte and the two mechanics, protected by the armored car, busied themselves with the disabled engine.

The German soldiers, stupefied by this incredible audacity, could only watch it through their periscopes. Every time a head appeared, the motor-car gunners raked the trench with their machine-guns.

In fifteen minutes the work was completed. Climbing into his seat, Captain Jaumotte signaled the mechanic to turn over the propeller. The engine roared, and with one wave of his hand, the audacious pilot swept away over his own cheering trenches, while the mechanics clambered back into the motor-car with their tools and returned home to their aërodrome.

For this feat Jaumotte received a citation from the Belgian Army.

## Piegan Pines

DRAWING BY WALTER KING STONE

The Piegan Pines grow in a mountain meadow in Glacier National Park

# Piegan Pines

*By WALTER PRICHARD EATON*

I SHALL be one with these pines
Some happy day.
Dwarfed by the wind and molded by the snow,
They burst pink cones
In a meadow starred with violets.
No sound they hear
But the mountain wind,
The bird-like chirp of the ground squirrels,
The tinkle of ice-water brooks
Across the grass,
The far, soft thunder of outleaping streams
That glide like silver hair down dripping cliffs
From glaciers on the Great Divide—
The hair of *Mélisande* grown white with peace.
All night I lay beneath the stars
And heard their breeze-borne thunder;
I saw the sun
Blush on the glaciers while the world was dark,
Then pry the gloom out of the hole beneath;
I saw the golden violets
Nod in the rising breeze;
I drank from brooks of melting snow,
And said good morning to a deer.
I shall be one with these pines
Some happy day.

R. WEIR CROUCH

# A General Staff for Peace

By GLENN FRANK

CERTAIN of our American publicists are rendering a distinct service by their investigation and discussion of the consideration that the problems of after-the-war reconstruction are receiving at the hands of the several European governments. With a constructive foresight expressed in organized action these governments, at the very time when war is most loudly hammering at their doors with its demands, have set elaborate corps of experts and executives at work on the job of charting the future and drawing up a blue print of policy and action that will be a national necessity on the day after peace is declared.

In all this carefully planned preparation for the future which is going on "above the battle" throughout Europe there lies a direct challenge to the political and business leadership of the United States. One cannot make even a long-distance investigation by excursions into the reconstruction bibliography of Europe, which already contains thousands of books, pamphlets, and reports, without appreciating afresh the urgent necessity for like action on our part, for a coördinated and comprehensive approach by our Government to the collection and organization of the facts, and a plotting out of the policies that we must have well in hand by the time the war ends if we are to deal in confident wisdom with the deferred problems of our domestic life, and effectively discharge the new responsibilities of our international relations.

In many quarters just now there is an impatience, not lacking justification, with any proposal that does not relate directly to the effective prosecution of the war. When the foundation of our house is being undermined is of course no time for the complacent discussion of interior decorations. For all their importance in normal times, there are many rights and causes which must now adjourn their claim upon the nation's attention until the urgent business of war is concluded. The scattered energies of the nation must be knit and kept knit into a forceful unity. A ruthless concentration must rule out the wasting even of thought on non-essentials.

But a concentration that found no time for a systematic study in advance of the social, economic, and political problems that we shall abruptly face when the war stops would defeat itself. There is such a thing as the treason of misguided emphasis. The democracies of the world have been learning in a costly school what it means to become warring nations when unprepared for war; they must see to it that when the war ends they shall not be peaceful nations unprepared for peace.

As a people we have never quite acquired the habit of preparing well in advance for even the most predictable demands of the future. We are in many ways a nation of improvisers. Our social and political thinking is too often done under the spell of the immediate. We wait until a crisis is upon us, and then hastily provide some expedient which we permit to crystallize into a tradition that becomes an obstacle to consistent progress. But democracy must in self-defense learn to anticipate and to discount crises. Social and political policies must not be created overnight in the heat and hurry of a critical situation. They must be got ready before the crisis develops. The wastefulness of the trial-and-error process must be minimized by a public mind that can think of two things at once, especially when those two things are interdependent and equally vital.

And nowhere does this principle apply with greater force than to the necessity for our giving sustained attention to after-

the-war problems even while most immersed in during-the-war problems. The problems of war and the problems of peace are not joined cleanly like flagstones or bits in a mosaic; they overlap; they blend. They must therefore be dealt with abreast, not tandem.

When peace is declared, the United States will be confronted with many serious domestic problems. To name only a few: the demobilization of the army; the demobilization of war industries, and the adaptation of their plants to peace-time production; the industrial dislocation that will be involved in the disbandment of troops and workers from munitions factories and trades that have been directly dependent upon war orders; the extensive unemployment that may, in the absence of sound policy and adequate organization, attend the shifting of the productive process of the nation from a war basis to a peace basis; the re-education and placing of crippled and semi-disabled soldiers; the finding the *via media* of practicable justice between the factors that will then operate to reduce wages and the factors that will operate to raise them; the greater entrance of women into industry; the necessity for an agreement between labor and capital upon the problem of increased output, and upon the administrative control and of distribution of the increased profits resulting from scientific management and other methods of increasing output; the challenge involved in the factors that will then operate toward a lowering of the American standard of living; the question of the control of prices; the problem of the coöperative movement among farmers, small producers, and consumers; the whole land question, its taxation, the increasing of both the extent and intensity of cultivation, the broadening of the base of ownership, the checking of tendencies toward great estates, and related issues; the discontinuance or retention and development of the governmental control of transportation, natural resources, and raw materials that the necessity of war may have induced; the readjustment of our educational system to meet the new demands of a new time; and the underlying problem of striking a just balance of judgment and legislation between necessary emergency measures and fundamental solutions, so that in the end we may be the beneficiaries of a boldly conceived and statesmanlike reconstruction instead of a temporizing patchwork of palliatives.

It is important to remember that political leadership will be in a less favored position for dealing with these problems of reconstruction than it now enjoys in dealing with the problems of war. In war-time the necessity for presenting a solid front to the enemy drives diversity of opinion to cover and gives constituted authority a measurably clear field for action, except for sporadic flurries of criticism. In war-time the issues admit of relative simplification. There are not the usual complications of party and class interests. Particularist claims are postponed in deference to the supreme issue of the emergency. Speaking in the large, there is in war-time one clear road to a goal.

But all that will change overnight when peace comes. Pent-up differences of opinion will be released. The embargo on partizanship will be lifted. The forces of reaction will again gravitate toward a common center in defense of common interests. Radicalism's right to criticize will be zestfully resumed. There will not be the unity of opinion about the goal of national effort that obtained during the war. There will be even less unity of opinion about the roads leading to the goal. Issues will be so numerous and complicated that political leadership will find it difficult to mold public opinion by occasional speeches as in war-time. And above all, the difficulties and dangers will be at our very door; there will be no allies to hold the line while we are getting ready to act.

All this argues for a carefully thought-out plan that will meet the inevitable demands that will follow hard on the heels of the war. We may well take counsel of the European nations that have already created their agencies for studying the problem and organizing to meet the situation when it arises.

As far back as early in 1916, Mr. Asquith, then premier of England, publicly stated the necessity for such studies and preparation, and suited the action to the word by placing the problem in the hands of a reconstruction committee composed almost entirely of members of the Asquith cabinet, whose hands were already overfull of war duties. Whether this particular committee made much headway or not, Mr. Asquith placed a stroke of real statesmanship to his credit when he outlined the problem and suggested the making of a "peace book" for England that should contain the results of extensive research and counsel reduced to a detailed scheme of action to be taken by Parliament, by the cabinet, by the several departments of government, and by each of the local authorities upon the declaration of peace, in order to deal with such difficulties as could be reasonably forecast.

A second reconstruction committee was appointed by Mr. Lloyd George when he succeeded Mr. Asquith as premier. The Lloyd-George committee was composed chiefly, if not wholly, of men outside the cabinet. Last summer a later development in the situation placed the work under the direction of a minister of reconstruction without portfolio. The post was accorded to Dr. Christopher Addison, an intimate associate and counselor of Lloyd George. The work of this ministry of reconstruction has been highly organized into subcommittees, each with its own secretary and staff of experts. These subcommittees are dealing in minutest detail with the problems of labor, finance, industry, transportation, agriculture, education, health, housing, taxation, raw materials, etc., in short all of the complicated demands that the end of the war will throw on the study-table of Parliament and counting-room for decision and action.

France, Italy, and Japan are likewise looking to the future. Details of their plans are not essential here, since this is an argument for action rather than a narrative for information. Now and then a peep through the almost "news-proof curtain" that Germany has dropped between herself and the rest of the world shows far-reaching reconstruction plans under way within the Central powers. Last August, Germany created a ministry of economics charged with certain well-conceived preparations for after the war.

The problem of physical reconstruction will be neither so extensive nor so pressing with us as with France and Germany, for instance; but we shall face a difficult and important time, nevertheless. And what is most important of all, the end of the war will give us the chance to do many unprecedented things that will set us forward for a generation in political and social organization if we are ready to act while the flush of the creative moment is on, while the spirit of readjustment is still in the air, and before the old social inertia and our every-day spirit take possession of us once more. The public mind will be highly sensitive to suggestion after the war, because the issues will touch so vitally the personal future and fortune of every American that men and women will have a keener concern in public policies than ever before. Unless our leadership has a sound basis of advance preparation, it may find itself helpless to save the public mind from being captured by catchwords, ruled by snap judgments, and rifled by special interests.

The actual form which any organized approach to the problem of reconstruction on the part of our Government should take must of course be determined in the light of a hundred and one considerations that do not lie open to those outside the administration. It is easy to be a volunteer president, with a nicely charted scheme of what should be done; but the charted scheme must be checked against the sense of discretion, the knowledge of limitations, and the appreciation of needs that no one can have save those in the position to know all of the facts.

But several lines of alternative action run fairly clear — lines of action that would help toward getting the United States ready, as other nations are getting ready, to meet the inevitable demands that the ending of the war will create.

It might prove feasible to create a national commission on reconstruction, with subsidiary commissions in each of the States. The national commission on reconstruction clearly should be under the guidance of some man not exclusively identified in his interests or known point of view with either labor or capital. He should be a man not too scarred from political battles, a man of liberal outlook and undoubted fairness of mind, a man with a synthetic grasp of the varied interests that combine to make the American problem, a man with enough of the scholar in his make-up to enable him to be the correlating factor and suggestive inspiration of the group he would draw about him in plotting out the program of research and organization, and a man with enough of the executive in him to make the job move with all promptness consistent with thoroughness.

The national commission on reconstruction would of course have primary concern with the distinctly national problems, while the subsidiary state commissions would deal primarily with local problems. The forty-eight state commissions would, however, be integral parts of the whole machinery of research and would serve as the working instruments of the national commission in the collection of data and the analysis of conditions that in each of the States relate to interstate and national interests.

The forty-eight state commissions could analyze as far as possible the conditions likely to confront their respective States at the end of the war, visualize the factors that will be involved in shifting the business and industry of the State from a war basis to a peace basis, and draw up a program of the steps the State will probably find it essential and wise to take upon the declaration of peace in order to reduce to a minimum the difficulties of readjustment and to insure the largest possible returns of profit and progress in the period after the war. The findings of these state commissions might be published in the form of a peace book for each State, documents that would comprise an outline of the problems to be faced and the program to be followed by the business, industry, and government of each State.

The national commission on reconstruction would be the agency that would correlate the findings of all the state commissions, in addition to the original research and formulation of policies that would constitute its primary duty. The results of such a national survey might be submitted to the nation, therefore, in the forty-eight state peace books and one American peace book, the latter as the product of the national commission. Of course the state peace books would deal not so much with questions of policy as with the problems of administration that will be locally urgent. The American peace book would be the document that would enable the nation to see its problem and see it whole.

In the event that practical considerations of time or difficulties of administration should make so comprehensive a scheme not feasible, the desired ends might be reached by attaching to each of the departments of Government—labor, agriculture, commerce, treasury, interior, war, and navy—a commissioner of reconstruction to conduct studies with the aid of experts and under the direction of the cabinet secretaries.

Supplementary to or in the absence of any such definite approach by the Government, there are unlimited possibilities for effective non-official work.

The American Federation of Labor might well create a system of central and subsidiary commissions on reconstruction. Local labor organizations could, with the aid of sympathetic experts, make a study of the probable conditions that will confront labor in their communities at the end of the war, and could draw up the program of action that it may prove wise to take, together with a statement of the legislation they may see fit to demand. Out of such work could come labor's peace book for each industry, each section of the country, and each locality. Correlating the conclusions and data of all these subsidiary commissions and giving them con-

structive unity, the American Federation of Labor could publish a peace book for American labor that would give a breadth of outlook and a confidence in policy and action to the forces of labor that cannot otherwise be attained.

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States might take the leadership in working out a comprehensive system of reconstruction commissions for American business.

The numerous agricultural organizations under the leadership of our colleges of agriculture might do a similar thing for the agricultural interests of the country.

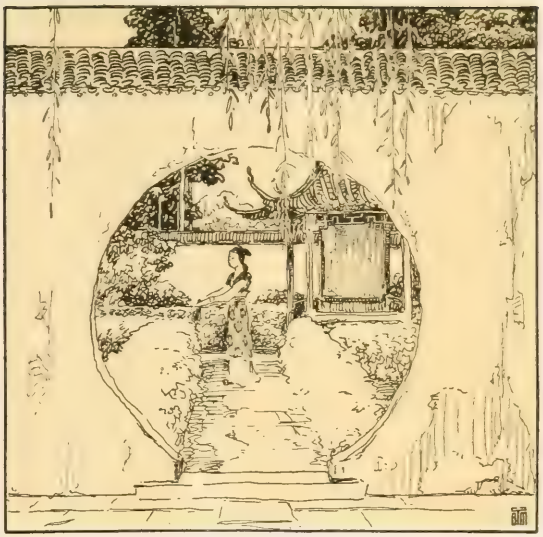
Unfortunately, we in America have never acquired the habit of group thinking and collective research on public problems as they have in Europe. In England, to choose a notable example, there can always be found going on a vast amount of sustained study of public problems by voluntary groups. The English Government rarely faces the necessity for acting upon any fundamental domestic problem without finding at hand the highly valuable results of a most scientific and careful study of the problem made by some voluntary association. When, for instance, a minister of reconstruction was appointed, he found at hand the admirable publications of the Fabian Society, the Garton Foundation, the Rowntree investigations, the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the Round Table group, to mention only a few. Had he found nothing but the little pamphlet on "Great Britain After the War," by Sidney Webb and Arnold Freeman, he would have found that much of the preliminary charting of his problem had already been ably done.

But with regard to the conduct of American reconstruction studies by non-official groups, especially labor and business, it should be kept in mind that a peace book written by the class most interested in the issues would run the grave risk of being marked by special pleading and *ex parte* recommendations. The clear need is for an imaginative and scientific system of study and preparation to be instituted by our Government at once, if we are not at the end of the war to take a leap in the dark, only to find the dark occupied by determined nations equipped with a sure knowledge of the situation and a well-thought-out plan of action. We, too, must work out our peace book *now*.

Reconstruction studies and reconstruction programs made by classes such as business, labor, and agriculture, contain dangers even more serious than those of special pleading and *ex parte* recommendations. The real danger is that we would come to the end of the war with a series of reconstruction programs, a labor program, a business program, and an agricultural program, and at the very time when we would most need unity of national policy and national effort we would be obliged to spend a great deal of our energy in an internal conflict of policies, and while vital problems were crying for solution, we would be compelled to stand still until the slow process of compromise could be effected.

Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the need of a governmental commission on reconstruction, including adequate representation of all of the fundamental classes of American society.

The working out of an American peace book would create a sound fact basis from which our political, business, labor, and educational leadership can operate after the war. It would go far toward preventing a capture of the public mind by the special pleader and the demagogue. It would give a sweep and grasp to the legislative thought of the country beyond anything that can be hoped if each legislator must himself attempt to visualize the entire problem. It would be invaluable in helping every business man, labor leader, and educator to orient his problem and policy to the whole situation. It would be the biggest single stroke that could be made toward inducing among us the habit of thinking nationally; and that we must do if we are to meet in an adequate manner the new demands of the new world that this war, with all of its tragedy, is creating.



# The Bell-Tower of P'an-ku

By JOHN BRANGWYN

Illustrations by B. Y. Morrison

IT was in the Tien-shan Mountains, called "Celestial," that I sought out a Chinese temple, one of the oldest, built half-way up a peak that reared its snow-capped head twenty thousand feet above sea-level. I had come there in search of an old painting on woven silk of which I had heard when I was in Lan-chau-fu. The difficulties of the journey, of which I had also heard, had not kept me from climbing, with my Chinese secretary and servants, along a deserted road where for want of inns or taverns we had for several days been forced to camp. We met no travelers; for only now and then do a few of the art-loving Chinese make the journey up this twisting, rocky road for sight of the painting, the extreme age of which is even yet undetermined.

I am not a scholar; it was not on any scientific research that I came here. I had lived ten years in China, and had come to feel myself less strange than some Europeans who had lived there longer, perhaps because I went upon pilgrimages like this into the less well-known provinces.

At one point along the mountain road on which I had been lured by the recounted beauty of this old painting we could catch a glimpse of the Chinese Wall, built here in the third century before Christ to keep out the Tartars. But how modern it seemed in comparison with these hoary-headed mountains that looked to me like the ruins of some gigantic prehistoric temple! Upon these ruins the verdure was like moss; and we, moving in and out through the forest, clinging to its side, were but so many insects, moving, however, with a human purpose

When we reached the gray old temple I did not wait for the sun to set before sleeping. So it was that at dawn, before my companions had awakened, I entered the inclosure and found the caretaker, a Chinese priest, old and wrinkled. I spoke to him in mandarin and told him that now, in this quiet hour before I had eaten, I wanted to see the painting.

He understood, and took me into a room through the eastern window of which came the soft glow of a rising sun. But

before he unrolled the painting he brought to me in a white jade cup tea such as I had never tasted. The perfume rising from the cup seemed to have in it the same exquisite subtlety as did the gentle light from the east. I asked its name, for in China teas are known by their names as roses elsewhere. It was the "Tea from the Tower of P'an-ku."

I sat and watched the bent old man take from its resting-place the roll of silk. He laid it before me and left me, for I had brought to him a letter which promised that I would hold this old painting as sacred as he did. I unrolled it.

The colors were still clear and deep. Not far from a mountain-top was a city. Upon the many-hued roofs and upon the snow-covered peak there was no shadow and no mist. The air seemed vibrant. The radiant sunlight streaming down from above was full of color until lost in the abyss of the gorge that lay below.

In the streets and the squares of the city were moving a people who seemed happy and bird-like. Their flowing garments might have been wings. And they, like their houses, were bathing themselves in radiance, recalling to me that mystical phrase of the Taoist poet Chuang-tse, "drowning oneself in light."

Above the city was a tower, but not of any period of Chinese architecture that I could recognize. It had a look of age despite its brilliant colors. Under the hood-shaped roof there hung a bell so faintly drawn, so evanescent, that it seemed some ethereal symbol.

Part of the joy that I felt in looking at this painted city hanging there in mid-air I ascribed to the beauty of the hour in which I was seeing it and to the contents of the little jade cup. But that joy gave way, as the painting unrolled itself before me, to sadness and then to horror. The Tiger of the Earth had leaped upon the Dragon of the Air and torn it with claws, so that the very essence of joy flowed out and left me in a fright which, as I look back upon it now, could not have been due entirely to what I saw in the painting. Some hidden bond between me and that pictured combat had pulled at me, drawing me into its shadows out of myself.

When I finally lifted my eyes, the sun was overcast, and the old attendant stood watching me. He seemed excited, curious, and touched with awe. He did not speak, but put into my hand another cup of tea. Whatever magic it might hold, I did not hesitate to drink it. With it came strength to question him.

Many who had seen that painting, he said, had gone away without question. By that he knew that they had not really seen. He appeared to marvel that I, who was not Chinese, had had no veil before my eyes, but had been given the vision, for so he claimed it was. And then without a word he brought me another silken roll of age-old writing and again left me.

I could not read the ancient Chinese characters painted so beautifully by some old temple priest. But there went with it a translation into the modern written language. I read the story more than once. And although the day was a day of fasting in the presence of beauty, I did not sleep that night until I had written down, as well as I could remember, what I had read.

At that time when the memory of P'an-ku, the first man, was still green, there was in the kingdom of Hai-fu a great city perched aloft upon a mountain-side whose peaks reached into celestial heights. The people of this kingdom were very brave and very strong and very happy. The king was of the Sun. He had brought to the city where he lived wise men and rich merchants. He had no need of going to war, for his neighbors all knew him as just. They would not have dared to invade his kingdom or cheat his merchants who went out among them. The only conflicts were among the wise men as to what was the chief virtue of mankind, and among the artists as to which was most beautiful, the blossom of the apricot, the petals of the peony, or the sturdy growth of the pine-tree. These conflicts only served to make the people happier, since every wise man had to utter words of wisdom to prove his point, and

every artist to paint beautifully the thing of his choice.

Many were the treasures of the kingdom, but the most prized was a bronze bell that had been cast by him who was called the "greatest of the Kau-shih." This bell hung higher than all the rest of the city in the tower which had stood there, so it was believed, from the time of P'an-ku. The sun lighted it up from the moment it rose above the plain in the east until it sank in the west. It rang out the hours and the quarters. And whenever it was heard, joy seemed to descend upon the people of the kingdom, and they lifted their heads to listen, and their eyes would be upon the far blue spaces where dwells the Dragon of the Air, he who makes blessed the lives of all the people of earth.

"ABOVE THE CITY WAS A TOWER"

But one day the king, in a moment of weariness, desired that there should be a contest among the bell-makers, that he might discover one whose bell should be even more musical than this one of the Kau-shih. Word went forth. It brought to the heart of Yen-huan, the youngest bell-maker in the kingdom, great hope. He had lived in the forests and he had lived upon the plains. He had listened to the rushing waters as they leaped down the sides of the mountain. In his sleep at night he had heard the booming of the waves upon distant shores. And out of all these sounds he had conceived the note of a bell which, he believed, was the most beautiful that had ever been heard.

When the day came for the contest, he saw his bell hung, and waited with rapture to be called the greatest bell-maker of the kingdom. But it was not to be. His ears alone, it seemed, caught the beauty of the tones that rang forth. All the others and the king, too, found them too gentle or too loud, too high or too low. For they were not like the tones to which the people of the kingdom had grown used.

Then Yen-huan went forth alone from the city, leaving his bell to the mercy of the people, who gave it no thought whatever. As he went down the side of the mountain, a cold wind went with him and drove him along into the kingdom of a neighbor. Through this, too, he

passed, and after him flew bats and evil birds, for he had breathed curses as he passed out into an unknown world. The curses were against the king and the kingdom and the unhearing people.

Years after, when the king had grown old, he wished to have a still greater bell to hang in the tower of P'an-ku. He sent out his messengers into all the neighboring kingdoms to proclaim that to him who should make the great bell would be given the hand of his daughter and a palace upon the mountain-side.

All the bell-makers of the world came to Hai-fu. For four days the birds flew to cover and the winds kept quiet and the waterfalls hushed their music while the bell-makers rang their bells and those who were to judge sat silent, fanning themselves and listening.

"A GREAT PROCESSION ON ITS WAY UP THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE"

On the fifth day there was consternation, for no one dared to say which bell was most beautiful. The wise men came to the king to warn him that to give honor to the bell-maker who came from the kingdom on the east would be to offend the ruler of the country on the west; and to choose the bell from among those who came from the north kingdom would be to make an enemy of the king whose land lay on the south. But, worst of all, to choose the bell of the Kau-shih would be to anger all the neighboring kingdoms. By his desire for a new thing, the wise men pointed out, the king had made it impossible to keep on peaceful terms with his neighbors. There was gloom in the council-room and in the hearts of the wise.

Suddenly a shout went up from the street outside. A peasant had come into the city with news of a great procession on its way up the mountain-side. The king, gladdened, went to greet the new-comer, who was preceded by a guard of soldiers dressed more gorgeously than any who had ever come into the city. They accompanied a chariot bearing the bell. Its shape could be discerned under the cloth of moon-colored velvet. White elephants dragging the chariot were harnessed with silver. Upon a camel, the trappings of which had in them all the colors of the night, rode the bell-maker himself. His face was hidden in the hood of a white cloak of a kind that no one in the city had ever seen before.

When the camel had knelt and he had alighted, the stranger bowed low to the king, who gave the command that the bell should be hung at once. At sunset all the people of the city thronged into the narrow streets that led toward the tower of P'an-ku. There was no merriment. Although the sun had not yet set, the dusk was creeping stealthily up from the valley, carried along by a chill wind. The crowd shivered and waited impatiently.

As the first note of the bell rang out, it seemed to lift the hearts of all who listened in an appeal that they could not

understand. The second note was higher and clearer, and the soundless appeal in the hearts of the crowd rose with it, bursting into tears that could never be shed. And then—they thanked their gods for it—the third note released them a little from the spell, but they knew they were still enthralled, and every man among them prayed for the fourth note to ring out. Yet when it came, they wished, in despair, to throw themselves upon the earth. But they no longer had the strength to move. This was the striking of the first quarter of the hour.

The crowd looked each man at the other, wondering if he, too, had felt the torment of those sounds. Yet not one had the courage to ask. And although they wished to go, they stood waiting.

The first note of the second quarter was that one which they had just heard. It prostrated their souls and bowed their heads. But it was not so fearful as the one which followed; for that was like a question which no man can answer. The third note struck; it made them ashamed; they did not know why. The fourth made them want to hide their shame.

In the silence that followed the king dared not look at his daughter, although he could hear her crying as she sat there on her little throne beside him. She had nothing to hide, nothing to be ashamed of; so she cried for no reason at all except for the weight that the bell had dropped upon her spirit. In a moment she would have been happy again had not the first note of the third quarter struck.

There was something very sweet in its sadness, like the grief that follows a forbidden joy. The throng of people listening took breath in self-pity. How much more they were losing by their virtues than they had ever lost by the fair vice of their youth!

The second note of the third quarter was a chain upon their limbs; and the desire of the flesh which the bell had just wakened became lust of the spirit. They looked, each one and all of them, toward the king's daughter. But she fled in fear that she could not understand.

The third note struck. No one in the crowd heard it, so deep had each one entered into himself on the trail of the Tiger that was stirring. The fourth note was a blessing upon all that was evil.

In the silence that fell before the last quarter struck they stood bound. No one of them cared any longer what his neighbor might think or say. Was not each man alone in his struggle? So it came

"NO ONE SAW HER WHEN SHE ENTERED THE CITY, FOR ALL WERE HIDING"

that none of them heard the four strokes of the last quarter except the king's daughter, who had run far up the mountain-side beyond the tower of P'an-ku.

But the stroke of the hour! That was heard all over the kingdom. The women stayed their work in the fields. The shepherds saw the sun set in anger. The old men prayed in their hearts for the generations that were to come. The children cried bitterly and could not be comforted. The crowds in the city listened to the strokes in terror that the end had come. Life had been cut in two by the bell that a stranger had brought.

When the last echo had died away, night had fallen. The king once more called his wise men to make a decision. But no one wanted to be the first to speak. At last there arose one who was famous for his upright life, the only man there who was not afraid.

"Let us hang up once more in the tower of P'an-ku the bell of the Kau-shih," he said, "and send our apologies to all the kingdoms. Let the bell we have just heard be delivered to its maker before midnight. And let him be set upon his homeward journey."

But the other wise men were afraid of giving offense. The clamor of their voices, as they went again and again over the dangers from the north and the south, the east and the west, soon drowned the memory of those moments when they had suffered and sinned in thought. And so, just before midnight, the king went out below the tower of P'an-ku, and in the light of the lanterns he told the people that he was giving his daughter's hand and the honor of being bell-maker of the kingdom to the unknown, the one who had come that day.

As the king went forward toward the bell-maker, the first stroke of midnight rang out upon the dark spaces above the tower of P'an-ku. He felt overcome with sadness. He could not move. But with each stroke the bell-maker came a stride nearer to the king. As the last of the fearful notes dropped heavily upon the night, he threw back the white hood of his cloak and lifted his face.

It was old and wrinkled. He let the lanterns light it up. But there was no outcry of recognition. The crowd did not know him. They did not acclaim Yen-huan. When the king asked his name, he said:

"Call me 'the Bell-maker of Hai-fu.' That will be name enough for one who has the honor of having his bell in the tower of P'an-ku and the hand of your daughter in marriage."

The king shuddered. He did not wish to give his daughter to one so old and wrinkled. Yet it had to be done, and he sent his messengers for her. She was not to be found.

Until now time had passed very lightly over this kingdom, but from the moment when Yen-huan hung his bell in the tower over the city, everything seemed to change. Whenever the quarters struck, the people of the kingdom would pause to listen. And they felt each time, as they had at first, weakness and desire and shame. A great lassitude crept into the very heart of the king himself. He no longer rejoiced in the strength and the bravery and the happiness of his people. It was as though the bell, each time it rang out, sucked up into its bronze cavern a little more of the virtue of the kingdom.

A spell had been cast upon them. They forgot what they had formerly honored. They no longer taught their children to reverence the past, to work hard, to observe thrift, and to be just to their neighbors. When a cause was to be decided, the king gave his verdict to that man he liked rather than to the man who was right. In the old days the people had lifted their faces whenever the bell in the tower of P'an-ku called to them that time was passing; they had paused in the joy of the moment, and their eyes had followed the path of the Dragon of the Air. But now when the note of the bell rang out, they bowed their heads and hurried each upon his own path in the fear that death would come upon them before they could gain all the pleasure that life might hold.

As I had unrolled the painting that morning in the temple I had seen this second picture of the city. It was full of shadows, and the people were creeping about, scurrying like tiny beasts across streets that were no longer radiant, but had become crevasses of danger. Mist now hung about the snow-capped peak of the mountain. From the tower of P'an-ku shadows descended upon the roofs of the city. They were drenched, as with the tears of the gods.

The story in the script that I was reading ran on. It told of the gradual weakening of the whole people, as though the

"YEN-HUAN STOOD BENEATH THE TOWER, HIS FACE FULL OF THE LIGHT OF YOUTH"

sounds of the bell were poison, but poison that they cherished. Yen-huan was given more honor than the king, who had become indifferent to all things except soft and seductive beauty, and had quite forgotten Yang-gui-fe, his daughter, who, unknown to him, had taken refuge in a convent, where she spent her days in tears, holding her little hands over her ears, that even the echo of the bell might not reach her.

The border-countries, no longer afraid of offending a sense of justice and hearing how wickedness had taken the city by its throat, began to trespass upon the outermost parts of the kingdom. Then the wise men came to the king and begged him to call the people to defend their land against their neighbors. But the king only laughed.

What I had seen in the third part of the painting was now described: the mountain-side riven by lightning; the tower of P'an-ku black as night; thunderous clouds over the forests; and below, in the depths of the gorge, the green eyes of the Tiger, and its grinning fangs; while away into the blue spaces swept the Dragon of Air, tormented as by gnats with the wicked desires and petty hopes of the people. There was only one ray of light, and that flashed above the convent hidden deep in the forest.

On that day, read the script, a great battle was waged. But the battle-ground was within each man and not upon the borders of the country. There the trespassers had pitched their tents, waiting for the storm to pass that they might march upon the city and fling out their flag from the tower of P'an-ku. The storm hung above the many-colored roofs of the City of the Sun, and the thunders shook the foundations of rock. The people were afraid, for in the midst of it all, the bell in the tower rang out the quarters of what they believed would be their last hour.

But, creeping along the rain-soaked path of the forest, came Yang-gui-fe, the daughter of the king. In her hand she carried a knife wrapped in silk. No one saw her when she entered the city, for all were hiding. Groans and curses came out of every house, and from the king's palace, lamentation; for the king was dying.

The princess made her way through the narrow streets, up and up to the tower of P'an-ku. While the thunders rolled over the top of the mountain and crashed along the rock-bound abysses, she climbed the slender ladder to the hood-like roof wherein hung the bell of Yen-huan. As she reached the top the last quarter was striking. The sound deafened her and terrified her. Looking down, she saw the crouching Tiger of the Gorge. It seemed waiting to spring at her. In terror she lifted her head; her eyes rested upon the Dragon of the Air, who had turned his mighty gaze upon her as he fled on the path of the winds.

Then she took her knife and she cut the rope that held the bell. Before it could strike the first note of the hour it had dropped with a tremendous noise into the well at the bottom of the tower. The waters hissed and steamed as though the bell had been fire.

The people, hearing the noise, believed that the end of the world had come. They rushed out of their houses and fell upon their knees. Had they looked down at that moment upon the earth, the battle would have been lost, for the Tiger could then have sprung upon them. But Yang-gui-fe cried out; they raised their heads and looked, as in the days of old, toward the tower of P'an-ku and toward the starry spaces beyond. They saw at the same moment the princess and the Dragon of the Air, who felt their eager eyes upon him. He turned once more to do battle, and the Tiger of the Gorge crept down and down into the caverns of the earth.

The storm ceased. The little princess came down the slender ladder and went to pray by the side of her father. The people of the kingdom all looked at one another as though they had wakened from a strange sleep. The rains had washed clean the colored tiles of the roof. The noonday sun was filling all the crevices with radiance. The empty belfry of the tower

told the story. With a great shout, they turned upon the palace of Yen-huan to destroy him.

He heard them coming. In fear he hurried to the inmost room, which was at the very bottom of his palace. Here, behind a dusty mound, he hid himself. But one after another the palace doors were torn open, until finally the people reached him. Then, as they would have torn him limb from limb, the man who had brought death upon the kingdom and upon the king, the man who had wakened them to evil and to shame, they fell one after the other upon the mound behind which he was hiding.

Strange sounds issued forth. To one it seemed that he was hearing all the birds of the forest, and hate died out of him; to another it sounded like a waterfall in the home of his childhood, and tears of pity sprang to his eyes; to the third it was the sweet sighing of spring in the branches, and his heart beat fast.

Yen-huan himself heard the booming of the waves of an unseen ocean. He threw himself down and tore away from the mound its dust-covered wrappings; it was a bell, the bell he had made of his hopes, the bell whose notes might have given courage to a whole world had it been hung in the tower of P'an-ku. And he, too, wept, and his wrinkled face smoothed out until those who had come to seize him recognized the friend of their youth, the one whose voice, as it had cried out in his work, they had not heeded. They took the bell and carried it into the midst of the crowd that was still surging about the palace. And then, with a mighty rush, they carried it up to that place above the city where had rung the knell of their virtue. They fastened it high in the tower of P'an-ku.

So sweet was its sound that the people could not breathe, knowing that this mountain was but a strand of mist in the reality of space, the radiance of which even now was driving back the shadows of the gorge and sweeping out the hearts of the people.

Yen-huan stood beneath the tower, his face full of the light of youth. Once more he heard the singing of birds and the plashing of cascades and the winds of summer and the mighty echoes of the ocean. The princess, coming up the path to the tower of P'an-ku, slipped her hand into his as a sign that she would keep the promise her father had made. As they stood there they saw, winding away from the city, a strange cortège; it was returning to the place where Yen-huan had passed the days of his manhood, making the bell of his revenge. The white elephants were harnessed with silver. The camel had trappings of the color of the night. But he strode along unmounted, passing with the sunset over the borders of the country into the hidden kingdom of hate.

When I rose from my reading, the sunset light filled this room of the temple. Once more I unrolled the painting. This time, as I looked at it, the radiant city at the beginning and the shining city at the end were like two mountain peaks bathed in color, while the storm and the shadowed conflict were like a mighty gorge of evil.

"Through which we must all pass," said the wrinkled old man, who had come once more to my side.

Again he offered me tea in the little jade cup, and I went out of the temple strengthened. I had looked deep within the soul of an artist many centuries dead. But so great had he been that he gave me his colors to carry with me. Or perhaps I should say that his colors had torn from my eyes a veil, and left me free to look now upon this mountain where stood the temple, as I had been looking upon that one he had painted.

The day before, as we had climbed up its side, I had been oppressed by its bleakness, by the solid gray of its rocks. Now as I looked, everywhere I saw colors as mystical as those of the Chinese painter whose name no one knows.

# Soil Hunger in Russia

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IN Siberia, east of Lake Baikal, the life of the pioneer is fresh and sweet, like the young grass of April. In midsummer the valley of the Ingoda unreels a film of charming pictures: low, forested mountains marching with you in the distance; sleek cattle browsing lazily in natural meadows bespangled with wild flowers; cow-boys lounging about on their horses; rude pole fences inclosing wide farms; neat log houses, each with its garden. The settlers are upstanding and virile, on the whole better-looking than you will see at many stations in our Pacific Northwest. The wild-wood is unravaged, the streams are unstained, the meadows are nature's own herbarium. Everything is clean and fresh, as yet undefiled by excess of human beings.

In Khilok Vale, where the settlers are hewing their way into primeval forest, the occupying of the land is a stage further advanced. Felled trees lie at the borders of the clearings, and the crops grow amid charred stumps. Bees hum about us at the water-tank stops, while at the stations bottles of milk and kvass and baskets of eggs are to be had at ridiculously low prices. Nevertheless, the river-bottom is bright with the intense green of wild grass, and to the angler's ear the clear, swift brooks whisper, "Trout!"

A thousand miles west you are in Nebraska instead of the valley, with some level country, cottonwoods along the water-courses, groves about the scattered farm-houses, spacious fields of oats and wheat; but the absence of turnpikes, wire fences, swing gates, pumps, vivid mills, and modern agricultural implements reveals a less progressive spirit than has wrought on the Nebraska prairie and on the pampa of Argentina. No riding-plow, disk harrow, or reaper, is seen, and only west of Omsk does the first mowing-machine appear. Everywhere one sees the scythe and the sickle.

When, after crossing the unimpressive Urals, the American finds himself in European Russia, he looks out upon an agriculture totally unfamiliar to him. The fields are full of long, narrow strips like the rag-carpet of olden time, in which this inch of blue represented a discarded shirt, and that handbreadth of gray embodied an old army blanket. The strips run from two to ten yards wide, and the contrast between adjacent strips indicates that they have been tilled by different persons. The summer fallow fields are likewise in ribbon-like strips, some plowed and others stubble. The fence dividing the fallow land, which is pastured, from the crops is in sections from two to six rods long, maintained by different persons. One section will be new, the next one tumbling down. One section will be of poles, while the one beyond will be of rails. There are

no farm-houses about the fields, but every few miles we see a gray huddle of thatched, unpainted huts, and from it in all directions wind paths to the cultivated land.

At once the practised eye is struck with the folly of handling land in such narrow strips. Each has to be plowed by itself, which means that down the center is a "headland" about sixteen inches wide which is not turned over at all. Then between the strips down the "dead furrow" is a like slice which the plow cannot manage. Thus every season from five to twenty per cent. of the strip lies unbroken. Looking over a field of wheat sowed in strips, one is struck by the unevenness of the stand, by the ragged rows of weeds between the strips, and by the number of neglected flats scattering weed seed upon the neighboring land. One misses the solid richness of the wheat-field that has been handled as a unit.

Strip tillage is imposed by a communal system of land-holding which died out in western Europe centuries ago, but, owing to certain historical causes, still dominates Russian agriculture and governs the relation to the soil of nearly a hundred million rural people. To get the system in the concrete let us take a particular village, that of K——. This village contains 150 "yards," or steadings, and has two thousand inhabitants; the owners of the "yards" constitute an *obstchina,* or *mir,* which owns thousands of acres of the surrounding land.

This communal land is classified as "good" and "poor," and each class in turn is divided into three nearly equal fields, one of which lies fallow every year, while the other two are bearing crops. Every member of the association has a strip in each of these fields, six in all. This, however, is about the simplest apportionment one will find. In most cases distinction is made between bottom-land and upland, between sandy soil and loam, between level and rough, and even between the far and the near land. In order to give every member his due share of each sort of soil, it is necessary to have several fields, in each of which he will have his portion. Thus he may have his fifteen or twenty acres snipped into thirty or more very slender strips.

Since, however, one outfit of strips may be a little more desirable than another, and since equality among the members is the cardinal principle of the *mir,* it is customary to have every year, or every third year, a re-allotment, a fresh deal of the cards, so to speak. The peasant therefore has no personal interest in manuring his land, subsoiling it, ridding it of weeds, laying it down in clover, or sparing it lucrative, but exhausting, crops, such as sunflower. What is the use of building up the soil when the next holder will get most of the benefit?

Again, population tends to grow, whereas the amount of land at the disposal of the *mir* may be stationary. In order to provide for the increase, it is necessary to cut up the fields into a larger number of holdings. Just before my visit to K—— it had experienced a veritable upheaval. The land had not been reapportioned since the emancipation of the serfs fifty-four years ago. Each householder's share had descended to one of his sons, while the rest worked as day-laborers on the neighboring estate of Count S—— or sought a living in the city. Inspired by the new democratic self-assertiveness sweeping through the Russian masses, these landless ones had forced their way into the *mir* and obtained a redistribution of its acreage into a much larger number of parcels. Even after taking in soil which hitherto had been scorned, there were not more than sixteen acres apiece, which means that the peasant will have to supplement his scanty produce by working out for wages.

Rural Russia, therefore, presents a totally different aspect from rural America. Instead of house, red barn, windmill, and grove on every farm, the tilled fields stretch away for miles to some village where lives nobody but farmers. The village is not a pretty affair of a few score of families, as is the typical rural hamlet of France or Germany. The num-

ber of inhabitants runs into the thousands, and one hears of villages of twelve or even fifteen thousand souls. Such a population requires a lot of land, and even if the land were in a compact block, with the village in the center, there would be a dismal loss of time between the homes and the remote fields. But in general the land does not lie so conveniently. It may straggle along a valley, or be broken into separate parcels by a river, a great estate, or a stretch of waste. The village may lie at one end or one corner of the *mir* land instead of at the center. Hence one hears of fields lying twelve, fifteen, or even twenty miles from those who are to cultivate them. When he goes to till his strips in these distant fields, the peasant takes provisions, and camps under his wagon till the job is done. It is needless to hint that in such circumstances the remote parts of the *mir's* land will be poorly looked after, if, indeed, they are not altogether abandoned to the weeds.

On the princely domain of Count S——, which stretches away over hill and valley until it encompasses a hundred thousand acres, we find an utterly different type of agriculture. The estate has been surveyed and marked in ten-acre squares, which are numbered. Every year there is hung up in the office of every foreman a map of the estate on which every square has a tint indicating the kind of crop it is to bear the coming season. A scientific rotation of crops does away with the necessity of summer fallowing. All the manure is restored to the soil, whereas the peasant has to use his manure for household fuel. About headquarters one sees parked hundreds of wagons, plows, barrows, seeders, mowers, reapers, and self-binders, all of the best type. The main stable shelters one hundred and twenty horses. The count's swine run a great deal to leg and snout, but his sheep are high bred. The place blushes for a vodka distillery, which, fortunately, has been quiescent for three years. It boasts, however, its kennel of splendid Russian wolf-hounds, which provide sport for the count when he deigns to pass a few days on his estate.

All parts of this principality of one hundred and fifty square miles are knit by telephone wire, and headquarters is constantly in touch with the minor centers from which the operations of sixteen hundred laborers are directed. In the morning the manager can tell you the number of bushels cleaned up yesterday by each steam thresher on the place, the amount of coal used, the number of hours of labor expended, the bushel cost of threshing each kind of grain, the quantity of feed consumed by the draft animals, and the comparative performance of the different types of each kind of implement. What with rain-gage, dynamometer, and plotted graph, farming goes forward on a tolerably exact basis. One hears in Russia not only of estates so big that a single one requires one hundred and forty steam threshers to clean up its grain, but also of estates in charge of a corps of *ogronoms,* which, besides having their own foundry and repair-shop, maintain an experiment station equal to those provided by the United States Department of Agriculture. Indeed, nowhere in America is large scale farming carried on so scientifically as on certain Russian estates. The count's farm is by no means a model in this respect, but even he gets twice as much yield per acre as do his peasants from the niggardly 6500 acres he put them off with at the time of their emancipation from serfdom.

It would be a mistake, however, to assume that the estates are generally run on this plan. Most Russian noblemen prefer to let their land to the peasants rather than to go to the bother and expense of bringing it under a scientific régime. This is why, on the average, their acre yield is only a fourth more than that of the neighboring *mir* land. Of the 140,000,000 acres in the hands of gentlemen landowners, from a third to a half is rented for cash. Of the rest the larger part is tilled under some form of share-tenancy, owner and tenant being partners in a measure. Not more than ten or fifteen million acres are cultivated by hired laborers, aided by modern machinery, and directed by manager and foremen advised by experts.

The surviving noble estates are only the stump of a tree that formerly shadowed all Muscovy. The early czars so lavishly bestowed seignioral rights upon their nobles that the latter came to be virtually owners of the districts committed to their charge. That the noble might raise the forces needed to beat off Tatar and Pole, the crown gave him power over his people, until in Shakspere's time they became serfs bound to the glebe. In the eighteenth century they were crushed down to a point little short of slavery, and they recovered freedom only in the year we struck the shackles from our negro slaves. At that time they came into possession of about half the tilled land of the estates, though their masters saw to it that they got the worse half. They should have been given their half outright, but the reform of Alexander II was carried through with the explicit understanding that the nobles should not suffer any economic damage. So through many years the former serfs toiled to redeem their land by annual payments to their quondam master or to the state, which had advanced them the money with which to quiet his claims.

Since emancipation the holdings of the nobility have greatly shrunken. Often their tastes outran their income, so that they drank up, dressed up, or gambled up their hereditary estates. Even without the Revolution, the finish of the landowner class was near. Bit by bit their land has come into calloused hands, and a new class of landholders has appeared, certain thrifty and shrewd peasants who have made one hand wash the other, one field buy the next, until they have more than they can till, and let their land like lords. At present it is doubtful if the nobles retain more than a fifth or a sixth of the farm-land of European Russia.

In the meantime the peasants have developed a fierce hunger for land. Even at the outset of their life as freedmen they felt they were put off with too little, and the legend spread among them that the good czar had decreed they should have the acres they had watered with their sweat and that their masters were holding back the best part of his ukase. In some districts it took a fusillade to correct their minds on this point. Then they have multiplied at a great rate, for the communal system encourages recklessness in the matter of family. Since more sons, the more shares in the village land, intemperate fecundity incurs no punishment. Said to me the author of the land law of 1910:

"I have known a family to speculate anxiously whether the expected baby will be a boy and arrive in time, and to jubilate when a male infant was born the day before the redistribution of the *mir* land. It meant one more share to that family." This may throw light on why Courland, on the Baltic, which knows not the *mir,* has the same birth-rate as the United States, while in the communal parts of Russia the births are from two to two and one-half times as frequent as with us.

Not only do the shares shrink as the land is divided among more claimants, but the crude soil-rubbing tillage results in a declining yield per acre. Like the penumbra of an eclipse, the shadow of soil exhaustion is sweeping across Russia from west to east. The peasants' land is very badly farmed, yet the poor fellows cannot imagine how to extract more from their fields. Of the methods of intensive cultivation they have not the faintest inkling. Thanks to the policy of cherishing darkness as the best friend of the Romanoff dynasty, peasant farming is stubbornly traditional, and there is no way whereby knowledge of soil conservation, deep tillage, rotation of crops, and stock raising can quickly penetrate to the rural population.

As the mass of the peasants find it harder to squeeze a living out of their petty strips, what is more natural than that they should dream of more land? They can, indeed, imagine no other remedy for their distress; so among them spreads the religious doctrine — which never strikes root where there is a sound land policy— that God's earth is for all His children, and that not man, but God, is the rightful owner of the land.

All political parties agree that the class

of gentlemen landowners generally must go. Most of them do nothing for Russian agriculture, and in their present temper the people will not tolerate hereditary parasites. But it is not clear how the dividing of their estates among the nearest *mirs* is to quiet the clamorous land hunger of the muzhiks. The total area thus to be made available is much less than they imagine, and, besides, the estates are by no means evenly distributed among provinces and districts. In many parts the peasants will get no land, as there are no estates in their neighborhood. It will not comfort them to know that in the next county the peasants are enjoying fine slices from the carving of some big domain. When they awake to the truth, will not the disappointed raise the cry that *all* the land must be pooled and redistributed?

Then what of the estates, amounting altogether, perhaps, to ten or fifteen million acres, which are now exploited in a systematic capitalistic fashion? Their tillage is vastly superior to that of common muzhik land, and they yield twice or thrice as much per acre. Perhaps these scientifically managed estates point the way to the socialized agriculture of the future. To break up these organizations in order to parcel out the land among the peasants would be an economic disaster to Russia. Some propose that the Government take them over and run them as public utilities, but thoughtful men realize that the Government is not yet equal to such a task. Others imagine that the peasants will keep the machinery, retain the salaried manager and experts, work the estate as before for wages, and at the close of the season divide the profits which now go to the enterprising landowner. Such a solution hardly squares with what we know of the peasants. A third alternative is to leave such estates undisturbed because these intelligent proprietors are rendering a service to society. True, but there is little prospect that the people can be brought to look upon them in this light. It seems likely that these estates will go into the melting-pot along with the rest.

How as to the terms on which the lands of the nobles are to be taken over? With much force the socialists urge:

The *pomiestchiks,* or gentlemen landowners, never invested good money in these lands. They were presented by the crown as an endowment for military services which are now provided on a totally different basis. Not for generations have the noble landowners been called on to render special services to the state. Have they not been parasites long enough? Is is not high time for these loafers to go to work and earn their living like the rest of us? Why should we hand them a sheaf of government bonds for yielding of rentals to which they have long had no moral title?

Very good, but as a matter of fact many of these gentry have only an equity in their estates. For reasons good and bad—to raise capital for the more efficient exploitation of their land or to get money for their extravagances—they have borrowed on the security of their estates until the mortgages piled on this land amount to perhaps half its value. Such securities enter into the foundations of all important Russian credit institutions, and these would be shaken or shattered if the private estates were taken over without compensation. It is safe to predict that there will be compensation, at least to the extent of repaying the debts resting on these lands.

Meanwhile the peasants have been taking things into their own hands. In many cases the *mir* has anticipated the division of the nobleman's estate by seizing and tilling his fields on its own account. The peasants refuse to work his fields for wages. Then perhaps the land committee says to him: "You can't hire anybody to till your land. Well, rather than let it grow weeds when Russia needs food, let the *mirs* cultivate it this year, and the terms can be adjusted afterward." Of course, once the peasants get their plows into it, they will regard the land as their own, and will never give it up without a struggle. On the estate of Count S—— the Revolution was followed by a drastic downward revision of the rentals to about

one third. There were no depredations on his property save that in one village some new-comers helped themselves to the count's grass and pastured their animals on his meadows. Perhaps he got off so well because last spring he let the peasants have free 27,000 acres for grazing and 33,000 acres for plow-land. Even then they raised too little for their needs, the 1917 harvest being bad; so he let them have eight hundred tons of grain. After doing so much to keep his peasants sweet-tempered, the count, no doubt, raised his clenched hands to heaven and cursed the Revolution that has destroyed all authority and obliged the noble landholder to dance to the peasant's piping.

Things go not so badly, however, for there have long been land committees looking after the relations among the people about the land. These have gone into disputed matters and rendered decisions in line with the new sense of social justice. They have no power to coerce, but usually the peasants accept their rulings without a murmur. For example, the land committee for the Samara government found that needy peasants leasing small parcels from year to year were required to pay three times as high a rent as those who took land on long leases. The former were being "rack-rented" like the Irish tenants of the last century. On appeal from the Samara Congress of Peasants, the committee looked into the matter, and reduced their rents to one third. When the peasants help themselves to the untilled parts of an estate the committee fixes a fair rental, and the peasants pay these sums into the state bank, to be disposed of according to the land settlement which the Constituent Assembly will reach. If, however, a peasant will not pay, nothing can be done. Authority with teeth in it does not exist in Russia in this year of revolution. That the *pomiestchiks* have suffered little in person or property during this interregnum of no law speaks volumes for the peaceableness and fair-play sense of the ignorant, oppressed muzhiks.

The impossibility of satisfying the expectations of the masses with the shrunken estates of the nobles has inspired a vast project of land nationalization, which, so long as Victor Tchernoff was minister of agriculture, had its spokesman in the Government. It rests on the principle that no one should have more land than he with his family can till. Each cultivator will hold his land directly from the Government, and no middlemen will come between them. If he makes a poor use of his holding, it will be intrusted to some one else. The occupant will pay an annual rental, varying with location, quality of the soil, etc. The present private owner will be allowed to keep his land, or so much of it as he is able to till personally, but not to sell it or rent it save through the local authorities.

On the basis of the data now being collected for the guidance of the Constituent Assembly, the Government will work out for each region of Russia a normal holding, which will be all that the ordinary family can work properly by current agricultural methods. In case there is not enough land to fit out all the peasants of a district with normal holdings, the unsatisfied will be provided with land elsewhere, probably in Siberia. We are not told how the system will take care of increase of population or adapt itself to changes in the size of the one-man unit of cultivation brought about by the introduction of new crops, intensive agriculture, or novel methods of farming. It has no place, moreover, for the skilful, thrifty farmer who gets ahead, buys more land, and ends as the manager of a two-hundred-acre tract.

This stupendous plan of reshuffling the cards and having a new deal of real estate over one sixth the land area of the globe is to meet a powerful opposition. Besides the nobles, who hate any radical land reform, it antagonizes the peasants who have built up considerable holdings. Already a twelfth of all the peasant land is in farms bigger than the owner can cultivate without hired labor. In the southwest of Russia the thriving farmers of the Ukraine, who long ago emerged from communal land tenure, regard with dismay a

project which would consign their holdings to the all-Russian melting-pot. It is their dread which has given vitality to the movement to separate the Ukraine from the rest of Russia.

The Cossacks, long settled in the frontier districts of the southeast from the Don and the Caucasus to Turkestan, constitute another granite block of opposition. The Cossacks have all the land they can use. Land is, in fact, their reward for holding themselves in constant readiness to serve in the army on their own mounts. In each of the twelve Cossack regions the Cossack organization has been given an endowment of good land, out of which it provides every young man, on his reaching eighteen years of age, with eighty acres of land. Meanwhile the undivided reserve is rented for the common benefit, so that the Cossack group is landlord. Since coal was found in their lands, the Don Cossacks have even been enjoying royalties on the output of their mines.

Here, perhaps, is why the peasants do nothing to make their homes attractive. In the rural village you find no trim streets, front yards, grass plots, shade-trees, flower-beds, or ornamental shrubbery. They have time to provide these, but not the impulse; they lack the idea of ceaseless improvement.

Another side light comes from a Lutheran pastor bred in Courland.

"The peasant is land hungry because he has no notion that he can increase his produce by a more intensive cultivation. Unless he goes over to individual ownership and intensive farming, the estates of the *pomiestchiks* will last him but a little while, and then he will be as badly off as ever."

The economists, sociologists, and statesmen of Russia seem agreed that communal land-holding is an outgrown system. They want the muzhiks to be acted upon by the same individualizing and stimulating forces which have put the French farmer and the American farmer so far ahead of him. Stolypin had been so impressed by the mob psychology of the community peasant that he put through a law requiring the *obstchina,* on the demand of any member, to give him his share of the land in a single plot, which then became his individual property. In ten years many such associations were dissolved, and seven million peasants—about twenty per cent. of those under the communal system — had their land "divided out" and went to live on it like American farmers.

All over the world students of land problems hailed this movement as promising a better agriculture and a higher rural civilization in Russia. But Professor Miliukoff pointed out to me that in many cases only by violent and artificial methods were the peasants induced to break up their *mir.* Individual persons were urged to demand a division and then given choice land by the government commission, so as to encourage others to follow their example and to warn the *mir* that it would be left with poor land if it delayed dissolution. In the early years of the reform there was much activity, owing to the accumulation of desires for a division, but even before the war the dividing-out process had slackened. Since the Revolution the feeling of the peasants for the communal system has come to the surface. Evidently they regarded those who left the community to live on farms of their own as renegades, for of late they have been forcing these homesteaders to give back their land to the *obstchina* and live again in the village.

Among the professional and business people of the cities there is clearly a reaction against the radical tendencies of New Russia, but neither in the working-class nor in the country does such a reaction appear. The indoctrination of the masses with the idea of a new deal all around goes steadily on. The determination to make this a *social* revolution, not merely a *political* revolution, is more general than ever. Unless there is an abrupt shift of feeling toward the "right," the Constituent Assembly to be chosen at the elections a month hence will be dominated by radical men. If so, the world may see in Russia in the course of a few years more extensive readjustment of property rights than society has ever yet undertaken.

# Edwin Booth, the Actor

By DAVID BELASCO

IT is many years since I sat in the gallery and saw Booth for the first time; went home to pass a sleepless night and dwell on every never-to-be-forgotten inflection of that golden voice. Time has flown, and it is now twenty-five years since the curtain fell on the brilliant career of our greatest American actor. The anniversary is to be marked by the erection of a monument by the sculptor, Edmond T. Quinn, depicting the immortal player as the immortal *Hamlet*. This figure in marble will stand in front of the Players Club in historic Gramercy Park.

Edwin Booth was born on a farm and cradled behind the scenes. His father, the illustrious and erratic Junius Brutus Booth, carried his children about the country while on his theatrical tours; and Edwin, the fourth and the greatest, spent much of his babyhood and childhood in the father's dressing-room. His early education was very irregular. He said that nothing save an unforeseen incident prevented him from taking all the honors at Eton; the incident being that he went to school at Eton only in his dreams. "I suffer so much for the lack of that which my father could easily have given me and which he himself possessed — an education," he wrote in a letter. Strange as it may seem, his father desired him to learn a trade. The elder Booth objected to his son's wish to become an actor not because he despised his profession, but because Edwin "had no talent." When urged to let Edwin act, he is reported to have said, "Well, let him play the banjo between acts." I have been told that Edwin Booth was not seventeen when he made his first appearance, and then quite by accident, as an understudy to take the part of *Tressel* in "Richard the Third." He was not successful, for Rufus H. Choate, a warm admirer of his father, was heard to remark, "What a great pity that eminent men have such mediocre children!"

However, young Booth persevered, and worked for some time in a stock company, earning the princely salary of six dollars a week. His apprenticeship, like that of many of our stage people, was passed in my own dear California, not alone in the cities, but in mining-camps among the foot-hills of the Sierras. He knew what it was to make long tramps of thirty and forty miles through slush and mud from camp to camp, cook his own food, and mend his own clothes. As in my early days, he, too, played on rough boards laid across billiard-tables in saloons. He was a typical stroller of the period, drifting here and there, until at last he ended this stage of his career by joining a company which toured the South Sea Islands. When he returned to California, he joined Mrs. Forrest's troupe and came into his own. I know how great he was then, for I was the captain of his Roman army, the overbearing lictor, the cringing slave, the general super. In those days I played small parts on tour, and gave them up to come back to San Francisco, often without a penny in my pocket, to be a super with Booth. He was *my* Eton, *my* dream.

In the days of his youth Edwin Booth insisted upon playing villains. He despised the parts of lovers; the tenderest of *Hamlets* had not found himself. The fulfilment of his genius came slowly. He had Lincoln's capacity for detail; he shared with Lincoln the "sanctification of small things." He walked the streets, studying the passers-by, visiting the criminal courts,

STATUE OF EDWIN BOOTH AS *HAMLET*, BY EDMOND T. QUINN
To be erected in Gramercy Park by members of the Players Club, of which Edwin Booth was the founder

insane-asylums, hospitals, jails, noticing the facial expressions, gestures, and characteristics of the people he saw. These details he absorbed so completely that they were all his own. In the course of time he found the great secret of acting: "put yourself in his place." His careful study of human nature and life as he found it enabled him to grasp Shakspere's characters and to make them breathe and walk and live. He crept into their skins and was the part he played. He threw aside the method of all the great players of his father's time, and, following his own star, clung to nature and simpler ways.

His reading surpassed that of any other actor. Never was anything more beautiful. To hear him recite the Lord's Prayer was a benediction.

His first visit to England was a triumph, though England never really did him justice. He was too great for her. She would not admit that a "Yankee" could surpass her own artists, which he did. Without doubt he was head and shoulders above the English players of that time or of to-day. He was invited to tea by the Prince of Wales, was a social lion. The generous-hearted Henry Irving paid him great deference. But Booth was an American at heart, and only too happy to return to our own dear shores.

I am writing of Edwin Booth the actor, but I must add that Edwin Booth the man was equally beloved. A strain of gentle melancholy ran through his nature, although at times a spirit of boyish playfulness cropped out in his conversation and his letters. He was absolutely unaffected, despised being "gold-badged and banqueted," and when called upon to speak in public to represent the dramatic profession on some state occasion, he was so shy that he deplored the fact that he had not taken his father's advice and learned a trade.

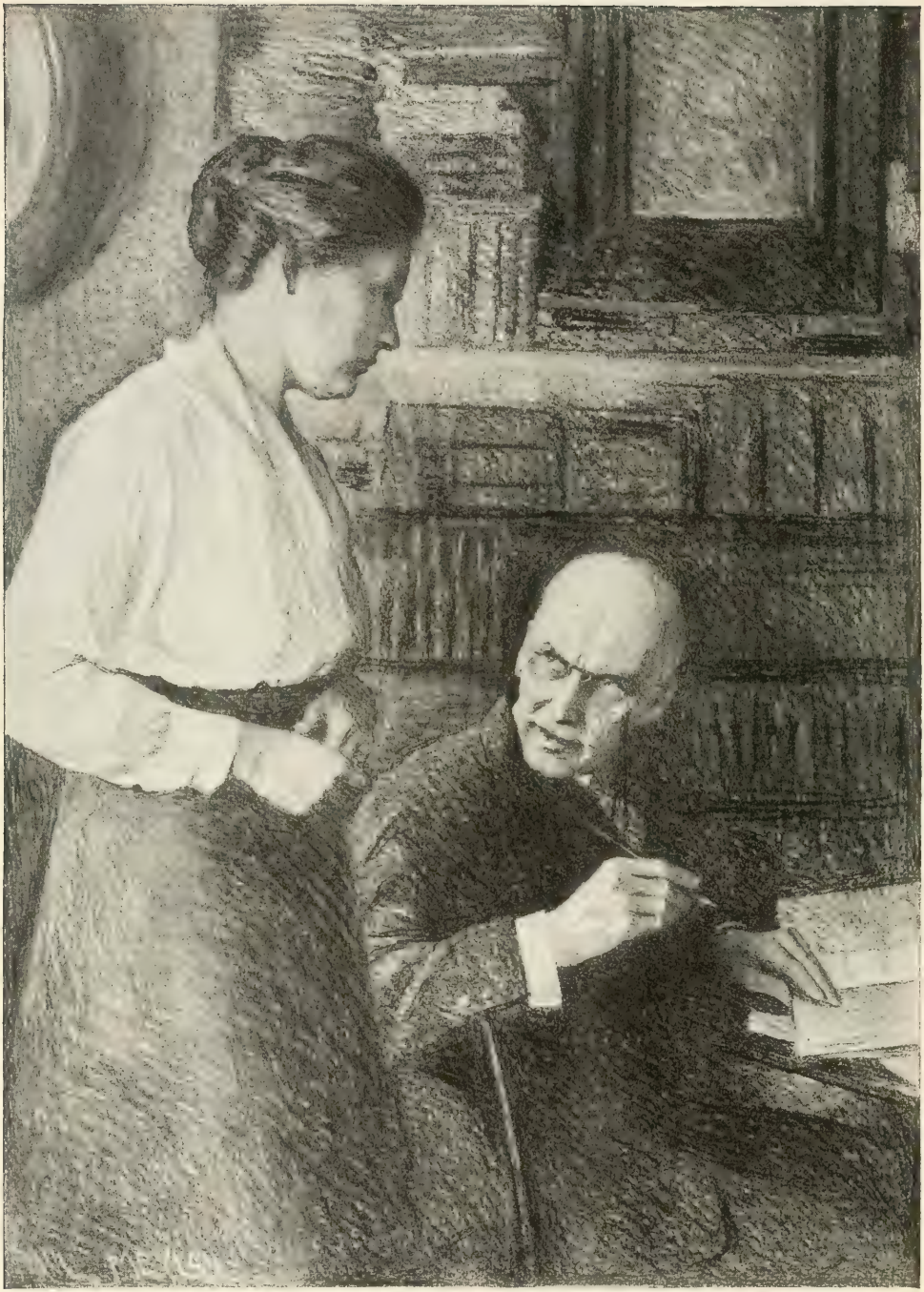
Had he not been a great actor, he might have made his mark in fiction. His letters, in which he speaks of the death of his wife, are as beautiful as, if not more beautiful than, any letter penned by Keats. His description of a presentiment of his wife's death might have been written by Poe. He wrote:

> I was in New York in bed; it was about two in the morning. I was awake; I felt a strange puff of air strike my right cheek twice; it startled me so that I was thoroughly aroused. I turned in bed, when I felt the same on the left cheek—two puffs of wind, ghost kisses. I lay awake, wondering what it could mean, when I distinctly heard these words: "Come to me, darling. I am almost frozen," as plainly as I hear this pen scratching over the paper.

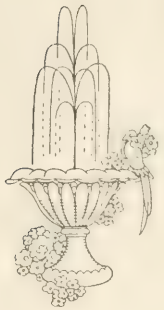
He reached home to find his wife cold in death in her coffin, and the rest is the beautiful letter of a lover who feels that he can never love life again because he has lost all. He longed to end his career, to join her. "I am in such haste to reach that beginning, or that end of all," he writes, "that I am breathless with my own impatience."

Let me close with Edwin Booth's advice to young players: "A frequent change of rôle, and of the lighter sort, especially such as one does not like, forcing one's self to use the very utmost of one's ability in the performance of, is the training requisite for a mastery of the actor's art." "I had," he said, "seven years' apprenticeship at it, during which most of my labor was in the field of comedy, walking gentlemen, burlesque, and low-comedy parts, the while my soul was yearning for high tragedy. I did my best with all that I was cast for, however, and the unpleasant experience did me a world of good." This advice to players, even more useful than Shakspere's to the actors of to-day, should be framed and fastened to the dressing-room walls of every theater in America.

Booth loved the theater, and stood in relation to it as a pastor to his flock. He upheld its best traditions at a time when the public craved the modern drama. The true secret of his enduring fame lies in his allegiance to the classics, to the high conception he formed of the dignity and usefulness of the theatrical profession.



"EVERY TIME HE FOUND AN ERROR HE GAVE A LITTLE SHAKE OF HIS HEAD THAT WENT THROUGH HER LIKE A KNIFE"



# The Happiest Time of Their Lives

By ALICE DUER MILLER

Author of "Come out of the Kitchen," etc.

Illustrations by Paul Meylan

## CHAPTER XVI

FARRON cared, perhaps, no more for appearances than Adelaide did, but his habitual manner was much better adapted to concealment. In him the fluctuations between the deepest depression and the highest elation were accompanied by such slight variations of look and tone that they escaped almost every one but Adelaide herself. He came down to dinner that evening, and while Adelaide sat in silence, with her elbows on the table and her long fingers clasping and unclasping themselves in a sort of rhythmic desperation, conversation went on pleasantly enough between Mathilde and Vincent. This was facilitated by the fact that Mathilde had now transferred to Vincent the flattering affection which she used to give to her grandfather. She agreed with, wondered at, and drank in every word.

Naturally, Mathilde attributed her mother's distress to the crisis in her own love-affairs. She had had no word with her as to Wayne's new position, and it came to her in a flash that it would be daring, but wise, to take the matter up in the presence of her stepfather. So, as soon as they were in the drawing-room, and Farron had opened the evening paper, and his wife, with a wild decision, had opened a book, Mathilde ruthlessly interrupted them both, recalling them from what appeared to be the depths of absorptions in their respective pages by saying:

"Mr. Farron, did you tell mama what you had done about Pete?"

Farron raised his eyes and said:

"Yes."

"And what did she say?"

"What is there for me to say?" answered Adelaide in the terrible, crisp voice that Mathilde hated.

There was a pause. To Mathilde it seemed extraordinary the way older people sometimes stalled and shifted about perfectly obvious issues; but, wishing to be patient, she explained:

"Don't you see it makes some difference in our situation?"

"The greatest, I should think," said Adelaide, and just hinted that she might go back to her book at any instant.

"But don't you think—" Mathilde began again, when Farron interrupted her almost sharply.

"Mathilde," he said, "there 's a well-known business axiom, not to try to get things on paper too early."

She bent her head a trifle on one side in the way a puppy will when an unusual strain is being put upon its faculties. It seemed to her curious, but she saw she

was being advised to drop the subject. Suddenly Adelaide sprang to her feet and said she was going to bed.

"I hope your headache will be better, Mama," Mathilde hazarded; but Adelaide went without answering. Mathilde looked at Mr. Farron.

"You have n't learned to wait," he said.

"It 's so hard to wait when you are on bad terms with people you love!"

She was surprised that he smiled—a smile that conveyed more pain than amusement.

"It is hard," he said.

This closed the evening. The next morning Vincent went down-town. He went about half-past ten. Adelaide, breakfasting in her room and dressing at her leisure, did not appear until after eleven, and then discovered for the first time that her husband had gone. She was angry at Mathilde, who had breakfasted with him, at Pringle, for not telling her what was happening.

"You should n't have let him go, Mathilde," she said. "You are old enough to have some judgment in such matters. He is not strong enough. He almost fainted yesterday."

"But, Mama," protested the girl, "I could not stop Mr. Farron. I don't think even you could have if he 'd made up his mind."

"Tell Pringle to order the motor at once," was her mother's answer.

Her distraction at her husband's imprudence touched Mathilde so that she forgot everything else between them.

"O Mama," she said, "I 'm so sorry you 're worried! I 'm sorry I 'm one of your worries; but don't you see I love Pete just as you do Mr. Farron?"

"God help you, then!" said Adelaide, quickly, and went to her room to put on with a haste none the less meticulous her small velvet hat, her veil, her spotless, pale gloves, her muff, and warm coat.

She drove to Vincent's office. It was not really care for his health that drove her, but the restlessness of despair; she had reached a point where she was more wretched away from him than with him.

The office was high in a gigantic building. Every one knew her by sight, the giant at the door and the men in the elevators. Once in the office itself, a junior partner hurried to her side.

"So glad to see Vincent back again," he said, proud of the fact that he called his present partner and late employer by his first name. "You want to see him?" There was a short hesitation. "He left word not to be disturbed—"

"Who is there?" Adelaide asked.

"Dr. Paret."

"He 's not been taken ill?"

He tried to reassure her, but Adelaide, without waiting or listening, moved at once to Vincent's door and opened it. As she did so she heard him laughing, and then she saw that he was laughing at the words of the handsomest woman she had ever seen. A great many people had this first impression of Lily Paret. Lily was standing on the opposite side of the table from him, leaning with both palms flat on the polished wood, telling him some continued narrative that made her blue eyes shine and her dimples deepen.

Adelaide was not temperamentally jealous. She did not, like Vincent, hate and fear any person or thing or idea that drew his attention away; on the contrary, she wanted him to give his full attention to anything that would make for his power and success. She was not jealous, but it did cross her mind that she was looking now at her successor.

They stopped laughing as she entered, and Vincent said:

"Thank you, Dr. Paret, you have given me just what I wanted."

"Marty would just as lief as not stick a knife into me if he knew," said Lily, not as if she were afraid, but as if this was one of the normal risks of her profession. She turned to Adelaide. "O Mrs. Farron, I 've heard of you from Pete Wayne. Is n't he perfectly delightful? But, then, he ought to be with such a mother."

Adelaide had a very useful smile, which could maintain a long, but somewhat meaningless, brilliance. She employed it now, and it lasted until Lily had gone.

"That 's a very remarkable girl," said Farron, remembrances of smiles still on his lips.

"Does she think every one perfect?"

"Almost every one; that 's how she keeps going at such a rate."

"How long have you known her?"

"About ten minutes. Pete got her here. She knew something about Marty that I needed." He spoke as if he was really interested in the business before him; he did not betray by so much as a glance the recognition that they were alone, though she was calling his attention to the fact by every line of her figure and expression of her face. She saw his hand move on his desk. Was it coming to hers? He rang a bell. "Is Burke in the outer office? Send him in."

Adelaide's heart began to beat as Marty, in his working-clothes, entered. He was more suppressed and more sulky than she had yet seen him.

"I 've been trying to see you, Mr. Farron," he began; but Vincent cut in:

"One moment, Burke. I have something to say to you. That bout you said you had with O'Hallohan—"

"Well, what of it?" answered Marty, suddenly raising his voice.

"He knocked you out."

"Who says so?" roared Burke.

"He knocked you out," repeated Vincent.

"Who says so?" Burke roared again, and somehow there was less confidence in the same volume of sound.

"Well, not O'Hallohan; he stayed bought. But I have it straight. No, I 'm not trying to draw you out on a guess. I don't play that kind of game. If I tell you I know it for a fact, I do."

"Well, and what of it?" said Marty.

"Just this. I would n't dismiss a man for getting knocked out by a bigger man—"

"He ain't bigger."

"By a better fighter, then; but I doubt whether or not I want a foreman who has to resort to that kind of thing—to buying off the man who licked—"

"I did n't *buy* him off," said Burke, as if he knew the distinction, even in his own mind, was a fine one.

"Oh, yes, you did," answered Farron. And getting up, with his hands in his pockets, he added, "I 'm afraid your usefulness to me is over, Burke."

"The hell it is!"

"My wife is here, Marty," said Farron, very pleasantly. "But this story is n't the only thing I have against you. My friend Mrs. Wayne tells me you are exerting a bad influence over a fellow whose marriage she wants to get annulled."

"Oh, let 'em get it annulled!" shouted Marty on a high and rising key. "What do I care? I 'll do anything to oblige if I 'm asked right; but when Mrs. Wayne and that gang come around bullying me, I won't do a thing for them. But, if you ask me to, Mr. Farron, why, I 'm glad to oblige you."

"Thank you, Marty," returned his employer, cordially. "If you arrange that for me, I must own it would make me feel differently. I tell you," he added, as one who suggests an honorable compromise. "You get that settled up, you get that marriage annulled—that is, if you think you can—"

"Sure I can," Burke replied, swaying his body about from the waist up, as if to indicate the ease with which it could be accomplished.

"Well, when that 's done, come back, and we 'll talk over the other matter. Perhaps, after all—well, we 'll talk it over."

Burke walked to the door with his usual conquering step, but there turned.

"Say," he said, "that story about the fight—" He looked at Adelaide. "Ladies don't always understand these matters. Tell her, will you, that it 's done in some first-class fights?"

"I 'll explain," answered Vincent.

"And there ain't any use in the story's getting about," Burke added.

"It won't," said Vincent. On which assurance Marty went away and left the husband and wife alone.

Adelaide got up and went to the window and looked out toward the Palisades. Marty Burke had been a symbol that en-

abled her to recall some of her former attitudes of mind. She remembered that dinner where she had pitted him against her husband. She felt deeply humiliated in her own sight and in Vincent's, for she was now ready to believe that he had read her mind from the beginning. It seemed to her as if she had been mad, and in that madness had thrown away the only thing in the world she would ever value. The thought of acknowledging her fault was not repugnant to her; she had no special objection to groveling, but she knew it would do no good, Vincent, though not ungenerous, saw clearly; and he had summed up the situation in that terrible phrase about choosing between loving and being loved. "I suppose I should n't respect him much if he did forgive me," she thought; and suddenly she felt his arms about her; he snatched her to him, turned her face to his, calling her by strange, unpremeditated terms of endearment. Beyond these, no words at all were exchanged between them; they were undesired. Adelaide did not know whether it was servile or superb to care little about knowing his opinion and intentions in regard to her. All that she cared about was that in her eyes he was once more supreme and that his arms were about her. Words, she knew, would have been her enemies, and she did not make use of them.

When they went out, they passed Wayne in the outer office.

"Come to dinner to-night, Pete," said Farron, and added, turning to his wife, "That 's all right, is n't it Adelaide?"

She indicated that it was perfect, like everything he did.

Wayne looked at his future mother-in-law in surprise. His pride had been unforgetably stung by some of her sentences, but he could have forgiven those more easily than the easy smile with which she now nodded at her husband's invitation, as if a pleasant intention on her part could wipe out everything that had gone before. That, it seemed to him, was the very essence of insolence.

Appreciating that some sort of doubt was disturbing him, Adelaide said most graciously:

"Yes, you really must come, Mr. Wayne."

At this moment Farron's own stenographer, Chandler, approached him with an unsigned letter in his hand.

Chandler took the routine of the office more seriously than Farron did, and acquired thereby a certain power over his employer. He had something of the attitude of a child's nurse, who, knowing that her charge has almost passed beyond her care, recognizes that she has no authority except that bestowed by devotion.

"I think you meant to sign this letter, Mr. Farron," he said, just as a nurse might say before strangers, "You were n't going to the party without washing your hands?"

"Oh." Farron fished in his waistcoat for his pen, and while he was writing, and Chandler just keeping an eye on him to see that it was done right, Adelaide said:

"And how is Mrs. Chandler?"

Chandler's face lit up as he received the letter back.

"Oh, much better, thank you, Mrs. Farron—out of all danger."

Wayne saw, what Chandler did not, that Adelaide had never even heard of Mrs. Chandler's ill health; but she murmured as she turned away:

"I 'm so glad. You must have been very anxious."

When they were gone, Wayne and Chandler were left a minute alone.

"What a personality!" Chandler exclaimed. "Imagine her remembering my troubles, when you think what she has had to worry about! A remarkable couple, Mr. Wayne. I have been up to the house a number of times since Mr. Farron's illness, and she is always there, so brave, so attentive. A queenly woman, and," he added, as if the two did not always go together, "a good wife."

Wayne could think of no answer to this eulogy, and as they stood in silence the office door opened and Mr. Lanley came in. He nodded to each of the two, and moved toward Vincent's room.

"Mr. Farron has just gone," said Chandler, firmly. He could not bear to have people running in and out of Farron's room.

"Gone?" said Lanley, as if it were somebody's fault.

"Mrs. Farron came down for him in the motor. He appeared to stand his first day very well."

Mr. Lanley glanced quickly from one to the other. This did not sound as if any final break had occurred between the Farrons, yet on this subject he could hardly question his son-in-law's secretaries. He made one further effort.

"I suppose Mr. Farron thought he was good for a whole day's work."

Chandler smiled.

"Mr. Farron, like all wise men, sir, does what his wife tells him." And then, as he loved his own work far more than conversation, Chandler hurried back to his desk.

"I understand," said Lanley to Wayne, "that you are here regularly now."

"Yes."

"Like your work?" Lanley was obviously delaying, hoping that some information would turn up unexpectedly.

"Very much."

"Humph! What does your mother think about it?"

"About my new job?" Wayne smiled. "You know those are n't the kind of facts —jobs and salaries—that my mother scrutinizes very closely."

Lanley stared at him with brows slightly contracted.

"What does she scrutinize?" he asked.

"Oh, motives—spiritual things."

"I see." Mr. Lanley could n't go a step further, could n't take this young man into his confidence an inch further. He stuck his stick into his overcoat-pocket so that it stood upright, and wheeled sharply.

"Good-by," he said, and added at the door, "I suppose you think this makes a difference in your prospects."

"Mrs. Farron has asked me to come to dinner to-night."

Lanley wheeled back again.

"What?" he said.

"Yes, she almost urged me, though I did n't need urging."

Lanley did n't answer, but presently went out in silence. He was experiencing the extreme loneliness that follows being more royalist than the king.

## CHAPTER XVII

On Mondays and Thursdays, the only days Mr. Lanley went down-town, he expected to have the corner table at the restaurant where he always lunched and where, on leaving Farron's office, he went. He had barely finished ordering luncheon —oyster stew, cold tongue, salad, and a bottle of Rhine wine—when, looking up, he saw Wilsey was approaching him, beaming.

"Haryer, Wilsey?" he said, without cordiality.

Wilsey, it fortunately appeared, had already had his midday meal, and had only a moment or two to give to sociability.

"Have n't seen you since that delightful evening," he murmured. "I hope Mrs. Baxter got my card." He mentioned his card as if it had been a gift, not munificent, but not negligible, either.

"Suppose she got it if you left it," said Mr. Lanley, who had heard her comment on it. "My man 's pretty good at that sort of thing."

"Ah, how rare they are getting!" said Wilsey, with a sigh—"good servants. Upon my word, Lanley, I 'm almost ready to go."

"Because you can't get good servants?" said his friend, who was drumming on the table and looking blankly about.

"Because all the old order is passing, all the standards and backgrounds that I value. I don't think I 'm a snob—"

"Of course you 're a snob, Wilsey."

Mr. Wilsey smiled temperately.

"What do you mean by the word?"

It was a question about which Lanley had been thinking, and he answered:

"I mean a person who values himself for qualities that have no moral, financial, or intellectual value whatsoever. You, for

instance, Wilsey, value yourself not because you are a pretty good lawyer, but because your great-grandfather signed the Declaration."

A shade of slight embarrassment crossed the lawyer's face.

"I own," he said, "that I value birth, but so do you, Lanley. You attach importance to being a New York Lanley."

"I do," answered Lanley; "but I have sense enough to be ashamed of doing so. You 're proud of being proud of your old Signer."

"As a matter of fact," Mr. Wilsey remarked slowly, "Josiah Wilsey did not sign the Declaration."

"What!" cried Lanley. "You 've always told me he did."

Wilsey shook his head gently, as one who went about correcting errors.

"No. What I said was that he would have signed it if an attack of illness—"

Lanley gave a short roar.

"That 's just like *you,* Wilsey. You would n't have signed it, either. You would have said that while in cordial sympathy with the ideas set forth, you would not care to put your name to a document that might give pain to a monarch who, though not as liberal as some of us could wish, was yet—

"As a matter of fact," Wilsey began again even more coldly, "I should have signed—"

"Oh, you think so now. A hundred years from now you 'd sign a petition for the eight-hour law."

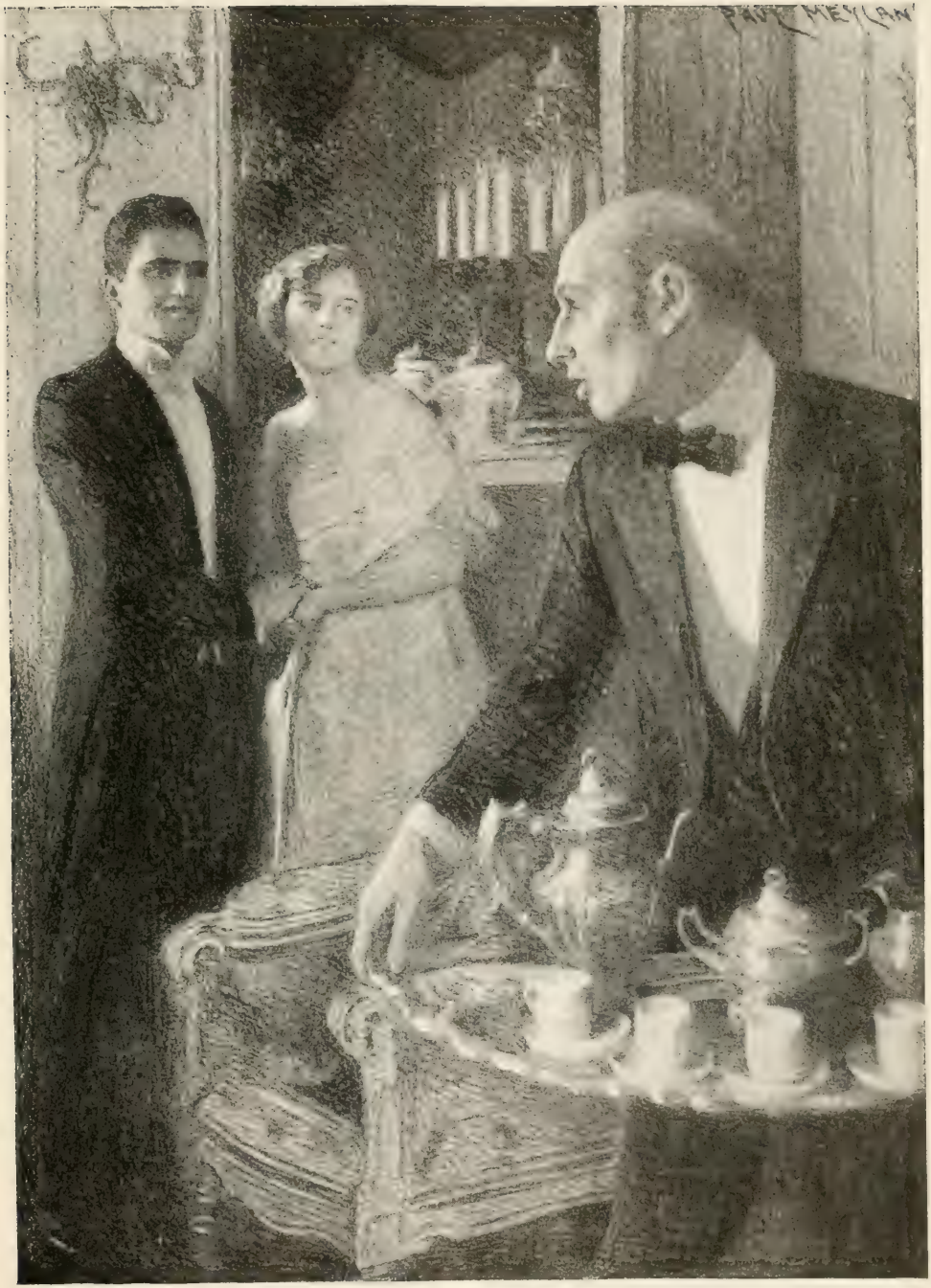
"Never!" said Wilsey, raising his hand. "I should never put my name to a document—" He stopped at another roar from his friend, and never took the sentence up again, but indicated with a gesture that only legal minds were worth arguing with on points of this sort.

When he had gone, Lanley dipped the spoon in his oyster stew with not a little pleasure. Nothing, apparently, could have raised his spirits more than the knowledge that old Josiah Wilsey had not signed the Declaration. He actually chuckled a little. "So like Wilsey himself," he thought. "No moral courage; calls it conservatism." Then his joy abated. Just so, he thought, must he himself appear to Mrs. Wayne. Yet his self-respect insisted that his case was different. Loyalty had been responsible not for his conservatism, but for the pig-headedness with which he had acted upon it. He would have asked nothing better than to profess himself open-minded to Mrs. Wayne's views, only he could not desert Adelaide in the moment of her struggle for beliefs in which he himself had brought her up. And now she had deserted him. He alone was left to flaunt a banner the motto of which he did n't wholly believe, while Adelaide, at a word from Vincent, had gone over to the other side. And no one knew what his loyalty had cost him. Long ago, in his first year at college, he had flunked the examination of the professor whom he reverenced above all others. No one had cared, no one had long remembered, except Lanley himself, and he had remembered because some one had told him what the professor said on reading his paper. It was nothing but, "I had supposed Lanley was intelligent." Never again had he had that professor's attention for a single instant. This, it seemed to him, was about to happen to him again, now when it was too late in his life to do anything but despair.

He called the waiter, paid his bill and tip,—he was an extremely liberal tipper; "it 's expected of us," he used to say, meaning that it was expected of people like the New York Lanleys,—and went away.

In old times he had been an inventor of many clever tricks for getting up-town by unpopular elevated trains and horse-cars that avoided the crowd, but the subway was a great leveler, and he knew no magic except to take a local in rush hours. At three o'clock, however, even this was not necessary. He took an express, and got off at the Grand Central, turned up Park Avenue, and then east. He had just found out that he was going to visit Mrs. Wayne.

He read the names in the vestibule, never doubting that Dr. Paret was a



"'DO YOU APPROVE OF MARRIAGE, PRINGLE?' SAID WAYNE"

masculine practitioner, and hesitated at the name of Wayne. He thought he ought to ring the bell, but he wanted to go straight up. Some one had left the front door unlatched. He pushed it open and began the steep ascent.

She came to the door of the flat herself. She had a funny little gray shawl about her shoulders and a pen in her hand. She tried to make her voice sound very cordial as she greeted him, but he thought he caught something that sounded as if, while perfectly well disposed to him, she could n't for the life of her imagine why he had come.

"Come in," she said, "though I 'm afraid it 's a little cold in here. Our janitor—"

"Let me light your fire for you," he answered, and extracting a parlor-match from his pocket,—safety-matches were his bugbear,—he stooped, and put the flame to the fire. As he did so he understood that it was not the mere forgetfulness of a servant that had left it unlighted, but probably a deliberate economy, and he rose crimson and unhappy.

It took him some time to recover, and during the entire time she sat in her gray shawl, looking very amiable, but plainly unable to think of anything to say.

"I saw your son in Farron's office today."

"Mr. Farron has been so kind, so wonderfully kind!"

Only a guilty conscience could have found reproach in this statement, and Lanley said:

"And I hear he is dining at my daughter's this evening."

Mrs. Wayne had had a telephone message to that effect.

"I wondered, if you were alone—" Lanley hesitated. He had of course been going to ask her to come and dine with him, but a better inspiration came to him. "I wondered if you would ask me to dine with you."

"Oh, I 'm so sorry," said Mrs. Wayne, "but I can't. I have a boy coming. He 's studying for the ministry, the most interesting person. He had not been sober for three years when I took hold of him, and now he has n't touched a drop for two."

He sighed. She said she was sorry, but he could see plainly enough that any reformed, or even more any unreformed, drunkard would always far surpass him in ability to command her interest. He did not belong to a generation that cleared things up with words; he would have thought it impertinent, almost ungentlemanly, to probe her attitude of mind about the scene at Adelaide's; and he would have considered himself unmanly to make any plea to her on the ground of his own suffering. One simply supported such things as best one could; it was expected of one, like tipping waiters. He had neither the vocabulary nor the habit of mind that made an impersonal exposition of an emotional difficulty possible; but even had he possessed these powers he would have retained his tradition against using them. Perhaps, if she had been his sister or his wife, he might have admitted that he had had a hard day or that every one had moments of depression; but that was not the way to talk in a lady's drawing-room. In the silence he saw her eyes steal longingly to her writing-table, deeply and hopelessly littered with papers and open books.

"I 'm afraid I 'm detaining you," he said. The visit had been a failure.

"Oh, not at all," she replied, and then added in a tone of more sincerity: "I do have the most terrible time with my checkbook. And," she added, as one confessing to an absurdly romantic ideal, "I was trying to balance it."

"You should not be troubled with such things," said Mr. Lanley, thinking how long it was since any one but a secretary had balanced his books.

Pete, it appeared, usually did attend to his mother's checks, but of late she had not liked to bother him, and that was just the moment the bank had chosen to notify her that she had overdrawn. "I don't see how I can be," she said, too hopeless to deny it.

"If you would allow me," said Mr.

Lanley. "I am an excellent bookkeeper."

"Oh, I should n't like to trouble you," said Mrs. Wayne, but she made it clear she would like it above everything; so Lanley put on his spectacles, drew up his chair, and squared his elbows to the job.

"It has n't been balanced since—dear me! not since October," he said.

"I know; but I draw such small checks."

"But you draw a good many."

She had risen, and was standing before the fire, with her hands behind her back. Her shawl had slipped off, and she looked, in her short walking-skirt, rather like a school-girl being reprimanded for a poor exercise. She felt so when, looking up at her over his spectacles, he observed severely:

"You really must be more careful about carrying forward. Twice you have carried forward an amount from two pages back instead of—"

"That 's always the way," she interrupted. "Whenever people look at my check-book they take so long scolding me about the way I do it that there 's no time left for putting it right."

"I won't say another word," returned Lanley; "only it would really help you—"

"I don't want any one to do it who says my sevens are like fours," she went on. Lanley compressed his lips slightly, but contented himself by merely lengthening the tail of a seven. He said nothing more, but every time he found an error he gave a little shake of his head that went through her like a knife.

The task was a long one. The light of the winter afternoon faded, and she lit the lamps before he finished. At first he had tried not to be aware of revelations that the book made; but as he went on and he found he was obliged now and then to question her about payments and receipts, he saw that she was so utterly without any sense of privacy in the matter that his own decreased.

He had never thought of her as being particularly poor, not at least in the sense of worrying over every bill, but now when he saw the small margin between the amounts paid in and the amounts paid out, when he noticed how large a proportion of what she had she spent in free gifts and not in living expenses, he found himself facing something he could not tolerate. He put his pen down carefully in the crease of the book, and rose to his feet.

"Mrs. Wayne," he said, "I must tell you something."

"You 're going to say, after all, that my sevens are like fours."

"I 'm going to say something worse—more inexcusable. I 'm going to tell you how much I want you to honor me by becoming my wife."

She pronounced only one syllable. She said, *"Oh!"* as crowds say it when a rocket goes off.

"I suppose you think it ridiculous in a man of my age to speak of love, but it 's not ridiculous, by Heaven! It 's tragic. I should n't have presumed, though, to mention the subject to you, only it is intolerable to me to think of your lacking anything when I have so much. I can't explain why this knowledge gave me courage. I know that you care nothing for luxuries and money, less than any one I know; but the fact that you have n't everything that you ought to have makes me suffer so much that I hope you will at least listen to me."

"But you know it does n't make me suffer a bit," said Mrs. Wayne.

"To know you at all has been such a happiness that I am shocked at my own presumption in asking for your companionship for the rest of my life, and if in addition to that I could take care of you, share with you—"

No one ever presented a proposition to Mrs. Wayne without finding her willing to consider it, an open-mindedness that often led her into the consideration of absurdities. And now the sacred cupidity of the reformer did for an instant leap up within her. All the distressed persons, all the tottering causes in which she was interested, seemed to parade before her eyes. Then, too, the childish streak in her character made her remember how

amusing it would be to be Adelaide Farron's mother-in-law, and Peter's grandmother by marriage. Nor was she at all indifferent to the flattery of the offer or the touching reserves of her suitor's nature.

"I should think you would be so lonely!" he said gently.

She nodded.

"I am often. I miss not having any one to talk over the little things that"—she laughed—"I probably would n't talk over if I had some one. But even with Pete I am lonely. I want to be first with some one again."

"You will always be first with me."

"Even if I don't marry you?"

"Whatever you do."

Like the veriest coquette, she instantly decided to take all and give nothing—to take his interest, his devotion, his loyalty, all of the first degree, and give him in return a divided interest, a loyalty too much infected by humor to be complete, and a devotion in which several causes and Pete took precedence. She did not do this in ignorance. On the contrary, she knew just how it would be; that he would wait and she be late, that he would adjust himself and she remain unchanged, that he would give and give and she would never remember that it would be kind some day to ask. Yet it did not seem to her an unfair bargain, and perhaps she was right.

"I could n't marry you," she said. "I could n't change. All your pretty things and the way you live—it would be like a cage to me. I like my life the way it is; but yours—"

"Do you think I would ask Wilsey to dinner every night or try to mold you to be like Mrs. Baxter?"

She laughed.

"You 'd have a hard time. I never could have married again. I 'd make you a poor wife, but I 'm a wonderful friend."

"Your friendship would be more happiness than I had any right to hope for," he answered, and then added in a less satisfied tone: "But friendship is so uncertain. You don't make any announcements to your friends or vows to each other, unless you 're at an age when you cut your initials in the bark of a tree. That 's what I 'd like to do. I suppose you think I 'm an old fool."

"Two of us," said Mrs. Wayne, and wiped her eyes. She cried easily, and had never felt the least shame about it.

It was a strange compact—strange at least for her, considering that only a few hours before she had thought of him as a friendly, but narrow-minded, old stranger. Something weak and malleable in her nature made her enter lightly into the compact, although all the time she knew that something more deeply serious and responsible would never allow her to break it. A faint regret for even an atom of lost freedom, a vein of caution and candor, made her say:

"I 'm so afraid you 'll find me unsatisfactory. Every one has, even Pete."

"I think I shall ask less than any one," he answered.

The answer pleased her strangely.

Presently a ring came at the hall—a telegram. The expected guest was detained at the seminary. Lanley watched with agonized attention. She appeared to be delighted.

"Now you 'll stay to dine," she said. "I can't remember what there is for dinner."

"Now, that 's not friendly at the start," said he, "to think I care so much."

"Well, you 're not like a theological student."

"A good deal better, probably," answered Lanley, with a gruffness that only partly hid his happiness. There was no real cloud in his sky. If Mrs. Wayne had accepted his offer of marriage, by this time he would have begun to think of the horror of telling Adelaide and Mathilde and his own servants. Now he thought of nothing but the agreeable evening before him, one of many.

When Pete came in to dress, Lanley was just in the act of drawing the last neat double lines for his balance. He had been delayed by the fact that Mrs. Wayne had been talking to him almost continuously since his return to figuring. She was in high spirits, for even saints are stimulated by a respectful adoration.

## CHAPTER XVIII

Recognizing the neat back of Mr. Lanley's gray head, Pete's first idea was that he must have come to induce Mrs. Wayne to conspire with him against the marriage; but he abandoned this notion on seeing his occupation.

"Hullo, Mr. Lanley," he said, stooping to kiss his mother with the casual affection of the domesticated male. "You have my job."

"It is a great pleasure to be of any service," said Mr. Lanley.

"It was in a terrible state, it seems, Pete," said his mother.

"She makes her fours just like sevens, does n't she?" observed Pete.

"I did not notice the similarity," replied Mr. Lanley. He glanced at Mrs. Wayne, however, and enjoyed his denial almost as much as he had enjoyed the discovery that the Wilsey ancestor had not been a Signer. He felt that somehow, owing to his late-nineteenth-century tact, the breach between him and Pete had been healed.

"Mr. Lanley is going to stay and dine with me," said Mrs. Wayne.

Pete looked a little grave, but his next sentence explained the cause of his anxiety.

"Would n't you like me to go out and get something to eat, Mother?"

"No, no," answered his mother, firmly. "This time there really is something in the house quite good. I don't remember what it is."

And then Pete, who felt he had done his duty, went off to dress. Soon, however, his voice called from an adjoining room.

"Has n't that woman sent back any of my collars, Mother dear?"

"O Pete, her daughter got out of the reformatory only yesterday," Mrs. Wayne replied. Lanley saw that the Wayne housekeeping was immensely complicated by crime. "I believe I am the only person in your employ not a criminal," he said, closing the books. "These balance now."

"Have I anything left?"

"Only about a hundred and fifty."

She brightened at this.

"Oh, come," she said, "that 's not so bad. I could n't have been so terribly overdrawn, after all."

"You ought not to overdraw at all," said Mr. Lanley, severely. "It 's not fair to the bank."

"Well, I never mean to," she replied, as if no one could ask more than that.

Presently she left him to go and dress for dinner. He felt extraordinarily at home, left alone like this among her belongings. He wandered about looking at the photographs—photographs of Pete as a child, a photograph of an old white house with wistaria-vines on it; a picture of her looking very much as she did now, with Pete as a little boy, in a sailor suit, leaning against her; and then a little photograph of her as a girl not much older than Mathilde, he thought—a girl who looked a little frightened and awkward, as girls so often looked, and yet to whom the French photographer—for it was taken in the Place de la Madeleine—had somehow contrived to give a Parisian air. He had never thought of her in Paris. He took the picture up; it was dated May, 1884. He thought back carefully. Yes, he had been in Paris himself that spring, a man of thirty-three or so, feeling as old almost as he did to-day, a widower with his little girl. If only they might have met then, he and that serious, starry-eyed girl in the photograph!

Hearing Pete coming, he set the photograph back in its place, and, sitting down, picked up the first paper within reach.

"Good night, sir," said Pete from the doorway.

"Good night, my dear boy. Good luck!" They shook hands.

"Funny old duck," Pete thought as he went down-stairs whistling, "sitting there so contentedly reading 'The Harvard Lampoon.' Wonder what he thinks of it."

He did not wonder long, though, for more interesting subjects of consideration were at hand. What reception would he meet at the Farrons? What arrangements would be made, what assumptions per-

mitted? But even more immediate than this was the problem how he could contrive to greet Mrs. Farron? He was shocked to find how little he had been able to forgive her. There was something devilish, he thought, in the way she had contrived to shake his self-confidence at the moment of all others when he had needed it. He could never forget a certain contemptuous curve in her fine, clear profile or the smooth delight of her tone at some of her own cruelties. Some day he would have it out with her when the right moment came. Before he reached the house he had had time to sketch a number of scenes in which she, caught extraordinarily red-handed, was forced to listen to his exposition of the evil of such methods as hers. He would say to her, "I remember that you once said to me, Mrs. Farron—" Anger cut short his vision as a cloud of her phrases came back to him, like stinging bees.

He had hoped for a minute alone with Mathilde, but as Pringle opened the drawing-room door for him he heard the sound of laughter, and seeing that even Mrs. Farron herself was down, he exclaimed quickly:

"What, am I late?"

Every one laughed all the more at this.

"That 's just what Mr. Farron said you would say at finding that mama was dressed in time," exclaimed Mathilde, casting an admiring glance at her stepfather."

"You 'd suppose I 'd never been in time for dinner before," remarked Adelaide, giving Wayne her long hand.

"But is n't it wonderful, Pete," put in Mathilde, "how Mr. Farron is always right?"

"Oh, I hope he is n't," said Adelaide; "for what do you think he has just been telling me—that you 'd always hate me, Pete, as long as you lived. You see," she went on, the little knot coming in her eyebrows, "I 've been telling him all the things I said to you yesterday. They did sound rather awful, and I think I 've forgotten some of the worst."

"*I* have n't," said Pete.

"I remember I told you you were no one."

"You said I was a perfectly nice young man."

"And that you had no business judgment."

"And that I was mixing Mathilde up with a fraud."

"And that I could n't see any particular reason why she cared about you."

"That you only asked that your son-in-law should be a person."

"I am afraid I said something about not coming to a house where you were n't welcome."

"I know you said something about a bribe."

At this Adelaide laughed out loud.

"I believe I did," she said. "What things one does say sometimes! There 's dinner." She rose, and tucked her hand under his arm. "Will you take me in to dinner, Pete, or do you think I 'm too despicable to be fed?"

The truth was that they were all four in such high spirits that they could no more help playing together than four colts could help playing in a grass field. Besides, Vincent had taunted Adelaide with her inability ever to make it up with Wayne. She left no trick unturned.

"I don't know," she went on as they sat down at table, "that a marriage is quite legal unless you hate your mother-in-law. I ought to give you some opportunity to go home and say to Mrs. Wayne, 'But I 'm afraid I shall never be able to get on with Mrs. Farron.' "

"Oh, he 's said that already," remarked Vincent.

"Many a time," said Pete.

Mathilde glanced a little fearfully at her mother. The talk seemed to her amusing, but dangerous.

"Well, then, shall we have a feud, Pete?" said Adelaide in a glass-of-wine-with-you-sir tone. "A good feud in a family can be made very amusing."

"It would be all right for us, of course," said Pete; "but it would be rather hard on Mathilde."

"Mathilde is a better fighter than either

of you," put in Vincent. "Adelaide has no continuity of purpose, and you, Pete, are wretchedly kind-hearted; but Mathilde would go into it to the death."

"Oh, I don't know what you mean, Mr. Farron," exclaimed Mathilde, tremendously flattered, and hoping he would go on. "I don't like to fight."

"Neither did Stonewall Jackson, I believe, until they fixed bayonets."

Mathilde, dropping her eyes, saw Pete's hand lying on the table. It was stubby, and she loved it the better for being so; it was firm and boyish and exactly like Pete. Looking up, she caught her mother's eye, and they both remembered. For an instant indecision flickered in Adelaide's look, but she lacked the complete courage to add that to the list—to tell any human being that she had said his hands were stubby; and so her eyes fell before her daughter's.

As dinner went on the adjustment between the four became more nearly perfect; the gaiety, directed by Adelaide, lost all sting. But even as she talked to Pete she was only dimly aware of his existence. Her audience was her husband. She was playing for his praise and admiration, and before soup was over she knew she had it; she knew better than words could tell her that he thought her the most desirable woman in the world. Fortified by that knowledge, the pacification of a cross boy seemed to Adelaide an inconsiderable task.

By the time they rose from table it was accomplished. As they went into the drawing-room Adelaide was thinking that young men were really rather geese, but, then, one would n't have them different if one could.

Vincent was thinking how completely attaching a nature like hers would always be to him, since when she yielded her will to his she did it with such complete generosity.

Mathilde was saying to herself:

"Of course I knew Pete's charm would win mama at last, but even I did not suppose he could do it the very first evening."

And Pete was thinking:

"A former beauty thinks she can put anything over, and in a way she can. I feel rather friendly toward her."

The Farrons had decided while they were dressing that after dinner they would retire to Vincent's study and give the lovers a few minutes to themselves.

Left alone, Pete and Mathilde stood looking seriously at each other, and then at the room which only a few weeks before had witnessed their first prolonged talk.

"I never saw your mother look a quarter as beautiful as she does this evening," said Wayne.

"Is n't she marvelous, the way she can make up for everything when she wants?" Mathilde answered with enthusiasm.

Pete shook his head.

"She can never make up for one thing."

"O Pete!"

"She can never give me back my first instinctive, egotistical, divine conviction that there was every reason why you should love me. I shall always hear her voice saying, 'But why should Mathilde love you?' And I shall never know a good answer."

"What," cried Mathilde, "don't you know the answer to that! I do. Mama does n't, of course. Mama loves people for reasons outside themselves: she loves me because I 'm her child, and grandpapa because he 's her father, and Mr. Farron because she thinks he 's strong. If she did n't think him strong, I 'm not sure she 'd love him. But *I* love *you* for being just as you are, because you are my choice. Whatever you do or say, that can't be changed—"

The door opened, and Pringle entered with a tray in his hand, and his eyes began darting about in search of empty coffee-cups. Mathilde and Pete were aware of a common feeling of guilt, not that they were concealing the cups, though there was something of that accusation in Pringle's expression, but because the pause between them was so obvious. So Mathilde said suddenly:

"Pringle, Mr. Wayne and I are engaged to be married."

"Indeed, Miss?" said Pringle, with a smile; and so seldom was this phenomenon seen to take place that Wayne noted for the first time that Pringle's teeth were false. "I 'm delighted to hear it; and you, too, sir. This is a bad world to go through alone."

"Do you approve of marriage, Pringle?" said Wayne.

The cups, revealing themselves one by one, were secured as Pringle answered:

"In my class of life, sir, we don't give much time to considering what we approve of and disapprove of. But young people are all alike when they 're first engaged, always wondering how it is going to turn out, and hoping the other party won't know that they 're wondering. But when you get old, and you look back on all the mistakes and the disadvantages and the sacrifices, you 'll find that you won't be able to imagine that you could have gone through it with any other person in spite of her faults," he added almost to himself.

When he was gone, Pete and Mathilde turned and kissed each other.

"When we get old—" they murmured.

They really believed that it could never happen to them.

THE END

# Young April

*By CALE YOUNG RICE*

April leaf-led, hills flower-spread,
And the little day-moon right up overhead!

April bee-strewn, bird-and-brook tune,
And right up the blue the little day-moon!

April as far as the last hills are,
And every flower in her lap a star!

April a-swoon with the sky's clear boon,
And, for her soul, the little day-moon!

# War-Time Pleasures of the Table

By HENRY T. FINCK

Author of "Food and Flavor," etc.

WHEN Sydney Smith said that it takes a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head, he indulged in humorous exaggeration; but it is literally true that it took a world war to arouse the American public to the importance of the food question. This, to be sure, is not a joke, yet it has its comic side, for surely it is as amusing as it is consoling to find that the things demanded of us by the national food administration (that we should eat less butcher's meat, less white bread, less white sugar, and more of our abundant and cheap fruits and vegetables, with their precious mineral salts and vitamines, which we need for health and efficiency) are precisely the things that Dr. Wiley, Prof. Allyn, Dr. Kellogg, Alfred W. McCann, and others have been urging us for years to do.

Little attention was paid by the public at large to their pleas, for it is the hardest thing in the world to make people change their eating habits. But now what a change! Goaded by the Government and the newspapers, our whole country is fast becoming, like Europe, a vast laboratory in which experiments are being made that will "help win the war" and will have an effect on our daily bread long after it is over, and probably for all time. At least let us hope so.

One of the most instructive war-diet experiments recorded in Europe was made in England. It proved a failure, but is on that account all the more valuable, as it will keep us from making the same mistake. It was an attempt to regulate the number of courses in public eating-rooms, in accordance with the "Runciman Order," which allowed only two courses for lunch and three for dinner. After four months the order was revoked because it was found that it had not lessened, as it was hoped it would, the consumption of butcher's meats or of bread and other staples; but had actually increased it, while diverse luxuries like grouse, salmon, and turtle, which wealthy diners would otherwise have preferred to these much-needed staples, were left to spoil.

### WHY LOBSTER PALACES NEED NOT BE CLOSED

To prosperous American lovers of good cheer this episode is gratifying, because it assures them that they need not feel disloyal in frequenting lobster palaces as usual, and ordering trout, terrapin, venison, squabs, wild duck, capons, French artichokes, alligator pears, Casaba melons, and other costly delicacies, provided these are not hothouse products that involve a waste of coal.

Not the rich alone, however, but those who have to count their dimes and nickels, may in war-time continue to enjoy the pleasures of the table if they will go about it in the right way. Indeed, my object in writing this article is to show that it is not only possible, but easy, for us to meet present conditions in such fashion that our table pleasures will actually be multiplied and intensified by them.

Please do not make the colossal blunder of thinking that this multiplying and intensifying of food enjoyment is a matter of slight importance or puritanically reprehensible. It is as clear as daylight that the orders of our food administration are much more likely to be obeyed if people realize that they are not expected to give up all the things they like to eat—to act as if everybody were sick and dieting. It is all very well to appeal to patriotism, but, as George Washington, who knew

a thing or two, remarked, a lasting war can never be supported on the principle of patriotism alone. To cite his own words, "Whoever builds upon that as a sufficient basis for conducting a long and bloody war, will find himself deceived in the end."

### GASTRONOMIC EXHILARATION WITHOUT ALCOHOL

So far as meat is concerned, the simplest way to solve the war problem would be for us all to turn vegetarians. Dietetists without exception seem to agree that we eat too much meat. Why eat any at all? Because meat furnishes the maximum of nourishment in the minimum of bulk. Because meats are more digestible than most vegetables. Because a meatless diet is monotonous. Because recent discoveries by chemists regarding amino-acids have shown the inadequacy of an all-vegetable diet. Above all, because the elimination of meats would deprive us of a multitude of delicious flavors which are of enormous importance to us as aids to digestion. Flavor is the pleasure-giving element in food, and unless we enjoy a meal, it is likely to disagree with us. Everybody knows how the appetizing fragrance and flavor of food makes the mouth water. The Russian physiologist, Professor Pavlov, proved by experiments that the same fragrant flavors promote also the free flow of digestive juices in the stomach and intestines.

It is therefore not only our privilege, but our dietetic duty, to enjoy our meals. Unless we do, we lose some of the health and efficiency we need to win the war. To be absent-minded, to allow worry or business thoughts to distract one's thoughts from the food one is eating, is a slow, but sure, way to reduce one's efficiency. Eat with the mind as well as with the mouth. In other words, focus one's full attention on the flavor of one's food, chewing it very slowly in order to prolong the pleasure of eating.

This is Fletcherism, and our compatriot, Horace Fletcher, though a layman, "has *almost* revolutionized the science of dietetics," as the new Encyclopædia Britannica, in the article on dyspepsia, admits. He might have revolutionized it *entirely* had he not failed to show his devotees the best way to concentrate and enjoy, because he completely ignored the extremely important coöperation of the sense of smell. This underrated sense provides nine tenths of the pleasures of eating, not by the breathing *in* of the fragrance of foods, but by breathing *out* through the nose very slowly while we are munching our viands, a procedure which, provided, of course, the food is of good quality and properly cooked, liberates a whole flower garden of delicious flavors, voluptuous, appetizing, and therefore digestive.

This method, which epicures practise instinctively, creates a glow that warms the whole body, producing an exhilaration as agreeable as alcoholic intoxication, but without any of its evil consequences; quite the contrary. Try it, and save the money you now waste on liquors, on doctors, who are needed abroad, anyway, or on soda mints, aromatic spirits of ammonia, and that sort of camouflage for your dietary indiscretions and your ignoring of the fact that eating is a fine art.

Now that we seem to be on the brink of national prohibition, the substitution of the enjoyment of intensified food flavors for alcoholic stimulants is surely worth trying. It will add ten years to one's life.

### EXTENDING THE FLAVOR OF MEAT

Bearing these elucidations in mind, we may now add a sixth reason to the five just given why even in war-time we should not give up meat entirely. It is that the natural flavors of meats are the strongest of all physiological stimulants of the digestive juices. Fortunately, the food administration does not ask us to give them up. We are simply urged to go slow on butcher's meats. Even on "meatless" days we may eat all the poultry or game we desire, or any of the multitudinous varieties of fish which abound in our waters and which can be multiplied indef-

initely in a short time by stocking our countless lakes, as some European and Oriental nations have been stocking theirs for generations.

We are living in the greatest food-producing country in the world. Our meat and animal products alone exceeded in 1916 twenty billions of pounds. But even if the war should last several years longer and meat prices should soar beyond the reach of the average man, he need not despair, for he can still enjoy the flavors and the digestive advantages of meats if he only knows how. The lesson is very simple. The proteins, or tissue-builders, to which meats chiefly owe their nutritional value, are also found, sometimes in even greater proportion, not only in eggs and cheese, but in such cheap foods as dried beans, peas, and lentils. These have agreeable flavors of their own, and therefore suggest one of the poor man's ways of insuring desirable war-time pleasures of the table. Yet he need not by any means go without the intoxicating meat flavors. While he may not be able to enjoy a broiled steak or a roast leg of lamb, he may have on his table dishes flavored with the cheaper cuts of meat, which, if properly cooked, compare favorably with those made of the costliest cuts.

Years before the war began to boost prices Dr. Wiley made the startling prediction that in the future "meats will be used more as condimental substances than as staple foods." The war has brought that "future" to the door. Let us profit by it and regale our palates by extending the flavor of meat—a small piece of a cheap cut will do—to diverse vegetable or cereal dishes. We have long done this in the case, for instance, of pork and beans, where a moderate chunk of fat meat gives zest to a whole pot of legumes.

In few American families has sufficient attention been paid to the important culinary maxim that cuts of tough meats, when steamed in a casserole, or earthenware pot, in their own juices, with vegetables, yield a rich flavor quite as delicious as the most expensive cuts, which are preferable only for broiling or roasting. Directions for developing appetizing flavors in the cheaper cuts of meat are given in the Farmers' Bulletin entitled, "Economical Use of Meat in the Home," which can be obtained by mailing five cents (not in stamps) to the Superintendent of Documents in Washington. It tells how to extract gelatin, fat, and digestive flavor from bones in soups and stews; gives receipts for meat pies, dumplings, borders of rice, hominy, mashed potatoes, hash, macaroni with chopped meat, salads, and many other ways of extending the appetizing and digestive flavors of meat to other and cheaper foods.

### EAT BUTTER AND CHEESE ALL YOU PLEASE

There is one article of food which nearly everybody craves and relishes quite as much as the flavor of meat—a food we owe to the adorable cow. When my book on "Food and Flavor" appeared, a Boston reviewer declared that I was a fanatic on the subject of butter. A fanatic I was, and a fanatic I am more than ever, because of the recent discovery that the mysterious chemical substances known as vitamines, which are essential to our normal health and bodily and mental growth, exist in greater concentration in butter than in anything else we eat. Most of us seem to have known this instinctively, which accounts for the general desire to have butter on our bread.

If the national food administrators had put a ban on butter, our war-time pleasures of the table would indeed have been seriously curtailed. But although the demand in Europe for our butter is so great that our exports increased from four and a half million pounds a year before the war to nearly twenty-seven million pounds in the last fiscal year, Mr. Hoover and his staff had not the heart to forbid us this seeming luxury, yet real necessity, of life. All they have asked is that we should not use it for cooking. There are plenty of vegetable oils and fats to take its place. As we are already consuming nearly 150,000,000 pounds of such substitutes every year *voluntarily*, this is surely not an un-

reasonable request; nor from the pleasure and dietetic point of view need we suffer, provided we favor the production of the more flavorsome substitutes for cooking butter, chief of which is olive-oil, which, as any Italian cook can prove, gives quite as tasty results.

American olive-oil has a great future. Already we have in California the largest orchards in the world, and in most of them only the oily *ripe* fruit is harvested. The nut oils and butters, especially those made of cocoa and peanuts, are becoming great favorites, and the supply need not fall short of the demand. In our Southern States last year's peanut crop covered more than two million acres. If, therefore, as Mr. Hoover declares, much of the world's hopes lies in increasing the supply of vegetable fats, we can face the future cheerfully from both the economic and gastronomic points of view.

Whatever we do, however, we must at the same time do all we can to encourage the farmers and dairymen who supply our milk, butter, and cheese. The cow must not be side-tracked, for she is our main source of vitamines, without which our children particularly could not bloom. For adults cheese is almost as valuable a food as butter or milk. Governmental experiments have demonstrated that hard-working men can sustain health and efficiency on cottage cheese, the cheapest of all foods, quite as well as on meat. In the matter of flavors, too, cheeses present a great variety. The French alone make more than sixty kinds, and in all Europe there are at least three hundred distinct varieties, most of them made of the protean cow's milk. We are far behind Europe in this respect, but the war will help us to catch up.

### THE WAR-BREAD SCARECROW

The first intimations that we might be reduced to the necessity of eating "war-bread" with our butter and cheese created almost a panic not only among those who had read about German war-bread, padded with sawdust for bulk and sand for weight, but among those who merely feared being deprived of their daily white bread, made of wheat alone. But with our vast resources we shall never be reduced to the German level; and as for white bread as usually served on our tables, we ought to be glad to exchange it for something better. It has little flavor, all the mineral salts and vitamines have been milled out, and it is responsible for two-thirds of our dyspeptic troubles. In Europe there are many epicures who prefer rye bread to white because it has a richer flavor. Several of my friends have told me lately of their conversion to "war-bread" made of rye and wheat, which they now much prefer to the old white loaf, as do all their friends who have lunched or dined with them.

Two kinds of "war-bread" have long been favorites in this country: Boston brown in New England and corn bread in the South. The Boston brown is made up of equal proportions of rye meal, corn, and graham flour. Corn bread in the North is usually spoiled by using two cups of white flour to one of corn meal, instead of vice versa. But the millers of the North are even greater sinners than the cooks. Their meal, as Martha McCulloch Williams declares in her delightful book, "Dishes and Beverages of the South," has been "bolted and kiln-dried out of all natural flavor. Take the trouble to get meal water-ground from white flint corn, and fresh from the mill. Then you will have something worth spending time and effort upon."

Particularly strenuous efforts are being made by our food administrators to persuade Northern folk to be as patriotic as Southerners and eat more of this most American of all cereals than of wheat; but George Washington was right: patriotism alone won't do it. The commissioners may talk themselves red, white, and blue in the face for naught unless they compel Northern millers to stop denaturing corn meal for profiteering purposes.

We can, however, take the law in our own hands the coming summer by planting more sweet corn (the same kinds we eat off the cob) and grinding it ourselves.

Evidently many families did this last summer, for I have heard of a man who is getting rich making hand mills for grinding corn at home. He is doing more to help win the war than if he were on the firing-line.

### WHY GIRLS AND SOLDIERS PREFER CANDY TO SUGAR

Quite as foolish as the habit of eating only white bread is the general clamor for white sugar. White sugar is "refined" sugar, and "refined" sugar is denatured sugar. Are you old enough to remember the time when brown cane sugar was used in American kitchens as well as eagerly munched by the children? If not, take Dr. Wiley's word for it that that brown sugar was "aromatic, fragrant, and delicious to a far greater degree in the raw state then when it is refined."

What the refiners remove from the cane sugar is its very soul; that is, its aroma and fragrance. That 's why girls and soldiers, too, if they have the opportunity and the cash, when they want to buy sweets, do not go to a grocer's and spend a dime for a pound of white sugar, but to a store where candy is sold at from twice to ten times that price. What is candy? It is sugar with a soul—sugar flavored with fruits or nuts or diverse spices and aromatic substances like cinnamon, cloves, wintergreen, vanilla, chocolate.

It is as easy and as agreeable for candy-eaters to be patriotic as for bread or meat-eaters if they know how. The way was indicated by one of the "chain" candy stores in New York, which posted on its windows a placard urging customers to "buy more chocolates, molasses candy, taffies, cocoanut candy, marshmallows, candy paste, peanut brittle, and less of the gloss or hard candies," which are made of the solid sugar urgently needed in the camps of our soldiers in France and their allies.

In our own kitchens and dining-rooms we can help Hoover in two saccharine ways: by wasting less white sugar and by using the delectable substitutes therefor that are within reach. "Wasting" is the right word. We have been sugar gluttons, eating, each of us, from eighty to ninety pounds a year, when half that amount would have sufficed, and bettered our health, which is why we did not suffer during the recent shortage.

As for the substitutes, they are one and all gastronomically preferable to refined white sugar, being, in reality, candies provided by nature herself. I refer particularly to maple sugar and honey. Candy and cake-makers in Europe, and to some extent in America, have long utilized nature's own aromatic sweets; but we had to wait for the shortage caused by the war to find out that delectable use could also be made of them in our kitchens.

The early settlers in this country had no white sugar at all in their kitchens or dining-rooms, but they learned from the Indians how to condense the luscious sap of the maple-tree, which was their only sweetener. I read the other day that the Swedish Government is planting maple-trees in the hope of helping out the sugar supply in coming lean years. In our own forests there are millions of maples which will now again have their innings. Let there be no slackers! Everybody who has a group should tap them in the spring. Directions for making the best quality may be had for five cents by sending for Farmers' Bulletin No. 516 entitled, "Production of Maple Syrup and Sugar."

Send another nickel for Bulletin No. 653, on "Honey and Its Uses in the Home." With commendable foresight this bulletin was issued before the war, and it is particularly valuable just now because it not only tells about the great nutritive value of honey, but, unlike the cook-books in the market, which barely mention honey, includes ten pages of tested receipts based on a series of careful official experiments. From your grocer you can also get for the asking a booklet with 143 honey receipts issued by one of the wholesale bee-keepers. The United States Department of Agriculture has issued a special call in the present emergency to all who live in the country to help augment the supply of honey as a war-economy measure. Anybody can keep bees, and

honey, which until a few generations ago was the world's universal sweetener, is as profitable as it is delicious and wholesome, being far more digestible than white sugar, especially by children and invalids.

In France they are now making sugar out of sweet grapes, of which it constitutes twenty-six per cent. Bananas have a sugar content of twenty per cent. Plums have a sugar percentage of about fifteen; prunes, of over sixteen; apples, nearly twelve; dates, thirty. By eating freely of our fruits, most of which have a high percentage of sweetness, we can almost dispense with white sugar entirely. Nothing, therefore, could be more patriotic than a diet made up largely of fruits. Our country is the fruit-eaters' paradise, and at present our fruits are cheaper and better than ever because there are no bottoms available to ship them to Europe. The best of all lunches are made up of fruits, fresh and dried.

Am I wrong in asserting that war-time pleasures of the table can be made more varied and intense than those of peace-time? But we must use our brains and get out of the ruts. Take apple pleasures as an example. Most of us eat raw apples, baked apples, apple sauce, pie, and perhaps brown betty; but how many realize that there are hundreds of ways of cooking apples? The Canadian Government has printed a "Book of Apple Delights," with over two hundred receipts. Send for it; also for our own Government's Bulletin on the "Use of Fruit as Food."

### HOW TO MAKE VEGETABLES POPULAR

Fruits and vegetables are the two classes of foods we are especially asked to favor in order to save meats and cereals, because they are too perishable and bulky to be easily shipped. While our fruits, though not eaten as much as they should be, are generally liked, most vegetables seem to be generally disliked or at least neglected. A herculean effort should be made at once to overcome this unfortunate prejudice. That it exists is not strange, for the American way of cooking vegetables is discouragingly unappetizing. I have tried the war-time "vegetable lunches" offered in diverse New York restaurants, but one dose in each case was quite enough.

In our public eating-places, as in our homes, vegetables are almost always boiled, a procedure which deprives them of most of their flavor and of fully thirty per cent. of their mineral and other nutriment. Vegetables should *never* be boiled except in soups. By far the best way to cook them is to steam them. Yet steaming receives no more than brief "honorable mention" in our cook-books. The only American book I have been able to find which treats the subject adequately is "Experimental Domestic Science," by the chemist, R. Henry Jones. He gives a striking table showing how much nutriment is lost when vegetables (and meats) are boiled instead of steamed. He attests — what I most emphatically indorse—that "the flavor of the steamed article is far superior to that of the boiled." He points out furthermore that vegetables are far more digestible when steamed, while some of them, like cabbage and turnips, lose their rank plebeian odor and become converted into delicate dishes fit for a millionaire's table. Steamed carrots are a revelation to those who think they do not like this vegetable, which is particularly rich in mineral salts.

Steam is destined to create as great a revelation in the kitchen as it has in transportation on land and sea. There are now in the market utensils in which three or four kinds of vegetables, meat, or fish can be steamed at once. This is the time for their makers to advertise them freely. Let us all strive to make vegetables as alluring as possible. During the summer, when heating foods are not needed, we should be vegetarians, and, if possible, raise our own greens and roots; for the home-grown, gathered fresh every morning, are far more delicate and appetizing than any on sale in the markets. Last summer at least two million new back-yard and vacant-lot gardens were planted. We can double or treble that number this year, thus adding greatly to our dietetic and war-time pleasures of the table.

# The Canary Bird

By CHARLES D. STEWART

Author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith," etc.

Illustrations by Florence Scovel Shinn

THE bookkeeper of the Atlas Storage and Transfer Company was manifestly disgusted.

"No, madam, we don't know where he is. Where did you want to get moved to?"

The woman placed a finger on her lips and thought.

"Well," she finally announced, "I guess I will go and see my sister again. Maybe this is n't the place she meant." And with that she walked out.

The bookkeeper jabbed his pen into a glassful of shot and closed his book with a bang that alarmed the office cat, whereupon she also walked out.

The manager, having noted the departing customer, now came to make inquiry.

"Well, what was the trouble with *her?*" he asked.

"Oh, it 's another case of wanting that fellow to move them. They come in here and tell me what their sister says and what Mrs. Jones says and want me to send the same man around with the van; and when they find he is n't here any more, they turn on their heels and walk out. That 's the second one this morning."

The manager, too, was disgusted.

A moving corporation does not take kindly to the star system in moving. When a hired man starts in to eclipse the company it is irritating and exasperating. The hired man should be anonymous and simply reflect his virtues on the firm. It is particularly trying, after you have discharged a man, to have women come in for weeks afterward and ask for him; and then, after you have tried to explain yourself and detract from his virtues till you are tired of the subject, to have them walk right out in the face of your condemnation.

As it was the height of the moving season, and this thing had been going on for nearly a month with no signs of abatement, the manager began to have violent emotions.

"I wish," he said, "that that young whelp had never seen the inside of this door. I 'd kick him out before I saw him coming. I wonder if there is any way we could get him back."

This statement, of course, was inconsistent and incongruous; but yet it expressed the manager's sentiments.

"No, I guess not," answered the bookkeeper. "The foreman saw him the other day and says he is working in a stable on the north side and likes it. And he said he was going to get the boss to trade off a hearse and put in a van."

If the manager had been angry before he was now irate.

"I wish," he said, "that the officer had put him in the jug and kept him there. If I had it to do over again, I 'd have him locked up and then given sixty days. And *then* I 'd tell these women where they could find him."

In the midst of the tirade the axle-grease salesman arrived on the scene by way of the arched entrance. His order-book was in his hand, and his smile was on his face; but when he caught sight of trouble in the office he decided not to enter. It was not the right weather in there to sell anything. Consequently he dropped the smile, having no use for it just at present, and rambled back through the stable to where the sun was extending an invitation through the alley door.

Here he found Swallow, the barn foreman, and McNamara, the hostler. Swallow was leaning against the edge of the doorway with a joyless look on his face as of dough that has fallen. McNamara

"'NO, MADAM, WE DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS'"

was sitting on a soap-box idly marking the dust with a fly-brush made of a piece of broom-stick with a horse-tail tacked to its end. Axle-grease stepped out into the alley, where he would be outside the "no smoking" limits of the barn, and lit a cigar.

"How 's business?" he inquired.

"Business is movin'," said McNamara, smiling faintly.

"What seems to be the unpleasantness in the office?"

This question was addressed more particularly to Swallow. Swallow's apathetic countenance took on a still more vacuous expression as he began to think. But his mental efforts did not seem to come to anything, and he scratched his head.

"You tell it to him, McNamara. You know the names of the people and things."

"Well," said McNamara, "goin' back about a month, I 'll tell ye what started it. Several parts have already happened, and more of it keeps comin' out. But, anyway, about a month ago, which was early in April, a fellow by the name of Buck Summers comes along here lookin' for work around horses. 'T was comin' on the busy season when we would be needin' men, so the boss looks him over and asks him a few questions; and when he saw the fine strong build of him he hired him and put him on a van. And Whallen would teach him.

"But 't was little Whallen needed to teach him. He knew all the holts and ways of managin' things. ' 'T is all in the science of the muscles,' says he. 'And 't is the intelligence of the body.' He knew all that and more. But the great point about him was that the women took a likin' to him. He knew how to speak to them."

"He was a pretty good josher, eh?"

"Not a bit of it. He was different. If I had the money to put up a barn and storage place and could get him for manager, I know how I would get rich. I would put out a sign, 'Refined movin' done here.' Or 'Painless movin',' or 'Movin' made a pleasure.' Or somethin' like that. When it come to helpin' a piano down-stairs, or handin' a cook-stove over a newel-post at a landin', he did it as if 't was all a pleasure to him and nothin' at all to get excited about. " 'T is all a case of usin' your brains and doin' your thinkin' on the hoof," says he.

"PAINLESS MOVIN', OR MOVIN' MADE A PLEASURE"

"And he was good, too, at puttin' things into places where they would n't go. 'Ye don't understand the geometry of it,' he would say to Whallen; and then he would take hold of a fancy davenport and slip it through a narrow door in just the way it was willin' to go. 'Never use force on dumb animals,' he would say to Whallen. 'Show them what you want them to do. A davenport,' says he, 'is no better than its driver.'

"Well, ye can see how a thing like that would work out. Movin' is a great trouble and worry to a woman. 'T is because she has n't got confidence in us. When a man like Whallen comes along with his legs under him like a grand piano, the woman feels uneasy. He is so much stronger than the furniture. But when this Buck would come along, the effect on her was entirely different. He would come into the house smilin' as cheerful as a doctor that was goin' to perform an operation; and by the time he had assumed charge of the place and said a few educated words about it, a woman would see that she might as well leave it all to him. 'T is that that women like.

"And right there is where all the trouble comes in. When a woman has got acquainted and taken a likin' to ye, she is goin' to have you again in six months or a year, accordin' to when her lease runs out. But you won't be that long hearin' from her, for she will tell her sister and Mrs. Jones what an interestin' and good-natured mover she had and how thoughtful-minded he was about every little thing.

"Where he learnt the style of it I dunno. 'Movin' is a most intimate relationship,' says he. 'If you will treat the bureau and bedstead kindly, the woman is goin' to feel differently toward ye,' says he. 'If ye don't believe in yourself, no one is goin' to have confidence in ye. 'T is all

in the psychology of it. And always keep smilin',' says he. He was full of them queer ideas. And ever since then the women have been in here inquirin' for him."

"I don't see where the trouble comes in. There is no trouble about that," said Axle-grease.

"Wait till I tell ye. Nothin' is trouble till ye make trouble out of it. 'T was a sunshiny day in April with no prospects of rain. 'T was a regular movin' day, and it seemed as if the whole of Chicago wanted to be picked up and carried away at once. We were busy carryin' cook-stoves and piannys and barrels of dishes up and down crooked flights of stairs, and all the vans were out. There was a woman wanted to be moved from Twenty-second out to Fifty-third, f'r she was expectin' company on the train and wanted to be nicely settled. And so we sent Buck and Whallen out on the stake-body dray to tend to the job.

"'HE IS SO MUCH STRONGER THAN THE FURNITURE'"

"Well, when they had got the first load on, there was a canary bird in a cage that the woman was awful' particular about, and it had to be moved with care. They could n't pack it in with the load of chairs and beds and flat-irons and things, so the woman handed it to Whallen to carry. And Whallen handed it to Buck to hold in his lap.

"They had n't gone far when the water got to jibblin' out, and Buck saw that his lap was full of a mixture of bird-seed and water and lettuce and cuttle-bone and what not; and then the bird got to takin' his mornin' bath and throwin' the water all around.

"'Ye are a dirty little bird,' says he, 'and I guess I will have to carry you different.'

"So then he let his arm hang over the side of the seat, with his finger through the ring at the top of the cage, so that the water could jibble into the street. And after that he paid it no more attention.

"Well, 't is a long way from Twenty-second out to Fifty-third. And when they got to the end of the trip and Buck rose up to straighten out his legs after the long drive, he took a look at the cage and discovered that the bird was gone. The tin bottom had dropped off the cage somewhere along the route, and 't was a birdless cage he had been carryin' so careful' all the time.

"The two of them stood there lookin' at the cage and then down the long street for miles and miles; and they did n't say much to one another except 'The bird is gone,' and ''T is too bad 't is gone,' and 'I wonder where 't is gone,' and things like that. And all the time they were thinkin' of the woman. For the bird's name was Peter, and she thought the world of him.

"'Well,' said Buck, climbin' down off the wagon to take what was handed down to him. 'Chicago is a large city.'

"'*What?*' said Whallen, bitin' it off short.

"'I say,' said Buck, 'Chicago is a large place.'

"'The hell ye say. What have *you* got to do with its bein' a large place?'

"'Aw, forget it,' said Buck. 'Drop it.'

"'Drop it? What do ye mean by that?'

"'I mean that we will meet the situation when it arises,' said Buck.

"'Ye talk foolishness,' said Whallen, climbin' out on top of the load and givin' a jerk at one of the ropes.

"Ye see, Whallen felt awful' responsible about the canary because it was him that the woman had handed it to. So all the time he was workin' around on top of the load and loosenin' the ropes he kept growlin' to himself and sayin' things to Buck and findin' fault.

"'It 's a wonder,' says he, 'that ye would n't *look* at what ye 're holdin' in yer hand. A person would think ye 'd have some sense about ye instead of sittin' there and just *gawpin'*. I suppose ye were thinkin' of the *psychology* of it.'

"Whallen was startin' to get sarcastical. And 't was bad luck for him when he started anything like that, for Buck had a fine education. And 't is education that counts. 'Never get excited in an emergency,' he used to say. 'It only destroys your efficiency.' So he answered Whallen back and kept a-smilin'; and in a little while Whallen was standin' up there on top of the load shakin' his fist at the whole of creation and gettin' hoppin' mad about it.

"'JUST LOOK WHAT YOU WENT AND DONE'"

"'Ajax defyin' the lightning,' says Buck. 'And after you have got through givin' your imitations to the public, maybe you will set to work and hand me down that sewin'-basket.'

"This brought Whallen to his senses for a moment, and he began castin' around on top of the load to find the first thing to take off. And then he had the bad luck to plant his foot right into the middle of a paintin' that had been placed on top with the light and fancy stuff.

"'T was a paintin' called 'Evenin' in the Catskills.' And when Whallen found himself standin' knee-deep in the painted water he got mad all over again.

"Whallen has one of them self-feedin' tempers,—ye know the kind I mean,—and now he began to give an imitation of a man swearin' on top of a load of furniture with a gold frame around his leg.

"'That's right. Throw yer discretion to the winds,' says Buck, foldin' his arms and waitin'.

"Whallen gave his leg a big jerk to get it out of the paintin'; but his foot caught on something that was under it, and down he went into the scenery again.

"The next time Whallen got his leg up, the edge of the paintin' was hangin' to his foot, and he gave it one big kick that sent it flyin' off the load. And Buck leaped forward and caught it as neat as ye please. 'T was as good a piece of football work as ye 'd want to see. And then he stood with it in his hands lookin' at the mountains and the big hole in the water that the deer was drinkin' out of. 'T was a good-sized paintin', with a frame about three feet wide, and there was a gold plate at the bottom with the name engraved on it. 'Evenin' in the Catskills,' says Buck, thinkin' it over. And then what does he do but hold it up like the circus clown that is holdin' the hoop f'r the lady in the circus. 'Maybe,' says he to

Whallen, 'ye would now like to jump through it.'

"Whallen was that mad he was now thinkin' of but one thing in the world, and that was to get down on the ground and knock the daylights out of Buck Summers. And he was in such a hurry to do it that he did n't take time to come down at all, but just gave a jump right off the top of the load. And whilst he was in the air Buck held the paintin' so that he went into it feet foremost, and he jerked it up over Whallen's head so that the whole length of him went through it as slick as ye 'd see it done in the circus.

" 'I thought ye wanted to do it,' says Buck. 'Don't ye think ye could now do a summerset?'

"F'r an instant Whallen was dumfounded with the surprise of it. And then he let out one roar of language and come at Buck as if he was goin' to tear his way right through him.

"What happened next there is nobody knows except Buck. 'T was some kind of foot-ball work. Some says he went right through Whallen's legs, and some say he only pushed his shoulder against Whallen's instep; but whatever 't was, Whallen turned a complete summerset and went over Buck into the gutter. 'T was some kind of a fancy way of fightin' that threw him endways and head over heels like when ye play 'crackin' the whip.'

"Whallen sat f'r an instant in the dirt of the gutter with the breath clean jolted out of him. But I guess it did n't hurt him much, or else he was too mad to notice it, f'r he jumped up again and doubled his fists and come back with a charge that would 'a' thrown a cow off the track. And the same thing happened again as neat as ye please. Only this time Whallen lit in the middle of the sidewalk; and there he sat.

"TOUCH-DOWN!" YELLED SOME ONE"

"The two horses had begun to get excited and blow their noses when they smelt battle in the air; and when Whallen let out his roar they pulled forward until they got the front wheel locked around the nose of a fire-plug. And the second time

"'EVER SINCE THEN WOMEN HAVE BEEN COMIN' IN HERE LOOKIN' F'R HIM'"

Whallen went flyin' through the air they turned out sudden toward the street, takin' the front wheel clean off the dray. And down come the whole load of furniture on the sidewalk.

"There was stove-lids and wash-boilers and lookin'-glasses and canned fruit and beddin' and fancy furniture all in one big smash. A tin flour-bin came down right in the middle of the parlor sofa and bursted open and blew its breath all over Whallen; and there was pickles in the bureau drawer. The bird-cage, what there was left of it, was smashed so flat ye could have broiled a steak on it. There was pie-pans and bread-pans and the lids of kettles, and one iron lid of a kettle ran up the sidewalk on its edges till it got out of breath and started to wobble and run down; and when all the big noise was over, it was off to one side makin' a little noise all by itself.

"By this time Whallen was standin' on the spot where he had been sittin', and his tune had changed entirely.

"'Now look what ye went and done!' he said to Buck. 'Just look what ye went and done!'

"'Yes,' says Buck. 'This is what happens to little boys that go fishin' on Sunday. Is that some of the tomato on yer face or is it blood?'

"'T is tomato,' said Whallen, wipin' a sample off on his finger and lookin' at the seeds in it. 'Or maybe it is blood, too,' says he, stoopin' down and lookin' hard at the sidewalk. F'r in the place where Whallen fell there come down a big mirror that smashed in dozens of pieces and spread itself out around him; and when he looked he saw himself in about forty lookin'-glasses all at onct. And 't was as if he was surrounded by a whole crowd of Whallens with bloody noses and their shirts tore open. Whallen looked and said nothin', f'r now he had begun to reflect.

"By this time a crowd had gathered, and people were comin' from all directions. Ye could see them comin' out of the side streets and turnin' the corners and lookin' around to see where 't was; and then they would start to run again and holler, 'Fight! fight!' And not a policeman in sight.

"But in a little while there was another noise down the street and a lot more people runnin'. 'T was the patrol-wagon a-comin'. The bell was clangin', and the horses were flyin', and the drivers were turnin' out in all directions to give it the right of way. Some one must have turned in a riot call, f'r the wagon was full of policemen. The wagon backed up to the place, and the officers filed out with their clubs drawn and made their way in.

"'What is the matter here?' says the sergint.

" 'We had an accidint,' says Buck.

" 'What bloodied up yer nose?' says he to Whallen.

" ' 'T is part of the accidint,' says Whallen.

" 'Sure,' says the sergint, lookin' around at the broken wheel and the place where ketchup fell, 'this is no fight. 'T is an accidint. What fool called us out on account of this?' And with that they all turned around and filed into the wagon again.

"Buck had been thinkin' over the thing from all sides, and he decided the best way was to go and get help. And the best place to get it was from another van that was movin' a family down at Thirtieth Street. So he touched the sergint on the elbow and asked him if he would mind givin' him a ride down that far. 'I want to get help as soon as possible,' says he.

" 'Climb in,' says the sergint.

"So Buck got in with the officers, and away they went clangin' down the street again.

"When they were gettin' down near Forty-third Street they could see another big crowd ahead of them coverin' the sidewalk and out into the street. The sergint stood up and looked. There was a mob of men and boys all packed together watchin' the excitement; and there was an open space in the middle like when there is a fight goin' on. And Buck he stood up and looked.'

" 'Hit up the horses,' says the sergint to the driver. ' 'T is there the trouble is We have missed it entirely.'

"So the driver hit up the horses and gave his gong a clang, and they went tearin' along again, with the drivers all turnin' their teams and clearin' out of the way.

" 'Draw up on the opposite side of the street,' says the sergint to the driver. 'Be ready with your clubs, men. Out and into them.'

"So the wagon stopped at the opposite curb, and the officers piled out with drawn clubs and charged acrost the street and into the crowd.

"And what d' ye think 't was all about? Well, I will tell ye. There was a whole gang of them Chicago sparrows all pickin' on to one canary. Ye know how they are. They will all get together and bother the life out of any bird that is not as mean and dirty as themselves.

" ' 'T is Mrs. Evans's canary,' says Buck, pushin' in past the officers. 'Stand back and let me at him.'

"Buck stood with his hat in his hand watchin' his chance; then he gave one leap and landed about ten feet away on his stomach, and his straw hat came smack down over the canary.

" 'Touch-down!' yelled some one. And then the crowd laughed and cheered to see the way 't was done. F'r 't was a regular foot-ball trick, and ye could see he was no amateur.

"Buck felt around careful' under the hat and got hold of the canary, and then he took it away across the street with him. And the officers followed after. And then they all gathered around to see the bird with its yellow head stickin' out between Buck's two hands. Its little sides were pantin' with excitement and its little bill was gawpin' open to catch its breath after the fight.

" 'And am I to understand,' says the sergint to Buck, 'that that little bird has got anything to do with *you?*'

" 'Certainly,' says Buck. ' 'T was the excitement of losin' him that made the driver get caught on the fire-plug.'

" 'Well,' says the sergint, 'take him away. Take him away and put him behind the bars. 'T is where he belongs.'

"And with that they all filed up the step into the wagon and went clangin' away to the station again.

"Shortly after the bottom fell out of the cage, the bottom fell out of Buck's job, f'r the boss let him go; and ever since then women have been comin' in here lookin' f'r him to move them. And they won't let the subject drop. So let me give ye warnin' not to mention it when ye go into the office nor say that we told ye. F'r if ye do, ye won't be sellin' axle-grease."

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